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THE

LADY'S FRIEND.

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MRS. HENRY PETERSON.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1870.

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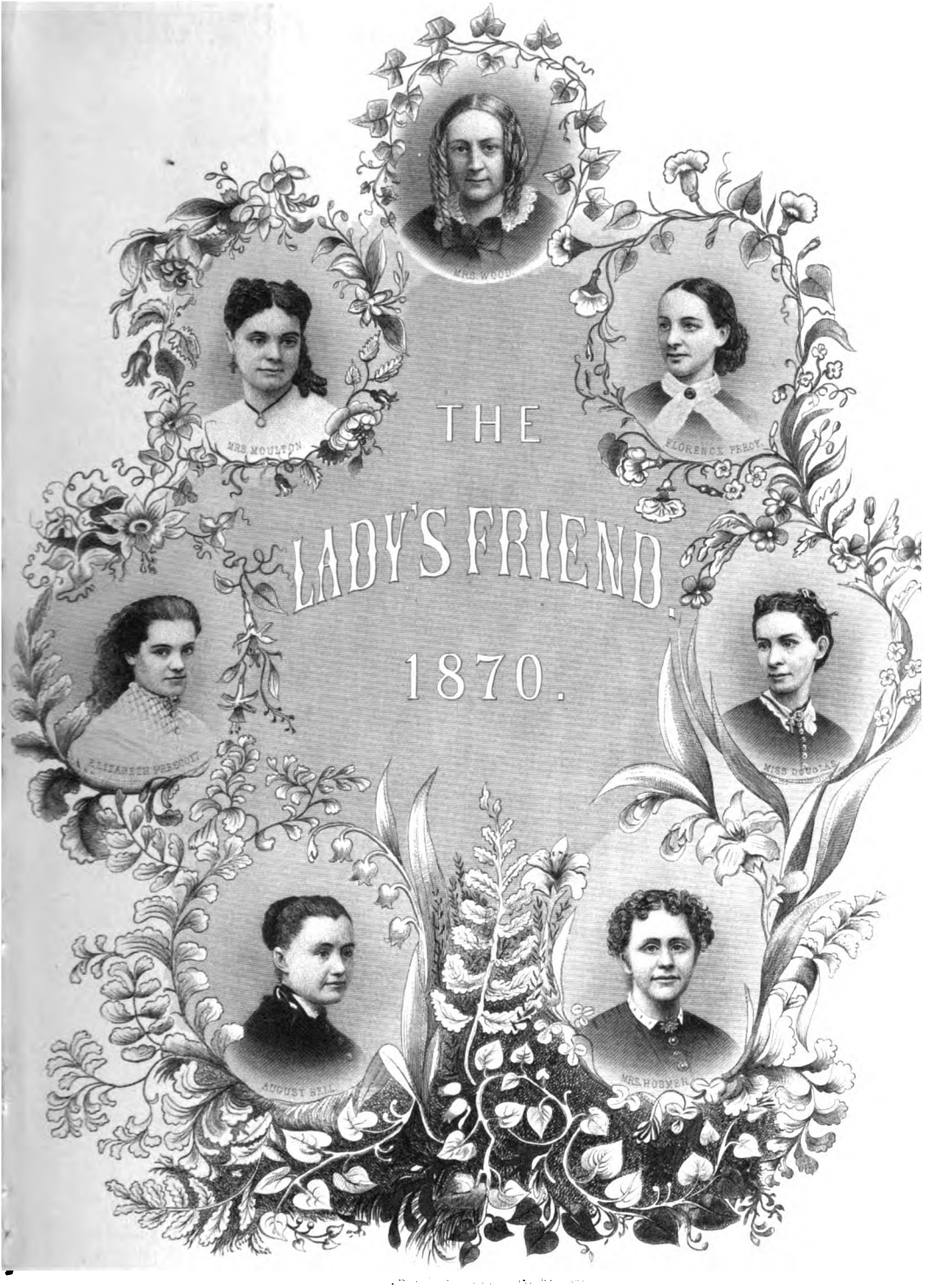

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No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1.—A suit of maroon cashmere, the short skirt trimmed with a flounce and heading. Tunic artistically draped—a little round apron in front, long points for sleeves, full, and caught up in the middle behind, the whole trimmed with bias velvet and fringe. Bow with four loups of maroon silk, fringed. Toquet of maroon felt, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a feather.

No. 2.—Robe of pearl-gray satin, demi-traine. Paletot of violet velvet, fringed and trimmed with bows of violet silk.

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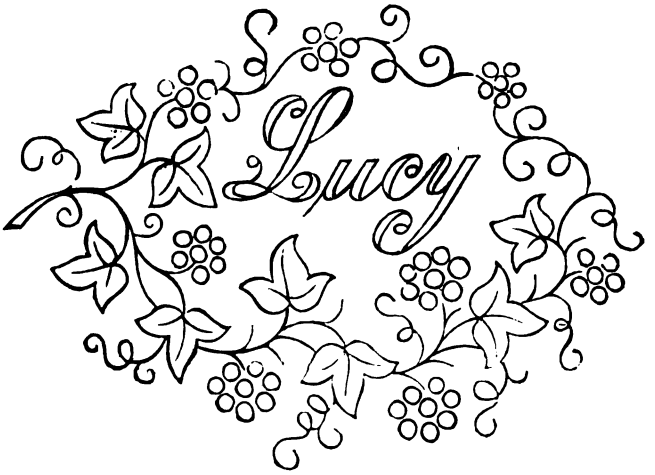
In-door Toilets.—No. 1. Maroon French cashmere dress, trimmed with plaitings of the same, and velvet rouleaux; the bows are of maroon velvet. A panier is formed in the skirt. Embroidered muslin chemisette, edged with Valenciennes lace.

No. 2. Dark blue serge dress, trimmed with velvet bands of the same color, and with velvet buttons. The velvet is cut on the cross from the piece.

Morning Cap of white muslin and guipure. The top of the cap is composed of bouillons, divided by black velvet ribbons. Bow of velvet in front. Muslin scarf proceeding from the top of the cap, and loosely tied under the chin.



Name for Handkerchief Corner.

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No. 1. Walking-toilet of Scotch Poplin.—Underskirt of a broad green and black check. Polonaise of a small check of the same color, looped up on either side with bows of black velvet. Waistband with a large bow of black velvet. This polonaise is open like a shawl, with broad checked sleeves, similar to the underskirt. Black straw hat with a scarf of blue gauze going round both the hat and neck.

No. 2. Costume for a Little Girl Four Years Old.—First skirt of plain blue cashmere; second skirt of pearl-gray poplin, cut square, with revers of blue poplin. Loose chemise russe of gray poplin. Blue sash and sleeves. Hat of fine gray straw, ornamented with a thick ruche of blue satin, and feathers placed at the back.

No. 3. Dress for a Little Girl from Eight to Twelve Years Old.—Frock of light Havanna-colored glacé silk, trimmed round the bottom with a pleated flounce of brown poult-de-soie. Tight-fitting casaque, with long basques in front, also trimmed with a pleated and scalloped-out flounce. Brown fluting put on as a jabot. Cambric collar. Sash with wide scalloped lappets. Toquet of brown straw, trimmed round with a fluting of ribbon of the same color.

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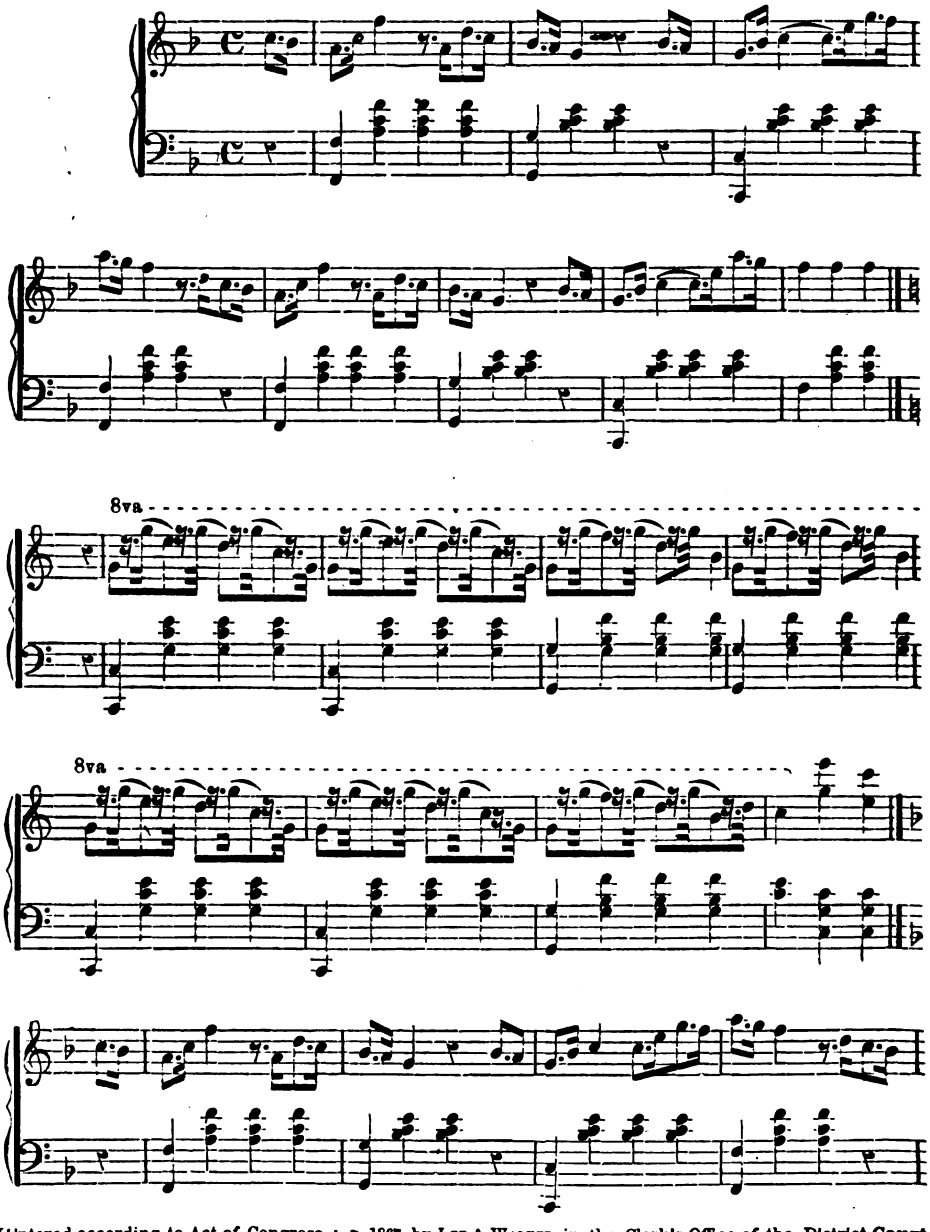
ROCKAWAY SCHOTTISCH.

BY E. SAYLOR.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1867, by Lee & Walker, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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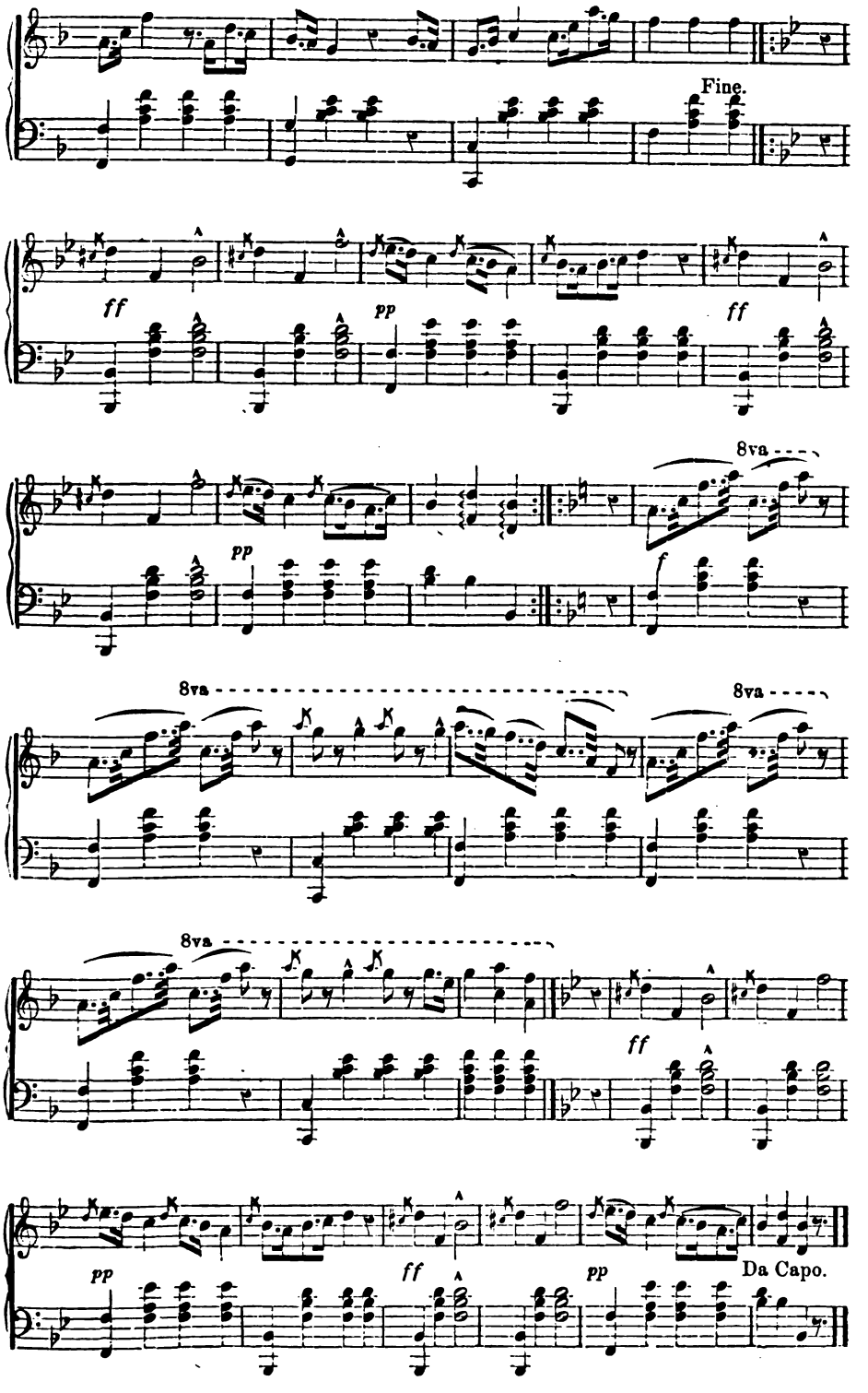

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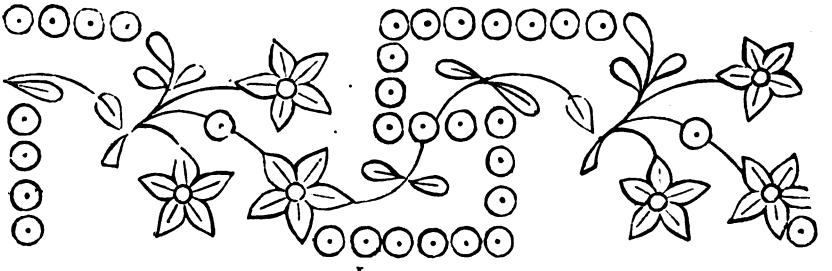
Corsage forming a Pardessus.



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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Vol. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1870. [No. 1.

DID HE FORGET HER?

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

ELEANOR REVERE.

A very pretty sight was wasted on the loungers about the little country railway station at Hampshire, while Nell Revere stood on the platform leaning on her father's arm, and waiting for the train to come up. She had great, soft, brown eyes, and lovely yellow hair, and a smile that made the day brighter for any one on whom it chanced to gleam. She had delicate features, a slight, tall shape that would round into splendid womanhood by and by; for Nell was only eighteen now—a young Artemis, not yet touched by love, not yet guessing at any of the passionate joys and woes of life. The fresh October air deepened the pink of her cheeks, and the splendor of the day was reflected in her eyes. Her father looked tenderly down at her as he answered her merry chitchat. To him this daughter of his was just his one interest in life.

Quincy Revere was proud of his old and stainless name, of the generations of cultured men and women at his back, of a good many other things besides—but he was proud of them all for the sake of his daughter Eleanor. He valued them all for what they would be worth to her, and what they had made of her. He had loved her mother; and when she died, in the very flush and glory of her young wifehood, of a hereditary malady, he felt that the world and its ambitions were over for him, except as he should renew them vicariously in his child. So he moved with the little one into a retired country town, where he had lived ever since in a style of quiet refinement suited to his well-bred tastes and not large fortune. With the assistance of a certain Miss Titus, middle-aged and sombre, who combined the functions of housekeeper and governess, he had educated his girl, and made of her, at eighteen, a creature in whom his heart and his eyes delighted.

And now he was about to send her out into the world alone, to learn for herself its lessons. He had a distant cousin and old friend, Job Carlyle by name, who was the husband of a very fashionable and attractive woman—a woman who queened it royally in society, and whose chaperonage would of itself give prestige to any debutante. These Carlyles, living fifty miles from Hampshire, had never seen Nell since her childhood—Mrs. Carlyle, indeed, who had been scarcely ten years a wife, had never seen her at all. But, mindful not so much of their distant relationship as of their early friendship, and some obligations long ago incurred toward Mr. Revere, it had entered Mr. Carlyle's mind to invite the young lady to spend the winter with them, and take her first lessons in society under the distinguished guidance of his own wife. Mrs. Carlyle had favored the plan—as, indeed, she made it a point to favor most plans of her husband's—and had written, at his instance, a cordial and earnest invitation, which, after a good deal of discussion in Hampshire, had been accepted.

Miss Revere was to make alone the short

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journey, which involved no change of cars. Her father had wished at first to accompany her, but she had overruled him. He had not looked well of late, and she was determined to spare him the fatigue of travel. He could put her on the train, she told him, and the Carlyles would meet her at the end of the route. She was going where she would need to learn a little independence; and, for a beginning, she fancied she could be trusted to sit alone for two hours in a railway car. Papa couldn't always keep her in his pocket.

It is doubtful, however, whether her eloquence would have succeeded in inducing Mr. Revere to let her go out of his sight, until he had himself delivered her into the safe-keeping of Job Carlyle, but for certain sharp twinges of pain which threatened the return of inflammatory rheumatism, an old enemy with whom he had now and then done fierce battle already, and with whom he chose to fight it out in his own camp, rather than run any risk of turning invalid on the hands of the Carlyles. So he bore his tortures in brave silence, determined that Nell should not guess at them and stay at home to nurse him. He and Miss Titus could carry on the campaign together, and it was time Nell, poor dear, saw a little of the world beyond Hampshire.

At last they heard a shrill, approaching whistle, and Mr. Revere put his hand under his daughter's chin, and turned her face up to his. Let him look at her well, for he will never see quite the same care-free girl again. The great, soft brown eyes will have learned a deeper meaning when he meets them next; the bright, flitting smile will come to the curving lips more rarely; she will have crossed the point

"Where the brook and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

"God bless you, Nell!" it was the father's voice which said it, trembling a little; but may we not say it, too, and add, out of the pathetic wisdom which time has taught us, our benediction on all young souls?

The train came tearing up, puffing, wheezing, and then stopping. Men and women and babies hurried on board, and among them Eleanor, cool, graceful, well-appointed, with Hope smiling at her lips, and Regret making her eyes misty—poor, pretty Nell!

She had a novel in her hand to read, of course—but she turned only a few pages. I don't think it was the book's fault, however, for it was "Who Breaks Pays," and if a naturally constituted girl is in a state of mind not to care for Lill Tufton, she would not care for any one in fiction. But no romance, after all, is so profoundly interesting to us as our own; and Nell felt that she was just going to begin to live hers. What would it be? Who, its hero? What, the *mise en scène?* What, the *dénoûment?* Her future stood close beside her, veiled in shadow. She could not see its prophetic eyes, but her heart thrilled with expectation, her pulses beat fast with the quick life of youth. For she looked for happiness, of course. She had faith in herself and in the world; and why not? She would have lessons to learn, yet, which she would cry out against learning—but the hours and the days would go on, teaching her in spite of herself, and leaving her at last, let us hope, old and gray and wise, with a wisdom worth its price.

"Cottage Farm!"

The conductor called the name with a certain drawl, significant, you would imagine, of despairing wonder how any one could think of living in the place so mentioned. It was the station nearest to Longwood, and hearing it called, Nell knew that she had received the cue by which she was summoned to appear on the stage of life. So she stepped out on the platform, a tall, slight girl in brown, and stood there, a little flushing and anxious, until an elderly man, leaning rather heavily on a gold-headed cane, came toward her.

"I am sure this must be Miss Revere," the stranger said. "You have your mother's eyes and hair—but I remember her better than you do."

Nell put out her hand cordially. Those words about her mother made Mr. Carlyle seem near to her at once.

"I know her so well through her pictures, and through papa's descriptions, that it almost seems as if I had lived with her all my life," she answered.

Mr. Carlyle's coachman was waiting, and the little business of getting trunks and giving up checks had to be gone through with; and then Eleanor found herself *vis-a-vis* to Mr. Carlyle in his *coupe*, and bowling over the smooth Longwood road. So this elderly gentleman was the husband of the fashionable Mrs. Carlyle, the fame of whose elegant gayeties some wind had blown even as far as Hampshire!

He did not look at all gay, himself. There seemed to her a certain cadence of weariness or disappointment in his voice, and yet he was

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most kindly and courteous. He made on her the impression of a tired, old man, who would like, above all things, quiet and rest; but who still desperately held his own in the stress of life, because of something or other which was expected of him. She knew him better afterward, and cared for him much; but she never wholly lost this impression of him as a man who was living up to some other person's ideal, rather than his own.

Their drive was short, but in the course of it he went back again to the subject of Eleanor's mother.

"How men differ," he said thoughtfully. "I knew how the blow struck home to your father when your mother died; and I thought he was just the man who could not have borne to speak of her."

"Indeed, he could not, to any one but me," Nell said simply, drawn on by something genuine and true which she felt in her companion, to speak to him so freely; "but to me it was different. He made it a duty to tell me all about her, for he could not bear that she should lose her child's love by going out of the world; and he has made her so real to me that she seems like the good angel of my life. I think I shall be sure to know her when I see her in heaven."

"You'll find her there—not a doubt of it," the tired-seeming old man said dreamily. "She was an innocent, unworldly soul;" and then he closed his lips and sat with a shadow on his face which made Nell long to comfort him, as she had so often comforted her father.

The carriage turned presently into an avenue which led through pleasant grounds, up to a stately gray stone house, in front of which it stopped.

Mr. Carlyle stepped out slowly, and assisted his young guest, then gave her his arm and led her up the steps, welcoming her anew with an old-fashioned courtesy which she liked, as from that hour she liked most things about Job Carlyle. He took her through a long hall, and into the loveliest room she had ever seen—Mrs. Carlyle's morning-room, as she knew afterward—and so she came into the midst of her drama of life. This great, gray-stone house at Longwood was the stage, and here, before her, were the players.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIA CARLYLE.

Whatever the weather might be out-of-doors, you always stepped into summer when you went into Mrs. Carlyle's morning-room. It was hung with leaf-green silk, and a light pervaded it such as sifts through the trees in a summer wood. A great bay window was full of flowering plants and shrubs. You crushed summer blossoms on the moss-like carpet. The softest, most luxurious seats invited you. Books were scattered round, songs of love and summer. The pictures told tender tales. Bronzes, carvings, cameos, were here and there—not one ill-chosen, not one too many. The heat came in at concealed registers, and the air was full of June.

Arria Carlyle herself looked as if she belonged to the sun and the summer. She had a Greek profile, a proudly set head, a figure luxuriously moulded, with a sort of undulating grace. Her eyes were large as ox-eyed Juno's, and black and soft as velvet. Her heavy, drooping hair was black also. Her lips were full and bright, her complexion clear and dark. These are all words, and fail to move you. Arria Carlyle was a woman, and she never failed. She had the temperament which goes with such a physique as hers—slow, lazy, careless of trifles, not easily disturbed, and therefore acquiescent about small matters, but capable, when roused, of an intensity of love, or hate, or scorn, which, perhaps, you and I would have meekly thanked heaven that we could not comprehend.

Withal, she meant to be a good woman. Let me tell you that, in the outset, that you may not misjudge her.

My story is not of Lamia, or Circe, and their victims, but of ordinary, well-intentioned, refined, and moral American men and women. Their worst sins will be in yielding to the subtle temptations which assail the soul, and leave the life conventionally blameless. Mrs. Carlyle did not intend to yield even to these. She honestly meant to do her duty, in thought and word as well as act. She is to be pitied, it may be, rather than condemned, if her temperament was against her. She said her prayers faithfully; she discharged many of her obligations perfectly; for the rest, who is sufficiently without sin to cast the first stone at her?

She was talking busily when her husband led his young guest into the room, with a man quite as handsome as herself in a very different style; but she lifted her long lashes, and saw the graceful, well-bred girl, with her lovely eyes and her sunny hair, and felt honestly glad to welcome so much youth and brightness. Thankful that, after all, Mr. Carlyle's whim was turning out

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so well, and that she was not to be bored the winter through by a *gauche*, unattractive visitor, hanging heavily on her hands.

She rose with that regal, indolent air she had, and came forward cordially, in response to her husband's words of introduction. She took Nell's hand in hers, and touched the girl's cool cheek with her brilliant lips. With that kiss began Nell's thraldom—the curious worship a young girl so often pours out on a woman a dozen years older than herself.

This introduction over, Mr. Carlyle said, with just the slightest shade of constraint in his manner—"How are you to-day, Sargent?" and the man who had been sitting with Mrs. Carlyle came forward and was introduced to Nell.

He was tall and strongly built, with the square, grand shoulders over which girls rave in the young days, when they ask only for a man who is handsome and gallant. Nell looked up at him shyly as he bent over her hand, and the magnetic blue eyes, whose every expression she learned afterward to know so well, shone down, she thought, into her very soul.

"It is almost lunch time. Shall I take you up-stairs?" Mrs. Carlyle asked, and then led the way from the room. Eleanor followed, entranced by the beauty of her hostess, charmed by the grace and graciousness of her manners, and feeling for the first time in her life a little awkward, a good deal insignificant, the least little bit homesick, and vaguely depressed and discouraged generally.

Her spirits came back with a fresh toilet and her luncheon; and she began to speculate, as girls will, about these people among whom she had been thrown.

Who was this tall, handsome man whom Mrs. Carlyle sometimes called Howard, but who could not be a near relation, since he called her so scrupulously Mrs. Carlyle? Why was he there so familiarly? Mrs. Carlyle looked twenty-five, and was, as Nell happened to know, thirty, while her husband must be in his sixties. What a strange marriage! Did they love each other, these two? And what could mean that longing, hungry look with which Job Carlyle's eyes rested on his wife, as if there were something in her gift which he would peril his own soul to win? Who was who, and what was what? Involuntarily Nell sighed, and wished for one moment that she were back in Hampshire, where at least she knew all about every one—but that was only for one moment. What woman since Eve has not longed, at whatever cost, to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil?

In the drawing-room, where they all went after lunch, was a picture curiously like, and as curiously unlike, Mrs. Carlyle. Nell sat and looked at it, until Mr. Carlyle remarked that he had to drive into town before dinner, and his wife followed him into the hall to say good-by, which was one of her ways of doing her duty.

Then Nell said to Mr. Sargent—"Surely that must be a portrait of Mrs. Carlyle; and yet there is an unlikeness which puzzles me."

Sargent smiled. "The unlikeness is between Mrs. Carlyle's present and her past self. The picture was painted a dozen years ago, when she was Arria Huntington. She was just eighteen then—less handsome, possibly, than now, but very winning."

"And you knew her?"

"Oh! yes. Arria is my cousin. I have known her all her life."

Just then Mr. Carlyle's wheels rolled down the avenue, and his wife came back into the room, looking a little bored, a little tired, but—Howard Sargent had been right about that—more beautiful than the picture. And yet in that there was something which had faded out of her face now. Was it hope, or faith, or love?

"If you would take Miss Revere about the grounds, Howard," Mrs. Carlyle said languidly, "it would perhaps be an entertainment to her. At any rate, it would give you some exercise, and be a graceful tribute to those laws of health which I always find myself so much the better for persistently disregarding."

Sargent started willingly enough. Nell's fresh, pretty face was a pleasant companion. He liked to talk to her, and see the flitting smile come to the curving lips and light up the sweet eyes. The golden glory of her lovely hair was not lost upon him, nor yet the elastic grace of her step, nor the dainty simplicity of her toilet. He had not lived thirty-five years in the world, hard worker as he had been during many of them, without learning to see beauty wherever it could be found, and enjoy it in a certain lazy, grand-seignior manner of his own. There were better things in this man than had ever yet come to the surface. One great blow, long ago, had made him doubt everything that he could not see; but there was enough which he could see about Nell Revere to keep him from fancying it a penance to spend an October afternoon in her company.

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When they went in at last, Mrs. Carlyle was ready for dinner, and in the drawing-room.

"You will be late," she said to Nell, "unless you can dress quickly; but I have sent my maid to your room to help you." And so, with a word of thanks, Nell tripped up-stairs. While she sat still for Laurette to brush out her yellow hair, she was thinking how pleasant the afternoon had been; and then getting vexed at herself for enjoying it so much when she knew how her father must be missing her at home.

Meantime, in the dusky drawing-room, Howard Sargent was standing near the grate fire by Mrs. Carlyle, and saying carelessly—

"I must not come out here so often; I am growing idle."

"You do not need to work now for your bread," she said softly, a lingering, regretful emphasis on the now.

There was a curious property in Mrs. Carlyle's voice—a certain quiver of emotion, subtle and indescribable, which thrilled you, and made you feel that there was more in her words than met your ear. Perhaps it was one of her greatest charms that she talked little, and when you heard those sweet, subtle tones once, you longed to hear them again, and waited for them. She piqued your interest like an unfulfilled promise.

Sargent was used to her tones, yet they thrilled some chord in him, all the same; but he answered quietly.

"No, I have not now to work for my bread, as you say; but I ought to work for something other and better than bread. I have no one to be especially proud of my successes, to be sure; but I do not find myself above caring for them for their own sake."

"*I* am proud of them," she said, very softly.

"Are you? You have changed. You had not faith in my power to conquer fate and fortune, once, you know. Life has changed since then."

A flame in the grate shot up for a moment and brightened the room, and Sargent saw in its glow that wonderfully beautiful, appealing face of hers; but they were both silent for a time. At last he said carelessly, and apropos of nothing that had gone before.

"Arria, I foresee anxious cares for you this winter. This girl you are to bring out is handsome enough to make a sensation. You will have your hands full with her and her lovers."

"She *is* very pretty," Mrs. Carlyle answered frankly. She was quite too fine and genuine a woman to underrate another woman's loveliness; and she was ready to give Eleanor full credit for hers.

Just then a light foot-fall crossed the hall, and Eleanor herself came in, all in sheeny white, like a radiant ghost. And then Mrs. Carlyle rang for lights, Mr. Carlyle came home, and hurried up-stairs; and presently dinner was served; and after that Sargent went away.

CHAPTER III.

FLOWER O' THE PEACH.

"You must not think we are going to bore you to death," Mrs. Carlyle said, when she had sat a couple of after-dinner hours in the drawing-room with her guest and her husband, "making talk," a business well nigh as dreary as the old Israelites found it to fabricate their strawless bricks. "Almost always people are out here, or we go somewhere—there are operas and plays and parties, something going on, usually; but I thought I would keep you in the shade till I could bring you out properly. To this end I have called the elect together for Friday night. I sent my cards as soon as I knew when you were coming. If you want a dress for the occasion, I think we can manage it, as there will be all day to-morrow, and till evening of the next day."

"Perhaps one of my new ones will answer. Papa imported a dressmaker, and bought out a dry-goods store, some weeks ago; and I find myself emerging from my chrysalis years quite a brilliant butterfly. But you will know best if you'll be so kind as to look my things over in the morning, and tell me whether any of them will do."

"Let me look to-night, if you please. We can see then what lies before us to be done; and an evening dress is always best seen by gaslight."

Nell rose with alacrity, and Mr. Carlyle got up with his air of old-fashioned politeness, and his sense of something which was expected of him, and stood until the two ladies had passed from the room.

"I have five or six party dresses," Nell said, tumbling the contents of a Saratoga trunk recklessly out. "Enough, papa thought, to begin with; and I am to get me whatever you think I ought to have, besides. I am to be a very gay butterfly, indeed, this winter."

"I hope you'll be a very happy one," Mrs. Carlyle answered cordially and sincerely, but with that quiver of emotion in her voice which

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was so apt when she spoke to betray some secret longing.

Oh! how young and fresh this girl was, she thought. What would not she, the wife of rich old Job Carlyle, give to be able really and simply to care about a party or a dress? When any one was thirty, was nothing worth while any more?

Meantime, Nell was unfolding dresses. There were tarlatans, beflounced and bepuffed; a lovely azure silk, of the light, silvery shade so beautiful at night; a sea-green, to go with which some mermaid had lent her pearls; and one other, of a rich yet delicate peach-blossom color, which shimmered sumptuously in the light.

"Why, they are lovely," Mrs. Carlyle said, almost surprised into enthusiasm. "Your father was a conjurer, and your dressmaker a witch."

Eleanor laughed.

"She came out of a cave on Broadway, and she took papa the rounds of the dry-goods stores, carrying with her, like a lover, a lock of my hair and a photograph. Which gown am I to wear?"

Mrs. Carlyle considered a moment, then took up the waist of the peach-blossom silk, and held it beside Nell's spirited face.

"I incline to this," she answered, after a breath of consideration; "perhaps just because it is an unusual color for a girl with such hair as yours to wear, and I see that you can bear it. We can afford to give dressmakers a cold shoulder for the present, so we shall have to-morrow to get acquainted."

Nell sat down under the gaslight, when at last she was left alone, and began wondering, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, "if I be I," as she took down her wealth of yellow hair and twisted it slowly round her fingers. Her new fineries, which Laurette had come in and put carefully away, did not seem at all to belong to her, used as she had been, through all her past life, to nothing more sumptuous than a Thibet or a muslin. But she was not a Miss Revere for nothing. She felt herself, in her heart, quite equal to her clothes, and was neither elated nor put down by them. Still, this life which lay before her seemed very new and strange. Parties, operas, concerts, dramas for her whose orchestra had been hitherto the sough of the winds through the pines, whose sweet singers had been thrush and oriole, and whose society one tender man and one grave, self-contained woman. Besides these coming gayeties, moreover, and to be led among them, her own life, which promised a wilder excitement and a deeper interest than anything else could offer. What wonder that she could not sleep at once, and that, when her eyes did close, her speculative brain led her on through marvels beside which the stories of the Princess Scheherezade seemed tame.

The next day there was a long drive, a nap, a novel, and a little talk with Mrs. Carlyle, and just a little touch of pining now and then for the father, from under whose wing she had never before flown.

Friday was the gala day, and in watching the arrangements which busy florists and upholsterers, and caterers, were making, there was excitement enough, and Nell was glad of an hour's rest after dinner, before Laurette came to dress her. She thought she should be the first person in the drawing-room, when at length she went down-stairs, but Howard Sargent got up from a sofa and came to meet her.

"How early you are," she said, putting out a little, white-gloved hand.

"Yes; I came before the rest on purpose to see you, and enjoy, in advance, the sensation you will be sure to create. I confess to a real masculine curiosity as to what you would wear."

Miss Revere stood patiently under the chandelier while he looked at her, but she felt an embarrassed flush stealing up to her cheeks. The flush only made her lovelier, however, as she stood there, tall and slight, her white shoulders and rounded arms gleaming through the misty lace which softened and harmonized her toilet, her brown eyes half merry, half appealing; her wonderful hair crowning her like a tiara on the brow of some young princess—a creature very fair to look upon in her girlish, unconscious loveliness.

"I'm taking a liberty, I know," he said, "in looking you over like this, getting my private view in advance of time—but we got so well acquainted the other day, when Mrs. Carlyle threw me on your hands to entertain, that I'm sure you'll forgive me for treating you as I would a young sister of my own, about whose debut I was anxious. Now that I've seen you, I'm satisfied about you."

"Of course, I forgive you—but if you remember, it was I who was thrown upon your hands the other day, and very pleasant you made it, thank you."

There was such a winsome light in her gentle eyes, such a glow and glory of beauty about her,

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as Howard Sargent never forgot. Many a time, in the long years afterward, he lived that moment over again, and saw her as he saw her that night—so young, so fresh, so hopeful—a girl, with all the hard lessons of her womanhood yet to learn. Even now—a middle-aged man, sitting with middle-aged wife at his own hearthstone—he sees that girl again sometimes in the old youth-light, and half wishes to go back to the old time, and the "something sweet" which better things may follow, but which itself goes on into other spheres, and "can never come again."

To them, standing under the gas-light, entered presently Mrs. Carlyle, looking like a queen in her velvet and diamonds; looking for one swift instant like a sad queen, whose sceptre had departed, as she saw those two together. She knew well that it was nothing to her any more, into what eyes Howard Sargent bent down and looked with the lingering gaze whose power she knew so well. She was conscious that she ought not to care, and so the next moment she persuaded herself that she did not care; but the soul of a woman is prophetic, and she knew a great deal better than Sargent himself did whither all this might tend. For herself, she had her duty to do. A woman, who has occasion to think often of her duty, is a woman to be pitied by happier souls. The wife who loves does her duty without knowing it; but Arria Carlyle found it well to keep hers in mind constantly. She turned now to meet her husband coming in, with a smile whose brilliancy was the atonement for the shadow which had preceded it.

"Do I suit you?" she asked, going up to him with that gracefully anxious manner of hers, which certainly suggested that she had dressed for him only; and he looked her over with his dim, sixty-years-old eyes, and his undimmed enthusiasm, and said, in a tone which had its own pathos—"You never yet failed to suit me, Arria."

Then the arrivals began, and made a diversion.

The evening was like all other receptions in rich men's houses. Plenty of light, and radiance, and flowers—

> "Flashing of jewels, and flutter of laces—
> Tropical odors sweeter than musk—
> Men and women with beautiful faces,
> And eyes of tropical dusk,"

sumptuous toilets, flirtations on stair-cases, and window-recesses, and a supper which put nectar and ambrosia to shame.

Miss Revere was shrewd enough to discover that she, herself, was likely to be a social success; but she cared much less about it than would most young girls. A feeling, solemn as sweet, which she did not at all comprehend herself, had already begun to grow into her heart, and was sure whatever of pain might come in its wake, to save her from that laying herself out to attract general admiration which takes so surely the delicate bloom from the blossom. But, indeed, I think that in any case Eleanor Revere would have carried herself too loftily for this.

She was amused and amazed to find the best society such a very commonplace fact, after all. The men and women were no brighter, better, or less human than those among whom she had grown up. She saw few gentlemen so thoroughbred and stately as her father; and even grave Miss Titus could have carried herself serenely with the best of them. Indeed, for Eleanor, the chief interest of the occasion centred in the two whom she was visiting and their one familiar friend.

She found in the throng no woman so proud and peerless as Arria—no man whom she could compare with Sargent—and Mr. Carlyle himself became romantic in her eyes from the simple pathos of the position. She was growing to see how madly he loved Arria, how trustfully, and yet how hopelessly—certain that he held her whole duty, and just as certain that he never could hold her heart—to understand that saddest of all tragedies, when a man standing on the very shore of death turns back to clutch desperately at a world slipping away from him, and pour out his lees of life, his whole tortured, longing soul, at the feet of a woman who should have been his daughter. Reading all this in the look which followed Arria wherever she moved, Eleanor's brown eyes grew troubled, and Howard Sargent noticed it, and came to her.

"Flower o' the Peach," he said, "is there sawdust in your doll? It is only the common lot. Mine bled sawdust long ago. They are all stuffed with it."

Nell answered his question with another—"Why did Mrs. Carlyle marry her husband?"

"Why, Peach-blossom, have you brought no more originality with you from the abodes of the aborigines? All the world has asked that question for ten years, and it has grown very old now. Suppose we vary it. Why was he fool enough to marry her?"

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"Because he loved her, and they say love is a kind of madness. But she ——"

"Ah! don't finish your sentence! Silence is golden there. Could Mrs. Carlyle possibly do her duty so perfectly if she did not love her husband?"

"There is an expression of scorn on your face, Mr. Sargent, which is very unbecoming. I am not at all sure that you understand Mrs. Carlyle."

"That *would* be too difficult for me, perhaps, without practice. I don't know much of women. You, I think, are less complex than Arria. Suppose I begin my studies by trying to understand you?"

"You may *try*."

She laughed a gay little laugh, as she spoke, which, innocent of all art as she was, piqued Sargent and lured him on as well as the most finished art could have done. He hovered near her all the rest of the evening, enjoying her success, appreciating her freshness and singleness of purpose, and feeling vaguely that though he might never taste again one fiery draught which had been spilled long ago on desert sands, it was yet among the possibilities that this young girl should hold another to his lips, very sweet and pleasant.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

She sat in the summer gloaming
And talked of the days long past—
A woman, whose feet were nearing
Life's sunset shadows fast,

A woman whose form was bending
Under the weight of years,
Whom seventy summers and winters
Had touched with their smiles and tears.

Her life had been darkened by sorrows,
And changeful with lights and shades,
Yet her heart was fresh with the fountain
Of a youth that never fades.

She spoke of the cares of a mother;
Of the toil of heart and hand
Which a group of restless children
From her patient love demand;—

Of the wide, fair circle of faces
Which around her hearth had met,
Of the group of men and women,
Who called her mother yet—

Some of them bold and busy
In the world's engrossing maze,
While others remained beside her,
To comfort her waning days;

And then she spoke of her first-born,
With a mother's tender praise—
A baby, whose little lifetime
Was counted by weeks and days.

But her lashes were bright with teardrops,
And her voice grew broken and low,
As she spoke of the babe that perished
Full fifty years ago.

"Were he living," she murmured,
As a slow tear downward rolled,
"He would be gray and time-worn—
More than fifty years old!"

Ah! although my living children,
Are loving and fair and brave,
My heart still yearns for my first-born,
Asleep in his tiny grave—

Over whose peaceful pillow
So many years have rolled;—
Ah, me! he would be, were he living,
More than fifty years old!"

Oh! wondrous love of the mother,
Whose marvellous strength and truth
Transfigured her face with a beauty
Sweeter than that of youth!

Oh! constant heart of the mother,
So easily touched to tears,
After the joys and sorrows
And changes of fifty years!

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.—EMERSON.

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FRANK CARLTON.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

[*See Engraving.*]

Niagara, the father of waters! The name is significant of something grand; words are inadequate to describe the mighty cataract. The waters which rush down from Lake Superior, passing through Lake Huron, and onward across Lake Erie, finally force their course in a northern direction into Lake Ontario. On first leaving Lake Erie, they flow in a tranquil current, and divide, leaving an island in the centre, on which a thousand cattle are said to feed. Then the rapidity of the current increases, till those who voyage on its bosom see in front of them, raised high in the blue sky, a cloud of vapor. This is said to be the crown of Niagara, the vapory particles collecting from the boiling caldron below.

Proceeding onward, a roaring sound is heard, the current increases in rapidity, and ahead appears a line of foaming breakers. Those who once get within their power must give up all hope of life. No vessel built with mortal hands can live amidst those furious rapids. In the centre a rocky island appears, thickly covered with trees, and while one portion of the stream rushes directly on, and takes a leap downward of two hundred feet, the other and smaller portion, sweeping round Goat Island, finds its way into the lower level, over the cliff on the right bank of the river. The last-mentioned fall is known as the American Fall, as the territory on that side of the river belongs to the United States.

A long fall across the direct current of the river is known as the Horseshoe Fall. Standing on the British bank of the stream, it is seen on the right, with the American Fall directly opposite the spectator. In both falls many fearful accidents have occurred.

The scenery above the Falls is very different from that below. In the latter the banks are high and precipitous, and the stream flows on two hundred feet below the summit of the cliffs. Above the cataract, on the contrary, the river presents the appearance rather of a large lake. The woods, consisting of firs, and birch, and maple, come close down to the water, their branches overhanging the stream. Here and there are clearings. Many mills moved by water-power, and numerous farms, extend along the banks on either side.

It was somewhere above the rapids that a young man, clad in homely costume, but with the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, was walking by the river's brink. By his side was a fair girl. He was speaking to her earnestly and gently, but she seemed to be turning an indifferent ear to his words.

"I acknowledge your merits, Mr. Carlton, but really I cannot see that I should be expected to give my heart and hand, as you ask me, to one who has not done anything to show that he is above the ordinary run of respectable young gentlemen." The girl spoke in a somewhat bantering tone.

"But really, Miss Fanny Aveling, you are expecting too much at the present day. Gentlemen cannot go forth with a lance and fight in tournaments, as in days of yore, to win the admiration of the ladies of their love. I offer you an honest heart, and I have every reason to believe I shall establish a comfortable home; and, really, I think that it is a more sensible thing than running the risk of getting a knock on the head for no purpose whatever."

"How fearfully matter-of-fact you are," answered Fanny. "I tell you, I do not like matter-of-fact people. If you had been a soldier or sailor, and had fought the battles of your country, and got wounded, and obtained a number of medals for your gallantry, I might possibly have felt differently toward you."

"But I have had no opportunity of doing anything of the sort," urged Frank Carlton. "I came out here to form an estate, and I have succeeded in what I undertook, while a number of other persons, with similar opportunities, have failed. I do not say this for the sake of boasting, but simply as a fact which is certainly not discreditable."

"Humdrum," answered the young lady, half to herself. "Numbers have done as well."

"So they have," said Frank Carlton, "and

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are married and settled, and have every reason to be thankful that they came to the country."

"Well, Mr. Carlton, there is no use carrying on the conversation further," exclaimed Fanny; "you ask me to give you my heart and hand; I frankly confess I have no inclination to do so."

"But surely you have led me to suppose you would," said Frank, in a tone of reproach.

"That was when I did not think you in earnest," said Fanny. "If you had said this before, I should have given you an answer which might then have satisfied you."

"Nothing will satisfy me but yes," said Frank, "for I believe that you have more sense than you pretend to have."

"That is to say, you think I have sense enough to love you," said Fanny, still in a tone of banter. "We part as friends, however, and if you insist on coming to call upon my sister, Mrs. Barton, of course, I cannot help it; only do not for a moment suppose that I give you any encouragement."

Frank Carlton, having graduated at Oxford, had come out a few years before to set up as a farmer in Canada. He had enjoyed the advantage of study under a Scotch farmer for a year, and this gave him more knowledge of agricultural affairs than is possessed by many of the young men who go out to settle. He had also given his mind to the work, and, what was of great importance, had withstood the temptations to idleness into which so many fall. He was also a man of refined tastes and habits, which he did not allow the rough life of a settler to make him abandon.

Captain and Mrs. Barton were among his nearest neighbors. He had been for some time a constant visitor at the house, and two little boys, the children of Mrs. Barton, were his especial favorites. Fanny Aveling had, the year before, come out from England, and not long after her arrival Frank Carlton began to reflect that his house would be in a far better condition than it was if he could place a mistress at its head. He had had no reason to suppose that Miss Aveling was indifferent toward him, until the day on which the conversation which has been described took place. He was still, it must be owned, somewhat in doubt about the matter. He did not suppose that she cared for anybody else; indeed, he knew of no visitor at the house likely to have won her affections. He, therefore, as most men would have done under similar circumstances, lived on in the hope of ultimately winning her. Still, week after week passed, and though he made frequent visits to Captain Barton's, Miss Aveling's manner toward him remained totally unchanged. At length, sanguine as he was, he began to fear that he had misplaced his affections. He also grew distant in his manner toward her, and seldom paid a visit to the house of his former friends.

Mrs. Barton could not but suspect the cause, for she, it must be owned, was favorable to Frank Carlton, and thought that her sister could not make a more desirable match.

"What more can you require in a man than Frank possesses, Fanny?" she said one day to her sister.

"Yes," observed Fanny, "he is honest, and he does not smoke, and he does not drink, and he's very respectable; in fact, in my opinion, he is made up of negatives."

"O you foolish girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, "you want him to threaten to leave you forever, or to jump down the Falls, or to commit some other outrageous act, and then, perhaps, your feelings would be worked up, and you would be ready to entreat him to remain and be yours."

"No, I tell you I don't care for him, that I know of, and don't know that I ever shall," answered Fanny petulantly. "I have made up my mind, when he next comes, to let him understand that very clearly."

As it happened, Frank paid another visit the following day to the Barton's. Fanny certainly did contrive to show him that there were no hopes of her becoming his wife. He would make a tour through the country, visit Toronto, Montreal, and perhaps go down to Quebec. Or he would make a trip to the Far West, across Lake Superior to the Red River Settlement, and visit the small band of his countrymen collected there. At first he thought he would start at once, and not pay a farewell visit to the Bartons.

It happened that Mrs. Barton, her sister, and her two little boys, Frank's favorites, Ernest and Harry, were strolling about by the bank of the river. They had gone somewhere down in the direction of the rapids, when Fanny exclaimed that the scenery, already tinged by the bright hues of autumn, was so beautiful that she must stop and make a sketch.

The two sisters sat down on the bank, while Fanny, with the hand of an artist, rapidly sketched the scene. She had to employ the most gorgeous colors which her color-box could supply, and even then could scarcely give suffi-

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cient brightness to the landscape. While she was sketching, the little boys ran along the bank, where, moored to the shore, they found a boat, and very naturally got into it. Their mother and aunt did not observe them. They got out the oars, and began to make believe that they were rowing. Now they pulled on one side and then on the other. Harry, the youngest, tired of rowing, put in the oar, and began to play with the "painter." The boat had been carelessly secured, and by some means or other he let the painter slip. Ernest, in the meantime, who was still rowing, turned the boat round, and before the boys knew what was happening, they were drifting from the shore. Already, before they saw their danger, they were too far off to regain the bank. Often they had been told of the fearful risk of being carried off by the current. They screamed with fear. Their cries aroused their mother and aunt. Several people also had been attracted by them from a neighboring farm, but no boat was to be seen at hand in which they could be followed. Already the boat was moving down the current. It was still some distance from the rapids; but, unless stopped in its course, it must eventually reach them.

Mrs. Barton and Fanny cried in vain to the spectators to aid in rescuing the children. Some of the men ran along the bank up the stream, but others stood still, and declared they had no power to save the children.

"Still, if you would but swim in, you might get on board the boat before it has gone far," exclaimed Mrs. Barton.

"And run a pretty fair chance of losing our own lives," was the reply made by some of the men.

Some way down, another boat was at length seen. It was a small, frail skiff, and moored very near the commencement of the rapids.

"Will any one try and save my children?" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, in despair.

Again the men shook their heads.

"Not for a thousand pounds. Before one could reach the boat in that rotten canoe, she would be among the rapids."

The fond mother and Fanny became almost frantic with despair. Just at that moment a figure was seen bounding down from a neighboring height. In an instant, with a knife, he cut the painter securing the skiff to the shore. A pair of paddles were in the skiff. He leaped in and shoved off from the bank. Mrs. Barton knew him, and so did Fanny.

"It's Frank Carlton!" they exclaimed. "Oh! blessings on him! May God protect him!"

Already the boat was approaching the commencement of the rapids. Once in their power, even his sturdy arms could scarcely stem the current. Not for one moment did he calculate the difficulty or danger he was to undergo. With rapid strokes he pursued the floating boat. How eagerly did the fond mother watch his proceedings! She stood apparently calm on the bank, only now and then extending her arms, as if she would draw back the boat which contained her loved ones.

Still, to those who looked on, it seemed scarcely possible that the children could escape. If they were lost, so also would be Frank Carlton. Still he pursued. The motion of the boat which contained the boys showed its near approach to the rapids. In two or three minutes it would be within their power. It seemed hardly credible that he could reach it even in that time. Onward he went, every now and then turning his head round to watch the boat. Already it began to leap and toss. The water foamed around it.

"See! he has got alongside!" exclaimed the people from the shore; "but will he have strength to stem the current on his return?"

A glance showed him that two oars were in the boat. Leaving his canoe to its fate, he leaped into the boat, and seized the oars. Now came a fearful struggle. Should an oar give way, he and his young friends must inevitably be lost. He nerved himself for the undertaking by offering up prayer for strength to One who alone can give it. Grasping the oars, he placed his feet firmly at the bottom of the boat, and rowed manfully. At first it seemed to those who looked on that he made no way. The boat's head was up the stream, but still she seemed to be going slowly and surely downward. He struggles on. The water foams around the boat on every side. Yes! he is making way—he has gained an inch, another and another. Slowly the boat moves onward, out of the power of the rapids. A foot is gained. Still, by the exertions he is making, his strength must become exhausted. He rows on and on; the boat makes headway. Surely the prayers of that fond mother are heard. The gallant young man renews his exertions. He is resolved, God helping him, to save the children. He thinks not of himself, or what will be the consequences to his own frame. The veins seem starting from his forehead. Those only

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who have gone through such a contest, can understand what he had to endure. The people from the neighboring farms now eagerly crowd the shores, ready to render him assistance when he reaches it. Some, however, even now doubt whether he will accomplish the undertaking. Should his strength fail, even for an instant, the boat would quickly be carried back, with those on board, to destruction. With all his strength he continues rowing, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. His eyes are on the young children, who sit crouching down in terror at the bottom of the boat. With a smile, he endeavors to encourage them. Again and again he cries to heaven for strength. Gradually the boat approaches the shore. Now it has reached an upward eddy. Still he rows on, and the boat safely reaches the bank. Scarcely conscious of his success, he is lifted out of the boat, and eager hands restore the children to their mother. She clasps them to her bosom, and pours out her gratitude to their deliverer. But there is one kneeling by his side who entreats those who stand by to bring some water to bathe his brow. The handkerchief tied round his throat is loosened. He returns to consciousness, and sees Fanny Aveling bending over him. In a short time he declares himself sufficiently recovered to walk, and a joyful party return to Barton Lodge.

Our tale is finished. Though he returned home that evening, Frank could not do otherwise than, the following morning, visit Barton Lodge, to inquire after the boys. Fanny Aveling no longer received him as had been her wont.

"You have done something," she exclaimed. "Yes, I see it is not necessary for a man to go and fight, and kill his fellow-creatures, to be a hero. O Frank! what a very silly girl I have been!"

Frank assured her he was confident she would be a wise woman in future, and it is scarcely necessary to add that Frank's establishment soon had a mistress at its head.

A FRAGMENT.

BY NELLIE NIXON.

Over the dreary hills to-night
The shrouding snow drifts cold and white;
And, sitting in the dying light
Of the dull and cheerless winter day,
I search in vain for a single ray
Of warmth in the far off frozen sky.
But as I, shivering, turn away,
With a sickening heart and tear-dimmed sight,
A summer day comes back to me—
Or is it a dream? I cannot tell—
It seems so faint, and yet so real,
The mem'ry of the broken spell
That held me on that summer day,
The strange and subtle witchery
Of soul and sense, of heart and brain,
So deep in its intensity
The thrilling joy was almost pain.
Above, the sky hung far and blue;
Beneath, the stream flowed swift and bright,
In dimpling waves of sunny light
That kissed the flowers drooping low.
The very breeze that wandered by,
And brushed my cheek with soft caress,
Was full of brooding tenderness.
And gliding down the quiet stream,
Beneath the far-off glowing sky,
I watched the sparkling waters gleam,
And heard—ah me! I do not know—
Was it a voice, whose echoes sweet
Are floating through my brain to-night?—
A tender poem whispered low,
The new, delicious melody,
That all my pulses woke and stirred?
Or was it only song of bird,
And murmuring wave and winds at play,
The music of that summer day?
Was it a soul looked into mine
From royal eyes, that held me then,
That haunt me still, through all the years,
With mute entreaty, passionate prayer?
Or was it only the summer's glow,
And her throbbing life in the fragrant air,
Which wrought that glory so long ago—
That thrills me now with its beauty rare?
Or is it all a wildering dream—
The glowing sky, the rippling stream,
The gliding boat, the fitful gleam
Of sunny light through glancing leaves,
And sound of birds, and winds, and waves?
O buried day! O broken dream!
Come back for one brief hour to-night,
My heart is dying for your light.
Close up the blinds, shut out the night,
The icy wind, the drifting snow,
And let me dream of summer's glow.

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DR. BUNN.

BY E. B. RIPLEY.

CHAPTER I.

The whole Hubbell family was awaiting the arrival. All the children had clean aprons and clean faces. Grandma had put on a fresh cap, a fresh book-muslin kerchief, nicely starched, and sat in her own especial rocking-chair, her placid features lighted up by interest and expectation. Mrs. Hubbell herself, in the neatest of print gowns and the whitest of collars, moved between sitting-room and kitchen, now giving a cheerful word to "mother," and anon adding some dainty to the well-spread table.

"How that kettle boils!" she presently remarked. "If they don't come soon I shall have to put on more water; there won't be enough left to make the tea."

Just then Jim, who was mounted on the gate as on a tower of observation, gave a loud shout, and tearing around to the back door, announced that "they" had turned the corner by the meeting-house.

A few minutes later, the old white horse jogged into the lane, dragging after him the mud-bespattered buggy, on whose narrow seat a man and woman were bestowed. The first of these personages was familiar enough to all the household, being no one more nor less than father; but on the second all eyes were bent with curious interest.

"There she is!—that's her!" said Jim to his sister Malviny.

"Why, she don't look no different from other folks," replied Malviny in a tone of disappointment.

"What did you expect?" said Jim. "Did you think she would come riding in on a pair of saddle-bags?"

His sister disdained to notice the suggestion, save by one swift, contemptuous glance, as she hastened toward the house. Mrs. Hubbell had come forth ready to welcome the stranger, and to assist in carrying in her parcels. Mr. Hubbell performed the ceremony of introduction as soon as the feet of his charge had touched the horse-block.

"My wife, Miss Bunn," he said, and Miss Bunn bowed from her elevated station, while her hostess smiled and nodded upward.

"Now, Mari," continued the good man, "you just take her right in and let her rest, for she's clear tired out. The roads is awful 'twixt here and the *dee*-po, bad as they commonly be in November. Malviny, here's her bag and parasol. And, Jim, you give us a lift with this 'ere trunk. Where shall we put it, wife?"

"Better go right up-chamber, hadn't it?" inquired Mrs. Hubbell of the new-comer.

"If you please," replied Miss Bunn, preparing to follow it.

"Oh! don't you go," said Mrs. Hubbell. "You're too tired to climb them stairs after your long ride."

"Of course you be," chimed in grandma. "Set right down here and take off your things; or if you want to slick your hair, or anything, step into *my* room. You show her, Malviny."

"I'll go out and put the tea to drawing," said Mrs. Hubbell, "and we'll have it right away."

The bounty of Providence was always acknowledged at the Hubbell table, but no sooner was the last word pronounced than one simultaneous glance turned from all quarters on Miss Bunn.

"No great for looks," was grandma's inward verdict. "A clean, hulsome complexion, though."

Malvina's disappointment was confirmed; she had expected—she knew not what—something very different, at any rate, from the people she saw every day; and this light-haired woman, with a good deal of color and a few freckles, was too much like Martha Jones and half a dozen others to strike her fancy.

"Rather of a humbly face," thought Mrs. Hubbell as she poured the tea and added cream and sugar—"or would be if it wasn't for her color. I don't know, though; her eyes have got some snap to them. I guess she knows what she's about. Can't judge much of folks' looks first time of seeing them. Do have some more of the tongue," she said aloud; "you need something a little hearty after your ride. Pass the cheese, Jim. Malviny, run out to the oven

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and fetch that other plate of biscuit—these are getting cold. Have some honey—do, Miss Bunn. You'll find it good, I know."

"I presume so," she answered in a pleasant voice; "but see how I am supplied already. I am afraid to add anything to such a variety."

"Oh! honey never hurt anybody," said Mrs. Hubbell, cutting off a liberal section, through whose translucent comb the liquid gold shone lusciously.

"You have a beautiful country here," remarked Miss Bunn.

"That depends on how you view it," said Mr. Hubbell. "Good for grazing; no better dairy-land than ours the whole State through. But for tillage—I tell ye, it's tough work; up one hill and down another. You'll have a chance to try it in your own line, come fall weather, or right along, for that matter, unless we have drying winds. Our mud here is tremenjus; don't believe you ever saw the match of it where you came from."

"You hadn't ought to discourage her to begin with, father," said Mrs. Hubbell.

"I don't intend to be easily discouraged," observed Miss Bunn, smiling. "I expect work—and I like it."

"That's the right sort!—you'll do!" said the farmer heartily. But this speech was made on the impulse of the moment, and was no sooner uttered than he doubted its correctness. Willingness to work was an excellent thing in most cases, but in such an out-of-the-way field as Miss Bunn had chosen, would it amount to much? Would any one give her work to do?

"Your nearest physician is at Malden, I think," she said, presently.

"Yes—Dr. Benedict; first-rate man; a little set in his ways, but every one respects him. And his sister, Miss Keturah, thinks there aint such another in the world!"

"She should leave it to his wife to do that," said Miss Bunn.

"His wife! there aint no such person!" exclaimed grandma; "he's a bachelor." Jim and Malviny giggled outright at the notion of a Mrs. Benedict, while Miss Bunn colored and felt uncomfortable. Every now and then through the cheerful evening, a vague sensation of unpleasantness recurred; when alone in her own room, she recognized its source. "Why did I make such a remark"—she thought—"like some girl whose mind is always running on marriage and such matters? I don't know what possessed me!"

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Bunn was soon an established member of the Hubbell household. The large "chamber" over the sitting-room was appropriated to her use, and here were presently collected her professional and individual properties. Among these her medicine-case was most conspicuous and highest prized. On its topmost shelves stood large bottles of solemn aspect, holding deep-hued tinctures, darkly suggestive of drowsiness, of stupor, and of death. In other ranges gleamed the more cheerful specie-bottle, neatly labelled "Senna folia," "Pulois Rhei," or "Sanguinaria," as the case might be. Dr. Bunn eschewed the irreverence of familiar names; every item of her pharmacopœia bore its own rightful classic title. On the lowest tier, small gallipots of Belladonna or Hyosciamus alternated with vials of peppermint, of wintergreen, and lavender, flavors wherewith the physician would mitigate the nauseousness of his doses, but, instead, intensifies it. This last shelf was in great repute with Malviny, who often begged a few drops of some odorous compound to sprinkle her handkerchief before she went to school.

On the work-table, near which the unfailing rocker extended its inviting arms, lay a few books, interspersed with loose numbers of *Braithwaite* and the *London Lancet*. In one corner a tidy screen shut off the bed from common eyes; a carpet, bureau, a mirror, and a few chairs completed the furniture. In this bower we may imagine Dr. Bunn, indulging no vague maiden fantasies, or poring, delighted, over tale of love or sorrow, but dwelling, instead, on bright visions of future "practice," or perusing, in the pages of the *Lancet*, the narrative of some masterly operation.

One of the doctor's first moves had been to consult Mr. Hubbell respecting the purchase of a horse. He, rightly conjecturing that her ride would not, for the present, require a powerful animal, recommended the old white steed whose acquaintance we have already made. His estimated value matched admirably the condition of the doctor's purse, and a bargain was speedily concluded. A second-hand buggy and harness being next procured, the equipment was complete. Miss Bunn had only to sit down and await the summons of her patients.

The country round about was not a little interested in the advent of such a phenomenon as a "woman-doctor." Curiosity concerning her manners and appearance prevailed largely among the gentler sex, and was mixed, in most

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instances, with contempt of her pretensions and ability.

"What sort of creature can this be, that has come to Ruggs's Corners?" asked Miss Keturah Benedict of her brother, the doctor, a tall, iron-gray man with serious eyes, who sat reading at the other side of the table.

"I don't know," he answered. "I have never seen her." And, as a little smile crept over his face, one saw that the eyes were not so stern as, at the first glance, they would have been pronounced.

"It isn't necessary to see her; it's plain enough what she *must* be!" said Miss Keturah with energy. "A woman going out of her own sphere, in that way, to meddle with what properly belongs to a man! It isn't decent!"

"Not quite so fast, Keturah. I have always thought and said that a woman has a right to any place that she can fill. If she possess the needful nerve and skill, let her be a doctor, if she likes; I, for one, shall make no opposition."

"Oh! yes, if she does; when, of course, you know she doesn't. Not that it will make any difference to the people here; the novelty will take them, just as any humbug always does. She will be cutting into your practice, the first you know, and you'll not find that so very pleasant, John. When it comes to be a personal matter, you won't talk so coolly of her right to make a sphere for herself if she can!"

"Perhaps not. But, sister, I don't feel very apprehensive just yet. I am quite willing to spare her a slice from Ruggs's Corners if she wants it."

"I presume so! And to recommend her and get her into business."

"Not quite. My feeling about her is a good deal like your own. The idea of a woman in such a position is exceedingly distasteful; still, one wishes to be reasonable about it. Of course, if she puts herself in a man's place, she must expect to be regarded as a man would be; she must not look for the deference and consideration which are the right of the sex in other cases."

"Certainly not," said Miss Keturah. "She has no sort of business to dream of it for a minute."

Miss Keturah, it may be surmised, did not join herself to the throng of callers, who, on one pretence or another, invaded the Hubbell dwelling in these days. Not the less did she solicit information of those who had made the pilgrimage. Reports varied, with persons. Those who looked for something showy, striking, self-asserting, pronounced Dr. Bunn a mere nobody. Others called her a quiet, pretty sort of woman, as "prettiness" goes in the country. In either aspect she was not likely to be a very formidable rival.

All this curiosity and calling did not diminish Dr. Bunn's stock of medicines nor enlarge her income. Ten days, a fortnight, passed without demand for her professional attentions. Meanwhile her board-bill was running on, and in the stable the old white horse ate away as unconcernedly as if hay and oats were a gift of nature, which no one had to pay for. One stormy evening the doctor went to rest in a desponding frame of mind. At this rate her funds would soon be exhausted—and what then? Pondering this question she fell asleep.

A few hours later she awoke with a start; was that some one knocking at the back of the house? She listened. Steps came along the hall and up the stairs, and a very decided tap sounded on the door of her own room.

"Yes," she answered to the summons. "Any one for me?"

"You're wanted, doctor," said the voice of Mr. Hubbell, "over to Squire Morrison's. The squire's took with an awful distress in his back and stomach, and they want you to come right away. But it's a tremenjus night, and I'm most afraid to have you ventur. Hadn't I better tell the boy to ride on to Malden, for Benedict?"

"Oh! no," said Dr. Bunn, as she sprang, alacrious, from her couch. "Don't think of it; I'll be down directly, Mr. Hubbell." By the time the good man had harnessed up the steed and brought it around to the horse-block, she stood at the wood-house door in her waterproof and overshoes.

"Here's the lantern, but I don't know as it'll do you much good; hows'ever, you can set it in the bottom of the wagon, maybe, and stiddy it with your foot. My senses! what a wind! I'm afeerd you can't do nothing with your umbrill, and its raining pitchforks!"

"Never mind," said the doctor cheerfully. "I can put up the hood of my waterproof, and the buggy-apron is India-rubber. I shall get along very well. What sort of roads that way, Mr. Hubbell?"

"Pretty rough. I called to that feller to wait and keep just ahead of you, but he didn't hear or didn't want to; in a hurry to get back to bed, I guess. You must be keerful going down the hill into the hollow; there's rolling stones, and the horse might lose his footing. And that

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bridge aint none of the best, neither. I declare, I've most a mind to go with you myself. It don't seem right to let you start out alone."

Dr. Bunn fought valiantly against the sensation of relief which this proposal gave her. "Oh! no, I couldn't think of it," she answered. "I must learn to take care of myself if I am ever to accomplish anything."

"I don't know but you're about as well off without me. You'll have to trust to old Whitey to smell out the road, and I couldn't do much different." And having assisted the doctor to her chariot and tucked the apron carefully in, Mr. Hubbell returned to the house and to his slumbers.

Dr. Bunn drove slowly down the lane, amid the swaying and sobbing of the door-yard trees, and gained the road. Here she chirruped to old Whitey and essayed a swifter pace. But that experienced steed declined all rash procedures; he took up his own easy trot, and was not to be coerced or coaxed into any other movement. And what a night it was! Dr. Bunn bent over, almost double, striving to shelter herself from the storm. She remembered Tam O' Shanter. "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last" ran in her mind side by side with Scriptural reminiscences of how the rain descended and the floods beat. Every now and then came a blast that almost blew the buggy off the road. Then the white horse stood still and braced himself, and the doctor retired yet more deeply into her waterproof. She tried to brighten up her spirits by thoughts of the help she was bearing to the suffering squire; she endeavored to realize the dignity and importance of this first step in her vocation. But the way was wearily long, and an uneasy dread kept rising in her mind. Did Squire Morrison keep a dog? The poor doctor had a most unheroic fear of these faithful guardians of man. What should she do if one of them came rushing and yelping at her to-night as she dismounted?

And here was the hill, with the bridge lying at its foot. Miss Bunn kept a tight reign, and hardly breathed as the old horse made his leisurely descent, and picked his way along the clattering planks. This peril once passed in safety, the end of her journey must be near at hand. She could discern the house; but why was it so dark and quiet? Perhaps the people were all in the back part. She alighted, undid the gate, and prepared to lead her horse to the rear of the dwelling, when a deep, portentous sound rose on the air; there was a rush along the lane, and Miss Bunn scrambled back into her buggy just in time to escape the onset of an enormous mastiff, which leaped and barked about as if ready to tear everything to pieces. She drove frantically into the yard; but how was this? No lights yet! and that ferocious beast raging below her like a hungry lion!

"Halloo!" she cried, with the utmost force of her lungs. A window opened. "What's wanting?" said a gruff voice.

Could she have mistaken the house? "Is this Squire Morrison's?" she asked.

"Yes, it is. What do you want, I say."

"It's the doctor, that you sent for, for the squire. Won't you come down and call off your dog?"

"What on earth!" exclaimed the man, pausing in amazement.

"What is it, squire?" said Mrs. Morrison; a disembodied voice, as it were, speaking out of the darkness of that corner of the room where stood the bed.

"Blessed if I know! Sounds like a woman's voice. Seemed as if she said something about the doctor, but the wind blows so I can't make it out."

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Morrison briskly. "That's it! some of the neighbors taken sick, and they want you to go for the doctor. Hurry on your things and get down; like as not she'll be afraid of the dog."

The prospect of starting out in such a night did not affect the squire as cheerfully as it did his spouse; nevertheless he inducted himself with all speed into such garments as were indispensable, and shuffled down-stairs to the back-door, where Miss Bunn still sat in the buggy, keeping her foe at bay.

"Down, Towser!" said the squire. "Down, sir! And now, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

Great was his astonishment on learning the doctor's errand; greater yet, if possible, Miss Bunn's dismay at finding how she had been deceived.

"Never was better in my life!" said the squire. "Somebody has been imposing on you shamefully. Always send for Benedict if anything ails us; meaning no offence, of course. But come in, come in; don't stay out any longer in such a storm!"

"I had better drive home again," said poor Miss Bunn, in a faint voice.

"No, no! Twice over the same road in such a night is too much. Come in and rest awhile, at any rate; I'll put your horse under shelter,

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and call Miss Morrison; she'll be down in a minute."

Miss Bunn yielded, and the squire led the way into the sitting-room; fumbled about for matches and struck a light; then disappeared in search of his good lady, who presently arrived upon the scene full of ejaculated sympathy.

"Do tell!" she exclaimed. "Whoever saw the beat! It's a dreadful mean trick, whoever played it."

"I wish I knew," said the squire. "I'd warm his back for him one while!"

"Dear, dear, you're sopping wet!" continued Mrs. Morrison. "And no wonder. I wouldn't turn a dog out in such a night. See here, squire, you just step out and light a fire in the kitchen stove—there's plenty of kindling in the closet under the stairs—and we'll dry some of these wet things."

The charitable project was delayed a little, for Miss Bunn suddenly burst into tears. She was well aware of the disfavor with which her calling was regarded, and had never been heedless of it, though she had chosen to persevere. This rude deception overwhelmed her with chagrin; she felt herself the butt of contumely; for the moment it seemed as if all her hopes for her sex and herself were abased and trampled on, and she sobbed convulsively.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Morrison. "I aint a bit surprised. Such a ride, and then the dog. It's enough to make anybody nervous."

Miss Bunn did not yield long to weakness. She sat up, wiped her eyes, and tried to smile. "It was not the dog," she said, "though I was terribly afraid of him."

"I know folks are generally," observed Mrs. Morrison. "He comes out as if he would eat you up; but I don't think," she continued, with that delightful indecision which the owners of fierce dogs are apt to display when encouraging the timid, "no, I don't *think* he would really *bite* you. Now, just step into the kitchen, and we'll hang your things by the fire. It's so near morning, I suppose you won't care to go to bed, but I'll fetch a pillow and comfortable, and you just lop right down here on the lounge. You'll get a good nap, and feel quite bright after it.

"I am ashamed to make you so much trouble," murmured Miss Bunn; "and to disturb your rest, too."

"Pity if I can't do as much as that for a neighbor, when it wan't no fault of yourn, neither. You needn't be in a hurry about starting; wait, and have breakfast before you go."

But this hospitality was thankfully declined, Miss Bunn preferring to leave at an early hour for the better avoidance of conjecture and inquiry concerning her nocturnal visit. Mrs. Morrison bade her, therefore, a kindly farewell, with hopes for their further acquaintance; left alone, she dropped asleep, spite of mortified feeling and of disappointment, and awoke refreshed as the sunbeams streamed in at the window. The storm was over, and her morning ride a pleasant one.

The Hubbells were suitably indignant on learning the trick that had been played upon her. Luckily, none but the heads of the house knew of her expedition, and they readily fell in with the course which Squire Morrison had suggested—that nothing should be said of it unless the perpetrator chose to spread the story. He, it appeared, preferred to keep his own counsel, and Dr. Bunn was spared the ridicule attaching to the victim of a practical joke—ridicule which would have been, in her case, peculiarly bitter and unwelcome.

CHAPTER III.

The trip proved to be a turning-point in Dr. Bunn's career; from that time her enforced leisure was, in a good degree, interrupted. A night or two later she was summoned to the bedside of a croupy child, and showed herself so efficient in action, so full of sympathy, that the hearts of the parents were completely won. Their example influenced others. In many cases it was found to be more convenient, and cheaper, to call in aid which was close at hand, than to travel in search of Dr. Benedict. An entrance once effected, Miss Bunn was almost sure to make her way. Her genuine pity for the suffering, her eagerness to relieve them, failed not to impress all with whom she came in contact. Mothers, too, were more at ease with her than with the grave and busy Dr. Benedict. They could talk over a hundred little matters of interest for which they would not venture to detain him. When Sammy's ailments had received attention, his smartness at his books could be brought forward, an approaching marriage, the last sermon, or the last tea-party, was discussed. The doctor was discovered to be sensible and pleasant. These qualities did at least as much for her as any confidence in her skill. Indeed, thought the

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neighborhood, she could not be expected to have much skill, with so limited experience. Meanwhile, she did very well for slight cases, and there was Benedict always at hand, to be called in if things grew serious.

The days went by cheerfully for Miss Bunn. The consciousness of being useful, the hope of a career which, to her modest ambition, was full and satisfying, brightened her existence. Under her aspect of every-day womanliness was something of the stuff of which reformers are made. Could she demonstrate her fitness for the position she assumed, she should aid, not herself alone, but all her sex. Just so far as one person might, she was opening the way to a more varied activity, a larger sphere, for all other women. People would have smiled, no doubt, at the idea that this one obscure existence could affect, in any way, the movements of the age. Miss Bunn understood this, and did not intend to expose her fancies to ridicule. Nevertheless, they gave character and value to her daily avocations.

Summer waned, and September came on with days of scorching heat and evenings of unusual coolness. How refreshing was that coolness! Without it the weather would have been almost unendurable. People sat by open windows or out on the steps of porches and piazzas, to enjoy the change from the sultriness of daylight. Careful mothers called to their girls to beware of taking cold, and received laughing responses that there was no sort of danger, and the night air was delicious. Now and then some one came in, shivered slightly, and said the evening was a little chilly after all. Next morning such persons were languid, indisposed for motion, and willing to admit that late sitting in the open air was perhaps imprudent at this season. After a day or two, real illness declared itself, the physician was summoned, and fever ran its fiery, often fatal, course. Cases of the kind multiplied, till the disease was almost epidemic.

Dr. Benedict drove up to his own door one afternoon, weary with riding since the earliest light, and hoping for a little interval of rest and quiet; but the red comforter tied around the post of the piazza warned him not to drive to the stable till he had communicated with the authorities within. Miss Keturah came out to the wagon in great excitement.

"Mrs. Beams has sent up," she said, "and I thought you would rather drive than walk there, tired as you must be. And there's a call of a new sort for you! Mr. Hubbell has been here, from Ruggs's Corners. His boy is down with the fever, and *that woman* wants you to come in consultation."

"Very well," returned the doctor quietly. "Did he name an hour?"

"Why, you don't think of going, do you?" asked Miss Keturah in amazement.

"Certainly. I don't see how I could refuse, in reason or humanity."

"I didn't suppose you would refuse to go," explained Miss Keturah, anxious to justify herself from the implied charge; "I only thought you would tell them you must have the case in your own hands. They would make no objection, you may be sure; they are old friends of yours."

"I never interfere between patient and physician, sister; you should know that by this time. Mr. Hubbell did not name an hour, then?"

"He talked about to-morrow morning; however, you can arrange it with him yourself. He had an errand in the village, and will be in again soon. He looks very serious, poor man; I'm afraid it's a bad case."

The doctor sighed. There were a great many bad cases now.

Mrs. Hubbell met him at the door next morning, anxious and tearful. "O doctor!" she exclaimed. "Poor Jim! He's very bad, and if anything happens we shall never forgive ourselves that we didn't send for you sooner."

The physician spoke a few cheering words, and followed her to the sick-room. There lay the merry, active boy of a few days ago, scorched with fever, tossing, moaning in pain, his eyes opening now and then into a dull, unconscious stare. The doctor sat down by the bedside, felt the pulse, listened to the hurried breathing, regarded the flushed countenance. The mother, standing near, studied his own face with yet more intentness, but learned nothing from its inscrutable gravity.

A pleasant-looking young woman, pale as with anxiety and watching, came quietly into the room. Some relation, the doctor thought, who had been sitting up with the sick boy, and was worn out in consequence. He was never more astonished in his life than when Mrs. Hubbell introduced her as Miss Bunn. He had never chanced to see his sister practitioner, but had set her down as a type of his favorite aversion, the strong-minded woman; had pictured her to himself as a large, raw-boned personage, of loud voice and decided manner. Now it was

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certain that his very first glimpse of this strong-minded woman had produced an agreeable impression.

The two were shown into another room, and proceeded to consult. Ah! what a solemn time it was for the friends of the sufferer! How they looked at the closed door, as if the fiat of life or death would issue at its opening!

Within, Miss Bunn detailed the patient's symptoms and her own course. Dr. Benedict asked such questions as occurred to him, and announced his views. It was a serious, but by no means a hopeless case, and he commended highly the treatment she had given it thus far.

Miss Bunn brightened at once. "I am so glad you think so," she said impulsively. "I did my best; but it is such a relief to have you confirm my judgment. And now I hope, doctor, that you will be willing to take the case into your own hands."

"Why so? You do not feel yourself unequal to it?"

"It is not so much what I feel as what others think."

"Is it not wiser to continue then? We will talk a little more of this presently, when we have arranged about our patient."

The course for the day being laid down, he returned to the subject.

"You have fancied, perhaps, that the parents would be better pleased if I were in attendance."

"Yes, I am certain they would feel more secure."

"That is not improbable; they have known me a long time. And you have felt hurt, perhaps—believing that you had done well, as well as any one could do—that they did not appreciate you better?"

"Yes," she admitted, the color rising to her pale cheeks, "I had a little of that feeling—not much."

"Very natural. It is always hard to find our well-meant service undervalued. But—I am a good deal older than you, madam, and have had experience of all these matters. Shall you dislike my speaking plainly to you?"

"Not at all, doctor," she replied. "I shall be glad to have you do so."

"Well, then, don't cultivate professional sensitiveness. Do your best, and then think as little as you can of what people say of you. Some attached and genuine friends you will doubtless make as you go on; but you will be spared an immense deal of discomfort if you convince yourself in the beginning that, as a general thing, you are not to expect any just appreciation. To say nothing of caprice or unreasonableness, people are almost entirely ignorant of the science you profess; they are anxious to do the very best for their friends or themselves, yet are quite uncertain of what that best may be. Sometimes you may find yourself lauded in a way that you feel to be altogether beyond your desert; and again, you must not be surprised if, after years of effort and of study, you are cast in the shade by some quack, who has neither brains nor conscience."

"You are not very encouraging," said Miss Bunn, with a faint smile.

"In one way, no. Our calling is not a tempting one; always laborious, seldom remunerative, peculiarly subject to prejudice and misrepresentation. Looked at from the side of profit or ease, I don't know who would desire it. But there is another light to view it in—it has its value and its rewards. If people can feel it a worthy thing to give their whole lives to attainment in art, for instance, how much more should we, who have for object the relief and healing of our fellow-men?"

Miss Bunn did not reply, but the light in her face showed that she understood him.

"Setting aside all higher motives," he continued, "the science is itself so interesting; you will find it more and more so as you proceed. There is an immense satisfaction, too, in doing good work, and knowing that you have done it, whether others recognize it or not. In this instance," he added, suddenly coming back to the case in hand, "I think it is a mistake to relinquish what you have begun. It might be interpreted as a want of confidence in yourself that would operate against you hereafter. The wishes of the parents are, of course, to be considered, but I trust I can satisfy them. What do you say?"

"You are very kind—very," returned Miss Bunn. "If Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell are willing—and if you advise it—I will go on. But you will give me the benefit of your experience, will you not."

"Certainly. I shall be most happy to aid you in any way. Good-morning." He bowed, left the room, and the consultation was over.

Mrs. Hubbell, who had been waiting at her boy's bed-side, came out hurriedly, as she saw the doctor.

"What do you think?" she said, venturing at last to put the direct question. "Will he get up again, or"—she stopped and looked with imploring eyes into the doctor's face. How

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often such eyes had sought his own, beseeching for the hope he could not give! But now, at least, the response might be encouraging.

"Get up again? I hope so," he said cordially. "He has had good care, and I think it will carry him through. Miss Bunn is disposed to give him into my charge, but I am trying to persuade her to go on with what she has begun so well. What do you think about it, Mrs. Hubbell?"

"I leave it all to you, doctor," she replied, after a little hesitation. "If you really think it's for the best, I have nothing to say. We should have sent for you at once if we had known how serious it was; but Jim seemed just a little out-of-sorts, and Miss Bunn being right here in the house, we had her look at him. Nobody could be kinder or take more pains, but you know how it is. She's had no experience, and being only a woman, too, I *did* feel as if the poor boy would be safer in your hands."

"She has done all that any one could, Mrs. Hubbell, and you may trust to her. However, I shall look in to-morrow to see how things are going on."

This promise entirely reconciled the mother to the proposed arrangement. There were indeed some advantages in Miss Bunn's attendance; she had not, like Dr. Benedict, a multitude of urgent calls upon her time; a large share of her day could be given to the one patient. The labors of nursing, too, she gladly shared. While she bathed the aching head or held cool beverages to the fevered lips, she recalled the interview with Dr. Benedict. How needless had been her dread of him! She had imagined that he would treat her slightingly, or at best with distant tolerance. How directly the reverse had been the truth! He had met her as an equal, recognized the worth of her service, and seemed to understand her motives. She could not but feel a glow of gratitude in remembering him.

The doctor, on his part, had less leisure to dwell upon the matter, but as he drove rapidly about from patient to patient, a pleasant impression kept him company; tempered only with a little fear lest he had said too much. "I hope she did not consider that I prosed unwarrantably," he thought—and wondered how he had been led into such free expression of his feelings. Certainly, few of his professional brethren had ever tempted him to talk at such length. Perhaps he had appeared officious, assuming; perhaps Miss Bunn had laughed in her sleeve, spite of her modest and sensible demeanor. Yet, whenever he recalled her clear, intelligent glance, he dismissed the suspicion as unworthy, and convinced himself anew that he had spoken to one who understood him.

He did not think it necessary to report these inward cogitations and convictions for Miss Keturah's benefit. She, good soul, was curious to learn the particulars of the interview, and her brother recounted them, with one or two reserves.

"Just imagine it!" she exclaimed, greatly scandalized. "Such airs! A regular consultation, just as if it had been Dr. Murdoch or Dr. Thomas! Did she seem as if she knew anything?"

"Yes. She appeared to know as much as any young physician."

"And what sort of looking person is she, John?"

"Really, sister, I can't tell you. I have no great taste in ladies' looks."

"I ought to understand that by this time," she answered, laughing. "I don't suppose, now, that you could say whether she puts her hair up with a comb or wears it short, as you do yourself!"

The doctor smiled. He was not quite sure that on this occasion he had manifested the blindness so freely attributed to him.

CHAPTER IV.

With the fall frosts the fever abated. In some households were glad hearts, as those who had been stricken down came back to life and health; in others were sadness and silence, and places empty forevermore. But nature and man wrought on, pausing not for joy nor sorrow, the harvests were gathered, children played among the fallen leaves, hearts were stirred by love, hope, ambition, as they had been from the beginning. The same snow that spread its mantle over new-made graves called the boys out to coast, and filled the air with the merry sound of sleigh-bells.

Grandma had been wishing for a week to pay a visit to her daughter Dodge, but the roads were so rough that she shrunk from the undertaking. Now, however, the snow had smoothed her way both literally and figuratively. Her wraps were brought out, and hung around the fire; the camlet cloak, the big, old-fashioned marten muff and tippet, the moccasins and quilted mittens. Jim begged hard to be her

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driver; he was quite well now, he urged, and the fresh air would do him good. With some misgivings, his mother gave consent; he was wrapped up as if for an Arctic expedition. Grandma was made into a moving bundle of enormous size, the little foot-stove was filled with coals, and the pair started on their way. The crisp air, the sparkling snow, the blue shadows and bluer sky were so delicious to the liberated boy. Only as he passed the churchyard, and saw the white, unbroken sleet stretch over mound and hollow, a strange, awe-struck feeling came over him. What if he were lying there now, and all this pleasant world were going on without him!

Mrs. Dodge, who had heard the sleigh-bells, was ready at the kitchen-steps to meet her visitors. A troop of children accompanied her, marshalled by Celestia, the oldest daughter, a fair, blue-eyed girl of twenty or thereabout.

"I'm so glad to see you, mother!" said Mrs. Dodge, assisting the old lady to alight. "Somehow I felt as if you would be along to-day. I said to Celeschy, as I rolled out the crust for my chicken-pie, 'Now, if your grandma aint here to help us eat this I shall be real disappointed.' And Jim, I'm rejoiced that you're able to be out. You do look remarkable, considering all that you've been through. Just drive around to the barn, and you'll find your uncle there or one of the boys; don't stay to put up the horse yourself, but come straight in the house, and sit down and warm you."

The children surrounded the old lady, and formed a guard of honor to escort her to the red rocking-chair by the fire.

"What you got in your pocket, grandma?" asked little Lem, aware that she generally carried a supply of rock-candy, and too artless to disguise his longing.

"Bless his little heart, what a sugar tooth he has!" exclaimed the old lady. "Look for yourself, deary, and see what you can find."

The youngster, thus encouraged, proceeded to investigate, when, alas! a catastrophe was revealed. The cover of grandma's snuff-box had come off, and all the delicate straw-colored crystals were sprinkled with the irritating powder. Little Lem, in the bitterness of his disappointment, made up his mouth for a prolonged howl, which his sister cut short by suggesting that the candy might be washed; whereupon all the children adjourned to the kitchen to witness the ablution.

"It's so lucky you came to-day, mother," said Mrs. Dodge, in a low, confidential tone. "I was laying out to ride over to-morrow, if you hadn't. You know Cyrus Morrison and Celestia has been under engagement for a year or more, and Cyrus he's been a doing pretty well this season, and he thinks we ought to let the wedding come off next month."

"Do tell!" exclaimed grandma. "I hadn't a notion of such a thing! Seems as if 'twan't but yesterday that she was running round like little Lem there! Dear, dear, how fast these children do grow up!"

"She *is* full young," said the mother, "and I'd a been glad to have kept her two or three years longer; but Cyrus he feels as if he had the best right. That's the way 'tis, mother. I suppose you had the same to go through with in your day. I'm sure I never thought nothing about it then."

"Yes," said the old lady, "we bring our children up, and care for 'em, and set our hearts on 'em, and bimeby somebody comes along that never done 'em a hand's turn, and we're left clear out of mind. It aint a pleasant thing, Lucy Ann; but, dear me, it's nateral, I suppose. We was all of us the same. And it's for the best, after all; we can't always be here to look to our children, and it's well they can make other friends to care for them when we are gone. The great pint is to get the right sort of a companion. You and Maria was both wonderful lucky; there aint many such men as Hiram and Hubbell, I can tell ye."

"Well, so far as that goes," said Mrs. Dodge, "I think Celeschy's made a good choice. Cyrus has always been counted uncommon stiddy for one that wasn't a professor. He's a pleasant-tempered fellow, and thinks the hull world of her. Then, you know, Squire Morrison is real forehanded, and Cyrus is the only boy, and they all like Celeschy, and her prospects do seem encouraging, fur as we can tell. So we're to have a wedding in the house, you see, and I wanted to get over and consult Maria, and find out if she can help us when the time comes. Miss Morrison's one that has everything *just so*, and of course we want it to go off right, and Maria always had an extr'ordinary faculty for cake and all sorts of fixins."

"She'll come, I'll answer for't," said gradma.

Just then the whole young pack—kept in the kitchen on one pretence or another by Celestia, that her mother might have space for the important communication—burst in upon the pair. Jim came last, having paused at the cooking-

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stove on his way in. The boy cherished a tender passion, entirely unsuspected by its object or anybody else, for the pretty cousin, who was six or seven years his senior. Celestia looked so charming to-day, and smiled so kindly on him, that he was in the seventh heaven.

With this irruption, all private converse was at an end for the present. Only grandma looked significantly at Celestia, who flushed like the dawn in return. After dinner, when the children were tumbling about in the snow, and Jim playing checkers in the next room with one of the older boys, there was a delightful confabulation over the approaching great event; Celestia exhibited her patchwork quilts, bright with pink or Turkey red; her piles of undergarments, ruffled and stitched by her own hands; and manifold other preparations for the change awaiting her.

"Her pa's going to take us over to Boynton," said Mrs. Dodge, "the first day he can spare the team, and then we shall choose out her teaspoons and chiny, and her parlor furnitoor, and all that. And there's her wedding-dress and I don't know what all. We shall have our hands full, I guess."

In the midst of these plannings a sudden thought struck the bride-elect. "Grandma," she asked, "do you see much of Dr. Benedict now?"

"Why, no, child. He was quite attentive, calling to see how Jim got along, but that's all. Why do you ask?"

"Celeschy was there when he came one day last fall," explained the mother, "and she had a fancy—I tell her it ain't nothing else—that the doctor had a very good opinion of *your* little doctor—Miss Bunn."

"O fie!" said grandma—"what a notion! Celeschy's like tipsy folks, I guess, that thinks everybody else is bad off as they be. Don't you believe a word of it."

After this slight episode, conversation returned to the main topic of interest, from which it scarcely diverged till the time arrived for an early tea and the homeward drive.

Grandma was so full of the important news that she could not resist the temptation of disclosing it to the first uninformed individual with whom she found herself.

"Jim," she said, "you're getting to be a big boy, and ought to be fit to be trusted with a secret."

"I should think so," he replied, proudly.

"Well, then, be sure you don't breathe a lisp of it to anybody—but something's going to happen before long. It'll be a splendid time for all you children. Your cousin Celeschy is to be married next month to Squire Morrison's son."

Poor Jim!

CHAPTER V.

"Just look there!" said Miss Keturah Benedict to her brother, as he returned from his round, about dinner-time one day, handing him, as she spoke, an invitation to the wedding.

"Celestia Dodge can't be a day over nineteen," she continued with energy. "I wonder her mother hasn't more sense!"

"Oh! well, sister!" said the doctor pleasantly. "Perhaps you and I are not the best judges. We are rather past that sort of thing ourselves, and these young folks may be more fit to make a choice than we suppose."

"*I'm* past it, that's certain," she retorted; "but as for you, men are never too old for nonsense. I expect every day to see you dangling after some young thing just fit to be your daughter."

"Not very likely," said the doctor, going almost unconsciously through a bit of mental arithmetic. Forty-five—take from it twenty-six—twenty-seven—possibly twenty-eight; rather a youthful father! However, Keturah did not mean to be exact to a day. But what nonsense to think of such a thing! "That will happen," he added aloud, "a while after you have given up the charge of me for the sake of some of these smart widowers around."

"Smart widowers want a smarter bride than I should make," she answered. "They always expect their second wives to be younger and better-looking than their first." With the announcement of which truism she seated herself at the dinner-table and dismissed the subject.

A few evenings later an expectant crowd assembled in the dwelling of the Dodges. After multiplied labors, everything had been satisfactorily arranged, nor was it likely that even the new mother-in-law, accustomed as she was to have everything "in print," could detect a flaw. Mrs. Hubbell had given herself to the work with unremitting zeal, and her "faculty" found ample scope in the concoction of cakes of every shape and size, the freezing of ice-creams, and the mixing of chicken salad. Miss Bunn, in the interval of professional duties, had also lent her aid; in virtue of having attended one or

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two large weddings at "the East," she was held to be authority on points of style. She trimmed the wedding-dress and the wedding-cake, and was even now engaged up-stairs in pinning on the bride's veil and arranging her wreath of "artificials."

A hum, a stir in the throng—a concentrated gaze upon the doorway—and lo! the bridal party! Clouds of white muslin, mists of tulle, soft blushes, beaming eyes, accompanying a subordinate, if essential, masculine array. The group drew up in the space cleared for it in front of the big looking-glass, the Rev. Mr. Watkins stepped forward, and the ceremony was performed. Celestia Dodge became Mrs. Cyrus Morrison.

As soon as the congratulations were over, refreshments were served, it being rightly judged that nature needed something to support her after such an ordeal. Here our friend Miss Bunn was conspicuously useful!

"Who's that nice-looking young woman that's handing round the cream and sugar?" asked Miss Keturah of a neighbor.

"Possible that you don't know?" was the reply. "Why, that's the lady-doctor—Dr. Bunn."

"I *am* surprised," said Miss Keturah. Not another word did she vouchsafe; nevertheless, she followed with attentive glance the figure of the obnoxious rival. "If I didn't know who she was, I should say her looks were in her favor," thought this resolute conservative.

Refreshments disposed of, music was next in order. Mr. Wells was present, and had brought his "instrument," the bass viol, whose powerful tones each Sunday aided, or overpowered the voices of the choir. It was now attuned to melody of a more secular nature, as the jocund notes of the "Alpine Horn" floated on the air. In the burden of the song the effect was particularly fine, "Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la," being given in such a diminishing echo that it was difficult for the hearer to persuade himself that he did not form one of an actual hunting-party. The ladies followed in, "Roll on, silver moon," "Tell me, ye winged winds," and other gems of song which the recent visit of some wandering "family" of minstrels had introduced to the popular acquaintance. The audience listened with delight; old singers, long retired from the heat and burden of choir-service, keeping time with head and hand; while Mr. Wells, preluding or accompanying with mighty flourishes of the magic bow, was in his element.

Miss Bunn did not sing, but she listened to admiration—so, at least, thought one observer. Looking up, she chanced to meet his eye, and colored slightly; a very becoming flush, thought Dr. Benedict, and he moved nearer to her side.

"A pleasant evening," he remarked.

"Very," replied Miss Bunn. "Celestia makes a sweet bride, doesn't she?"

"Charming," said the doctor. "That sort of dress looks so well with light hair and a fair complexion." The doctor felt that he was coming out as quite a "ladies' man."

"Ah! but it is very pretty with dark hair, too, I assure you."

"I dare say. Still I have a very decided preference for blondes."

Now, Miss Bunn had never aspired to rank as a blonde; she would have considered the epithet quite too fanciful to apply to her own very ordinary style of looks. Still she could not but suspect that Dr. Benedict meant to include her in the class for which he expressed such special admiration.

She was called away just then, and they hardly exchanged a word during the remainder of the evening; but it is remarkable what satisfactory conclusions good judges of character can draw from the slightest premises. Miss Bunn saw clearly that Dr. Benedict had a fineness of taste and an accuracy of observation which no one could suspect from his quiet, staid exterior. She found his manner, too, precisely what it should be—gentle, deferential, yet not without a touch of gallantry. While the doctor, on his part, felt that Miss Bunn appeared to even greater advantage in a scene like this than she had done in the sick-room where they first met. How frankly she had admired the bride, how modestly disclaimed all preference for her own style of appearance. He could not but think, as she moved about among the guests, that she would look particularly well in a white dress and a veil flowing to her feet.

Toward midnight the party broke up, amid the usual expressions of enjoyment, and the flying hither and thither of invitations, and hopes of meeting soon again. Miss Keturah was going home with a friend to spend a day or two. Would she have driven off so cheerfully had she known to what perils she left her brother exposed—had she suspected what untoward plan was even now forming itself in his mind?

The Hubbell sleigh had come over fully loaded, the whole family being piled into it. It was now proposed to increase the burden by the addition of Miss Lyman, the seamstress,

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who, set free by Celestia, was to take up the needle to-morrow in behalf of Malvina and her mother.

"You will be sadly crowded," observed Dr. Benedict to Miss Bunn, as he saw the party gathering for a start; "pray let me give you a seat in my cutter. You will go much more comfortably."

Miss Bunn feared that she was making the doctor too much trouble; but, being assured that such was not the case, accepted the courtesy. It was a lovely night, the moon at the full, the air clear and still, the sleighing excellent; just the weather to stimulate the spirits and promote conversation; yet they drove on in perfect silence. The doctor, ever since he heard of Miss Keturah's projected visit, had been planning toward the result which was now achieved, yet, so unversed was he in stratagem, that, had not fortune suddenly befriended him, he might have driven off alone. He had imagined how pleasant it would be to have Miss Bunn sitting by his side; he had thought of dozens of things to say to her; remarks, tender or meaning, or only waiting encouragement to be so. Now she was here, and that circumstance was not less agreeable than he had anticipated. But what had become of all the words he had designed to utter? Not one of them occurred to his remembrance. Miss Bunn was beginning to think that she must say something, no matter what, when he spoke.

"Are you kept busy now?" he asked.

The entirely practical nature of this question steadied Miss Bunn's nerves, and broke that spell of silence which had hung over her, too.

"Not as busy as I should like to be," she answered. "I am sometimes rather discouraged. I do not advance much."

"Ah!" said the doctor, reflectively, "I sometimes wonder, madam, what women propose to themselves in undertaking our profession?"

"Just what men propose, I presume," returned Miss Bunn. "To earn their bread, and to be of some service to the world while they are earning it."

"Very good. But women are so delicate, so unfit to contend with bad weather, fatiguing rides, and all those things which in the country, at any rate, are the necessary portion of a physician."

"Tastes vary, of course," said Miss Bunn; "but for myself, I prefer the occasional hardship of a long ride or a storm, to perpetual confinement at the needle, or to any other means I can now think of by which a woman can support herself. You have not left us a large choice of employments, you know, doctor."

"My dear Miss Bunn, I hope that *you* do not join in that cry against the tyranny of men."

"Not at all. I don't regard you as tyrants, but only as the undoubted masters of the situation. The nine points of possession are certainly in your favor, and public opinion gives you all, except, perhaps, the merest fraction of the tenth."

"And you think this unjust and hard?"

"I think it is more like that than you or most men would be willing to admit. Social arrangements look so very different you see, according to your standpoint."

"It would grieve me deeply," said the doctor, "to be regarded by you as an antagonist."

"I must be very ungrateful," she answered, "if I could so regard you."

"Thank you, my dear madam. I should wish to be just to the claims of all your sex, and certainly not less so to yours. But I was about to say, in connection with your business, that I can hardly understand giving so much time and thought to anything that does not promise to be permanent. When a man studies a profession he expects to make it the business of his life; while a lady—why, if she marries, there is an end of it all."

Miss Bunn gazed steadfastly at the horse's shadow on the snow. "Marriage does not enter into our calculations," she replied.

"But why?" persisted the doctor, in his zeal for information. "If a woman be agreeable—attractive—why should she leave such probabilities unconsidered?"

"Dear me, doctor," retorted Miss Bunn, taking refuge in a touch of sarcasm from the embarrassment that began to steal upon her, "how can you be so false to all the traditions of your sex? Who could possibly find anything *attractive* in a strong-minded woman?"

"Turn your face this way, if you please," said the doctor, in very much the tone with which he told a patient to put out his tongue. Miss Bunn complied. As their eyes met, her glance was lowered, but the doctor's continued steady.

"If *you* were the woman," he definitely stated, "I could find a great deal that was attractive—very."

What followed this remark I cannot tell.

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only know that, as Miss Bunn was handed from the cutter, she said in a low voice—"You will think better of this, I am sure you will. We really know so very little of each other."

"We shall have all our lives to get acquainted in," the doctor answered. "I shall see you again to-morrow."

Miss Bunn, going in, had to meet some raillery from the assembled Hubbells. They had been at home ten minutes, at the very least; it was strange, they thought, that so good a horse as the doctor's with so light a load, should make such poor time.

"We came by the other road, you know," said Miss Bunn in explanation.

Everybody laughed. The "other road" was a quarter of a mile shorter; the Hubbells had not taken it because Miss Lyman's home, at which she wished to stop a moment, lay on the longer route.

There was not leisure, however, for much embarrassment, since every one was eager to talk over the wedding, the bride, the "refreshments," what people wore, and how they looked. Under cover of these various interests, Miss Bunn's confusion escaped notice. When she went up to her own room she set the lamp upon the bureau, and looked at the face reflected in the mirror; was it really so—did the doctor find anything attractive there? And would he persevere after all that he had said? And, supposing that he did, could she give up the career to which she had so long looked forward? What would her friends at "the East" say to her desertion of the cause? Above all, what would the doctor's sister think of such a marriage?

The greater part of these questions was answered next day, when Dr. Benedict drove up and boldly demanded an interview with Miss Bunn. As there were but two fires in the house, the Hubbells were perforce banished to the kitchen, where they awaited, with the liveliest curiosity, the result of this second consultation. It is needless to set down, in our narrative, all the pleas and arguments of the doctor; neither is it essential to describe Miss Bunn's blushes, her hesitancy, and maidenly admissions. Suffice it to say that she allowed herself to be convinced that an engagement, rash in all ordinary circumstances, became, in her own case, the wisest possible proceeding, and that she consented to brave the disappointment, perchance the indignation, of her friends at "the East," should they consider that her "woman's right" to practise medicine precluded the exercise of every other right.

Dr. Benedict departed, and the family resumed possession of their sitting-room, much to the comfort of Miss Lyman, who, in the hurry of flight, had left her measuring-tape behind, and had not liked to break in upon the interview to obtain it. Miss Bunn was nowhere visible; this fact was of itself significant. When she came down to dinner, looking shy and conscious, and forbore allusion to the doctor's visit, the state of affairs was plain enough to such intelligent observers. They understood it just as well as they did a day or two later, when it was formally communicated to them.

"You see, Celeschy was right, after all, mother," observed Mrs. Hubbell.

"'Set a thief to catch a thief,'" said grandma. "I'm sure I hadn't an idee of it. It's a good thing, I believe, no matter how it come about. But whatever his sister Keturah will say to it passes me."

This was the question that occurred to every one who heard of the projected match. It was a knotty problem, even to the doctor. To own the truth, he was a little surprised at the position in which he found himself. In asking Miss Bunn to share his moonlight drive, he had contemplated no such distinct and definite result. Not that he repented of his rashness; on the contrary, he was perfectly convinced that it had been the happiest inspiration of his life. But to bring Miss Keturah to a like conviction was a task he dreaded to attempt. It must be done, however; and one evening, after her return from the little visit on which so much had hinged, he boldly broached the topic.

He had not over-estimated the difficulties of the undertaking; Miss Keturah's amazement, her displeasure, were fearful to encounter.

"John, John!" she exclaimed, in a mixture of grief and anger—"it was for this, I suppose, that you went through all your youth without so much as looking at a girl! That you might throw yourself away, at this time of day, on a woman that we know nothing about, that nobody knows anything about!"

"It's my impression, sister, that she will bear acquaintance."

"And a female doctor! You said yourself that the very idea was repulsive to you."

"True—the idea was so, but I found the reality quite otherwise."

"And to think of all the pretty girls—and capable girls—we know, any one of whom would have jumped at you."

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"Oh! you rate me quite too highly. I am not such a prize as you imagine."

"I only wish she had not found you so."

"Come, sister, try to look at it a little reasonably. If a person is ever so ill, you think I can be trusted with the case."

"Of course I do. You will save it if anybody can."

"And in matters of business you are guided by me. Your property is left entirely to my management. Now, if you can put other people's lives and your own interests into my hands, it does seem as if you might trust me to use a little discretion in an affair where I have so much at stake."

"O brother, brother!" exclaimed Miss Keturah despairingly; "how little you know what you are talking about! A man may be the best that ever trod—and the wisest—but when it comes to dealing with women, he is *such* a goose!"

This burst of feeling, with which all our sex can sympathize so fully, was followed by a brief silence. Miss Keturah was the first to break it.

"I am a goose myself!" she exclaimed. "I suppose this matter is entirely settled."

"Unless you forbid the banns," returned the doctor, smiling. "I can't say what will be done in that case. Miss Bunn is most anxious for your good opinion."

"I presume so," observed Miss Keturah dryly. "Well, John, I have said my say. You must follow your own devices. I've no call to let or hinder."

"Sister," he said kindly, "after all we have been to each other, I hoped to have some friendlier word than that from you."

Tears came into Miss Keturah's eyes, long strangers to such weakness. She struggled hard with herself.

"You *shall* have it, John," she said; "if I am afraid for you, it surely is not because I undervalue you; and I will try to see as you do, and for your sake to be contented with your choice."

"There, that is like my own good sister," said the doctor cordially, with a pressure of the hand, which from him meant as much as a caress would have done from most men. "Now let us talk the matter over."

Miss Keturah listened, sadder at heart than she cared to show. For twenty years they had shared each other's home and thoughts; for a far longer period he had been her chief object, her dearest pride in life. Now some one was coming to take her place, to be the first and best beloved. What would the future be like? How much depended on this woman, of whom she knew absolutely nothing! Brother and sister sat side by side, and the anticipations of the one made the forebodings of the other. But Miss Keturah kept her word; she breathed no hint of what was passing in her mind. She even brought herself to say—"I was pleased with her appearance at the wedding, John. I quite fancied her before I knew who she was."

"And I am confident that you will fancy her yet more, sister, when you know what she *is*."

—

Three years later, Dr. Benedict sat by his own fireside, his little girl upon his knee. Evening drew on; without, a snow-storm whirled and whitened; the windows shook, and latches rattled sharply. Within all was light, and warmth, and rosy comfort. The wife, from her rocking-chair, tried to coax the baby to her arms, but the little Mary defied temptation, and held resolutely to her father's stout forefinger. From the opposite side of the fire Miss Keturah regarded the group complacently. It was her conviction that never did earth, and scarcely heaven, contain such a cherub as that infant of eleven months.

A heavy tread came up the steps, and the door-bell tinkled wildly.

"Oh! dear," exclaimed the wife. "I'm afraid it is some one for you, John."

And so it proved; a summons "over the hills and far away."

"Perhaps you would like to go, my dear," said the doctor, pausing in the midst of wrapping up. "If so, I announce myself a convert to woman's rights, at least for this occasion."

"Ah!" replied his wife, laughing, "you are very triumphant because I proved unequal to my opportunities. But there are staunch women left, my good sir, though I was recreant, and they will make their rights respected yet."

"A woman's best right," upspake Miss Keturah, "is to be taken care of and made comfortable. That's my theory, Mary."

"And it has certainly been my practice," said Mary, as she clasped the doctor's muffler, and looked up affectionately in his smiling eyes.

Music, says Auerbach, washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

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JOHN PARKER'S WIFE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Laura Fleming was roused from her revery and nurse-like vigil by a low rap at the door. Hetty had gone to a neighbor's of an errand, so there was no one to answer it but herself.

A stranger, tall and certainly well-looking, in spite of the dust and fatigue of travel. As he uttered no word, she glanced at him rather sharply.

"Mrs. Parker—my mother——?"

Then she read the anxiety in his face, the almost mortal fear in his eyes, and she hurried to say—"Your mother is better; the fever turned last night."

"Thank God!"

He dropped on the low porch seat and covered his face with his hands. Laura did not disturb him for several minutes, then she said softly—

"Will you not walk in, Mr. Parker? Your mother is asleep, and Hetty is out, so I am playing nurse in the absence of any one better."

He glanced at her. Tired and anxious as he was, and unnerved by the sudden revulsion, for he had fancied his mother lying a corpse here in the quiet parlor that he remembered so well, he yielded his soul to Laura Fleming at that very moment. I do not say "fell in love," for he really had not a thought of love in his mind, and yet he made one of those unconscious elections that turn the balance in the scale of human chances.

He followed her within. She hesitated an instant in the hall, then ushered him into the spacious kitchen, where everything was as neat and clean as it could be in a palace.

"Perhaps you would prefer to go at once to your room?" she said. "It is all in readiness for you."

"Yes. I should have been here a day sooner, but the telegram missed me at first."

It was still early in the June evening and he needed no lamp. His room had been opened, and the tangled mass of honeysuckle at the window was drifted in showers of fragrance with the faintest waft of wind. There was a plentiful supply of water and an abundance of fresh towels, and these were luxuries after his weary hours of steady travel. And then his mother was better—his heart appeared to grow lighter with every throb. The word that his mother was lying at the point of death had given him a severe shock, for he was her only child, and had been absent longer than usual.

While he was refreshing himself, Laura made a noiseless journey to the sick-room and found that Mrs. Parker was still sleeping peacefully, then returned to the kitchen and prepared the daintiest little meal imaginable. She spread a cloth over the old-fashioned round table, often used for a work-stand, brought out a china cup, saucer, and plate, filled a small dish with luscious strawberries, sliced some cold ham beautifully thin, set the tea to steep, put a few biscuits on one plate and some bread on another. I think Laura Fleming was born with a genius for housekeeping. She did this all so quietly, that had you been in the room beyond, you would hardly have fancied that she had left her seat. And everything she did always had a peculiar grace. She could make a wonderful sight of beauty out of common, every-day material.

John came down-stairs feeling like a different person, catching a glimpse of her white dress he re-entered the kitchen.

"I have made you a cup of tea," she remarked quietly. "You must be tired after your long journey."

He would have said a moment before that he could not taste a mouthful, but this dainty arrangement looked so tempting. She poured the tea without any fuss or pretence, and he thought it akin to nectar. Then he summoned courage to take a fair glimpse of her.

Laura Fleming was twenty-three, though she would have passed for eighteen, easily. She was simply sweet and pretty—I don't know as that expresses it very well, either, for her face was noble and gracious, and her serene eyes bespoke the motive power of a true, high soul, yet she was not what people call a handsome woman at the first glance. Her complexion was clear and soft, her hair a bright chestnut tint and curling naturally, so the ringlets were tied in a careless knot at the back with a blue ribbon, with a few stray ones escaping at her temples or back of the dainty ear. Her dress was white, with a cluster of blue forget-me-nots at the throat. She had not arrayed herself in the hope of attracting John Parker, and would have

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taken just as much pains any rainy day at home. But he thought her particularly lovely, and the tea was perfection. He sipped it and ate at his leisure, and found that he was a very hungry man. Never were strawberries so delicious.

Meanwhile he questioned her about his mother. The disease had been typhus fever, contracted, they all thought, during one of Mrs. Parker's visits of mercy to the sick and distressed. The case had been a very severe one, but the doctor believed now that all immediate danger was over.

"Have you been here through it all?" he asked in a low, surprised voice.

"Oh! no; your mother had a nurse at first, but I suppose she became alarmed at some of the symptoms, and returned home. Since then mother and Hetty have been keeping guard with some one to relieve them occasionally. The neighbors have been very kind."

"I am deeply indebted to you!" he exclaimed earnestly. "Have you had no fear?"

"Why should one have in a place like this? Cleanliness and an abundance of fresh air are great preventives of contagion."

Something in this clear-sighted, practical view led him to smile. He had hardly looked for so much wisdom in a young girl.

She made another journey to Mrs. Parker's room, this time finding her awaking slowly from a refreshing slumber. She gave her the medicine, and then gently told her the happy tidings, that her son had returned.

As she was on her way to summon him, her mother crossed the hall.

"Mr. Parker has come," she announced, and as he joined them, she introduced her mother with as much tact as if he had been a month-old acquaintance.

Hetty soon made her appearance, and matters were settled for the night. A Mrs. Kenneth came in to watch, but for a while John Parker was left alone with his mother.

As for Laura, she went home, and in half an hour was most unromantically asleep, haunted by no visions of the young man for whom she had made tea.

Mrs. Parker could only speak a word or two, but love and thankfulness shone in her eyes. Her own darling whom she had never expected to see again in this world. He held the wasted hand, and dropped both tears and kisses upon it, and though he was tired, he kept watch until past midnight. Part of the time his thoughts wandered to Laura, it must be confessed.

He questioned Hetty about her the next morning. The Flemings had come to Melrose about two years before. Mr. Fleming had been proprietor of a large saw-mill in a distant town, but wishing to retire, had purchased the Duncan property, one of the prettiest, though by no means the largest in Melrose. There was a sister, older than Miss Laura, married, and that was all of the family. Hetty was extravagant in her praises.

"I never see any one so much like your own dear mother, Mr. John, as that Mrs. Fleming. Such women are scarce now-a-days, I can tell you. And Miss Laura can cook a dinner as well as she can play on the pianny, and she can paint such beautiful pictures. She aint none of your stuck-up kind; and such a hand at nursing I never did see. Why, all the way through, when your mother was at the worst, she seemed to know her, and it was 'stonishing how Miss Laura could manage her!"

Mr. Parker did not seem to weary of Miss Laura's praises. He saw quite a good deal of the young lady, and every interview tended to deepen his first impression. Mrs. Parker was extravagantly fond of her, and asked for her if she was absent longer than usual, until John would have felt jealous if he had not liked to have her come so much himself.

She did not make any foolish difference because John came home. Laura Fleming was not the kind of a girl to do anything for effect. She was not always dressed in white, and often of a morning her hair was in a net, but she looked neat and pretty, and rarely made an apology. She was a most charming nurse, as he found, and he did not wonder at his mother's preference.

Mrs. Parker improved rapidly, yet she clung to her son with a peculiar tenderness. Five years before this he had gone to St. Louis to attend to the affairs of a branch house, and liking the position, had remained, without intending to make a permanent stay. At first his visits home had been frequent, but now two years had elapsed, though during that time his mother had made a brief sojourn with him. He was thirty-five now, had a fine position as junior partner in a flourishing house, and was on the high-road to fortune. Half the girls in Melrose envied Laura Fleming her "chance."

I can say honestly, that she had no thought or care about it. She had an ideal of love, possibly an ideal lover, but his likeness to John Parker was not at all remarkable. Then her

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vanity did not lead her to suppose that every young man who looked upon her was taken captive by her charms.

If she had been suspicious or keen-eyed, she might have made some discoveries. Mrs. Parker could not resist a motherly impulse of seeing her son settled, and as marriage was the most important step, she endeavored to lead him into that. There were so many ways to bring these two young people together, so many little incidents to relate to one concerning the other. I think John had a dim misgiving, but the influence was too pleasant to resist.

And so four very delightful weeks went by. It was so much like the old days of boyhood, to have this sweet and tender mother continually in one's sight, to hear her soft tones, and answer her loving smiles. He was devoted to her, and he had a great, true, generous heart.

He made two or three flying visits to New York, and entered into a new business arrangement, giving up his position at St. Louis, which afforded his mother the greatest satisfaction possible. She watched the young people closely, but said nothing.

It would be necessary for Mr. Parker to take a trip westward for a fortnight or so. His mother was well enough to leave, so he finished his preparations, after making Laura promise that she would spend part of the time with her. She stayed to tea that evening, and he walked home with her. A lovely moonlight night it was—the wandering airs wafting fragrance, and the soft, golden stars overhead seeming to throb to the unconscious harmony of nature. It affected Laura in a peculiar fashion, though she was not much given to romance, and she lapsed into a quiet mood. Mr. Parker was quiet also, and hardly a word was spoken until they reached the gate.

"I must say good-by for a fortnight," and he glanced into her face. "It seems hard to go away."

"Does it?" And she smiled, then looked suddenly grave. "Your mother will miss you sadly."

"Yes; but I shall come back soon. Laura——"

He had never called her that before, and there was something in his eyes that startled her, made her heart beat with a quick bound.

"Laura, I love you."

Some strange impulse urged him to say this, though it was altogether unlike the imaginary wooing he had dreamed of so many times. Laura's brow deepened with a conscious flush, and her eyes were downcast.

"Have you no word for me?"

His voice was full of tender pleading, and swayed her powerfully.

"I don't know. I did not think——"

He caught her hand; for when he saw how utterly unconscious she had been, he resolved to make her love him. The delicious ardor of a newly awakened love should be his.

"But you will think now. You will learn the lesson for my sake," he said entreatingly.

He looked at her until the sweet lips faltered something which he kissed into acquiescence.

"It is not late," he continued; "let us walk down the street, for I have much to say to you."

She went very briefly over the case to herself. He was fine looking, well educated, honorable, manly; a devoted son, patient, untiring, generous, pleasant in temper—what more could she desire? And as he drew her hand through his arm with a certain sense of authority and protection, her remaining doubt yielded. Learning to love would be an easy task.

When he bade her good-by, an hour later, they were pledged to each other. He told his mother the welcome tidings that night, and when Laura entered the room the next day, with a shyness quite new to her, she received a mother's kiss and blessing.

"I am so glad, dear—selfishly glad, I am afraid—but I know John could not have found a better wife, nor I a sweeter daughter. We shall be so happy."

Laura smiled over her old dead romance. Doubt, uncertainty, a misunderstanding or two, and a good deal of unhappiness, had made the sum total. Instead, all was the very plainest sailing. After John's return, he fell into a regular courtship, and three months later, when he found it necessary to take quite an extended business trip, he insisted upon a marriage.

Laura demurred at first, but finally, after the manner of women, allowed herself to be overruled.

A very quiet wedding it was, but all Melrose went into an excitement over it. To think that John Parker should have spent all his young life here, and could have had his choice of girls richer and handsomer; and now, when he had made a fortune, be caught by this new-comer! Of course, she must have tried for him. It was hardly probably such a hasty, imprudent marriage would turn out well.

They loved each other very much. His re-

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gard had been the warmest and most unreasoning in the beginning; hers, of slower growth, went silently to the very depths of her soul, and at length touched every chord of her being. She possessed a healthy, happy nature, and a clear brain, and as his tender love grew upon her, she relinquished herself wholly to his sway.

Mrs. Parker was perfectly satisfied. Laura came home, and the two women formed a sort of mutual admiration society. They agreed charmingly. And John was pleased with his wife.

Their courtship had been so brief that they had thought very little of each other's past life. John's ideal was a woman who had never loved before, who gave to his keeping the first freshness of her heart, the first sweetness of her lips. A month after their marriage, Laura had said—"John, I never thought it possible to love so entirely, to have it the sole idea of one's life. Sometimes I feel almost frightened when I realize how much I care for you. If anything should happen to you, it would kill me. Be careful when you go in town, and everywhere, for my sake, my darling."

The solicitude was most sweet to John, and he took great pleasure in allaying her fears. She found, after awhile, that she might venture to be happy, that fate had no especial grudge against them.

And so they came to another summer. Mrs. Parker did not regain her full strength after her illness, and her sister, who lived at the seaside, insisted upon taking her thither for a change. In the meanwhile, Laura's sister, Mrs. Walton, came to make her a visit.

John had been his mother's escort, and just returned. They sat round the tea-table, Mrs. Walton chatting in a merry fashion. John was mentioning some people whom he had met.

"There was a bride—Mr. and Mrs. Eustace—and the groom was a real handsome young fellow, but dreadfully conscious."

"O Laura! it's Harry Eustace. I forgot to tell you. You heard that he had a fortune?"

"No!" and Laura looked up with a mirthful smile.

"Yes. Some old maiden aunt or other left him seventy-five thousand, the story goes, and this Miss McGee whom he has married is worth fifty or sixty thousand. See what you missed!"

"All owing to a cruel father," and Laura laughed in spite of herself. "Well, I suppose we all do foolish things in our salad days, as Cleopatra calls them."

"Not a very powerful love," said Mrs. Walton; "though the poor fellow took it hard. I have no doubt that he is quite sensible now that he has reached the years of discretion."

A look in her husband's eyes led Laura to change the subject. John had confessed that he was exacting, and might be jealous, but she had only smiled over the announcement when it was made. If he demanded a good deal, he also gave generously. Could such a foolish little thing distress him?

He was undeniably grave. Laura was glad when they could be alone. Placing her arm around his neck, and dropping on one knee, a kind of pet fashion she had, she kissed him fondly.

"John," she began, "did you feel troubled about what Kate said? I should have told you if it had been of any importance. I was not quite seventeen when this Harry Eustace fell desperately in love with me. He was barely twenty, handsome, and morbidly heroic, but indolent, and with no sort of pride or ambition. Father would not consent to an engagement, and sent me away to school. I thought it very cruel, and tried to make myself as miserable as possible; but when I returned home with a year's growth of sense and judgment, I found his sentimental nonsense dreary trash indeed, and had no further desire to continue the acquaintance."

"But I suppose he was not your only lover?" Mr. Parker asked a little coldly.

Laura's face was scarlet, partly from a feeling of delicacy, partly indignation.

"Very few girls reach the age of twenty-three without having had one or more lovers. Yet I think the love I should have given at seventeen would have been very immature and unreasoning. I should have married then to please a crude, girlish fancy; now I have learned the sacredness of life, and would take no man's love without being sure that I could give every thought of my soul in return."

"Thank you for the confidence," he said; and there it ended.

Laura was a little wounded, and too proud to make any further confession. She rose, and began to busy herself about some trifle.

It actually seemed to John Parker that he had received a mortal blow. That this woman, in whom he had placed the most implicit faith, who had solemnly assured him that he was her first love, should now confess a fancy for another, and even hint that there had been more than one! The sweet lips had not been kept

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sacred for him alone, the soft fingers had rested in many another tender clasp, the delicacy that he had considered a woman's highest merit, and the pure trust, had *not* blossomed first for him. He mused bitterly about the down being brushed from the peach by rude hands, the dewy fragrance from the rose, and all the comparisons he had ever heard. But regret was of no avail. He could not undo the past. He had yielded to a hasty passion, and blighted a life that he had dreamed would be so happy. His faith in Laura was shattered.

And yet he meant to be very noble. He would not betray the secret anguish that must hereafter be his companion. She should never know how cruel a wound she had given him when it was too late to make any amends. If she had only told him at first!

He was, if possible, more solicitous than ever. Every little act of politeness that he could offer her or Mrs. Walton was done in a kind and graceful manner. He came home early and took them to drive, he brought choice hothouse flowers or rare fruit, and if they expressed a desire for any book, he spared no pains to obtain it.

"You ought to be the happiest woman in the world, Laura," her sister said. "Mr. Parker is still the most devoted lover. Such husbands are rarely met with."

"Yes," Laura answered dreamily.

"Child, I do not believe you half appreciate him. You take his attentions quite as a matter of course, and occasionally I feel like shaking you for not being more enthusiastic. You would be sorry if you saw him growing cold."

Poor Laura! To dissemble was hard work for her. To keep bright and cheerful when her heart seemed breaking, was not specially productive of enthusiasm. Not that Mr. Parker was insincere, or had grown a tyrant in private life, but the charm of tenderness and confidence was gone. He put a certain coldness in his demeanor that chilled her, kept her from asking a question or making any simple demonstration. She found herself drifting away from him, the cry for help dying on dumb lips where kisses once had blossomed so freely. He gave her the usual caress at parting and meeting, but she knew it lacked soul and flavor. Did he think she had deceived him—proved unworthy of his trust?

She lived through a wretched month, although they were outwardly gay. Then Mrs. Walton went home, and the two were left alone.

Laura resolved, dozens of times, in her husband's absence, that she would seek an explanation, and beg him to forgive whatever in the past might have pained or offended him. She felt humble enough for anything, for she needed his love so sorely. To go on this way would crush and ruin the affection that had grown to be her very life. Every attempt failed, however. A terrible fear took possession of her. If he would do anything that she could resent, but this perfect justice without mercy was so hard to attack.

Mother Parker wrote that she was much improved, and wished to return the first of September. Could not John and Laura come for her? It would be a pleasant change for them both, and she knew that Laura must need a rest.

"Shall we go?" Mr. Parker asked gently, though there was a sort of indifference in his voice.

A sudden courage came to Laura. She placed her hand on her husband's arm, and said—"John——"

"My dear, it is nothing to be excited about. Act your own pleasure, and you will satisfy me."

"It is not that," and she choked down a strangling sensation. "John, your coldness is killing me! I know I could not endure it under your mother's fond, questioning eye. If it must be, if you cannot forgive any fancied wrong, let me go home again—I shall be happier there."

"Laura!" He was so amazed that he could not utter another word.

"Yes," she went on, her eyes deepening with excitement, "I must speak. I know it is the thought of that old fancy—you have not been the same since that night. John, if I could go back to the night on which you first spoke, I would tell you every act of my life—many foolish ones, doubtless, but heaven will bear me witness that I never designedly flirted. I have had several fancies, but as soon as I became convinced that I could not love the man who offered me any attention, I always ended the acquaintance. To-night I feel pure and true in the sight of God; but if I am not so in yours, let us part, cost what it may."

"Laura, you are my wife. I have not found any fault. You are hasty in talking of a separation."

She rose and stood before him in her lofty, womanly pride, her eyes lustrous with tears that she kept from dropping by a strong effort of will. A desperate resolution was expressed in every feature.

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"I must have your trust and love as entire as they were two months ago, or nothing! I tell you again that I cannot endure this cold, starved life. John, when our engagement was first made known, a wise gossip desired to enlighten me concerning your past life, declaring that you had flirted desperately with half the girls in Melrose, and that you meant nothing beyond that with me. Perhaps I was credulous, but I felt so sure of your truth that it never gave me an anxious thought. I was quite satisfied to take the love you offered me without making myself miserable over the fact that you had cared for other women, been fond of them, kissed them, and perhaps led them to love you more than well for their happiness. Men often do this thoughtlessly. How can we women tell that this is not all real, and hold ourselves aloof, when our hearts, it may be, declare in favor of the one who sues? And then are we to be blamed for a kiss or caress innocently given? Is it fair for a man to demand that the woman he marries shall never have experienced the slightest interest in another person, while he has not hesitated to make himself fascinating to most of the women he has met?"

John Parker opened his eyes wide. There was Laura beautiful, with truth and courage, placing facts before his eyes in their clearest light.

"Hardly a week ago I saw you kiss Kitty Mason. I was not jealous, for you and your mother have loved her from a baby, and she is such a winsome little thing; yet she is nearly as old as I when I thought my fancy for Harry Eustace a positive and lasting love. To-day I should despise such a weak passion. But suppose, a few years from this, some exacting husband wrests from Kitty the admission that she was kissed by a married man, and tortures her by weeks of cold reserve for the most simple and brotherly caress that could have been given. Better that we women should spend our lives in a convent and marry the men chosen for us, even if we cannot love them."

"Laura!"

They glanced at each other for a moment. In his heart of hearts, John Parker knew that he loved and trusted this woman, and he entertained a faint suspicion that he might have been a little unreasonable. He could not say with truth that he had never flirted; indeed, his conscience was rather tender still on one or two old affairs. And what was the love of a child like Kitty Mason compared with the grand, entire, and enduring love that Laura had given him? They had been so happy.

"My darling!"

She came to his arms and wept some tears of passionate joy and grief upon his shoulder. And then, after a long silence, he said in a tender, solemn voice—"My own wife, I have the most to be forgiven."

"And when I loved you I took you as you were," she whispered softly. "But I want your perfect trust."

"You shall have it henceforth."

And John Parker felt that she was right. His eyes grew clearer on the subject; I think, too, that he was very glad to be happy again.

And as the years passed on he was more than satisfied with Laura's love. No doubt nor trouble came to mar their confidence, and Kate Walton still declares them a perfect couple. John smiles sagely sometimes as he listens to the demands of younger men, and thinks, sorrowfully, perhaps, of the little they have to give in return.

HAVING EYES, SEE NOT.

"Nature," says one, "is proud as well as tender; she does not give her best to those who do not seek it." And that is true of things spiritual as well as material. In the line of the first thought, Thoreau says:

"Objects are concealed from our view, not so much because they are out of the course of our visual ray, as because we do not bring our minds and eyes to bear on them. We do not realize how far and widely, or how near and narrowly, we are to look. The greater part of the phenomena of nature are for this reason concealed from us all our lives. The gardener sees only the gardener's garden. There is just so much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate—not a grain more. Take a New England selectman, and set him on the highest of our hills, and tell him to look, sharpening his sight to the utmost, and make a full report. What, probably, will he *spy?* What will he *select* to look at? Of course, he will see a Brocken spectre of himself. He will see several meeting-houses, at least, and perhaps that somebody ought to be assessed higher than he is, since he has so handsome a wood lot."

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EFFIE'S TRIAL.

BY A. M. DANA.

My early life had been a hard one. I had known the bitterness of poverty, of repressed desires, of unrequited anxiety for others; and when, at last, a change of circumstances gave me ease and freedom, I resolved henceforward to care only for myself—to force the springing tendrils of my affections to twine cactus-like around each other, rather than, like the vine, to cling to every surrounding object. True, the vine affords shade and fruitage, while the prickly cactus is—after its blooming time—scarcely even a thing of beauty; but, nevertheless, I was determined. I had grown "weary of throwing my soul-wealth away," and when I took possession of my snug little house in cottage-row, bright with new paint and dainty furniture, I was fully set to live unto myself; to make the enjoyment of the present atone for those years of deprivation; and, above all, to guard most carefully the citadel of my heart, lest a troublesome guest should enter. Like Cain, I fiercely repudiated the idea of being my brother's keeper, and came to have quite a fellow-feeling for Dives, at whose gate lay that wretched nuisance, Lazarus. There was an engraving over my mantel—La Martyre Chrétienne—of a fair young girl, whose floating, tide-rocked form was bound to a stake, and over whose uplifted face hung a halo like a reflection from her crown of eternal rejoicing. There were times when this picture reproached me; but hushing conscience with the impious reply that *my* martyrdom was past, I settled more comfortably into my cosey rocking-chair, and into my selfish unconcern for others.

Of course, the effect of this jealous carefulness was to render my intercourse with my neighbors most formal and constrained, confining, as it did, all conversation to general subjects rather than to individual interests. There *had* been a time when the affairs of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, had claimed my fullest attention—when the vexing questions of Arabella's music, of Willie's whooping-cough, or Charlie's skates were topics scarcely less absorbing to my friends, the children's parents, than to myself. But all this was changed. The butcher had made a fortune in army beef, the baker was now a large operator in breadstuffs, and the candlestick-maker's daughter sported a Grecian Bend at Saratoga.

Never again, I determined, should I become so deeply interested in the trials and struggles of those who were abundantly able to take care of themselves.

Therefore, when little Mrs. Brace, across the way, lost her baby, though I sent pure snow-berries to lie in its waxen fingers, I went over with no words of condolence or sympathy; nor when my next door neighbor, Captain Wharne, was laid up with cold and rheumatism, did I feel called upon to do more than to inquire daily of his niece, or hand to her over the low hedge of arbor vitæ separating our gardens certain marvellous decoctions of hoarhound and marshmallow.

Such ministrations as these—paradoxical as it may seem to a casual observer—are not inconsistent with extreme selfishness. I was speaking of Dives just now. I dare say he was a liberal supporter of the society for the evangelization of Goths and Vandals, or whatever occupied the place of foreign missions in his day. It is the actual, personal *laying on of hands* which has ever been the dread of the ancient and modern Dives.

But sweet Effie Wharne, the captain's niece. It was she, whom from behind my icy barrier of reserve, I had most cause to dread. She was a bright, flossy-haired little maiden, and almost before I knew it, I found myself watching for a glimpse of her sunny face; nor was the sunshine of any day complete until her happy smile had replied to my good-morning.

I may say truly that I strove against the child's seductive influence—for just such an one had I suffered vainly in the past—but day by day the struggle grew harder, and when, one moist summer morning, she came in with a handful of tuberoses, the surrender was unreserved and unconditional. Little did the cunning invader, creeping into my fortress, under her white blossoms as a flag of truce guess what a victory she had won, or of what a vassal my foolish old heart must henceforth become in her service.

Well, it could not be helped. After all it was only an exchange of idols. And yet after I had taken this little girl into my heart, making

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all her youthful troubles my own, I was happier than I had been since my new life had begun.

For the child, young as she was, had her troubles, and it was not long before I knew all about handsome Harry Lane, down in Lawyer Moore's office, who loved her so dearly, but for whom Uncle Frank could not be brought to entertain the proper feelings, and whose prospect of matrimony was, like the resources of Mr. Micawber, dependent upon something turning up.

"You see, Miss Annie," said my little friend, "it isn't that uncle dislikes Harry personally, but it is the fact of his studying law that makes the trouble. Sailors, you know, have a peculiar aversion to lawyers. I believe they consider them the worst kind of land-sharks."

I didn't know it, but I pretended to; and forthwith I began to lay a little plan of my own, which was to result in the happiness and union of these two. But, alas! alas! as poor rhymin' Robbie said long ago:

> "The best laid schemes of mice and men,
> Gang aft agloe."

And what could be hoped for a simple old maid's first attempt at match-making?

Meanwhile my little neighbor and I grew to be the best of friends. There were certain tastes which we had in common, and these formed a band which time's envious fingers—streaking my hair with silver, while hers yet clustered around her brow like a golden aureole—was powerless to destroy.

One of the unsatisfied longings of my youth had been for floriculture. Often as upon my daily errands I had noticed some window making a little summer in the midst of cold and storm, I had determined that were the opportunity ever mine, I would gratify this fancy to the full, and now when hope, or rather desire—for in those days I had but little hope—had given place to realization, one of my first acts was to beautify my home with flowers. The front windows of my parlor scarcely needed any curtains, so draped were they with vines, and the quaint little bay bloomed like a very bower of the tropics.

I have often wondered why this graceful science of window-gardening was not universal. Flowers are such a decoration to any home, and yet so cheap as to be within the reach of all. It is not every one who can boast of Nottingham curtains or Buhl cabinets, but the humblest casement may be wreathed with ivy, and no room is too poor to cherish a stand of roses and violets. One of the prettiest scenes in my memory is that of a plain farm-house kitchen, into which the good wife—who was blessed with superior taste and refinement—gathered her floral treasures when frost and snow threatened their fragile lives. The kitchen was a living-room as well, filled constantly with the bustle of housewifery, but one lying on the broad, chintz-covered lounge in the corner, where the beams of the early-setting winter sun fell upon the gilded face of the old clock, screened from the fussing and frying by a cluster of oleander and orange-trees, and surrounded by the fragrance of heliotrope and geranium—might easily imagine himself in the odorous calm of a costly conservatory.

But to return to my story. Little Effie, my neighbor, was a born florist—(for experience teaches us that florists, like poets, are born, not made) and this was one of those subtle ties I spoke of, which made us friends in spite of the disparity of our ages. It was not long after our acquaintance began till we were partners in many a floral venture, and firm allies in a defensive warfare carried on against old Mr. Farrel's pigeons—the most aggressive disturbers of our peace.

In this hostility we were joined by Effie's little terrier—Trip. The single word—"pigeons," was sufficient to throw the tiny creature into a perfect frenzy of excitement, and her insane haste as she rushed—tumbling and yelping—to expel the invaders, was grotesque in the extreme.

After the planting time was over, however, we had more toleration for our beautiful, but destructive visitants. Indeed, one day I caught Effie obeying the Scriptural injunction—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him"—by scattering canary-seed for the greedy muffs and fantails cooing around her. I strongly disapproved of this system of tactics, but as Harry Lane—now also one of my friends—was an observer with me, I refrained from spoiling the pretty picture by a rebuke.

But the bright summer, with its profusion of blossoms, passed quickly, and again the efforts of the amateur florists were required in housing and arranging plants for the winter.

As I mentioned before, my bay window was already a mass of bloom. Great creamy callas held their proud heads royally among scarlet verbenas, and drooping fuschias of ruby and amethyst; but, as a crowning glory, I had determined upon having a collection of flowering bulbs, hyacinths, tulips, jonquils, and the like.

To this end I obtained a deep basket-shaped jardenet of wire, and when a cold, blustery day

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came early in November—cutting short the bright dream of Indian summer, and warning us that further delay in our work would be perilous—Effie and I went together to the woods for moss to line it.

How pretty the child looked in her scarlet hood and sack, with the fair hair blowing about her face! I thought of Red Riding-Hood, and formed some very fierce intentions in regard to any wolf who should dare to disturb her happiness.

One hearing her merry laugh as she sprang from rock to rock along the bed of the stream, where grew the greenest moss, or tossing about the brown leaves, seeking the few nuts yet ungarnered by the squirrels chattering and coughing above our heads—would have called me an old croaker for indulging such a fancy.

But by and by her mood changed. We all know that peculiar, saddening influence of the autumn, which sometimes, even on the brightest days, fills us with a nameless chill and foreboding. Something of this weird gloom seemed to shadow the young spirit. We were stopping, just before we left the wood, to rest by the sheltered side of a great rock, when, after looking thoughtfully upward, for a while, among the naked boughs, she repeated that beautiful verse of Keble:

> "And if the world seem dull and dry,
> If long and sad thy lonely hours,
> And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers—
> Bethink thee what thou art, and where!
> A sinner in a life of care!"

"Miss Annie," she said, dropping her eyes to my face with an awed expression, "I wonder if those lines will ever apply to me? Somehow I think they will. I feel as though I were to have some heavy trouble before next fall."

"Nonsense!" said I. "A little bird has told me that, before next fall, you will be Mrs. Harry Lane—endowed with all the honors of a housekeeper. Mind, you are to have lemon-fritters whenever I come to see you."

My light speech had the desired effect. The blushes came back to her cheek, the laugh to her lips; and when we picked up our baskets for the homeward march, all direful fancies seemed forgotten.

In the afternoon, while we were busy in my garden, Harry came along. I had lined my basket with moss, and was just beginning to fill it from a barrow of compost—Effie, standing by with the bulbs—when his handsome, saucy face appeared above the gate.

"Stop, Miss Annie!—I'll do that," he said, coming in and taking the trowel from my hand, while Effie's countenance shone with joy at the meeting. This was not the first time that the youth had helped us with our gardening, and though I did not now really need his assistance, I was too tolerant of love's devices to make any objection.

"How are you both getting on with your work? Have you nearly everything housed?" he asked, pausing after he had thrown in a trowelful or two of earth. "I hope so, for anything that's out to-night will be black in the morning. I wish I could stay to help you, but I'm on my way to the bank."

"What a pity, Miss Annie, that we are so nearly through as to be able to dispense with his valuable services!" said Effie with mock gravity; then to him—"What are you going to bank for—to draw your fortune?"

Young folks must have their jokes, though they be neither very wise nor witty.

"Oh! dear, no!" was the reply. "Only to deposit some of old Moore's extra hundreds. By the way," he added, "have you seen any of the new one-hundred-dollar notes? The new issue, I mean."

Neither of us had seen them; and taking one from his pocket-book, together with one or two old ones for comparison, he handed them to us for inspection.

"Dear me!" said Effie, with a laugh, as she drew the crisp, rustling slip of paper through her fingers, "I wish it wasn't a sin to covet."

"Yes, miss; but you see it is," answered saucy Harry. "Besides, you wouldn't know what to do with that note if you had it."

"Wouldn't I, though?" was the merry rejoinder. "That's all you know about it."

"Well, now, just suppose a case. What would you buy? Tell us."

"A blue silk dress for Lizzie Austin's Thanksgiving party—that's certain; and I think Miss Annie and I would have some glorious cape bulbs, instead of these little Dutch pets—pretty as they are. Now what would you have of it, were it yours?"

"Ah! there's no question about that—Fred Rogers's rifle. I know prudence would suggest putting it in the savings fund, but I am sure the temptation would be too strong. Just think of it—that magnificent rifle, with all the accoutrements, powder-horn, game-bag, and so forth—polished and silver-mounted. They cost him ninety dollars, and he's willing to part with

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them for seventy-five. You know he met with a slight accident a month or so ago; and since then, he says, he is done with gunning. I think I never wanted anything so badly in my life. But what's the use of talking? A fellow can't have everything he wants."

This philosophical reflection closed the discussion, for which I was very glad. With my old-fashioned notions, I did not like to hear another person's money appropriated even in sport; nor, indeed, to tell the truth, did I think it just right for the young man to loiter thus when sent upon an errand. But one cannot judge very harshly where one's feelings are interested, and, aside from his being the betrothed of my dear little friend, the young fellow's frank manner and good-natured smile had won a warm place in my regard. Besides, as I reasoned, there might be more license allowable for a lawyer's pupil than for the 'prentice boys and grocers' clerks whom I had known formerly. There was a little more bantering between the young people, but Effie was folding up the notes, when in an excited voice she exclaimed—O Miss Annie! The mignonette! Where *is* Trip?"

I happened to know that the young lady was in my kitchen, where Beulah was baking cookies, wheedling for her share by appreciative wagging of the tail and licking of the chops, and I said so.

"Oh! dear, dear! Those wretched pigeons will have every grain! Here, Harry, take your money—quick!" and tossing it into his hand, she flew almost with the speed of the frolicsome wind, which fluttered her hair and garments, away down the garden beyond the leafless arbor, to a sunny spot where we had set some freshly sown boxes of mignonette, hoping for early germination.

Of course, Harry followed her—trust lovers for not letting such an opportunity slip—and equally, of course, it took them a long while to repair the damages—the two young heads bending together over the boxes. Well, I had no objection. Why should I have? But an admonitory twinge of neuralgia warning me against standing idle while this philandering was going on, I fell briskly to work, and when, at last, the truants came sauntering up, I had my basket filled, and the bulbs safely planted.

"There! Miss Annie, that's too bad," said the young fellow with a laugh. "I ought to stay and do penance by digging all your borders over; but," glancing at his watch, "it's a quarter of three. I must be off. Good-by!" and whistling a merry air, the lithe figure passed quickly down the street.

Half an hour later, when my basket was snugly stored away in a dark closet to sprout, and when, having exchanged my morning-dress for the black silk I always wear in the afternoons, I sat down in my parlor for my customary hour of quiet knitting before tea, I was surprised by a hasty, almost violent ringing of the door-bell, and in an instant Harry entered, flushed and breathless with excitement.

The sight of the young man's disturbed countenance startled me terribly.

"What is it?" I cried, springing up, and scattering the bright wools almost as an impetuous girl would have done.

"The note, Miss Annie, was the reply. The new one-hundred-dollar note. Have you seen anything of it?"

I drew a quick, frightened breath. "Surely it is not lost!" I said. "Why, how could you ——"

"That's the thing! How could I! I never missed it till I went to hand the money to the cashier. I didn't have it out of my pocket after I left here. But I thought it was just possible that I had dropped it here, and that you found it after I went away."

"No, indeed," I answered. "I only wish I had. What will you do?"

He seemed to be thinking a moment, then he spoke abruptly—"Miss Annie, I didn't look at the money after Effie gave it to me. Do you think she could have kept that note to teaze me?"

"Not likely," I replied. "But you can go in and ask her."

I had, however, very little hope of his gaining anything by this movement. Such a proceeding as keeping the note—though sufficiently in accordance with the tricks of some madcap girls—was, I felt, entirely at variance with the gentle character of my little friend. Still, so interested was I, that throwing a breakfast-shawl around my shoulders, I waited on my porch to learn the result.

"Well?" I asked, as after a few moments he shut my neighbor's door, and came over to the hedge.

"Oh! Miss Effie has on her high-heeled shoes to-night," was the reply. "There are some girls in there with her, and she was quite indignant at my calling her out into the hall to question her."

This was no more than I expected; but I

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merely said—"Come around and we will search where you were standing;" and as the youth, disdainful of gates, sprang over the low hedge, I went into the house for my hood.

The early-autumn twilight was already beginning to darken when we commenced searching among the withered leaves, and under the frost-kissed chrysanthemums.

I may say that, from the first, I had no hope of success, it being simply impossible that anything so light as a bank-note could remain where it had fallen on that blustering evening. At last we gave it up in despair.

"There's two months' salary gone," said the young fellow with a graver look than I had ever seen on his merry face. "I *did* want a hundred dollars, but I'll be blessed if I wanted to spend it in this way. I might as well have had Rogers's rifle while I *was* about it. Well, there's nothing for it now but to go and tell Mr. Moore."

"That's right," said I. "Make a clean breast of it as soon as possible. Perhaps all may turn out for the best yet." And as I stood at the gate a moment after his departure, I wondered whether I could make the loss up to him.

But I was not a rich woman, by any means, and a hundred dollars was a good deal. I thought the matter over again calmly in the evening, as I sat before my fire, and at length concluded that, much as I regretted the loss—I could not afford to give so large a sum out of my own pocket. Besides, I felt instinctively, that the trial would do the young man no harm. Still, I worried over it, and for half the night—I, who so determined never to trouble myself about others—lay awake, puzzling and fretting over the mishap to my young friends.

The next morning—it being but a few days before Thanksgiving—I was busy in the kitchen assisting Beulah in some little preparations for the holiday season. Not that I had any bright-faced young kinsfolk to cluster around my board, but I could not give up the time-honored custom, and then—"The poor have ye *always* with you."

We two old women—mistress and maid—sometimes forgot our mutual relations, or, rather, we remembered our higher relation—that of children of one great Father, and talked together with ease and sympathy. I never felt that my dignity was compromised by this condescension—but then, I was never conscious of possessing much dignity—and, at all events, I lost no good will by the measure.

On this particular morning, while I sat stoning raisins, Beulah was telling me of some of the troubles of her past life—not so very different from mine, though the scenes were on another level, for there is very little originality in trouble; it is the same death who robs the king and the pauper—when a ring at the front door interrupted her, and she went to answer the summons.

"Who was it?" I asked, when she came back.

"Oh! only two loafers of sailors with silks to sell. I know, ma'am, that you didn't want any of their smuggled goods, so I just sent them off with a flea in their ears."

I forgot the circumstance almost immediately, but I recalled it instantly, when, soon after I had gone up-stairs, Effie came dancing in with yards of blue India-silk trailing and fluttering from her arms.

"Look, Miss Annie, look!" she cried gleefully. "I have gotten my wish for once. Isn't it splendid? Uncle Frank bought it from some sailors—were they here? I might have begged for a month before I could have gotten the money to buy it in a store—indeed, I guess I have been begging that long—but those men being old tars like himself, he couldn't resist. Besides, the fact that an article is smuggled, only adds an additional zest for a sailor. I can go to Lizzie Austin's party now—can't I? Lou Rogers and Kate Ellis were in last night, and were asking me what I was going to wear—Lou has an amber silk, and Kate a white alpaca trimmed with crystal—and I felt so mean when I thought of my old muslin and blue ribbons. But I'm all right now—if I only had it made. I do wonder if I could get Miss Holcombe to make it in three days?"

The bright countenance fell as a vision of tardy dressmaking rose before her eyes, and I hastened to rejoin—

"Never mind about Miss Holcombe. My sewing machine is in good order now, and I guess I could fit you pretty nicely. Suppose we make it ourselves? What do you say?"

"O you dear darling," she cried, throwing her arms around my neck. "What would I do without you?" And I will not say that the warm kiss which she pressed upon my withered cheek, was not sweeter than any of those selfish pleasures I had promised myself.

The silk was of a beautiful shade of blue, very thick, and—for a pongee—extremely lustrous. Indeed, so handsome was it, that I almost dreaded to put my inexperienced scissors into so elegant

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a fabric. But there was no time to be lost, and in half an hour my sitting-room held a shining litter of breadths, sleeves, basquine, and ruffles.

"Ain't it a pity about Harry losing that money?" I asked after a while, pausing in my work. I wondered a little that she had not mentioned it, and when she looked up from her basting to answer, her incredulous face puzzled me.

"Did he really lose it, Miss Annie, do you think?" she asked.

"Of *course*, he lost it," I said. "Why, we were hunting in the garden till dark."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," she said. "He must have thought me very heartless. He came into our house last night while the girls were there, and calling me out into the hall, asked me if I had that hundred-dollar note. But I thought it was only a continuation of the joke of the afternoon. I was provoked at him for calling me out before the girls—for I knew they would tease me—and I let him see it. But what did he mean by asking if I had it?"

"That part *was* only a joke," I answered. "He fancied it just possible that you had kept it to plague him. Stand up now while I try on this waist."

It was to me almost like dressing a doll, fitting the beautiful goods to the trim little figure. I quite enjoyed it; and the child herself worked most industriously. But I noticed that whenever there were a few spare minutes, she was out in the garden scratching and rustling among the withered leaves. I think she longed to be the finder of the missing money, that she might offer it as an atonement for her indifference.

"What has become of Harry?" I asked on the second day. "Has he deserted us?"

"Oh! why, didn't you know? He's gone to New York. It's only a business errand. He'll be back by Thanksgiving. He was in last night to say good-by, but"—with a blush—"I didn't say anything about the dress."

No indeed, sly little puss! I did not need that tell-tale blush to inform me of the surprise she had planned, or to coax me into abetting it. At last our dainty work was completed, and when, the eventful evening having arrived, I robbed my callas and myrtles to wreathe my darling's hair, I thought I had never seen a prettier picture.

"Is Harry going to call for you?" I asked, as I put the finishing touches to her toilet, for I had insisted upon her dressing in my house.

"No," was the reply. "He will not get home till the seven o'clock train. Then he will have to get his supper and dress. He is coming to the party direct. You will go, Miss Annie, won't you?" she continued.

"Perhaps I may come over after awhile," I answered. An invitation had been tendered to several of us old folks, but hitherto I had not thought of accepting it. Now a longing to see my pet among others took possession of me, and as I resigned her into the charge of Zaccheus, Captain Wharne's old servant, I whispered—"Now look your prettiest, darling; I'll be over in a little while to look at you."

But there is a seductive charm in a quiet fireside, of which the young know nothing. And as I sat thinking of other Thanksgiving Days lying back in the dream-land of the past, all recollection of the party and of my promise passed from my mind. It was nearly nine o'clock when I started up, and half reluctantly put on my shawl and hood for departure. I was more than half inclined to give it up and go quietly to bed, but an unaccountable anxiety seemed to hold me to my original purpose, and, turning down the gas, I started, calling myself an old goose as I closed the door behind me, and stepped out into the sharp night air.

It was a frosty, moonlight night. So bright that the shadow of every tree and bush was as sharply defined as in a photograph. Just the time for rosy cheeks and springing footsteps; but I, an old woman, in whose veins the blood was no longer a dancing fountain, shuddered and hastened forward toward my destination.

It was but a few steps over to Judge Austin's, and I had scarcely left my own little garden ere I caught the sound of joyous music and dancing feet. As I drew near the house, I paused a moment in the shadow of a huge evergreen to watch the bright forms tripping and glancing before the lighted windows, and half involuntarily I asked myself what my life would have been had my youth known some of the brightness and gayety so lavishly poured upon these blossoming lives.

But it was too cold to stand moralizing in the moonlight. I turned, and was just stepping upon the gravelled walk, when I almost ran against a gentleman.

"Why, Harry, how you startled me!" I exclaimed when I saw his face. "Have you just come?"

"No. I've been in. I'm going home."

There was something in his voice which I did not fancy. It sounded almost like despair.

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"Going home!" I repeated wonderingly. "Are you ill? Have you seen Effie?"

"Oh! for God's sake, Miss Annie, don't ask me any questions!" he cried passionately; and almost roughly shaking off the hand I had laid upon his arm, he darted away down the street in the direction of his home.

What did it mean? I was completely puzzled; and after I had watched the young man till he disappeared around a corner, I hastened into the house to learn something which might help me to solve the enigma.

A first glimpse of the scene before me was only a rainbow chaos. But after a moment, when my eyes had grown accustomed to the light, I was able to discover my little friend among the dancers. Never had I seen her looking so lovely as now, with eyes sparkling, curls fluttering, lilies gleaming, she floated down the room with a tall West Point cadet—Judge Austin's nephew.

Could it have been the sight of this gallant son of Mars that caused Harry's disturbance? I questioned. It did not seem likely. I had never supposed jealousy to be one of his faults, and yet—and yet—well, young people are *so* silly. So I reasoned away my uneasiness. The next evening I understood it better.

I was sitting alone in the twilight when Harry came in—came in to apologize, he said.

"Miss Annie," he began, "I have come to ask your pardon for my bearish conduct last night. Did you think me terribly rude?"

"Rather," I replied, smiling. "But when I went in and learned the cause of your discomfiture, I changed my mind, and considered you very silly. It *was* silly, Harry, to care for such a trifle."

"Learned the cause! A trifle!" he repeated after me. "O Miss Annie! what do you mean?"

I began to see that the cloud was still upon him, and I rejoined rather sharply—"I suppose you were angry because Effie danced with Dick Austin. Why shouldn't she?"

"Oh!"—impatiently—"that's what you mean. I didn't notice with whom she was dancing. If that were all, it *would* be a trifle indeed."

As he spoke, he began walking the floor in an agitated manner, and I found that there was some trouble deeper than my knowledge—perhaps beyond my power to remedy. Presently he came over to the fireside and stood leaning upon the mantel. He seemed to be in a perfect agony of distress, and at last he exclaimed—"Miss Annie, I must speak! A demon of distrust has taken possession of me, and is driving me frantic."

"Distrust of whom?—of Effie?"

"Yes"—with a shudder—"of Effie. God knows I don't want to suspect her, but how can I help it? You remember our conversation the day the money was lost? You also remember what I mentioned in regard to her indifference when I told her of my misfortune? Now, is it any wonder that when, on entering Judge Austin's parlor last night, I beheld her arrayed in the very dress which, by her own confession, she was longing for, and which I am almost certain old Captain Wharne would not give her—is it any wonder, I say, that I should be, at least, puzzled? And yet how can I think of dear little Effie as a——"

"Stop there, Harry!" I cried, rising to my feet in indignation. "I am an old lady, and hitherto I have been a peaceable one; but I cannot allow you to use such language in my house. The young lady whom you dare to defame is as innocent as a young child. If you were not a dunce—or—a man—I sometimes think the terms are synonymous—you would have known that that silk was never bought in Rockport. Her uncle purchased it from some smuggling sailors, and I helped her to make it. There, now!—you have the whole history, though you don't deserve it, and I am only sorry that Effie tried her eyes making it up in the hope of pleasing you. But Dick Austin seemed to appreciate it, if you did not," I was malicious enough to add.

Of course, the young fellow was profuse in apologies and thanks; and though deeply mortified, I knew he went away happier than he came.

Now, thought I, everything will go smoothly once more. But, alas for the vanity of human hopes!—scarcely had I succeeded in bringing Harry to his knees, ere I began to find that there was something amiss on the other side.

For a day or two after the party I did not see my little neighbor; but when at last she came in, I was shocked at the change in her appearance.

"Why, Effie, child!" I exclaimed, "have you been ill? I thought you were only busy."

"That was all, Miss Annie. I have not been ill," was the gentle answer; nor could my most searching anxiety elicit any further information.

Had I not noticed her depression till a week or two later, I would, it is likely, have assigned it to a most legitimate cause—the absence of

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her lover. For about that time Harry left Mr. Moore's office, and went into business with an uncle in New York. This change was one of the results of that journey before Thanksgiving, but advantageous as it might prove to be, I do not think that the young man would have made it had things been as they were in the past. I strongly suspected that it was Effie's changed conduct which led to his departure. But from the child herself, I could learn nothing. As the weeks passed on, the shadow upon her grew deeper, and yet—though a shadow—it could not be called a defect. There came to be a tender sweetness in her manner, far more endearing than the gayety of the past, and her eyes—if closed a little to some of the brightness of life—were open to the suffering of her fellow-creatures.

That was a hard winter for the poor. I was *obliged* to forget many of my plans for selfish indulgence. One day, Effie, coming in while I was cutting some garments for a poor family, begged to be allowed to help me make them. Then she would go with me upon some of my errands of charity, and finally, she had a little book and visiting-district of her own. This was all very well, but it almost broke my heart to see it. Charity is certainly a virtue, but it is sad to see the young turning to it *for solace*, and yet, how is one to sympathize till one has suffered? Even the Greatest and the Kindest had the pre-eminence in suffering. I did not know what to think or to say. I could only watch with loving anxiety, hoping that this trial, hard as it was, might be a blessing to the young spirit.

Meanwhile, Effie followed her own sweet will, acquiring a depth of character and of self-sacrifice, of which I, partial as I was, had not believed her capable.

This tender grace was not without its effect. People began to speak of that sweet, ladylike niece of Captain Wharne's, and Dick Austin had, somehow, a great many furloughs that winter.

But none of these things seemed to move her, nor, so far as I could see, did they add either to her self-esteem or to her happiness.

I have spoken before of the picture over my mantel—La Martyre Chrétienne.

Effie always admired it—so much, indeed, that lately she had bought a cheap copy, framing it with rustic work for her own room. One day, as she was sitting on a low stool before the fire, I noticed the work fall from her hands—it often did now-a-days—and glancing up, I saw that her eyes were raised to the picture in dreamy revery.

"Miss Annie," she said after a while, as if in continuation of her thought, "I wonder if she found it very hard? I mean the girl there in the picture. I wonder what else she gave up beside life, or if she hadn't much to live for?"

"It is hard to tell, my dear," I said. "But I dare say she was willing to count *all* things but loss."

"All things," she repeated thoughtfully—then, after another little interval of silence—hesitatingly, and with blushes, she said—"Miss Annie, you won't laugh at me, will you? I—I have written a little piece about mine. Would you like to see it?"

Only half understanding her, I said "yes," and taking a slip of paper from a little pocket note-book, she handed it to me. The writing was in a delicate, girlish hand, and the words were these—

"I have bought a picture and framed it well,
In mosses gray and acorns brown,
On my chamber wall; and when at dawn
The sunlight falls like a glowing crown
On the upturned face of the martyred girl,
Whose floating form is bound to a stake,
In my fancy the pale lips seem to stir,
And murmur softly—'For Jesus' sake.

"Then my thought goes on to another scene,
Far from this weary, sin-cursed sod,
Where near a throne a maiden stands,
Spanned by the rainbow arch of God.
And those sweet lips to praise attuned,
Whence strains of joy ecstatic break,
Are they which 'mid affliction here,
Were true till death for Jesus' sake.

"And musing thus at the early dawn,
Of her whose life was a sacrifice,
I thankful grow that my lot is cast
Where all things unto good entfce.
But thinking yet of the petty strifes
And cares which with each day awake,
I pray for strength divine to bear
Each *little* cross for Jesus' sake."

The little piece was well enough, with its touch of pathos, but the most terrible words could not have affected me more. I had a perfect *dread* of young people writing poetry, regarding it as an evidence of a most deplorable state of mind, and in my horror I exclaimed—O Effie! child, tell me your trouble. You know I love you. You know I will be true to you. I am confident that it relates in some way to that missing money, and, perhaps, I may be able to help you. Surely," I continued, as a

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new idea occurred to me. "Surely, you do not think that Harry still suspects you of keeping it?"

"No," she said after awhile, with a sigh—"he never *did* suspect me. O Miss Annie! you *do* deserve my confidence, and yet—it is so hard to speak. His asking me about it was only a blind. He kept it himself."

"Effie!" I exclaimed.

She shuddered. "You cannot know, Miss Annie, how hard it was for me to believe it. But I had sure proof. It was the night after Lizzie Austin's party. I went round to get Lou Rogers to go to the library with me, and upon the table in the hall I saw Harry's hat—that one he wore last fall, you remember—I knew it at once, for he had taken one of my hair ribbons for a hatband. Lou saw me looking at it, and she said that Harry was up in Fred's room—that he was about buying his rifle. I didn't believe it, however, till I saw him with it afterward. But I never taxed him with it, I *could not*. And, oh!" she continued, "to think how he came that night asking me if I had the money. But there was something wrong in his manner even then. It is breaking my heart, Miss Annie."

"You are very much mistaken, my dear," I said. "I understand it no more than you, but I am *certain* that Harry did not keep the money. Perhaps the mystery may be solved yet. I am not hopeless." I did not tell her of that scene of passion and suspicion which had been enacted in my parlor, and which was to me a sure proof of the young man's innocence. It would have done no good. I could only hope and wait.

One day, when winter had set in in earnest, and when every green thing was hidden under a robe of snow, I brought forth my basket of bulbs. A few white, cone-shaped protuberances were the only signs of germination, but a few days of sunshine and tepid watering worked a mighty change.

Effie confessed that she had forgotten hers—for she, too, had a few bulbs in pots—but now she placed them among her other indoor plants.

At last came the blooming time; but Effie's hyacinths were all white, while *my* little basket made quite a patriotic show of *pink*, white, and blue.

"Never mind, my dear," I said. "When they dry off I will share with you."

Slowly the winter wore away. Jonquils pushed their bright faces up among the hyacinths, and a sturdy tulip or two succeeded these, but neither Effie nor I enjoyed them so much as we expected.

Christmas and New Years passed almost unheeded, and one mild day in February I went upon an errand down town. Somewhere along by the Exchange, I met Fred Rogers in a shooting costume, with a handsome rifle over his shoulder.

I had but a slight acquaintance with the young man, but as he lifted his hat politely in passing, I was somehow impelled to speak.

"I thought you had given up gunning, Mr. Rogers?" I said.

"So I have," he answered—"in a general way. But to-day's the twenty-second, you know, and there's a shooting-match out at Lorton's."

I had forgotten all about the birthday of the father of his country—but trust young folks for remembering holidays. I continued:

"That is a new rifle you have gotten, is it?"

"Oh! no," he replied. "It's the same old one. It——"

"But I thought Harry Lane bought that?" I interrupted eagerly.

"Did you? Oh! no. Harry did think of buying it, but something occurred making it impossible, and when he called to tell me so, I lent it to him for a while. That was all."

Here was news to carry home. I dispatched my business and hastened back to Effie, hoping that now all difficulties would be removed, and the sunshine of love and happiness break forth unclouded. But though the knowledge of her lover's innocence brought a smile of joy and thankfulness to her cheek, with it came the remembrance of his doubt of herself. One trouble removed, only developed another. I could not induce her to write to him, and finally I, too, came to the reluctant conclusion that all the hindrances could not be removed till the mystery of the missing money was solved. But that I now believed to be impossible.

So we fell into our old ways again, Effie and I. But the gloom overshadowing us was not so oppressive as formerly. In the mild February air there was a premonition of the springtime, and in our hearts there was—half unknown to ourselves—a dawning gleam of the day star of hope.

One day, when "The sea-blue bird of March" had begun to flit about our gardens, as I was fussing among my flowers I noticed that the hyacinth leaves had turned yellow—a sure indication that the bulbs were fit for removal, and remembering my promise of sharing with Effie, I concluded to divide them.

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The present was as good a time as any. I had the house all to myself—Beulah being away—and carrying the basket to the kitchen table, I turned out the contents upon a large waiter. The greater part of the moss adhered to the basket, leaving the mass of earth and roots in one lump. This I was about to crumble up for the little onion-like bulbs, when something—not a piece of moss—not a leaf—though like enough to either—attracted my attention. I actually trembled as I hurried to the window and straightened out the little, mildewed, crumpled slip of paper. My spectacles got contrary, and, in my flurry, I put them on wrong side up. But at last I made it out. Yes, there it was—the missing note. There stood the brave old signers of the Declaration, blurred and discolored, to be sure, but still plainly visible. Never, I am sure, were the grand old patriots a cause of deeper joy. If ever there was a crazy old woman, I think I was one that day. I laughed and cried with the humor of a child or an April day. How easily I could understand it all now! The basket which I hastily—almost impatiently filled up—little did I dream of the precious treasure-trove hidden in the bottom. After all, it was I who had been the unconscious thief, and it was I who must be the restorer. No happier office could I have claimed.

Well, my story is told. It is needless to tell of the telegraphic message which I sent pulsing over the wires—quick as a heart-beat—or of the explanations and rejoicings which followed. The upshot of it all was, that when autumn came my lilies were robbed again—but this time for a bride—and now when withered leaves rustle along the garden alleys, I sit alone, save when a little, toddling Annie—my namesake—comes in from next door with a dolly to dress. The dear, winsome little thing climbs upon my knee, rumples my lace cap, and clasps her chubby arms around my neck, and I—well, I dress the dolly.

BROKEN FAITH.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

The night is cold and drear,
I hear the wind with moaning voice complain
O'er buried leaves, and tender blossoms slain
To grace dead summer's bier.

The snow falls thick and fast;
Nor heeds the naked trees that shivering stand,
But spreads its mantle white o'er all the land
To hide what change has passed.

Since flushed with radiant bloom,
Each hill and valley fair as Eden glowed,
Alas! what tears from Nature's eyes have flowed,
In pity for their doom!

Yet should I therefore mourn,
And shudder with such sense of woful dread?
Have Love and Hope with summer's glory fled,
And am I, too, forlorn?

Has some fierce storm of Fate,
Destroying, o'er my life's fair pathway rushed,
And all my store of frail heart-blossoms crushed,
And left me desolate?

Was it a treacherous tale,
Though sweet, that 'mid the summer's pomp I heard,
That every pulse with tender longings stirred?
Are lovers' vows so frail?

And must I onward tread
Through yonder future's wastes, so bleak and bare,
While hopes that lured me on with promise fair,
All trampled lie and dead?

O dark, tempestuous night!
Fit type art thou of my o'ershadowed life,
That wages with stern Fate such hopeless strife,
Without one gleam of light.

We must not think that by any one of our senses we can penetrate the secret of the universe. Light itself is but a shining veil; no eye has seen what nature is, nor hand has felt it in its grasp. Perhaps it is not without significance that, in the sense of touch, which seems to bring us closest to the world around, there is interposed a special impediment to cut us off from a contact too direct. It seems an image of our state—a parable engraved on each man's hand, to remind him that in all that he perceives there still is something hidden; something that it would need a finer sense, a higher faculty than ours to apprehend aright.

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RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES.

"Fit only for the hands of kings to wear,
With purest azure shines the sapphire rare;
Health it preserves, makes treachery disarm,
And guards the wearer from intended harm;
No envy bends him, and no terror shakes,
The captive's chains its mighty virtue breaks;
The gates fall open, fetters fall away,
And send their prisoner to the light of day.
Above all others this magicians love,
Which draws responses from the realm above;
The body's ills its saving force allays,
And cools the flame that on the entrail preys;
But he who dares to wear this gem divine,
Like snow in perfect chastity must shine."

Marbodus, Bishop of Rennes (1060), *Lapidarium, No. V.*

So saith old Marbœuf or Marbodus; and some four hundred years later, Camillus Leonardo says of the sapphire's twin brother, the ruby, "It represses vain and lascivious thoughts, appeases quarrels between friends, and gives health of body; moreover, its powder taken in water cures diseases in the eye and in the liver; and if you touch with this gem the four corners of a house, orchard, or vineyard, they will be secure from lightning, storms, and blight."

It is, of course, impossible to help smiling at the many wondrous virtues which these old alchemist-philosophers ascribed to the principal precious stones; but before we laugh at their ideas too boisterously, the fact may be stated, that the great Sir Isaac Newton firmly believed that an impression might be made on a man's health by the nature of the gems he was in the habit of wearing, and Newton was supported in this odd fancy by the celebrated Boyle. It is curious that the Roman Church has taken up this idea of the chasteness of the sapphire and the ruby; consequently, the sapphire was always used as the stone "de rigueur," for the ring given to a bishop at his consecration—which we generally call his episcopal signet; but in the case of a cardinal-bishop, etiquette required a ruby or a splendid carbuncle.

I have called the ruby and the sapphire twin brothers; they are both varieties of corundum, that is, crystallized clay, exactly as the diamond is crystallized carbon; but whereas we say white diamond, blue diamond, and so forth, we call the blue corundum, sapphire; the red, ruby; the violet, *oriental* amethyst; the orange or yellow, *oriental* topaz, &c., &c.

It appears that since small first-class rubies—not the spinel, or the balas, lower qualities of the red corundum—have been so much sought after for the "jewelled holes" of watches, some cunning chemists have contrived to produce them from their original materials, in the same manner that so many have attempted to create the diamond. But there are two curious results from the process, which consists in heating alumina for a long time with borax in a platinum box, when the borax first dissolves the alumina, and then entirely disappears in its turn by volatilization, leaving the alumina in a state of crystallization. The odd results are—first, that the most careful chemists can only obtain very tiny jewels, just big enough for watch-making purposes; and secondly, that it is impossible to tell how many of the crystals may turn out to be sapphires instead of rubies. It seems remarkable that man should be able to create the actual products of the earth, and in a few hours or days to produce what nature would have taken centuries to form; but I cannot help thinking that the crafty chemists of Paris and Berlin will carry this science to a very great degree of perfection as time goes on.

Theophrastus, the disciple first of Plato and then of Aristotle, in his treatise on stones, of which we possess a fragment, calls the ruby anthrax, a live coal, because when held up to the light it glows like burning charcoal; the value which he sets on but a very small stone for a ring is forty staters of gold (forty guineas), a sufficient proof of the high estimation in which the true pure ruby was held by ancient "cognoscenti."

PRESENTIMENTS are strange things! and so are sympathies, and so are signs; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. I never langhed at presentiments in my life, because I have had strange ones of my own. Sympathies, I believe, exist (for instance, between far-distant, long-absent, wholly estranged relatives, asserting, notwithstanding their alienation, the unity of the source to which each traces his origin), whose workings baffle mortal comprehension. And signs, for aught we know, may be but the sympathies of nature with man.—JANE EYRE.

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OUR THEATRICAL CAREER.

BY AUNT ALICE.

It was short, but the fever ran very high while it lasted. We were stage-struck, and no mistake. By we, I mean my favorite schoolmate, Cynthia Hutton, and myself, Kate Moore. We had sat on the same hard seats in the old log schoolhouse for years, and conned our simple lessons from the same books ever since we were seven years old, and now we were fifteen. We felt quite grown up, and knew that we must soon cease to be schoolgirls. You see, girls in these small country towns do not wait till they are eighteen to "come out," they just *step out* when they have a chance, or feel like it. "Cynt"—I always called her "Cynt" for short, but, the dear knows, she was short enough without it, the little, white fairy! Well, as I was going on to say, Cynt and I had only taken off our "panties" last year, when we left the old log schoolhouse and the good old man who had taught in it for many long years, and entered the new brick building called the Academy, where a gay young bachelor was engaged as "master." To be sure, the "panties" always had been a great nuisance to me; they were usually made of the same material as our frocks, and only shaped like bags open at both ends, and tied on with the garters. Mine would slip down and hang over my shoes, for I was rather a romp, and it always mortified me to have some saucy boy cry out, "See the gal trowsers!" mean things they were, even the white, tucked ones we wore on Sundays, and so I coaxed Cynt to take 'em off and let down her frocks an inch or two. This we did on the sly; but oh! that telltale dark streak just above the hem, where the tuck had kept it from fading, would let out our secret. Cynthia lived with an old, old grandmother, and I with a married sister, who was not too much taken up with her own children to watch me very closely; she did ask me if I was not "growing pretty fast, this year," when she noticed the ripped-out tuck, but did not say anything about my trying to wear long dresses, as I had feared she might. Our frocks did not reach the tops of our shoes yet, but Cynt and I took a mortal state that first day in the brick schoolhouse, and we felt as if we almost required train bearers.

Geoffrey Harden, our new "master," was a fine-looking man, the best-looking and best-dressed man we had ever seen, and not over thirty—not a bit too old for a beau for "us *big girls*."

Cynt always thought just as I did, and so, when I told her I really was falling in love with our splendid teacher, she said it was the same with her, and as we walked home in the evenings, we would tell each other of our feelings, our hopes, our fears, and wonder if he would marry either of us. Cynt thought perhaps it might be best for me to be the wife, as I was tall and more dignified, and she could live with us when her grandma died, and we could both love him.

But I told her I meant to have lots of fun before I married any one——

But I will not bore you with all the nonsense of a pair of silly girls, brought up in a very small town in the beechwoods of Ohio, and who had never been twenty miles from home but once, and then Cynthia's grandmother took us to Lebanon, even in those early days called the dullest old town in Ohio. This was three years ago, but we never forgot it, and could brag to our companions of the wonderful journey, the long stage-ride, the stopping at a hotel ("tavern," we called it).

I know we stopped at the sign of the "Indian Queen," and from the window of our room could look out on the main business street, and examine the painted figure on the creaking sign. All weather-beaten as it was, we thought the gorgeous colors of the Indian Queen charming. Here we had waffles for supper, and fried chickens, and oh! how hungry we were.

The next morning the old lady took us out shopping.

We thought the stores perfect wonders. Such a variety! In one window hung ribbons, tape, pins, and a strip of gay carpeting; in the other, tin pails, harness, hoes, and dishes, while plows nearly filled the doorway, as I well remember, because I had to sit down on one of them to tie up those unruly panties.

Then we were taken out to visit the "Shakers," only a short distance from Lebanon, where we attended one of their services, and beheld the ghost-like figures of men and women in strange

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garb dancing, with folded hands and solemn faces, singing their own music in monotonous tones. A weird-like group they were in their meeting-house; but at their homes, where we were invited to take supper, we found the women kind and loving; they seemed to like children particularly (owing to the scarcity of the article in their community, no doubt), and stuffed Cynt and me with goodies till we were ready to burst, and grandma was glad to get us away and safe at home again.

That was our first and last journey; we were only children then, now we were fifteen!

Well, as I said, Geoffrey Harden was our "master" now, and we thought ourselves in love with him.

The winter had been quite lively. We had our Christmas frolics, our singing-school, spelling-school, and other excitements, but in February it was getting dull.

Our term, or "quarter," as it was then called, twelve weeks making a "quarter," would close in March, and the big girls and boys begged the "master" to close with a grand exhibition.

He consented, but wished it to be according to rule, all in the good old style, that is, the brightest youths to spout patriotic pieces, the prettiest girls read nice, sweet little compositions, usually entitled, "On a Flower," "On a Walk," &c., but always "On" something sweet; the whole to begin by the smallest smart boy reciting "You can't expect one of my age," &c.

But we held out for something different from the old rule. *We* had read novels, plays, and history, why should not we have a regular play? We were all confident of our own powers; actors were only men and women, after all, and we could say and do as they had done.

About this time the old postmaster had "gin eout," and had to employ a clerk, so a charming young man from Cincinnati had arrived, and was at once introduced into our society. He was up to private theatricals and all that, and soon had us girls all up in arms for a play.

His name was, or he said it was, "Frederic Courtney," and he was a beauty, and no mistake—dark, frowning, domineering, just the kind of man we had read about, and Geoffrey was nowhere. Cynt and I took to the new beau at once, and fell in love with him at first sight.

James Grey, a farmer's son, had been attending school all winter, and had been very useful to us in making out our sums, but then he was plain, had light hair, not a sign of a mustache, and wore homespun clothes. Still, he sided with us in our desire for a sort of theatrical exhibition, if we had one at all, and all the grown up boys and girls plead so hard that Mr. Harden gave up at last, and told us to choose our pieces, and he would give the little ones their parts, but would look to the ladies and gentlemen of our school, and such outsiders as we chose to invite, to attend to stage curtains, decorations, &c.

To this we agreed at once, and if ever a whole community of young people were stage-struck, we were! nothing but plays were consulted, costumes talked over, partners fought for—plenty of ill feeling, yet lots of fun, and the boldest gained their points, the more humble taking such parts as were given them.

Where, or what the selections were taken from, I cannot tell, but to this day, full thirty years after, I remember portions of those delectable dialogues.

Mr. George Harden looked on and laughed, helped us when we asked him to do so, met with us evenings, and talked over our plans. I had a great desire to dress fine for once, and so took the part of "Miss Beverly," in dear knows now what play, but I could sweep a long train across the stage, provided I could procure one. I did not like it that handsome Frederic could not be my "lover" in this; the part had been given to a country youth, in poor health, but very romantic in style, and I found he soon presumed on the lover part.

Cynthia, dear little soul, took any part *I* selected for her, and we each had Fred in some dialogue.

We soon found out who was most reliable as to helping us. James Grey, plain as he was, soon came into notice and our good graces when we found he could put up a curtain on short notice, and never failed, as Fred did.

We met nearly every night at the home of some schoolgirl, and never failed to have a quarrel over something. My sister scolded, said I was perfectly worthless; and Cynthia had to see her old grandmother fast asleep before she could join us, Fred Courtney usually waiting for her at my request, so, at least, I imagined, and bringing her in just in time for her part with him.

Such a time as I had to get up a fitting dress for Miss Beverly! It was made of crimson cambric, very glazy, and trimmed about the neck, arms, and train with white rabbit fur taken from a worthless, moth-eaten cape belonging to an old woman in town, and supposed to represent ermine. No hoops at that time helped

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to hold out the train; the glazed cambric was not very stiff, and the way that dress clung about my rather tall, lank figure, and tangled round my feet, was awful! But that was nothing to the whine of my stage lover, who had to go on his knees, seize my hand, and exclaim, as he did in most pitiful voice—"Ah Miss Beverly! *once* my *own* Cecilia! do you, can you, think it possible?"

I could have kicked him over with hearty good will, but as he rose to his feet, I was to "lean upon his shoulder sobbing."

Fred Courtney had selected me as his wife in the "Cruel Landlord," and when I, so timidly, approached him to plead for our tenants, he was to stamp and frown, and say—"Hush! I say. Banish such womanly feelings; and let not that unruly tongue betray thy weakness."

Oh! it was grand—just as I imagined great heroes to speak. Yet I could not quite like it when, in his place as lover to my little friend Cynthia, he came with his guitar under her window, and said, in such loving accents—

> "Matilda, *dear*, art thou
> Asleep? Awake, my *love*, awake!
> For thy unhappy lover's come,
> A long farewell to take!"

and there ensued a perfect balcony scene.

To be sure, I did do my best to help Cynthia with a suitable costume, and I knew just how lovely she would look in her white dress, looped at the shoulders with blue ribbons (supposed to be a night-dress, as she was receiving a serenade), although I did feel a little jealousy when Fred put on that tender look and accent; but then he assured me it *was* all put on, and that I was worth a dozen such "little innocents."

Indeed, our new post-office clerk was becoming quite in earnest in his attentions to me, and I scarcely knew which I was most interested in, the exhibition, or Frederic Courtney.

On several occasions after seeing me home, with Cynthia on his other arm, he would whisper me to wait at my door for him a few moments, and as it was not half a block to my little friend's home, he would escort her, turn the corner, walk around the entire block, and return to me, foolishly waiting for him, and perhaps stand one hour on the doorstep, for I could not ask him in at that late hour, talking over matters and things, but always leaving me with an idea that in me, and me alone, he had met with "his fate," as he called it. I was growing thinner and taller every day, for sleep I could not, and so much excitement day and night was too much for me.

Mr. Harden managed to see me home sometimes, and gave me some good advice about taking up with strangers, and so on; but I thought he felt a little jealous of our new friend. He told me not to put too much faith in Mr. Courtney, praised James Grey, much to my disgust, for how could I take any interest in such a commonplace individual, after seeing Mr. Harden and Mr. Courtney?

I could not, however, think much about lovers, when I was about to become a famous actress. I gained great applause at each rehearsal, strutting about, just as I had heard was the proper style, for an elderly lady visited my sister about this time, who had seen Mrs. Siddons in London in her youth, and she would get up and show me the strut, the sudden pause, the switch of the train, the roll of the eyes, &c.

I practised diligently, and Fred began to complain that I cared not for him; but I begged him to be patient till the exhibition was over, and I was free to "love or hate," as I was becoming tragical in my common conversation.

In the mean time, my dear little friend Cynthia was growing pale. Was it late hours, or anxiety about her wardrobe? I often noticed her watching me closely if I was talking with Fred, and Mr. Harden kept continual watch and ward over her, often walking home with us from our evening rehearsals, and always on her side, although Fred declared he could take care of two ladies any time; but Mr. Harden would join us, and we four would saunter along the quiet streets, chatting and laughing over the events of the evening. As I said, it was but a short distance between my home and Cynthia's, and often after the gentlemen had escorted us home and bade us good-night, and we had watched them move off down the street, we would run out alone and meet half way, then go into one or the other of our homes and have a long talk about matters and things. We even went so far as to try on our stage dresses and act out our parts, very quietly, for the least noise was sure to bring a call from our elders to "come right up to bed."

I was becoming a little troubled with the attentions of Fred Courtney now, for I was not half so much in love with him as I was with the stage, as yet. He sometimes begged to come in with me, if the hour was not too late, and I did so fear that Cynt might run over and catch him there. Then my sister would not allow it,

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and I had to fib and tell her it was "only Cynt," when she chanced to hear our whispers.

One night he had insisted upon coming in, but I made some excuse and got him off, and a few minutes later, when I thought he had time to get off of our street, I ran out in the darkness alone, and knocked softly at my friend's door; all was silence within, but I felt sure I had seen a light as I came up, shining through the half-moon shaped hole, cut high up in the heavy, close wooden shutter, such as nearly all houses had at that time, to protect their windows at night. (And here let me say that they were a much safer blind than the frail things now in use.)

All was dark now, but I knocked again, and Cynthia's voice whispered through the keyhole, "I can't open the door again to-night, Katie, dear, for grandma is real cross; you won't mind it, will you?"

"Oh! no," I whispered back, and ran home again, and soon forgot all about it before the mirror, dressed in fantastic style, and making faces at myself, and wondering if great actresses did lead such wicked lives as I had been told, and thinking what fun they must have.

The next day three girls came over to have me help them to decide on, and help prepare their stage dresses, and just as we were in the midst of it, with every chair, table, and even the floor littered with bright-colored garments, and one little miss dressed as a page, in a suit half boyish, half girlish in appearance, who should knock at the door but our clergyman. That door opened right into the room we were in ("halls," or "entries" were not common), and sister had let us use her best room, thinking we would be less in her way there, as she seldom entered it except when she had company, and no visitors were expected. Jane Bailey, the pretty page, was so frightened that she made for the first door she could find, or the one furthest from the knocking, and before we could speak, or even think, she had fallen out of the door and down five or six high steps, for she had, in her fright, pulled open a back door now never used, and the steps were all broken and unprotected by a railing.

Such screams as we all raised soon brought the minister in haste round to the back of the house, which he accomplished by climbing, and the neighbors, seeing his haste and hearing the screams, began to open their doors and windows, and men came from workshops with their aprons on and sleeves rolled up. Poor Jane's nose was bleeding freely when the minister raised her up; the blood concealed her features completely, and he said, "Why, whose boy is this?" with such a sober face that I could scarcely keep back the laughter I was nearly bursting with. The scene was quite too comical. Jane's sister had forgotten the broad, frilled cap we had just finished and tied on her head to see the effect, as she leaned over poor Jane, and now looked up so anxiously in the minister's face. And their parents were members of his church, very strict, and the girls did not dare let them know what parts they were to perform at the exhibition, but had merely told them they each had a "piece to speak."

Now they were paid off for their slyness—never, surely, were two poor girls so mortified.

My sister soon came with bowl and towels, and Jane was found not to be much hurt, after all. She was laid on the bed in the spare bedroom adjoining the parlor where we had been at work, and my sister told us to all go out and let Jane be quiet for a time; so we turned to go into the front room, but at the door I stopped and gave one look at the minister standing in the middle of the room, surveying the confused litter we had left there, and seeming to look in vain for a place to sit down.

The sight was too much, and with one irrepressible burst of laughter, I bolted from the house, and took shelter under a tree in the furthest corner of the garden.

My name was soon called. I was wanted in the parlor; the minister wished to say a few words to the young persons present. "But none are so deaf as those who *will not* hear," and I stuck to my friendly tree, bleak and bare as it was, not even feeling the February wind, now blowing fiercely, until I had the pleasure of seeing the good man depart. Slowly and solemnly he walked down the street; then I bounded into the house and took another good, long laugh. Not so with the other girls, however. Some of them were crying, and all looking miserable. The minister had given them a lecture on frivolity, had even poor Jane brought in to hear it, and there she sat, with her nose three times as large as usual, with her black curls all wet and matted together, a great shawl about her shoulders, and a pair of shiny, orange-colored cambric trousers just visible beneath her blue calico dress! for she was not given time to dress fully, my sister had hurried her so, telling her the minister would not see the trousers. But she "knew he did, for he looked down at her feet when he

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spoke of her narrow escape." Poor girl! she knew the trousers were wide enough, if the escape was so narrow. "And now," she said, "it was all over; they would never let her act at all," and here she began to cry afresh.

Her sister took up the cap she had torn from her head as soon as she remembered that it was on, and placing it on her head again, walked up to the glass to see what sort of a figure she had cut.

She did make a capital old woman, with her smooth, flaxen hair, and she laughed heartily at sight of herself, saying—"Well, girls! who cares? I guess the minister will want to go to the exhibition himself, after the peep he has had—don't you?"

Cynthia, who had been shut up at home with her grandmother, came in before the girls left, as she had heard some one was dreadfully hurt at our house. So we had to tell the whole story over to her, and she laughed her own happy laugh, and said it was "too good," and she wished she could have seen it all. The girls now began to see it in a ludicrous light, and the Miss Baileys felt determined to go on with their parts, if possible, and in this we encouraged them.

I do not think there were half a dozen individuals in the town who had ever been in a theatre, although there were enough who greatly desired to do so, while others looked upon such things with holy horror. Mr. Harden at first feared to offend the more serious class, but had now entered into it freely, determined to let his young friends have their fill of theatrical glory. He told the young men it would be no use to try to have the performance in the Academy; it was not large enough; the stage would take up the half of it.

What could they do? It was by far the largest building in town.

"But," said Mr. Harden, "there are much larger buildings just at the edge of town. There is farmer Brooks's barn, if we can get that, and it is nearly empty now. It will be the very thing."

A bright thought, truly, and Mr. Brooks was good-natured, aud gave his consent at once. Then, for a week, the young men worked with a will, cleaning out the large barn, hauling lumber from the one board-yard in town, borrowing all the blue and red "coverlets" that could be found, even some *lovely* patch-work quilts which their owners prized highly—"the rising sun," "the evening star," "the goose-path," "the lily buds"—even down to the humble "nine-patch"—had a place as side-curtains. Carpets were scarce, and highly valued, but Mrs. Crane let us have an old one of rainbow hue, looking like bright ribbons sewed together.

We were to have a dress-rehearsal on Monday night; the exhibition would take place the following Friday, beginning at noonday, for the accommodation of those who came from a distance. All daylight was to be excluded, and the barn lighted by tallow dips, kindly donated by the good farmers' wives—some sending in one pound, others six pounds. A splendid chandelier was improvised by crossing half a dozen laths, sticking a small white turnip on the ends of each lath, to hold the candles, and thus preventing all danger of fire, as fresh turnips are not easily ignited. This was before the days of kerosene, remember.

One is always called upon to repay the liberality of others in some way, and Mr. Harden had no sooner accepted the loan of the barn, than he found Mrs. Brooks would be terribly put out if her daughter had not a part in the "great show." Mr. Harden had not given her any particular part in it, only to stand up with a dozen other girls to sing a hymn at closing. He had tried to keep her out of sight, as much for her own sake as his own; for she was such an odd child, so fat and funny, that people were inclined to laugh at her.

The very first day after the barn was promised to us, Mrs. Brooks asked Mr. Harden into her house, and told him that her "girl must have a fair chance." She called the child in—a girl of thirteen, but larger than any woman in town; so remarkably fleshy that she was comical to behold. Her round baby face was the picture of good-nature, her light hair was cut straight across her low forehead, "to keep it out of her eyes," her mother said.

Mr. Harden tried to get out of it by saying there was no time now to study a part; but Mrs. Brooks winked very knowingly and said—"Jist you say that Melissy Charlotty may speak a piece, and the thing's did. She's larnt one with the Higgins boy. I heerd 'im speaking of it t'other night, and it sounded rale cute."

Mr. Harden made no further objection, only stipulating that the piece must be very short, and Melissa ran giggling out to the barn "to tell daddy."

It was a longer walk now for us in the evenings, but the nights were beautiful, and the young people strolled off, in couples, if they

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could, or in groups, for we met every night, and now it was Monday, and this night was to see us all in full rig, and doing our best to outshine each other.

I had asked Cynthia to come in for an hour or so that day, but she plead "grandmother," as usual of late, and could not even let me take my work over to her home. I was selecting such things as I would require at the barn, and putting them into a box for a boy to take over on a wheelbarrow, when who should arrive but Mrs. Brooks; she wanted my assistance in "fixing out Melissy Charlotty." She brought with her a changeable silk, her own wedding-dress, to be made over for her daughter. It was too long, and entirely too narrow, but it must not be cut.

"Can't we open the back seam?" she asked. "Nobody's going to see behind her, and she can kinder back out, you know. I tell you what," she continued, "no gall shall outshine mine, for this yaller and laylock does shine of a night, and Melissy Charlotty will look grand in it, only I do hope she won't get it spiled in the barn."

I gave two or three hours of my limited time to the dress, and by goring it managed to make it wide enough for the occasion. Melissa shook her fat sides when we tried it on, and then her anxious mother asked me to have her practise her "curtchey" as she called it. The good-natured girl did her best, tittering all the time, and at last received a hard slap from her mother for putting her thumb in her mouth. She said it was a nasty habit she had, and she meant to break her of it. She had allowed the child to suck her thumb when a baby, "to keep her quiet," and what was "so cunning then," did not look so well in a grown-up girl.

I was all ready to start for Squire Brooks's barn at sundown, but Fred had promised to call for me, so I waited another hour rather impatiently; he came then, and we started immediately. I was surprised to find "Cynt" there on our arrival, and learned, by accident, that Fred had taken her over before dark. I did think it a little strange, but I did not let on to either that I had heard it, and soon we were all so excited over our dress, our parts, and our mistakes, that behind the curtain it was a perfect Babel.

Mr. Harden encouraged the timid, assisted the stupid, restrained the forward ones, and showed the young men how to run up the curtain without a jerk. He taught us how to enter gracefully, and how to make an exit. He was kind, useful, and gentlemanly to all, but I thought him a little sad, or was it only thoughtful?

James Grey was also very useful in many ways; he climbed up the rough beams of the barn like a cat, to light up for us, spliced the ropes when too short, and when he made his appearance, dressed for his part as a "robber," I, for one, was astonished to see him look so well, almost handsome, I thought.

The sickly youth, who had to kiss my hand, looked cadaverous in his black felt hat with drooping plume, and when he knelt at my feet his joints cracked loudly; perhaps others did not notice this, but to me it was like the reports of small pistols. How was I to relent and lean upon his thin shoulder? would the shoulder "crack," too?

We took turns as spectators before the curtain, where Mr. Harden (we never called him Geoffrey now, Cynt and I, not even to each other—where had our love flown?) stood with a list of the pieces and names of the actors.

Fred and I were standing on a bench, his arm around me to keep me steady, when "Joe Higgins and Miss Brooks" were called on the stage.

It was well I had some support to keep me steady, or surely I should have rolled from the bench when the fat girl and the bashful boy came forward. Joe was hitching up his butternut trousers, and shuffling his great splay feet, but as he neared the *foot-lights* he laid one hand on his stomach, and with the other pulled at a lock of tow-colored hair, and then stood stock still, looking at his lady fair; while she came stumbling after him in her long, silk dress, her feet all tangled up in it, and I trembled lest it should part at the waist, for I knew too well it was only basted on. Her mother had placed on her big, round head a wreath of silver tinsel flowers of an enormous size, and a wide, red ribbon encircled her thick waist, and was tied in a spread eagle bow right in front. Melissa felt very fine, so she giggled, sucked her thumb, caught herself, jerked it out, and wiped it on her silk dress; then she laughed again, and looked a little frightened, for her mother was behind the scenes, and whispered rather loud—"You'll spile that silk."

"Begin," said Mr. Harden, who was still in the dark as to what they were to say.

Melissa did begin as follows—"I wish I was, te, he, he! I wish I was, tee, hee, hee!" (thumb

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in the mouth—out again), "a reindeer, toe, toe gallop in the snow over dreary Lapland," (pause) "te he, so merrily I'd go, ho! ho!"

Joe cleared his throat loudly now, blew his nose on the planks, and wiped his fingers on his trousers, then straightening up, said in a firm tone—

"A little rabbit I would be,
With fur so soft and slick—"

It was too much. Mr. Harden tried to frown down the laugh that broke out on every side. The idea of poor, clumsy Miss Brooks being a *reindeer*, or *galloping*, was too preposterous. And the fierce-looking Joe, with his stiff, wiry hair, being a meek rabbit, with soft, sleek fur, brought down the house, and they were advised to find a more suitable dialogue, or give up speaking entirely.

Mrs. Brooks was mortified at the failure. She said to Mr. Harden—"If you had hearn 'em as I did, when they warn't scart, you'd a said it was fust-rate."

Melissa gave it up good-naturedly, and only showed off her finery by standing on the stage with some singers. Joe wanted to speak—"You'd scarce expect one of my age, &c.," but Mr. Harden told him he was too old for that, so he selected—

"Oh! were you ne'er a school-boy,"

and did remarkably well, only that as he said—

"And feel that swelling of the *heart*,

he would place his hand on his stomach in place of his heart. But as Mr. Harden said—"That was but a small defect compared with others at *our exhibition*."

All this really took place many, many years ago, and as I write I wonder if any one will read this who took a part in our theatricals. If so, they will recall many blunders, and laughable occurrences, which I have not room to tell.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

Oh! tell me not my child is lost,
'Tis cruel—and it cannot be!
For only Jordan's narrow stream
Is rolling 'twixt my lamb and me.

She's safe within my Father's house,
Singing and waiting for me there,
Hers is the everlasting joy,
And mine the pain, and grief, and care.

For her no sorrow, grief nor pain,
No care, nor fear, nor storm, nor cold,
No anguish, and no sin can touch
My lamb within the Shepherd's fold.

I love my darling none the less,
Because the angels loved her too,
And took her gently in their arms
As sunbeams take the early dew.

I miss and mourn her absence here,
As mothers mourn the child from home,
Yet have no anxious fear for her,
Of any blight or ill to come.

The mother of an angel child,
Finds heavenly love a soothing balm,
While following in the Shepherd's track,
Whose bosom holds the tender lamb.

Her soul should be all worthiness,
With spirit tuned to catch the song,
That echoes o'er the heavenly hills
From all the sinless, cherub throng.

GENIUS.

To understand its working, says Ruskin, we must picture to ourselves "all that men of genius have seen and heard in the whole course of their lives laid up accurately in their memory, as in storehouses, extending with the poets even to the slightest intonations of syllables heard in the beginning of their lives, and with painters down to the minutest folds of drapery and shapes of leaves and stones; and over all this unindexed and immeasurable mass of treasure, the imagination, brooding and wandering, but dream-gifted, so as to summon at a moment exactly such a group of ideas as shall justly fit each other.

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A REMINISCENCE.

BY WILLIAM HUNTER.

I believe that in the lives of all men, however commonplace, there are incidents which, if properly narrated, would prove more entertaining to the thoughtful portion of mankind than all the gilded unrealities of romance. If this brief episode, taken from my own experience, should tend to strengthen the theory, I am content.

It happened in this wise. In the summer of 1850, I, Henry Linville, a Philadelphian born and bred, became a graduate of the Pennsylvania University of Medicine, and, upon receiving my diploma, in compliance with the oft expressed wishes of my mother's brother, who had been for many years a resident of Gallatin, Tennessee, I decided upon paying his family a visit. I was not altogether uninfluenced in my determination by the thought that in the State above mentioned I might find a favorable field for the location of my professional future.

My uncle, Arthur Linville, was a lawyer, and although, like myself, a native of the Quaker City, it had been nearly a quarter of a century since he had quitted the shelter of the parental roof to seek fame and fortune in the Southwest. He had been eminently successful, not only in amassing a large property, but also in making a reputation for ability as an advocate second to none in the State. In the first year of his absence from home, he became attached to a Miss Rebecca Peyton, and shortly afterward married her. Their union, however, was blessed with no offspring, and, to dissipate in some measure the loneliness of a childless home, Mrs. Linville had adopted, with her husband's consent, a distant relative of her own, a Miss Julia Peyton, who, at the time of my visit, was a young lady of nineteen. My uncle had also received into the house, on his part, one of his law students, by name Charles Sevier, the son of a deceased friend, for whom he had entertained a high regard.

These particulars, which had been communicated in his letters, excited little or no interest in me. My speculations concerning Gallatin referred exclusively to the advantages it might offer to a medical practitioner, who, like myself, desired above all things an opportunity of putting his pet theories into practice. With such fancies did I beguile myself during the two hours' journey from Nashville, and by the time the rickety stagecoach drew up in front of the dilapidated frame tavern, which represented the entire resources of Gallatin in the way of public entertainment, I had already, in imagination, amputated a score of legs, twice as many arms, and been called upon in innumerable cases of obstetrics. The rude "Whoa-a-a" of the Tennessee Jehu awakened me from my professional dream, and when the door of the coach (so called) was opened, and an elderly gentleman peered anxiously in, I concluded that it must be my uncle, and that I was at my journey's end, which conjecture was confirmed when the elderly personage, in whom I traced a marked resemblance to my mother, politely asked me if my name was Mr. Henry Linville. I replied that it was, and in another moment was out and wringing the hand of my relative with some of his own ardor.

"My dear nephew!"

"My dear uncle!"

"And how did you leave your mother and sisters?"

"Well, sir, quite well; and your own family?"

"In excellent health. But, come, your aunt and Julia are waiting for you. Prince will see to your luggage."

Prince was a huge negro, who, judging from his Herculean proportions, seemed quite equal to the task of carrying both my trunk and its owner, had it been necessary.

A five minutes' walk, which my relation employed in asking numberless questions concerning my mother, my sisters, whom he had never seen, and myself, brought us in sight of his residence, a handsome red brick building, with a Philadelphia look about it, superinduced, probably, by the white shutters and marble steps of the same color. A beautiful lawn sloped away gradually from the front of the house, divided in the centre by a broad gravelled walk, which led up to the door.

As we entered the gate, preceded by Prince, who had managed, despite his burden, to get ahead of us, I thought I saw a female figure upon the piazza, which extended around the entire edifice; but upon gazing again, it had

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vanished. However, in a moment more we were in the house, and I was introduced to the entire family. First, my aunt, a portly, fine-looking woman, of apparently about forty-five years of age; then my "cousin" (so my uncle called her), Miss Julia Peyton; and, lastly, Mr. Sevier, the law student, a young man who, from the shape of his head and the fineness of his features, I immediately pronounced to be of a highly intellectual type, but evidently unused to society, as his manner was very awkward and retiring. I recognized Miss Peyton immediately as the figure I had seen on the piazza, from the color of her dress; but it was not until we sat down to tea that I had an opportunity of quietly contemplating her features, which, in the flurry and embarrassment of my introduction, I had caught but an imperfect glimpse of. She was a very handsome girl, and yet I thought I had seen more striking beauties in my native city; but there was an attractiveness about her style of loveliness, which I was forced to admit, that I had never seen equalled; not so much the consequence of any particular and predominant perfection, as it was the natural resultant of a harmonious combination of many; and yet the mouth and chin were the only two features of her face which could be called absolutely or (to use a word which expresses my meaning better) disconnectedly perfect. Her nose was not an exact Grecian, but it approximated so very nearly to it that none but a connoisseur could have detected the deficiency. The forehead matched perfectly with the face, and the luxuriant hair, which had a ripple on it, was one of those indefinable shades of brown for which there is no corresponding tint in nature nor any word in the language—not so dark as the lightest chestnut, and not so light as the ripest wheat. The eyes were the only feature of the face which seemed slightly peculiar, and to a certain extent mystified me. They were a pair of exceedingly soft and brilliant dark gray orbs, of the medium size, and their prevailing expression was a mixture of timidity and innocence, which, strange to say, did not at all coincide with her conduct, in which, although sufficiently modest and perfectly well-bred, I could not discern the slightest trace of embarrassment; but, on the contrary, there was such complete self-possession in her manner, such an effortless ease in her conversation, such graciousness, that it half-way savored of condescension.

I never fancied being patronized even by a pretty woman, and before the evening was over I had conceived a dislike for Miss Peyton, or rather I had made up my mind that I could never like her. Alas for our resolutions!—that night I dreamed of nothing but her face.

I arose early next day, and, coming downstairs, walked out upon the piazza to enjoy the freshness of the morning air. I saw Sevier seated by the side of one of the pillars, his elbows resting upon the balustrade, and his chin upon his hands, gazing vacantly across the lawn. He started at the sound of my footsteps as I approached nearer, and seemed very much disconcerted at being surprised. I spoke first.

"It seems, Mr. Sevier, that I am not alone in the habit of early rising."

"No—that is to say, I am not in the habit of getting up as early as this."

"Probably you are unwell?" I exclaimed, noticing that he looked very pale.

"Oh! no, nothing of the kind," he replied. "I passed rather a restless night, but this air has refreshed me wonderfully. What do you say to a walk? It will be two hours before breakfast is ready."

I assented, and we strolled across the lawn, through the gate, and, leaving the town upon our right, passed into the open country beyond. We talked upon various subjects, and even at this distance of time the impression made upon me by his conversation is as vivid as if it were only yesterday. The wideness and accuracy of his information, no less than the brilliancy of his ideas, astounded me. I was considered, to use the conventional term, "well read," having been a bookworm from my early boyhood; but here was a man who seemed familiar with everything. He even spoke of the technicalities of my own profession in a manner that would have brought no discredit upon a graduate of the university. I could not refrain from expressing my wonder at the extent and variety of his acquirements, but he made light of them. All his reserve had worn off; he was brimful of life and gayety.

"My dear fellow," said he, "what little I know has cost me no labor. It all lies in a knack. There are three classes of readers in the world. First, the laborious, plodding fellows who acquire knowledge pretty much as the Homœopathists administer medicine, in infinitesimal doses. Then the skimmers, principally people of fashion, who read the reviews of all the new works in order to be able to talk about them. Lastly, there is a third class, who, by a species of mental chemistry, extract the

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essence of a volume before ordinary readers have finished the first half dozen chapters. Without being egotistical, allow me to say that it is to this class that I belong. I cannot explain the process, but I know that I have often finished books in half a day that I have seen other people at a week."

He had hardly ceased speaking when I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and a lady, mounted on a powerful steed, passed by us at full speed; not so swiftly, however, but that I caught a glimpse of her face. It was Miss Peyton. A silvery peal of laughter came ringing backward from the fair equestrienne, and in a moment more she had turned the corner and was out of sight.

After my surprise had somewhat abated, I could not refrain from laughing myself at the suddenness of the thing, and my terror of being run over as the horse dashed by me. But Sevier did not join in my hilarity, and upon turning to him I saw that his countenance had entirely changed. The flush of joyous animation which but a moment before had illumined his fine features, had given place to the thoughtful shyness which I had noticed on the previous evening. I did not annoy him by seeming to take cognizance of the alteration, but merely asked if Miss Peyton was regularly in the habit of riding out unattended at so early an hour.

"There is no regularity in her habits," said he. "She may ride out every morning at this hour for a week, and then not mount a horse again for a month."

"Probably she affects eccentricity," I replied.

"She is eccentric without being affected," retorted my companion, who appeared desirous of talking about something else.

But I was not to be put off, and so I continued — "Does she always go unaccompanied?"

"I believe so," he replied. "Suppose we return."

I did not object, and we started about retracing our steps.

I did not again refer to Miss Peyton; and upon reaching the house, I went immediately to my room to prepare for breakfast.

When the bell rang, I went down and found Miss Peyton already at the table. I expressed my surprise at the celerity with which she had made her toilet. "For," said I, "you certainly could not have reached home until some time after the arrival of Mr. Sevier and myself."

"On the contrary," replied she, "I had been in my room a quarter of an hour, at least, when you entered the lawn-gate."

"Oh! I see; you returned by a shorter route."

"No—by a longer one. The legs of my horse made the difference."

"Don't you find it rather lonesome," said I, "riding by yourself?"

"I did at first, but I have got used to it now."

"Which means, you don't wish an escort."

"There you misinterpret my meaning," said she. "I have no objection to a cavalier who can make himself entertaining."

"In that case, allow me to offer my services. I will do my best to amuse you."

"Agreed, Mr. Linville. I accept them at once. You shall ride with me to-morrow morning—that is, if you are an early riser. Six o'clock is my hour."

"I shall be ready at five," I replied, "in order to cause you no inconvenience."

"Hal, my boy," broke in my uncle, "make her change the hour. Galloping ten or fifteen miles before breakfast on an empty stomach, is the worst thing in the world for the constitution. You will both be taken sick."

"Heaven forbid, uncle!" exclaimed Miss Peyton. "Old Dr. Galloway would kill us both. He has never forgiven me for recovering last fall, when he prophesied that I would not live the week out; and if he gets me in his clutches the second time, I know that he has too much regard for his reputation as an impartial slaughterer, to allow me to escape again."

"Dr. Galloway is a very skilful man, Julia," said her aunt reprovingly. "He brought your uncle safely through that attack of typhoid fever which you know for a time threatened to be fatal."

"I believe our nursing did uncle more good than all his drugs. Don't you think so, Mr. Linville?"

"Well, really, Miss Julia, not having seen the case, I cannot say; but in all fevers I consider that diet, nursing, and ventilation, are of far more importance than the remedies of the materia medica."

This was one of my pet theories, and I would have willingly enlarged upon it, but I was cut short by Miss Julia, who interrupted my peroration with—"Certainly, I knew they were. Now, aunt, you will have to take the credit for

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what you have done, and which his pomposity would have deprived you of. Would you believe it, Mr. Linville, because I had a slight pain in my left side one day, he insists that I have disease of the heart, and has sent me bottle after bottle-full of the most terrible mixtures, which he declares I should be taking all the time."

"Of course, you follow his advice?" said I.

"Of course, I do not," retorted she. "I have never tasted his preparations, nor do I intend to. I shall have you to analyze them some day," she continued laughingly, "for who knows but what they may contain some subtle poison intended to kill me by inches, such as the Borgias were wont to make use of when it became necessary to put a friend out of the way. Besides, the doctor has been to Italy, which renders it the more suspicious."

"Really, Mr. Linville, you must not pay any attention to what Julia says," exclaimed her aunt. "Dr. Galloway is in reality a very deserving man, and an exceedingly skilful physician. He takes the greatest interest in Julia, although I think he *has* exaggerated the importance of her malady, principally, however, I believe, from the praiseworthy motive of inducing her to be more careful of her health than is her custom."

We adjourned from the breakfast-table, and Miss Peyton and myself sat upon the piazza and talked until noon; and then after lunch until evening. Sevier did not join us, and I wondered why; but she said that he was at all times indifferent to society, and I must not suppose that he would make any very lengthened exception in my favor; and so I said no more about him, except to inquire regarding his health at the tea-table, as he looked very haggard.

My interest seemed to annoy him, judging by the expression of pain upon his countenance when he answered me, and I resolved in future to be more careful in any question I might chance to address to so strange a creature.

I rode out with Miss Peyton on the following morning, and the next, and the next. Slowly, but surely, the toils were being drawn about me. The naive originality of her manner, its charming mixture of brusqueness and femininity, the witching wonder of her face, which haunted me continually, even in sleep, all did their several parts, and the result was my complete inthrallment.

August, rich in the profusion of her luxuriant charms, ripened gradually into the mellower loveliness of September, and yet I had not gone. The days flew by, and October, clad in a luminous haze, came stealing over the hills, and kissed the green leaves into gold and crimson, and still I lingered. It was a beautiful afternoon, about the middle of the last-named month, when we rode out together to meet my uncle, who, in company with Sevier, had driven over in the morning to a neighboring village to attend court, but was to return to tea.

As our horses ambled slowly along the winding road, I thought I had never beheld a lovelier scene. The sun, shrouded in autumnal mists, shed a softened radiance, which seemed in exact keeping with the solemn stillness of nature. The scarlet leaves of the maples, as we passed them by, fluttered adown the air, and settled in her lap, or entangled themselves in the meshes of her rippling hair, forming an irregular coronal so beautiful that Art could suggest no improvement.

As the sun declined in the western sky, I reflected that it was probably the last time we would ever pass over that road together, for on the night previous I had formed the resolution of quitting Tennessee in three days. I had communicated my intentions to the family at the breakfast-table, but Miss Peyton was absent—for a rarity, she had not arisen.

For many minutes we did not speak. At length she broke the silence.

"Mr. Linville, you must accompany me to the Hawksnest on Wednesday. You know I have often promised to take you, as it commands the finest view of the country within a hundred miles."

"I would be only too happy to accompany you, Miss Peyton, but on the day after to-morrow I start for the North."

"Really!" and the beautiful eyes were turned on me with an expression of the most mournful interest.

"Yes, I should have gone some time since, but have been detained, I scarcely know how."

"I am very sorry!" she exclaimed; "we have had such pleasant times together; but you will return soon, will you not?"

There was a faint quaver in the voice, and the eyes were turned away.

"That depends upon you, Miss Peyton—or, to speak more precisely, upon your answer to a certain question I am going to ask you."

"Ah! indeed; then let me hear it, for yonder comes uncle and Mr. Sevier."

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She pointed down the road, and in a distant turn I descried the carriage with its pair of grays.

"Then I must speak quickly," I said.

She made no reply, and I took her hand unresistingly, and told her how I loved her, how it had grown upon me, until my every hope in life was wrapped up in that short sentence, which I pronounced in an agony of hope and fear—"Will you be my wife?"

For a moment her hand trembled. Then she poke, and her voice sounded very low and sweet.

"Mr. Linville," said she, "have you thought this matter over as it deserves to be?"——

In a moment her hand was withdrawn from mine with a spasmodic jerk, and pressed to her left side. She gave a sharp cry, and reeled in her saddle. I sprang from my horse, and caught her just as she was falling. Almost immediately the carriage drove up, and my uncle, Sevier, and a strange gentleman alighted from it.

"This is Mr. Galloway, Richard," said my relative, endeavoring to appear calm. "She has fainted, has she not?"

The stranger felt her pulse, placed his hand above the region of her heart, and gazed long and steadfastly into her eyes. I held her in my arms, and with bated breath waited for his answer.

It came at last, that horrible, dull, professional monotone which struck upon my brain like some great weight of lead—"She is dead—of heart disease."

Sevier gave a wild scream, and sank upon the ground insensible. I knew his secret then—he had loved her. All the rest seems like a dream; I remember reaching the house in the carriage, holding her in my arms, but from that all is darkness. When I returned to consciousness, it was in Philadelphia, weeks afterward, in my own room, with my mother by my bedside.

I am gray-headed now, and in the course of nature cannot have many years to live, but were they to be doubled, I would willingly give them all to have an answer to one question—"Did she love me?"

TIRED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

My heart and soul are all too tired to tell,
So weary, Lord,
Of this long, ceaseless work of doing well
Without reward.

Oh! I have been Thy servant now for years,
Nor made complaint—
Though my life-cup has been a-brim with tears,
But now I faint.

And I have worked for Thee with all my strength,
In pain and woe—
My Master, canst Thou chide me if at length,
I ask to go?

Oh! if the soul is purified by fire!
Then I am blest;
The laborer is worthy of his hire—
Lord, give me rest!

I know that I have sinned in many ways—
A sinner made,
But I have *tried* to serve Thee all my days,
I'm not afraid.

I know full well my record is not clear,
Nor white as snow,
But better to meet it than to linger here—
Lord, let me go

Man never will be truly monarch, till woman of her own will places the crown on his brow; and that she will never do till her will is free. Each being in a false relation to the other, there will be constant antagonism where there ought to be unbroken harmony. They will hinder and irritate where they ought to help and soothe. Man may have mastery by strength of thew and sinew; but he masters only thew and sinew. The fine spirit escapes him. The subtile soul, bruised, outraged, deformed, but defiant, mocks him from afar.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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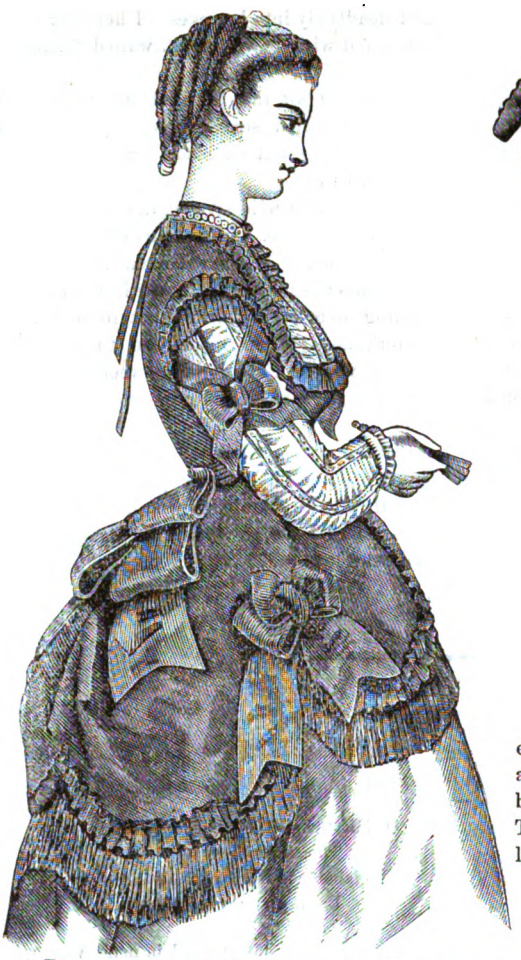
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.



A PANIER TUNIC of black grosgrain silk, cut square in front, and trimmed with fringe, ruches of satin, and ribbon bows.

MUSLIN BRACES, trimmed with lace edging, and ovals placed at equal distances, and butterfly bows of blue satin. Similar bows upon the shoulders and waistband. These braces are very elegant worn over a low silk dress.

NECKTIE.

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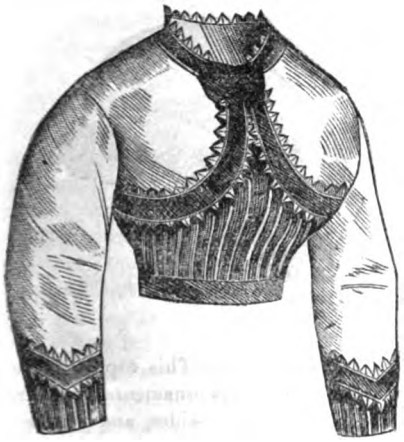


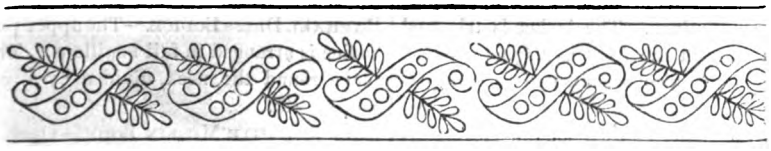
No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. High Dress Bodices.—High bodices are still worn close to the figure; the sole innovation appears to be that the backs are fully as much trimmed as the fronts. The accompanying engravings illustrate a few of the prevailing styles. Nos. 1 and 2 show a white cashmere bodice trimmed to simulate a jacket. The lower part is striped with several rows of narrow black velvet, and the jacket is simulated with a broad line of velvet edged with points of either silk or satin. No. 3 illustrates a black silk bodice trimmed with blue and green striped velvet; the sleeves correspond, and the tunic worn with this bodice is ornamented in the same style. No. 4 is a brown poplin bodice. The trimming consists of a satin rouleau of the same color and black lace.



Insertion.

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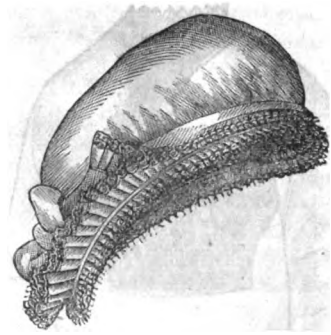
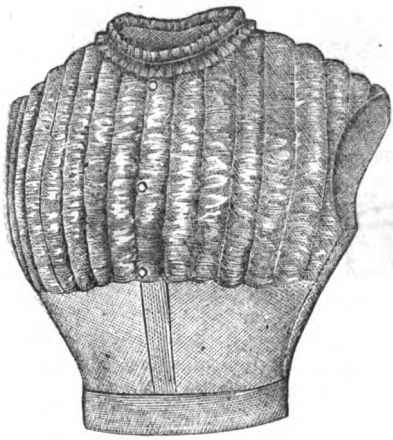
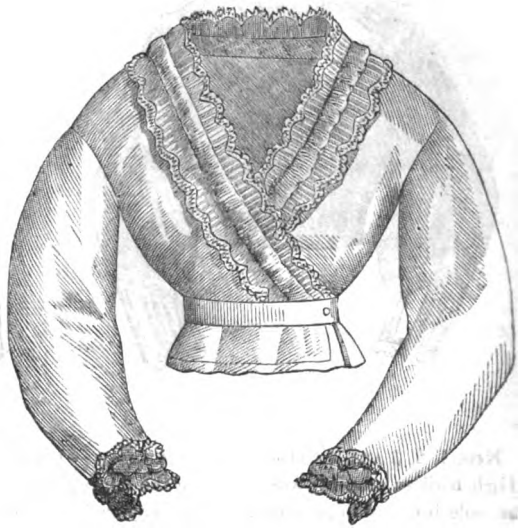
No. 1. Dressing Jacket.



Cambric Nightcap.—This cap is made in the shape of a net. It is ornamented with frills, edged with lace on both sides, and stitched on with cross-strips of fine linen. A bow is arranged on the top of the head.



No. 2. Muslin Chemisette.



No 3. White Muslin Body.

No. 1. Dressing Jacket.—This pattern can be made up in flannel, figured cambric, brillante, or piqué. It consists of three pieces—front, back, sleeve—representing one half of the jacket. There is no seam at the back, and the under part of the sleeve is pricked on the upper portion, which is given. The jacket is trimmed all round, and in the front as a square bodice. The sleeves are also ornamented as gauntlet-shaped cuffs. The style of the trimming depends on the material used for the jacket. If for flannel, either a hemmed ruche or braided band of the same is effective; but if white cambric, or any other white material, is used, the best trimming is a row of embroidery lined with colored gingham or satin ribbon. The position of the trimming is indicated on the paper pattern by small holes.

No. 2. Muslin Chemisette to wear with a Raphael Dress Bodice.—The upper part of the bodice is arranged in full bouillons. There is a ruche round the neck, divided by a piping of colored silk.

No. 3. White Muslin Body.—Open at front in a heart-shape. The decoration consists of puffings and plaited ribbon.

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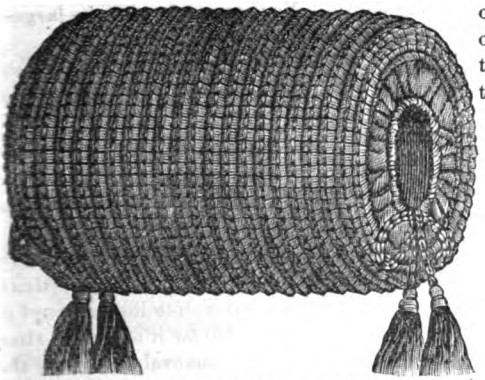
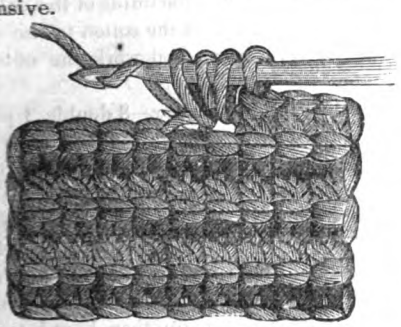


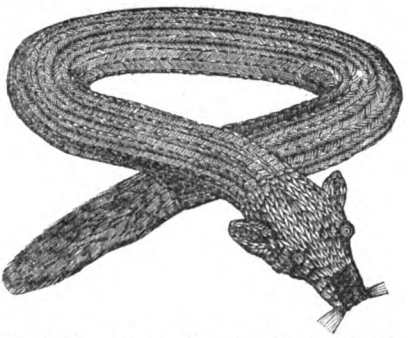
No. 1. Muff Crocheted in Imitation of Fur.—The following articles crocheted in imitation fur are recommended for the warm winter toilets of young girls, as they are not expensive.



No. 2. Detail of No. 1.

Detail No. 2, gives the stitch in which the muff is crocheted. With a fine bone hook, No. 12 Bell gauge and the gray wool, single Berlin (of which you require 6oz.), make a chain of 78 stitches.

1st row—DC. (double crochet), at the end 1 Ch. 2d row—1 DC. in the first DC., taking up the back of the loop, which is done throughout the work, take up the back of the 2d loop, draw the wool through, pass the wool round the needle, take up the same loop again, making 3 loops on the needle in this one stitch, draw the wool through these 3, then through the 2 on the needle; take up the whole of this row in this manner. 3d row—Plain DC. worked from the back of the loop as before. Repeat the 2d and 3d row. Work a piece wide enough for your muff, then make it up; for this you require blue silk in the piece, two pair of black tassels, some blue ribbon to run in the runner, and a sheet of wadding. Lay your wadding the size of the piece of crochet you have worked, cover it on both sides with silk, then sew together; make a slot at each outer edge, sew up the piece of crochet, place it over the silk, run the edges of the crochet to the extreme edge of the slot, then pass your ribbon in; add the tassels by the join.



No. 3. The Boa.—This is also crocheted in the same stitch as the muff. You require five steel knitting-needles, No. 12, for the head as it is knitted, 2 jet buttons for the eyes. For the length of the body make a chain of 117 stitches. Commence with a row of double crochet, then a row of pattern, always working a Ch. stitch at the end of each row. Work about 8 in. of this crochet for the width of the body. Sew it together, and stuff it with wadding covered with silk. The tail is worked separately, and is crocheted in looped crochet. Make a Ch. of 20. 1st row—D.C. 2d row—Take up the back of the loop, pass the wool three times round a mesh 1¼ in. wide, or your two fingers of the left hand, put the needle under these loops, loop the wool over, then take up the St. again, draw through, and draw through the two on the needle; work the row in this manner. Work these 2 rows until you have 10 rows of loops; then work 2 more rows, decreasing one stitch on each side row, cut the loops in the middle, and comb them with a fine comb. Sew the tail together, then to the body.

The *Head* is knitted. Cast on 10 stitches on each of the 4 needles; knit a round. Then 3 rounds knit plain. 4th round—Knit 17. You now commence the increase for the forehead. In the 18th St. work 2 St. thus: knit 1, then purl 1; work the 19th St. in the same manner; 20th St., knit plain; the 21st and 22d St. like the 18th and 19th; the rest knit plain. 5th round—Knit plain. 6th round—Increase like the 4th round in the 2 St. on both sides the 22d St. 7th round—Plain. 8th round—Increase like the 4th round on both sides the 24th St.; rest plain. 6 plain rounds. 14th round—K. 7, K. 2 together; K. 1, knit 2 together; knit plain until the 12 last; then K. 2 together, K. 1, K. 2

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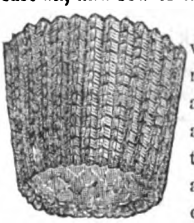
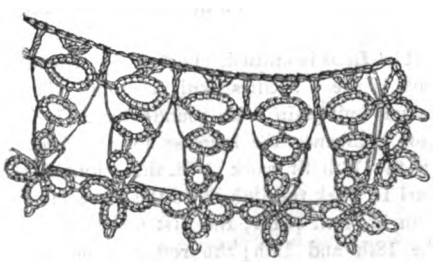
together. 15th round—Plain. 16th round—K. 5, knit 2 together three times; knit plain until the last 11, when knit 2 together three times; knit 5. 17th round—Like 14th. 18th round and 3 next rounds plain. 21st round—K. 5, knit 2 together twice, knit plain until the last 9, then knit 2 together twice, knit 5. 22d round—Plain. 23d round—K. 7, join the black, knit 2 together in black until the last 7, which knit plain in gray. Knit 8 rounds plain, knitting the black stitches with black and the gray with gray. Cast off. Wad the head to the shape, stitch on the buttons for the eyes, add some shreds of black wool for whiskers, then stitch on the ears, the directions for knitting which follow.

The Ears.—Cast 12 St. on 1 needle with gray wool. Knit back. 2d row—Purl. 3d row—Knit 2 together, knit 8, knit 2 together. 4th row—Purl 2 together, purl all but the 2 last, which purl together. Repeat the 3d and 4th rows until you have only one stitch left, then cast off, and sew to the head.



No. 4. The Cuffs.—You work the cuffs in the same manner as the body of the animal and the muff. Make a chain of 30 St. This is for the height of the cuff. Work as the muff, until you have enough to pass over the hand. Make a lining of white, quilted silk over wadding; sew neatly to the edges of the crochet, make a runner at the top of the cuff, in which you draw through a ribbon, to tie it to the shape of the hand.



Tatted Collar.—The middle part of this collar is tatted first, and the effect is very pretty when finished, if you mount it on ribbon, or run a ribbon the proper width between the points in the centre.

Use fine crochet cotton, a crochet hook, and tatting shuttle. You commence with the largest oval in the first little point.

1st oval—* 8 double, 1 purl, 3 times, 8 double, draw close, leave quarter of an inch of cotton, and then work the

2d oval—5 double, join to the last purl of last oval, 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double, draw close, leave quarter of an inch of cotton and work the

3d oval—3 D., join to the last purl in the 2d ovel, 3 double, 1 purl twice, 3 double, draw close; now knot the cotton into the last purl of this oval, leaving sufficient for it to lie flat, then into the 2d purl of the same oval, then into the 2d purl of 2d oval, then into the 2d purl of the 1st oval; repeat from *, working the 1st oval close to this last knot. When the point is worked, knot the cotton up the other side of it again, work 36 points for the inside of the collar. When you have knotted the cotton to the last purl in the last point, you work the outside row.

1st oval in the outside row—8 double, 1 purl, 8 double, draw close. 2d oval—8 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Knot into the purl on the large oval again, then into the purl on the next oval in the point, and work a trefoil. 1st oval of trefoil—8 D., join to the last purl in the last oval of this row, 8 D., draw close; work 2 more ovals of 8 D., 1 P., 8 D., then knot into the purl on the point again, then knot into the next purl on the 3d point in the oval, then into the 2d purl on the same small oval; now work 4 ovals like the last, joining the first of the four to the last 3d oval in the last trefoil. After working the 4th oval, and knotting to the purl on which the first of the four was commenced, * knot into the 2d purl in the next point (leaving enough cotton for it to lie flat); then a trefoil as before, joining the 1st oval in the trefoil to the last one worked; repeat from * all round the collar. When you come to the last point, work 4 ovals, as in the first point, and work up the side of the last point in the same manner as you commenced when you fastened off.

The row of crochet in the neck is commenced with 1 double crochet in the purl of the first outside oval, 5 chain, 1 treble in the same purl on the large oval to which the first outside oval is connected, * 2 Ch., 3 long in the purl not taken up of the large oval in the point, 2 chain, 1 treble in the purl connecting the 2 large ovals together; repeat from * at the end, finish with 5 Ch., after the last treble, 1 DC. in the purl of the outside oval.

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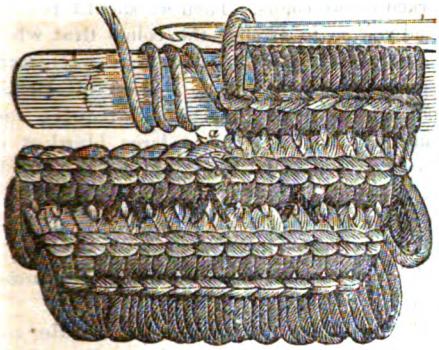
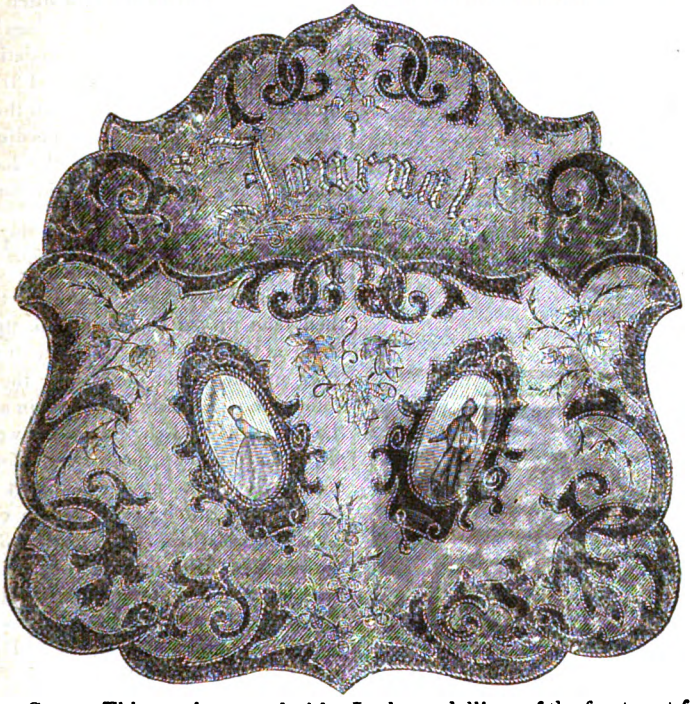


CROCHET SLIPPER.—This is a very warm slipper, and therefore most suitable for an elderly person, or one suffering from cold feet. It is worked in ribbed or Russian crochet (which is plain double crochet worked always in the back of the loop instead of the front), with a row of looped crochet between. The detail gives such a clear idea of the stitch, that it scarcely requires more explanation; but for those who may not be able to work from it, we will describe the manner of its execution.

In making a looped stitch, you still take up the back of the loop, take up the stitch, then wind the wool 3 times round the mesh, pass the crochet hook under the loops, draw the wool under, then loop the wool over the loops; then draw through the two on the needle. The loop can be made quite as well by winding over the fingers and working in the same manner. The top of the shoe is worked to the shape required of alternate rows of black and white loops. Your shoemaker will give you a pattern. The stitches are increased by working 2 stitches in the 2d stitch at the commencement of a row and 2 in the last but one of the same row. In working the rows, always make 1 Ch. before commencing. After these explanations, you will only require the number of looped stitches and plain ones for the respective rows, to form the pattern. Materials required: 1½ oz. of white and black Angola wool; a short bone crochet hook, medium size; a netting mesh ¾ in. wide. Sew this to a felt sole, which is wonderfully warm, and you have the best sort of slipper for any sudden call at night.



NEWSPAPER CASE.—This case is covered with brown silk rep, and is richly embroidered in satin stitch, with patterns sewn on in applique of velvet, gold braid, and brown purse silk. The case is first cut in card-board and covered with silk; it is lined with glazed calico. The front and back parts are of course cut separately. In the medallions of the front part fasten either photographs or point russe embroidery patterns. When the back and front parts have been sewn together at the bottom, sew in the gored flaps at the sides; they are made of brown silk taken double. The seams on the outside are covered with gold and silk braid.

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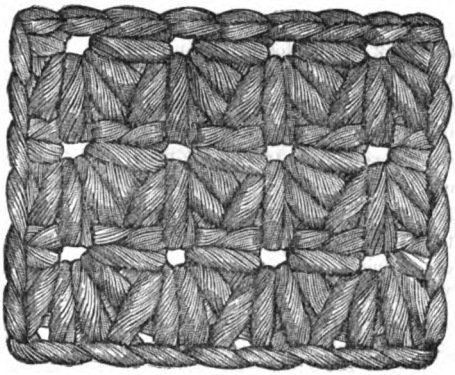
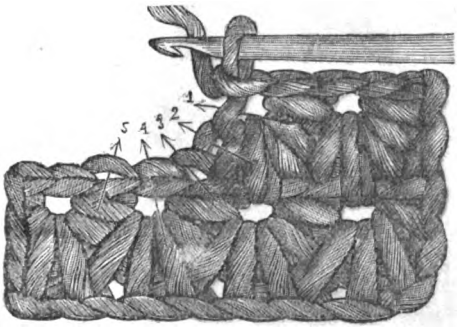


No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3.

No. 1. New Stitch in Crochet (for Couvrepied or Baby's Blanket).—This stitch may be used for anything that requires great warmth; therefore it is very suitable for either of the above articles. The blanket can be worked in two colors. Then we should recommend you so to arrange the colors that when the stripes are sewn together they will form alternate squares of color. Fleecy or Berlin wool can be used. You would require one pound of each color for a large blanket in fleecy (say red and white), and a bone hook, No. 5, Bell gauge.

Commence with the white, and make a Ch. of 21. Keep the detail No. 2 before you, as it will enable you to understand the directions immediately.

1st row—Take the wool on the needle, and then take up the 2d Ch. from the needle. Take the wool on the needle and take up the 3d Ch. from needle. Take the wool on the needle and take up the 3d Ch., then the 4th and 5th chains in the same manner; draw the wool through all the loops now on the needle, do not draw the wool tight *; now 1 Ch. Look at your detail. Take the wool on the needle, and take up the thread that goes from the 5th loop to the Ch., and is marked 1 in detail No. 2. Then take the wool on the needle again, and take up the last loop of the 5th Lp. in last stitch (marked 2). Take up the wool on the needle again, and take up the same chain in the foundation that you worked the 5th Lp. in (marked 3); then take up the two next chain stitches in the same manner. Take the wool on the needle again, and draw through the whole of the loops on the needle; then repeat from * the length of the row. Turn.

2d row—Look at detail No. 3. 3 Ch. Take the wool on the needle which is done before taking up every loop. Take up the 2d Ch., then take up 3d Ch., then take up the large chain at the top of the thick stitch of last row. Take up the whole chain over the hole, then take up the back only of the chain at the top of the next thick stitch, * draw the wool through all, 1 Ch. Take up the thread before the Ch., marked 1. Take up the last part of the last loop in first stitch; take up the chain again upon the last thick stitch, marked 3. Take up the whole of the chain over the next hole; then the back of the next Ch. over the thick stitch; repeat from * to the end of the row. Work a square in white like the 2d row. Then join the color. Work the length required. In working the next stripe begin with color instead of white, by which means the squares will come alternately red and white. Join the stripes together with a chain stitch of filoselle in any color that forms a good contrast.

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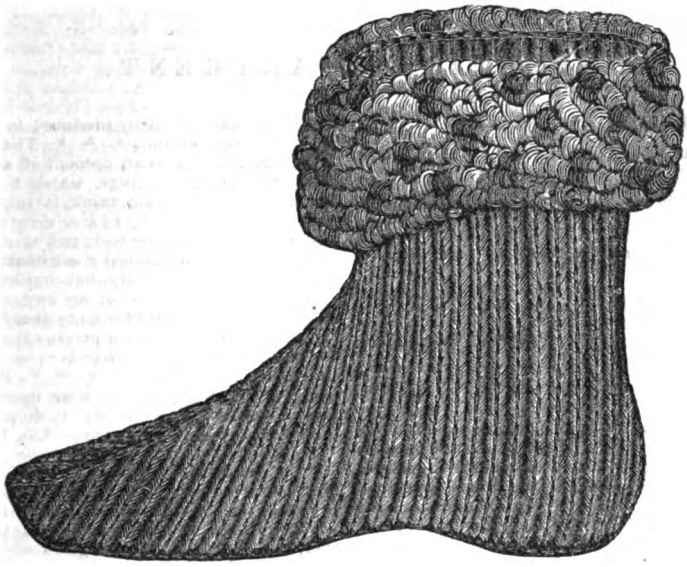
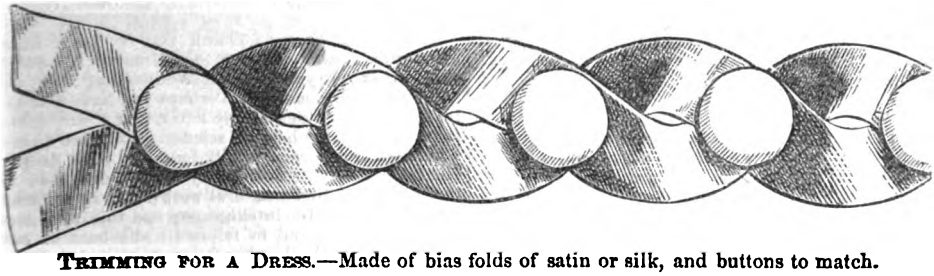


Over-Boot (Crochet).—Materials: Work the boot in fleecy 4-thread or double Berlin wool, of which you require 4 skeins of gray, also half ounce of black and white single Berlin wool for the top, or any color you may prefer as a contrast; a fine bone crochet hook, a pair of fleecy soles, and three yards of narrow sarsnet ribbon to match the wool. The boot is worked in ribbed or Russian crochet, which is double crochet, always worked from the back of the loop in each row, instead of the front part of the stitch. You commence at the toe, and make a chain of 13 for the foundation. 1st row—Double crochet, 1 Ch. at the end. 2d row—6 double crochet, in the 7th stitch work 3 double crochet, then 6 double crochet, 1 chain at the end. 3d row—Plain; always work a chain stitch in turning at the end of each row. 4th row—Like the 2d row; only 7 plain before working 3 double crochet in the centre stitch. Continue to work in this manner one plain row, and a row with 3 stitches in the centre stitch, until you have 14 ribs or double rows, therefore 21 stitches on each side the centre stitch. In the row following, you commence the leg. For this, work to the middle of the row plain, then make a chain of 18 stitches, work back 17 DC. upon this, then finish the row with double crochet, keeping the rib, then work 26 more rows or 13 ribs, all plain; in the last row join to the other side the foot and up the front in the middle of the leg, and fasten off. You now work the top in single Berlin wool: make a chain of 9 stitches with white, work back 8 DC. upon it, then a row of looped crochet; all the rest of the top is worked in looped crochet; in every 4th row work the 2d, 5th and 8th stitches black, and in every 2d row the 3d and 7th, which gives the appearance of imitation ermine. When the piece is crocheted the proper width, sew round the top of the boot neatly. If you wish, you can knit or crochet the sole instead of using the fleecy one. If you use a cork or fleecy sole, bind it round with ribbon, then sew the boot to it.



Trimming for a Dress.—Made of bias folds of satin or silk, and buttons to match.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

BYRON'S DAUGHTER.

So much has been said lately about the most splendid and erratic of English poets, that every family detail throwing light upon character is eagerly sought for. In *The Argosy*, edited by Mrs. Henry Wood, we find the following particulars of that

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart!"

in whom all readers of poetry feel a strong interest, and of whom so little has been known. Mrs. Wood thus prefaces her article:

Offensive statements have been made, insidious reflections whispered; to meet and confute them is almost a public duty. The comprehensive grasp of intellect, the noble sentiments, the innate reverence for the Deity, as expressed in the short extracts from these letters of Lord Byron's daughter; above all, the glimpse we catch of her enthusiastic feelings for her father, will be welcome now to all honest-minded people.—ED.]

In the year 1841–2, Byron's daughter, Lady Lovelace, was a frequent visitor at Fyne Court, Broomfield, in Somersetshire, the seat of the late Mr. Andrew Crosse, whose name is so well known for his researches in the science of Electricity. At that period Mr. Crosse was carrying on some very interesting experiments on electro-crystallization, and in the course of these processes he met with animal life under very extraordinary conditions. Insects appeared in a caustic solution subject to electric action. It is not our purpose now to enter upon this matter from a scientific point of view, but the whole question interested Lady Lovelace exceedingly, and led to an interchange of visits between Mr. Crosse and herself. A correspondence was maintained for some time between them, which affords glimpses of her character, and of the very unusual nature of her intellectual pursuits. Lady Lovelace was not poetical, but her mental powers, which were of a very high order, were entirely devoted to abstract reasoning and experimental science. She once observed to Mr. Crosse—"Our family are an alternate stratification of poetry and mathematics."

A few extracts from a very interesting series of letters may be acceptable at the present time.*

The late Mr. Crosse told the writer of this paper that, during all his intercourse with Lady Lovelace, she only once mentioned her father, but on that occasion she spoke of him with rapturous admiration. The subject seemed to excite her intensely, and she burst out into expressions of *passionate affection* for his memory, and enthusiastic praise of his genius.

Most of the letters are dated from Ashley Combe, a marine residence which Lord Lovelace possesses, overlooking the romantic and beautiful Porlock Bay, in West Somersetshire:

"DEAR MR. CROSSE: I think I may as well send you the enclosed documents at once. * * * I am anxious that *we should try the experiments* mentioned; and you may require a little preparation, possibly, for the purpose. (One of these experiments was on sound, produced in a bar of iron by electro-magnetism.) * * * The letter in the large handwriting is an account of an experiment with the muscles of frogs, which I hope we may manage; but I should think it required delicate manipulation. * * * I am anxious to consult you about the most convenient, and manageable, and portable forms for obtaining constantly acting batteries; not great intensity, but continual and uninterrupted action. Some of my owu views make it necessary for me to use electricity as my prime-minister, in order to test certain points experimentally as to the nature and *putting together* (*con-sti-tu-tion*) of the molecules of matter. * * * By eventually bringing high *analysis* to bear upon my experimental studies, I hope one day to do much.

"Ever yours, AUGUSTA ADA LOVELACE."

"MY DEAR MR. CROSSE: * * * Pray, don't forget to send me, with the other things, the accounts of the *old* experiments. All is as usual here; I play as much (on the harp), perhaps more, than ever, and I really do get on gloriously. You know that I believe no creature ever could WILL things like a *Byron*. And perhaps that is at the bottom of the genius-like tendencies in my family. We can throw our *whole life* and *existence*, for the time being, into whatever we *will* to do and accomplish. You know, perhaps, the family motto, '*Crede Byron.*' I think not inappropriate, and especially when united with that of the Kings, '*Labor ipse voluptas.*' Now, as I have married that motto, both *literally* and in my whole ideas and nature, I mean to do *what I mean to do.*

"In some haste, yours ever, A. A. L."

"MY DEAR MR. CROSSE: * * * I have sent a copy of the paper I lately published in 'Taylor's Scientific Memoirs.' * * * Circumstances have been such, that I have lived almost entirely secluded for some time. Those who are much *in earnest* and with *single minds* devoted to any great object in life, must find this occasionally inevitable. * * * *You* will wonder at having heard nothing from me; but you have experience and candor enough to perceive and know that God has not given to us (in *this* state of existence) more than very limited powers of expression of one's ideas and feelings. Could you come to us on Saturday week for a few days? * * * I shall be very desirous of again seeing you. You know what that means from me, and that it is no *form*, but the simple expression and result of the respect and attraction I feel for a mind that ventures to read *direct* in *God's own book*, and not merely through man's translation of that same vast and mighty work.

"Yours ever, A. A. LOVELACE."

"DEAR MR. CROSSE: Thank you for your kind and cordial letter. * * * On Monday, the 18th, then, we expect you, and on Wednesday, 20th, we will all go to Broomfield. Perhaps you have felt already, from the tone of my letter, that I am more than ever now the bride of science. Religion to me is science, and science is religion. In that deeply felt truth lies the secret of my intense devotion to the reading of God's natural works. It is reading Him, His will—His intelligence; and this again is learning to obey and to follow (to the best of our power) that will! For he who reads, who *interprets*

* The letters are in the possession of the writer of this article.

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the Divinity with a true and simple heart, then obeys and submits in acts and feelings, as by an impulse and instinct. He can't help doing so—at least, it appears so to me. And when I behold the scientific and so-called philosophers full of selfish feelings, and of a tendency to war against circumstances and Providence, I say to myself: *They* are not true priests, *they* are but halt prophets—if not absolutely false ones. They have read the great page simply with the physical eye, and with none of the spirit within. The intellectual, the moral, the religious, seem to me all naturally bound up and interlinked together in one great and harmonious whole. * * * That God is one, and that all the works and the feelings He has called into existence are ONE; this is a truth (a biblical and scriptural truth too) not in my opinion developed to the apprehension of most people in its really deep and unfathomable meaning. There is too much tendency to making *separate* and *independent bundles* of both the physical and the moral facts of the universe. Whereas, all and everything is naturally related and interconnected. A volume could I write you on this subject. * * * I think I may as well just give you a hint that I am subject at times to dreadful physical sufferings. If such should come over me at Broomfield, I may have to keep my room for a time. In that case all I require is to be *let alone*. * * * With all my wiry power and strength, I am prone at times to bodily sufferings, connected chiefly with the digestive organs, of no common degree or kind. * * * I do not regret the sufferings and peculiarities of my physical constitution. They have taught me, and continue to teach me, that which I think nothing else could have developed. It is a force and control put upon me by Providence, which I *must* obey. And the effects of this continual discipline of facts are mighty. They *tame* in the best sense of that word, and they *fan* into existence a pure, bright, holy, unselfish flame within that sheds cheerfulness and light on many. Ever yours truly,

"A. A. LOVELACE."

"MY DEAR MR. CROSSE: I have been somewhat *tardy* in replying to your last interesting letter. * * * At present I am in a very musical phase (which you will not be sorry to hear), and I am giving a good deal of time to it. Your account and diagrams of the apparatus seem promising. * * * I quite agree with you that your best and wisest refuge from all troubles is in your science. *That* is a great soother of agitated feelings, and in this respect you are indeed a fortunate person. I generally see, indeed, that there is compensation of some kind or other, in all situations, and I think lots are *very* even in this world on the whole. * * *

"Ever, very sincerely yours,

"A. A. LOVELACE."

The next letter was written immediately after a visit to Broomfield, and makes playful allusion to the philosopher's arrangements:

"MY DEAR MR. CROSSE: I found my gold pencil this morning in the pocket of the gown I wore on Tuesday evening. I believe I had put it there to *prevent* losing it, as I went up to bed that night. My journey was very wretched—so cold, so late, so dreary. I could not help lending my cloak to a lady who was my companion, and who seemed to me more delicate and in need of it than myself. This did not, however, add to my own physical comfort. Many times, after it became dusk, did I think of your hospitable 'chaos,' and wish myself back, and imagine to myself if you were all sitting down to dinner, and if you missed me at all or not. In short, I had in my own brain a very comical chaos composed of what I had left behind, and a thousand heterogenous ideas, all of them but half alive and stagnant through physical cold. * * * I have no time to say more, nor, indeed, have I anything particular to say as yet. My gold pin does not come forth—but it is not a thing of much consequence. If a stray gold pin, however, does develop itself, don't fancy it is an *electrical* production, but send it to me. My kind recollections to the various heterogeneous atoms (organic and inorganic) of your chaotic mass.

"Yours ever, A. A. L."

Increasing ill-health, and, alas, early death, closed a career which had opened with great intellectual promise. *Credo Byron.*

THE LEARNING OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

An article called "Polyglott Instruction" in the *New York Teacher* for November, published by Schermerhorn & Co., is worthy the notice of teachers and students. It is assumed, in the first place, that there is special need in America of attending to the study of languages, as our population is of a mixed linguistic complexion—and in our expected extension north and south, we shall be obliged to incorporate many more millions of foreign-tongued people—while, in our commercial *rapports* with Europe and Asia, we encounter the mother-tongues of a considerable number of our citizens, deeply rooted in the soil.

Whether as a merchant, a traveller, a navigator, an artist, a teacher, or a politician, the American has everything to gain, nothing to lose by a knowledge of languages.

To pass for a scholar and assume to be a perfect American linguist, one should be acquainted with the eight foreign tongues that are either spoken or extensively studied in North America at the present day. For common purposes, however, only four are essential—the English, Spanish, French, and German, which, according to my notions, should enter the curriculum of every well-conceived system of American education. The French, Spanish, and German as a trident, with the English as a handle, would give American boys a practical superiority over those of the other maritime nations.

With Americans, time is the golden factor of existence. They sum it up in three words: Time is money. In spite of this lucrative axiom, new studies have been constantly introduced into the prescribed course, and none taken out. Why? Simply because American civilization has become so complex that it needs all this multiple knowledge to sustain its advance. Hence the directors of public education, far from being able to suppress any subject, have, on the contrary, been compelled to seek room for fresh studies. You may depend upon it, henceforward, the American people will never be contented with a mere knowledge of reading, writing, and ciphering.

In my estimation, we should not reduce the number of the studies in our schools, but diminish their bulk, teach the essentials, and leave details and minutiæ to be acquired later.

The science of teaching must not halt to witness without following the progress of the rival sciences. A current of electricity should run through its methods. The laws of grammatical analogy, or correspondence between different idioms, should be resorted to in order to condense to a few general rules the mass of particular rules now taught and repeated in every national grammar, just as if each language were the only language on earth.

In application of these laws of analogy, if I had the five European languages to teach, I should compile a list of the sounds heard in each language, sift

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them carefully, and prepare a table showing where, in their phonology, these several idioms coincide, and where they diverge.

Not taking into account superfine distinctions, the English comprehends thirty-six sounds. The Italian has no sound not found in English. The French yields to our exploration six additional sounds, and the Spanish and German one, the same for both. In all, we find forty-three sounds. Now, drill a class on this phonic chart, and, tell me, do you not, by this simultaneous exercise on all the sounds of the five languages, save the time that would be spent on each, and avoid the confusion natural to the disconnected presentation of five alphabets?

After having graduated from the sounds, the pupil is led to their written representation. There, we present anew a comparative view of their calligraphic and printed peculiarities.

Attacking the study and memorizing of words when we have mastered the sounds which compose them and the letters by which they are rendered visible, it is in our power to invest that study with the most pleasurable interest by a constant *rapprochement* of their resemblances, and by an incessant repetition of their contrasted dissimilarities.

After the sounds, letters, and signification of the isolated word have been exhibited, the instructor is brought to treat of the articles of the grammatical code by which the changes and syntactical combinations of the words are regulated. One single definition of the parts of speech, instead of a fivefold one, would suffice. The declension of nouns or its absence, the simplicity of the conjugation of the verbs or its intricacies, are themes which could not fail to afford a wide field for comparison and an incentive to thought.

Provided with the proper knowledge of the sounds, letters, etymology, and rules pertaining to the several languages, the student is ready to essay the practical work of conversation, the highest point of the edifice, the successive layers of which have been previously laid down. The scholars go round from one class-room to another, and familiarize their ears and tongues with the tone, accent, and that seeming continuity that exists in the foreign idiom.

Through the method indicated here, or some other equally comprehensive, the labor of learning this fivefold brace of languages could be broadened into general grammar and shortened at the same time.

KNICKNACKS.

In one or two churches where I have been of late, I have seen long strips of worsted work laid on the front shelf of the pews. They were worked on very coarse canvas, with a verse of Scripture, such as "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," in shades of yellow and brown wool on a red ground, with a border of the yellow and brown all round. They were made exactly the length of the shelf, and bound round with cord, and were not stuffed, but merely lined with brown holland, or something with substance enough to give them a little firmness. Young ladies are very fond of working for churches, so, perhaps, this may prove a useful hint.

Pretty things are made now to prevent the water splashes marking the paper of a room by the washing stands. You must procure a piece of stiff cardboard the size you want, and then cover it with longitudinal folds of tissue paper, white and colored alternately, much after the fashion that silk is put in the front of a cottage piano. To finish it off, make a thick border of leaves cut in white and colored paper, and sewn one upon the other about three broad.—ARDERN HOLT.

THE DWARF ORANGE.

The kumquat, or dwarf orange-tree of China, has been imported in good condition at Los Angeles, Cal. They are not over two feet high, and, when well cultivated, are covered with blossoms and fruit of fine quality. An acre of ground would contain over four thousand of such trees; and although each tree would not produce more than six or eight medium sized oranges, yet the yield per acre would largely overbalance that of standard trees.

Our Southern cultivators would find it to their advantage to introduce this variety into their orange groves.

We copy the above from an exchange. What a charming addition these orange-trees would be to the beauty and fragrance of such limited spaces as the parlor *jardiniere* or conservatory!

New Publications.

Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena; or, The Snow Bird," &c., &c. With a Biography of the Author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Robert Graham. A Sequel to "Linda."

These two handsome volumes, the first of a uniform edition to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, will be welcomed with delight by the numerous admirers of Mrs. Hentz. We have old copies of some of her stories laid away to be rebound, read to pieces by the young folks, who honestly believe there is nothing in fiction like them. And looking over these pages it is easy to see why they captivate. The spirit of the rosy morning of life is through them all. The pure, young heart finds mirrored there its own sweet, glowing hopes and radiant visions, and holy aspirations.

The Woman Who Dared. By Epes Sargent. "Honest Liberty is the geatest foe to dishonest license."—JOHN MILTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philadelphia.

An interesting story in verse, eloquent against

* * * That social system
Hollow and false, which leaves for dowerless girls
Few honorable outlooks for support
Excepting marriage. Poor, dependent, helpless,
Untaught in any craft that could be made
To yield emolument—our average women—
What can they do but take the common path
And lead some honest man to think that they
Are wedding *him*, and not his bank account?
Let woman, equally with man, be bred
To learn with thoroughness some craft or trade
By which she may support herself at least,
You place her more at liberty to shun
Unions no priest, no church can sanctify!"
* * * * * * * *
'Woman is but the complement of man!'"
Granted. But why stop there? And why not add—
"Man, too, is but the complement of woman?
And both are free! And Nature never meant
For either, harder rule than that of Love,
Intelligent and willing as the sun."

These passages glimpse at the reformatory features of Mr. Sargent's book. There is a pretty rural picture where Linda and her protégé go out on a picnic. But do the wild-wood treasures come

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all together in New England? With us, in this latitude, the wind-flower comes in April, and hardly stays to see the columbine and buttercup, and the wild strawberry blossom; never can it be found when strawberries are ripe. The early spring flowers, a frail sisterhood, vanish utterly before summer comes. Perhaps Mr. Sargent, with all his loving enjoyment of nature, has not studied her dainty details with pre-Raphaelite fidelity. The following lines are poetic in thought and expression:

"Oh! sunshine and blue sky and genial airs!
To human happiness, like daily bread,
Your blessings come, till the unthinking heart
Recks not the debt we owe your silent powers,
If ye can give so much, what may not He,
Of whose omnipotence ye are but shadows,
Have in reserve in His eternities!"

—

The Soprano. A Musical Story. By Jane Kingsford. Boston: Loring, publisher. For sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philadelphia.

Exceedingly interesting for all readers from its easy, attractive style, and life-like incidents, and especially worthy the notice of those who are trying to learn the art of singing. So many useful hints, so many invaluable instructions are given, that we advise students of vocal music to make a point of procuring a copy. It cannot be as well known as it should be, for instance, that "without perfect health a singer cannot hope to succeed," and the physiological reasons for this impossibility. The pages about the structure of the throat, revealed by the laryngoscope, and all the physical minutiæ of the modus operandi of singing, are of the greatest moment to learners. We make an extract for the edification of musical ladies:

"My second lesson began. It was mainly practice in governing the flow of the breath. After a few exercises in trying to breathe easily and steadily, Miss Sherwin remarked that my breathing seemed labored.

"'Do you wear a tight dress, Miss Ward?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you not know that it is a positive bar to success as a vocalist?'

"'No; how can it be? My belt may be tight, but it is too low to compress my lungs.'

"'That is the very reason it does compress them. If it passed round the chest it would not do half the harm. The walls of the chest are rigid and nearly immovable. It is only when you compress the soft viscera at the waist, that a wrong is done. Being soft and pliable, they are easily pushed out of place. Your tight belt is probably squeezing them frightfully, and, as they cannot escape, they protrude themselves upward into the space occupied by the lungs. The lungs being soft and sponge-like, yield readily to the pressure from below, and being cramped for room cannot expand to their full size. The effect upon your singing must be evident. Suppose, for experiment, you take off your belt, and loosen your dress.'

"I did so, and we returned to our exercises at the piano. It was a perfect revelation. To tell the truth, I have never worn a tight dress from that day to this. If Miss Sherwin had never given me another lesson, this one bit of information would have been very well worth the cost of a quarter's instruction."

Nidworth, and His Three Magic Wands. By E. Prentiss, author of "The Susy Books," &c.

One of the best books of its kind, for children's reading, yet teaching lessons none of us, at any age, learn too well. The true wisdom of life is exemplified by the possession successively of the three powers, riches, knowledge, love, conferred by three magic wands. The pictures are clearly and most attractively painted, the conclusions unanswerable.

—

The Writings of Madame Swetchine. Edited by Count de Fallond, of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Turner, Brothers & Co., Philadelphia.

For those to whom this lady is a new name, we quote from the translator's note:

"No woman of our time has felt more deeply, or reasoned more keenly on subjects of supreme moment, than she; few women, of any time, have possessed in a more remarkable degree the gift of gracious and vivid expression. The story of her early doubts and struggles was told in the previous volume; in this we have the fruit of her self-conquest, the gentle admonitions of her ripened wisdom, the last serene results of her rich opportunities and her reverent life."

The chapters on Resignation are wonderfully rich in pure, exalted, consoling wisdom. It is hard to refrain from quoting passages that please us, but these are too many and too good to choose from.

"Let us eliminate from our lives all that is not marked with the seal of the divine will. 'Every man,' says St. Gregory of Nyssa, 'is the painter and the sculptor of his own life.' In the midst of the original endowments of destiny, over which we have apparently no control, we do not realize—weak, fettered, and clogged as we are, how great our power still is.

"Man resisting God, is Satan in his colossal deformity. Man, obedient, aids God in his work. Nature, when she issued from the hands of the Creator, obeyed once for all. Man's true glory is to obey God each moment and forever. * * * * * * * Observe it is only the inner man who can grow unceasingly, and has an indefinite capability of advancement. With the carnal man the case is exactly reversed. The confines of life and of matter hamper him on all sides.

"Between these two contrary attractions, there is but one ambition worthy of us; that, namely, which insures our progress in the spiritual life."

These are familiar truths, none more so, the reader may say; but if a spirit as uncommon as it is superior is not revealed in the expression of them, we have not chosen happily among the shining thoughts—that is all.

It cannot fail to be remarked throughout the book that Miss Preston has done her work well. She must be peculiarly fitted by her delicate discretion and nice discrimination in the choice of words for the difficult task of the translator.

—

Popping the Question; or, The Belle of the Ball. By Mrs. Gordon Smithies, author of "The Jilt," "The Breach of Promise," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

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Major Jones's Sketches of Travel. By the author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With illustrations from designs by Darley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

—

My Daughter Ellinor. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is not often that we are beguiled into reading a novel all through, but this is evidently by a writer of rare power. He takes for his field of action the upper-ten-dom of America, especially fashionable life in New York; and shows himself delightfully at home among high-bred, accomplished people; while his quick sense of the ludicrous finds abundant material in the vulgarities of the suddenly wealthy, who find the good things of the world an *embarras de richesse*, distressing to themselves, and laughable to others.

"My Daughter Ellinor" is one of the queens of society, by natural right and by high position. Her love for her father, and unbounded faith in him are beautifully told, but the crown of her queenliness is her true and noble womanhood, tested as by fire. She sends her lover away to marry the woman who has a prior claim upon him, without taking time to think that her own life is thereby desolated. The most urgent need of her love is the worthiness of its object. At all costs, she would have him the true and honorable man who alone can hold her heart. Purity of soul—righteousness of action, primarily and absolutely—this she exacts; identifying herself with her beloved—choosing blessedness and sacrificing happiness for both. The story is well carried out, except the inconsistency of making Ellinor afterward think of marrying another. However, it is lively and entertaining as well as deeply interesting, and we shall not spoil it for the reader by telling whether it ends well or ill.

—

The Physical Life of Woman: Advice to the Maiden, Wife, and Mother. By George H. Napheys, A.M., M.D., Member of Philadelphia County Medical Society, &c., &c. Philadelphia: George Maclean, 719 Sansom street.

The best work of the kind that we have seen—clear, concise, vigorous, and straightforward in style, dignified and pure, and sensible in spirit. We quote the opinion of Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M.D., of Elmira, than whom a more competent critic cannot be found.

"In this book Dr. Napheys has met a real want of the age. There are many things incident to woman's physical organization which she needs to know, and concerning which she still does not want to ask a physician, and may not have one at hand when she most desires the information. This book can be easily read, and perfectly understood by those not familiar with medical terms. All matters of delicacy are treated with freedom, and still with a purity of thought and expression which is above criticism.

"For many years we have been often asked for just such a book, and shall gladly commend it to the many wives and mothers who want for themselves and grown-up daughters such a book of helps and hints for home life."

—

German Tales. By Berthold Auerbach. With an Introduction by Charles C. Shackford. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Turner Brothers & Co.

This is one of the "Handy Volume" series, in pretty red binding. Auerbach's stories are always unexceptionable, and those in this volume are faithful in their delineation of German peasant life. We like best "Gellert's Last Christmas," "Benigna," and "Erdmutha."

Receipts.

Soup a La Bonne Femme.—Two quarts of rich white stock, six eggs, three quarters of a pint of cream, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one cucumber, three lettuces, one onion, a bunch of chervil, three quarters of a pound of butter, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt to your taste. Shred up your vegetables and place them in a stewpan with three quarters of a pound of butter, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt, simmer them over a slow fire for about twelve minutes; then add a tablespoonful of flour; add the white stock, and stir it over the fire till the soup boils; then put it on one side to simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. When the soup is ready, as it will then be, warm it again over the fire, and add to it a *liaison* of six eggs, three quarters of a pint of cream, and a dessertspoonful of powdered white sugar. Time, one hour.

To Roast Venison.—Spit a haunch of venison and butter well four sheets of paper, two of which put on the haunch. Then make a paste of flour, butter, and water; roll it out half as big as the haunch, and put it over the fat part; then put the other two sheets of paper on, and tie them with packthread. Lay it to a brisk fire, and baste it well all the time of roasting. If a large haunch of twenty-four pounds, it will take three hours and a half, smaller in proportion.

Venison Steaks, Broiled.—Wash, and wipe them dry. Put them on the gridiron, over a clear fire, and broil them; then season with salt and pepper, and baste them with butter. Serve with currant jelly.

Potato Fritters.—Take five or six large, mealy potatoes (peachblows are the best), and slice them lengthwise, about one fifth of an inch in thickness, throwing the slices into cold water as they are cut. Have ready a deep griddle on the fire in which some lard or nice drippings have been melted; lay the slices in separately, and sprinkle them with salt. Fry them to a nice brown on one side; then turn and brown the other. Try them with a fork, and as soon as one piece is thoroughly done, dip it in batter and return it to the griddle. By the time the last piece is dipped, the first will need turning. As soon as the fritters are browned on both sides, lay them on a heated dish and put more on the griddle. They need constant attention, to keep them from becoming too crisp or burned. Half a teacupful of sweet milk, one egg, a little salt, and flour enough to make it of the consistency of pound-cake, is a good receipt for the batter. Apples sliced and cooked in the same manner and eaten with sugar make a good dessert.

Boiled Turkey or Fowls.—Clean and wash your turkey, stuff with bread, butter, &c., and, if you have them, some oysters. Have the water boiling, with

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a little salt; put in the fowl, breast downward. Skim the pot often. Do not let it boil till the skin breaks, as it is then disfigured. Oyster sauce.

To Cook Rabbits.—After skinning they are thoroughly freed from blood with cold water. They are then left over night in weak salt water, which is poured off in the morning, and new salt water added, in which they stand until ready for cooking. This water is made just salt enough to fit the flesh for eating. They are then boiled until tender, when the meat is taken out, and flour and butter, first rubbed together, is stirred in, and well peppered, and the whole poured over toast, upon which the meat is laid. A few sprigs of parsley added, improve the taste for many persons.

To Pickle Oysters.—Wash four dozen of the largest oysters you can get in their own liquor; a dessertspoonful of pepper, two blades of mace, a tablespoonful of salt, and four of vinegar. Simmer the oysters a few minutes in the liquor, then put them into small unglazed stone jars, or green-glass jars; boil the pickle up; skim it, and when cold, pour it over the oysters; tie them down with a bladder over them. For lunch or supper they are excellent.

Plum Pudding.—Four eggs, about one dozen crackers, one pint of new milk, one teacup of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of prunes, a grated nutmeg. Bake about an hour, or rather better.

Orange Pie.—Take the juice and pulp of six large, sour oranges, and the grated rind of four, a little salt, three cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, four cupfuls of water, six spoonfuls of rice flour. Mix these ingredients well together, make a good short crust, and bake like other pies.

Apple Souffle.—Six or eight apples, some white sugar, yelks and whites of three eggs, a quarter of a pint of cream, or new milk, sugar to taste. Peel and cut the apples; boil them with a little white sugar, and mash them smooth. Make a custard with the yelks of three well-beaten eggs, quarter of a pint of cream or new milk, and white sugar to taste. Have the apples and custard ready; make a ring round the dish with the apples, and put the custard in the middle. Whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and put them over the custard and apples. Sift sugar over it, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Potato Suet Pudding.—Take a pound of mealy potatoes, boiled and mashed smooth; add four ounces of chopped beef-suet, three eggs, a little milk, sugar to taste, and a good dessertspoonful of powdered ginger. Put it into a well-floured cloth and boil for an hour. Serve, turned into a dish, with saffron or sweet sauce poured over it.

Pudding Sauce.—One quart of boiling water, four large tablespoonfuls of white or light brown sugar, two do. of flour, one do. of butter, one teaspoonful of salt; nutmeg or cinnamon to taste. Two tablespoonfuls of currant or blackberry wine or cider are a great improvement. Boil the whole together for ten minutes. It is necessary to mix the flour with a portion of cold water before adding it to the boiling water.

Ginger Snaps.—One pint of baking molasses, one pound of sugar, quarter pound of lard, half ounce ginger, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Work the lard, molasses, and sugar together, and add flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out thin, cut with a round cake-cutter, and bake quickly.

Flaxseed Jelly for a Cough.—A coffee-cup of flaxseed, two quarts of water; boil several hours, until reduced to a jelly, strain through a thin cloth, squeeze in the pulp and juice of a large lemon; roll a quarter of a pound of best raisins, mix them in the jelly; simmer, without boiling, one hour; strain again, add half a teacup of the best loaf sugar. Take a tablespoonful every hour.

Washing Silk.—No person should ever wring or crush a piece of silk when it is wet, because the creases thus made will remain forever, if the silk is thick and hard. The way to wash silk is to spread it smoothly upon a clean board, rub white soap upon it, and brush it with a clean, hard brush. The silk must be rubbed until all the grease is extracted, then the soap should be brushed off with clean, cold water, applied to both sides. The cleansing of silk is a very nice operation. Most of the colors are liable to be extracted with washing in hot suds, especially blue and green colors. A little alum, dissolved in the last water that is brushed on silk, tends to prevent the colors from running. Alcohol and camphene, mixed together, is used for removing grease from silk.

Scotch Method of Washing Woolen Shawls.—Scrape one pound of soap, boil it down in sufficient water. When cooling, beat it with the hand; it will be a sort of jelly. Add three tablespoonfuls of spirit of turpentine, and one of spirit of hartshorn. Wash the articles thoroughly in it. Then rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Mangle, and iron with a very cool iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Only use the salt where there are delicate colors that may strike.

PATTERNS FOR JANUARY.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Panier Tunic,	40 cts.
Metternich Mantle,	40 "
Cambric Nightcap,	10 "
Corsage forming a Pardessus,	30 "
Dressing Jacket,	30 "
Lady's Waterproof Cloak, with Sleeves and Hood,	50 "

It consists of back, front, sleeve, and hood, and both back and front will require lengthening about 32 inches equally all round. The sleeve is cut quite straight, and is to be gathered in at the wrists by an elastic run underneath, about 1½ inch from the bottom, so as to leave a sort of quilled cuff; the back of the sleeve is to be placed on the folded edge of cloth, so there will only be a seam in the front of the arm, and this seam is very slightly hollowed in at the elbow: there is a notch in the front of arm-hole to show where the seam of the sleeve must be placed. The back is to be made without seam in the middle, and the fronts should have on one side a row of buttons reaching nearly to the bottom, on the other side the buttonholes may be worked in the edge of front itself, or in a fly sewn underneath. The hood is of the round form; the straight edge is the middle of back, and is to be placed on the double edge of cloth so as to have no seam at this part; the neck is to be pleated into the neck of the cloak, the point being placed at the notch, cut in the neck part of the front; the pleats are indicated by cuts. The outside, or round edge of the hood, must have a ribbon run in underneath, about 1½ inch from the edge, which is drawn in and tied with a bow and ends to form the shape of hood; we have indicated the place of this runner by a row of pricking.

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These cloaks are among the most useful of lady's garments, and are most comfortable in wear. They are generally made in waterproof tweeds, Meltons, or twills, dark gray or mixed brown being the most favorite colors. In buying these cloths ladies should take care that they are *really* waterproof, which may easily be ascertained by gathering up an end or corner, and pouring a little water on it. If the waterproofing is inferior it will soak through in a few minutes, especially if rubbed in with the fingers. If it is thoroughly waterproof the water will run off, as it would from the back of an aquatic bird.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—A rose-colored silk with three flounces of the same, and one of lace. Overdress of spotted muslin trimmed with lace, arranged Watteau fashion, and finished with a rose-colored bow.

FIG. 2.—A costume of blue and plaid striped silk, with overdress and trimming of plain blue silk.

FIG. 3.—Robe of plain white muslin, trimmed with embroidered ruches, which also compose the rosette at the waist behind.

FIG. 4.—A rich brown silk poplin, trimmed with fringe, and with ruches and bands of satin of another shade. Velvet hat trimmed with velvet and feather all matching the suit.

FIG. 5.—A blue and white striped silk, with a flounce cut bias, surmounted with a ruche of china crèpe, bound with blue, and a blue pleating above it. Tunic of white crèpe, embroidered with blue, and trimmed with ruches of the same, bound with blue.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Of fashions there is little to say; in fact, there have been but very few changes since last winter—as a rule, the dresses made then serve very well for the present season. The Watteau style continues to reign; paniers at the back, skirts looped up at the sides, and richly trimmed petticoats are still as popular as last winter.

Worth introduces into his toilets the points, the ruffled sleeves, and the frills of old. He has a manner of draping trains over dresses which is inimitable.

Tyrolese jackets are made of green cloth, trimmed with velvet or seal-fur; these almost fit the figure, and are very graceful as well as warm. Of this green beaver cloth Hungarian jackets are made and faced with astrakan. The Turkish jackets, of imperial blue sable cloth, are worn for the house, and are trimmed with insertions of fur or velvet, and with rich braiding.

Laces of all descriptions have almost displaced the little linen collar. They are a softer and more becoming finish to a toilet. The Queen Bess ruffs are the most fashionable mode of morning lace, and they are made in the richest point down to the cheapest imitation Valenciennes. Velvet and moire ribbons edged with velvet form pretty trimmings; fringes of all kinds, and, lately chenille fringes are fashionable.

The hair being raised higher than ever on the top of the head, though now drooping very low down in the neck, there can be no material change in the shape of bonnets, which still occupy but a very small space upon the front part of the head, leaving all the back of it and the ears entirely uncovered, except for the tulle veils, which become large in the same proportion as the bonnets themselves become small.

The only changes are the height, the long gossamer veil and the strings being again below the chin. Bands of soft, rich, delicate silk are tied in a coquettish bow beneath the dimpled, rosy chin, or hide, without apparent art, the age, which first shows traces on the neck. The trimmings are chiefly feathers laid on in varied styles.

The hats are in two or three shapes. The Tyrolese, high, made of felt or of straw, indented at the crown, and trimmed with cock's feathers. The Richelieu hat is somewhat of the old cavalier shape, and is trimmed with a handsome buckle in front, by which a sweeping ostrich feather is kept in place. These hats are worn with a gossamer veil of the same color as the feather, which is flung loosely round the neck, and looped through the folds. It is the hat which suits a lady when she goes out on foot with her dress looped up. For visits, for ceremonies, such as weddings or christenings, the train shaped dress is *de rigueur*, and the capulet is the style of coiffure which best harmonizes with it. The capulet resembles in shape the head-gear worn by the holy women of Scripture, such as we see them in ancient pictures. It is a plain velvet bandeau, with a large draped veil of gauze or lace depending from it, thrown over the neck and shoulders, and fastened in front under a brooch or other ornament. The capulet is now made of black or white lace, lined with colored silk.

[Announcement.]

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.—In the course of less than twenty years, this company have grown from a very small beginning, to be the most celebrated and extensive makers of instruments of the organ and melodeon kind in the world. They make first-class organs only, and of these produce and sell more than six thousand per annum. Yet, so well is the reputation of their work established, and so great the demand for it, that, notwithstanding this enormous production, they are constantly behind orders, and it is often necessary to wait several weeks to obtain one of their instruments. Their organs rank highest not only in this country, but in Europe, where the demand for them is rapidly increasing.

This remarkable success is undoubtedly owing greatly to their superior skill in this speciality, and to the very important improvements they have effected; but it is the result, almost in an equal measure perhaps, of adherence to, and energetic pursuit of, certain principles. Inflexible rules with them are (1) to do the *very best work only*, availing themselves of every improvement, and being careful to suffer no inferior instrument to leave their factory, and (2) to sell always at smallest remunerative profits, having fixed prices which are alike to all.

Any one buying an organ made by this company, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has one of the best instruments of the class which can be made, and this at the lowest price at which such work can be afforded.

[Announcement.]

I can inform any one interested, of *hundreds* of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear that to-day *are in better working condition than one entirely new.* I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of sewing machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in sewing machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

GEO. L. CLARK.

Lyndenville, N. Y.

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See Prospectus on last page of Cover.

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THE

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OF

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Engraved & Printed by Elman Brothers.

THE FIRST BALL.

Engraved expressly for the Lady's Friend.

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THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
The daughter of Paul the Bold—
Paul the eloquent preacher,
The scoffer at rank and gold;
Paul, you know, with the gray beard,
Looking a century old—
Paul who stands in the market-place,
Raving of Justice, and Faith, and Grace.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
She sits in her cheery nook,
There you may daily find her,
Good sir, an you care to look—
Glancing anon to her needle,
Anon to the page of her book;
And smoothly as runs the silken thread,
So run the thoughts of the book in her head.

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WALKING-TOILETS.

No. 1.—Little girl's toilet. The first, on the left side, for a little girl from eight to ten years old, is composed of a frock, blue and black, with a flounce cut on the cross round the bottom, and almost plain. Metternich of white molleton, scalloped out and bound with black velvet. Sash and bow of black velvet. Velvet toquet and bunch of feathers placed at the back.

No. 2.—Another toilet for a little girl from four to eight years old. This poplin frock is trimmed round the bottom with a pleated flounce, headed with black velvet spangled with gold. Tight-fitting casaque.

No. 3.—Walking-toilet for a young girl or married lady. Dress of fancy woollen material, trimmed with cross-strips of poult de soie of the same tint, and small bows of silk fastening down the bars which form an apron upon the skirt. Second skirt commencing on each side, and falling into a tunic at the back. Bodice with waistcoat front, basques, and a double pelerine, the first forming a pointed collar, the second proceeding from the arm-holes and falling down to the waist. Black velvet hat, trimmed with cross-strip of poult de soie, and with a bunch of feathers placed at the back of the hat.

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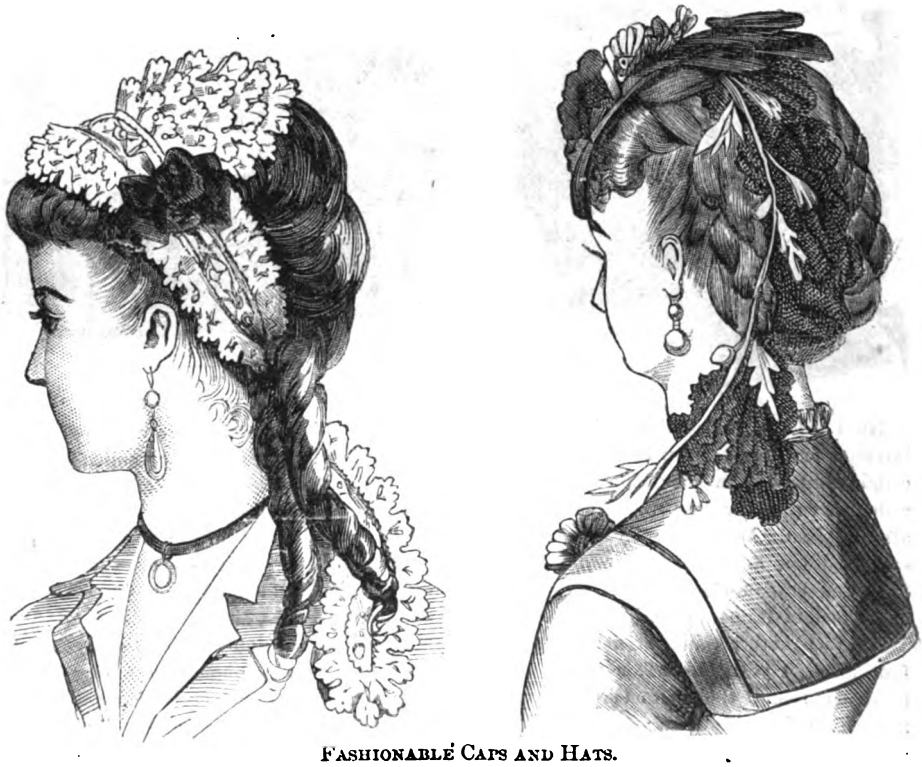

FASHIONABLE CAPS AND HATS.

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No. 1.—Velvet toque with a coronet of leaves in front, and a rose at the side; black gauze veil twisted round the throat and falling at the back.

No. 3.—Mauve velvet toque, with torsade and feathers to match; violet velvet bow under the chin; black lace collier, with velvet rouleau.

No. 2.—Green felt hat, ornamented with peacock's feathers; a black spotted net veil falls at the back.

No. 4.—The Medici bonnet, made of black velvet, bound with crimson satin and ornamented with crimson feathers; black velvet strings.

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[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

I WISH THAT I WAS YOUNG AGAIN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY D. H. WAKEFIELD.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

With expression.

I wish that I was young a - gain, To gambol o'er the hills, o

p

roam amid the woodlands wild, And hear the murm'ring rill; To

wan - der by the water - fall, And listen to the jay; To

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Lee & Walker, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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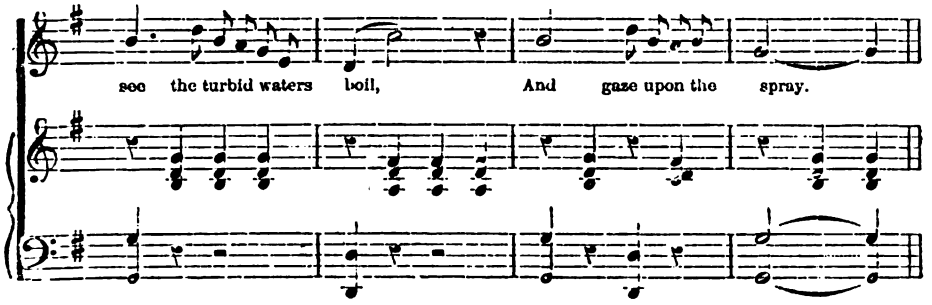

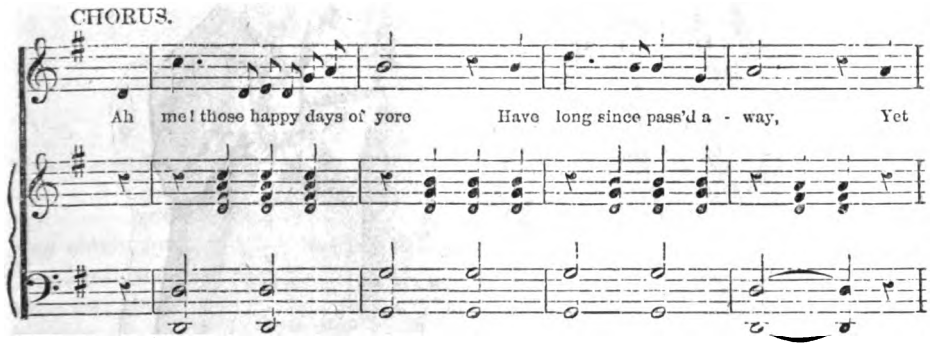

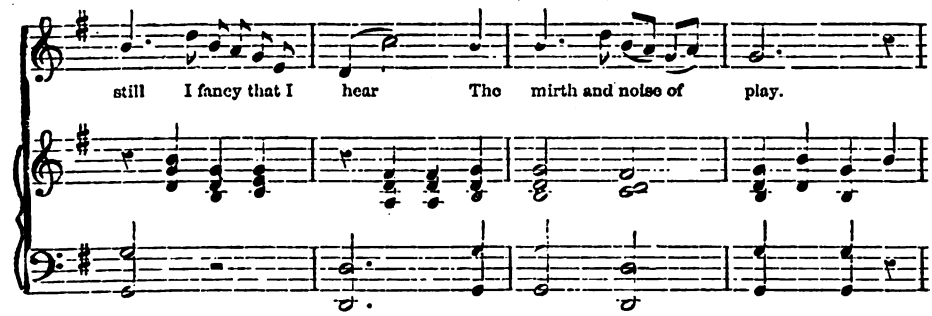

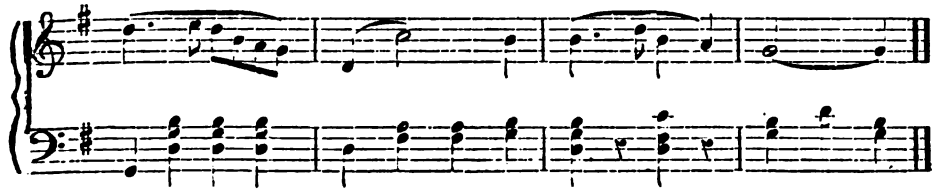

I wish that I was young again,
And with my playmates fair,
Beneath that shady apple-tree
That stood this side the pear;
Then Sister Mae and Kate were near,
And Brother John was there;
Oh! those were happy days to me,
Bereft of toil and care.
Ah me! those happy days of yore
Have long since passed away,
I fancy still I hear the laugh
Of Kate, and John, and Mae.

I wish that I was young again,
And in my rosy youth—
Ah! no, 'tis well that I should feel
And realize the truth;
'Tis well our dreams of youth should pass
Like bubbles on the blast,
For day by day old friends depart
To where the weary rest.
Ah me! those happy days of yore
Have long since pass'd away,
And I shall soon be buried low
With Kate, and John, and Mae.

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tioning, her tenderest sympathy clung to Arria. Why had heaven made her so beautiful and so sad? Why was there nothing in the world for her to do and enjoy? Why was she married to this man, whom so evidently she could not love?—and why had not even her child been left to help to make its father dear?

Meantime, Sargent, down-stairs, was saying—"So the pretty novice is ill? *Very* pretty she is, Mrs. Carlyle."

"Yes, and *very* conscious of it you are. How fortunate it is for you that you are still young and impressionable. I feel as if I were a hundred years old for all the interest I take in new people. A man might be handsome as Apollo, and beguiling as Aaron Burr, and I should be as unmoved as if he were neither."

"You forget that you have the ægis of matrimony to protect you. When a woman's heart is safely anchored in the love of her husband, of course she is not liable to be tossed about by every wind that blows. You should consider that I am but a pleasure-craft, at liberty to skim whatever seas are bluest, and seek whatever shores tempt."

Mrs. Carlyle did not speak—as I have said, she was not a woman of many words—but she looked at him, with something in her eyes which moved him more than any spoken reproach. Oddly enough, he thought of the dog Gelert, and fancied the faithful hound might have looked with such eyes when he licked for the last time the hand of the master who had killed him. When he spoke again, it was with no mocking cadence, but very earnestly.

"You, Arria, ought to wish that pretty faces could be more to me than the fleeting show they are—that some wounds were not so long in healing, and when healed, did not leave behind them such awful numbness."

"They *are* healed, then?"

The voice through which the keen pain throbbed audibly was scarcely louder than a whisper—so low, indeed, that Sargent felt justified in ignoring it altogether, and turning to the piano, and drumming out an accompaniment with one hand, began to sing:

> "'Love is hurt with jar and fret—
> Love is made a vague regret.
> Eyes with idle tears are wet—
> Idle habit links us yet—
> What is love? for we forget:
> Is it so?'

"Arria, why did you never care more about Tennyson?"

"I suppose because I had no gift for enthusiasm. I never cared much about but one thing."

It seemed impossible for Sargent not to be bitter when she touched ever so lightly the chord of old memories. He chose to appear to misunderstand her.

"How very fortunate Mr. Carlyle is," he said, "that is, if it be not disrespectful to speak of him as a thing."

"I certainly could not mean to speak disrespectfully of my husband, when I know him to be so well worthy of all respect," Mrs. Carlyle answered proudly; and a certain ice of dignity came into her manner which had not been there before conscience pricked her. It was the one honest purpose of her life to do her duty in the station to which she had called herself; and just here and now she experienced an ignominious sense of failure.

Soon Sargent got up to go away. Nell, all alone up-stairs, heard his horse led round, and went to the window to watch him off. She saw him mount, a handsome athlete, and, looking back, nod a gay good-by toward the house, then canter down the avenue, riding like a centaur.

He came out again several times, ostensibly to inquire for Nell; but he sat each time in Mrs. Carlyle's morning-room for an hour, falling, now that once more the occasion favored, into the old habit of constant association, which before Nell came had begun to be one of the trials of Job Carlyle's life.

Sargent had been a struggling lawyer at the time of Arria's marriage, pursuing eagerly whatever business came in his way, and with little time for anything else. Mrs. Carlyle had not needed to struggle for the social pre-eminence which had been immediately accorded to her own beauty and her husband's wealth; so that she became at once a leader in society; and for a long time the woman of the world and the hurried man of affairs had met very seldom. Whatever of sentiment had been between them in the past, had not come to Mr. Carlyle's knowledge, and its ghost, therefore, did not trouble him. He was madly in love with his wife; and in those early days was full of hope that his lavish generosity and his untiring love for her would win her heart in time. It was the act of a man in his dotage to marry a woman with no better security for his happiness than this—but how many men, all along the world's history, have drank the fine wine of love, and turned fools or mad?

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Within a few years after their marriage, he had taken Arria abroad, and had been proud of her everywhere. In Rome, in Florence, in brilliant Paris, he had seen no fairer face; and everywhere the proud, silent, beautiful American had queened it royally. Her husband saw that no one came nearer to her than himself—that Venus Victrix in the Louvre was not more unmoved by her worshippers—and while his pride in her grew daily, and his sad, despairing love for her consumed his tired old heart, he began to doubt whether it was in her nature to take a real, vital interest in any living man—whether from her superb organization had not been omitted the trifling detail of a heart. In one way this lack promised safety, and offered a sorrowful comfort; but the old man who loved her had asked for bread, and had been given, instead, a stone.

Before they came back from Europe, Howard Sargent had inherited an entirely unexpected fortune, from a queer client—a man without kith or kin, whom he had served faithfully as a lawyer, and then cheered through the tedium of a long illness as a friend. One morning Sargent awoke and found himself rich. "How the gods tantalize us by sending all our good gifts too late!" he said to himself, a little unthankfully. By that time he had become a success in his profession. A fortune of his own making was assured to him so he but worked for it; and now, suddenly, all incentive to work was taken away. His first resolve was to go on in his own career, and either not to touch the money, or to give it grandly to some needy charity—but, after dinner, he began to feel that to work only when one chose and as one chose, was an advantage not to be despised. He concluded not to turn his back on a bed of roses, and so entered into his possessions with self-congratulation.

When the Carlyles came back, therefore, he was quite ready to cultivate the society of his Cousin Arria, and become the friend of the family. He believed that the old wound was thoroughly healed—that she was no more to him than other handsome women, except in so far as she was handsomer than other women. The pity of it was, as he had told her, that the heart which had outgrown the pain of its wound was numb. He had become cynical. He sneered at women, a little—was amused rather than touched by them. Arria's attempts to do all her wifelike duties it entertained him to watch—and to look at her beauty was better than living in an art-gallery. So he went out to Longwood often, and after awhile something of discomfort, which yet he would have scorned to call jealousy, was aroused in Job Carlyle by his frequent presence.

Miss Revere's coming had been a welcome diversion; and it was true that she had interested Sargent more than any one he had met since the old, old days when he believed in Arria.

He had thought faith in women no longer possible to him; but he believed in Nell, in spite of himself. Her frank innocence, her fresh, yet wise simplicity, were as patent to him as her beauty. He felt the womanliness in her. If she loved, she would love long and well—she would "not love amiss." But of trying to win her for himself he did not so early begin to think. He was almost twice as old as she. From the altitude of his superior years and his superior wisdom, it pleased him to look down on the gay little butterfly, sporting her summer day in the sun.

Now, however, that she was ill, and he could not watch her, his interest went back to Arria; and he saw something new in her manner—a suppressed passion, a struggle which she tried to conceal, a disquiet which was preying on her very beauty. How much did she feel? Her few words revealed little. Did she regret the past? Was the splendor for which she had sold herself, the society in which she shone, a weariness to her? Was this discontent her prevailing mood—or only something which now and then, evoked by his presence, looked passionately out of her eyes, or trembled, a plaintive minor chord, in her voice? The very silence which was so natural to her allured him with its provocation; and he began to be keenly interested about what chance looks or words might come to enlighten him in their next meeting.

If Nell had gone away in those days, I wonder whether he would ever have thought much more about her? I fancy that at least he would have remembered her as the most fresh and innocent and altogether guileless little beauty who had ever come unspoiled out of Arcadia. As for her, she was thinking about him, even in those early days, more than she realized, and more than was quite good for her. The color was coming back to her cheeks, and a nightingale had expelled the frog from her throat, and taken musical possession; and before the day of Mrs. Saltonstall's party she was quite ready to come down-stairs, and go on with her own little life-drama.

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On the last day of her seclusion, Mr. Carlyle, coming home early to dinner, found Sargent, as he so often had before, in his wife's morning-room. He had long felt a vague pain over the closeness of this intimacy which he had never yet put into words. But to-day some expression in his wife's face struck him, with a spark of illumination which burned to a white heat of resolve. When the visitor was gone, he sat down by Arria with something masterful and compelling in his face and manner which was new to her, and roused her to curious attention.

"Arria," he said very calmly, "were you ever in love with that man?"

Mrs. Carlyle was a brave woman; and with women truth is so often a mere question of courage. She had no fear of any blow which could be dealt to her by other hands than Sargent's. It is possible that real love for her husband might have made even her cowardly; but she was brave by nature, and, not loving, she did not falter.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I was."

"And he with you?"

"He said so."

"Engaged to him, perhaps?"

"No, it never came to that. We understood from the first that circumstances were against us. My uncle was willing enough to provide for me until I should marry, but he would do nothing for me afterward. I was not fit for a poor man's wife—not good enough, or unselfish enough. I should only have been a clog upon him; and the love was simply a misfortune to be gotten over."

Job Carlyle was silent for a space. Then he said, with a look in his eyes which his wife never forgot—"When you married me I knew that you did not love me; but I had a hope that you would in time. If I had known what you have told me now, I should have understood my chance better. Why did you not tell me?"

"Simply because it was a thing dead and done with. To know it would not have done you any good, or made you any happier. Can you tell me honestly that it would have turned you from me—changed your course by one hair's breadth?"

Job Carlyle looked down into the depths of his own heart, sounded it as the angels of resurrection will do at the last. In his soul he knew that if all had been told him he would still have gone on, his sore love compelling him. He was honest enough to say so.

"It is true I might have done just the same. I loved you with a love which compelled me."

"Then I was kinder to you when I kept my own secret."

"Then surely you would have been kinder to keep it still."

"Who questioned me, and so made the kindness of silence impossible?"

"Why did you lead me to doubt and to question by a constant association which I was utterly at a loss to explain? Howard Sargent is a man of power. His business, but for his own carelessness of it, would be engrossing. What except love, past or present, could bring him away from it, day after day, to sit in a married woman's morning-room and talk sentiment?"

Mrs. Carlyle's face turned white, and a spark of passionate fire kindled her level eyes.

"Do you think I am likely to deceive you? Have I not given you proof this morning that I shall tell you the truth, cost what it will?"

"I have never questioned your truthfulness, Arria," he answered in a tone of penitent humility, which should have touched her, but did not, for while her anger burned she was remorseless. I told you in the first place that when once her acquiescent, indolent temperament was roused, it was roused to a headlong recklessness women of different natures would find it hard to understand. She spoke now in a low, clear voice, but every word she uttered went home.

"Grant that I loved Howard Sargent once—does that make me ready to degrade myself by talking sentiment with him, now I am your wife? Yes, I did love him. I am proud of it. I glory in it. It was the one romance in my life—the one thing that ever taught me that I was a woman with a woman's heart. It was for his sake more than my own that I did not marry him. Since I have been your wife, I have done my duty to you faithfully. Between Sargent and me no word has ever passed, no look, which would dim the brightness of that old memory, and make it a thing of shame, instead of the joy, and triumph, and glory it will be to me forever."

"And you never loved me, and never will?"

The old man, on whom twenty added years seemed to have fallen in an hour, said these woful words, not as a question to which he expected reply, but rather as the sorrowful acceptance and declaration of a sorrowful truth; but Arria answered them, her voice and face softening a little, at last.

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"Not as *you* mean. I was done with that, very long ago. But I have meant to make you happy. I have tried to do my duty; and I will try still. Sargent is my cousin, my old friend, and will very surely be some other woman's lover, Nell's, perhaps—but, since his presence here is painful to you, he shall not come."

"No, no. Let him come. Do you think I care, now? He cannot rob me of what I never had."

And the old, old man, on whom so many years had fallen suddenly, bent hopelessly and helplessly under their weight, no longer holding himself alert and erect—a man who felt that something was expected of him, and tried resolutely to live up to another person's ideal. Nothing was expected of him, he knew now—nothing ever would be—and he had nothing to expect. He went away sorrowful and very heavy; and Arria, passionate in her remorse as she had been in her scorn, threw herself face downward and sobbed like a heart-broken child—no, rather with such bitter, scalding tears as no child ever weeps, which belong only to womanhood.

"He loves me truly," she said to herself—"he only, perhaps, out of all the world, and I have broken his heart."

How thankful she was when Nell sent word that she felt able to come down to dinner, and she knew she was reprieved from meeting her husband alone again that day. What a mockery the table courtesies seemed between them. She half wondered that he did not curse her instead of offering her soup, or pour her out poison for wine and make her drink it. She thought she would not have refused; but the dinner went on decorously. It was the nineteenth century, and the neighborhood of Boston.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. CARLYLE'S FRIEND.

Sargent called the next morning, partly because the daily luxury of sitting an hour with Arria was fast becoming a daily necessity, and partly to find out whether the presence of the only two ladies in whom he was interested at Mrs. Saltonstall's party, would make his own going there worth his while; for he was a social sybarite, and never bored himself with going anywhere, unless sure beforehand of some compensating interest.

He found Nell alone. Mrs. Carlyle had driven into town, ostensibly to order some toilet matters for the evening, really because she wished to make to her husband the concession of being absent when Sargent was likely to come. Illness had made Nell frail and fair. She looked like a white saint, Sargent thought, and as if she might have wings hidden away somewhere. He experienced the difficulty one always feels after an interregnum in getting back to precisely the old footing. He did not feel like jesting with her as he used, nor had he anything to say of serious import.

Nell was puzzled, and a little hurt. She remembered how freely they used to talk, and felt that some new distance removed him from her. He went away after a shorter call than usual, and before long Mr. Carlyle came home! The iron had entered into his soul. He did not feel like taking up the daily burdens of his life. One by one it seemed well to him to let them slip from his shoulders. To-day he had confided to an agent some matters to which he had hitherto always attended himself, and then had come home.

He was not coming home to any love—he knew that. He had been wont, sometimes, to cheat himself with pleasant hopes that Arria was beginning to care for him. Sometimes, after she had bidden him good-by in the hall, he had gone away almost happy, and when he had returned and chanced to find her alone, her welcome had been very sweet to him. But all that was ended, now. These little fictions had all been shrivelled up in the fire of yesterday. O God! how he regretted them, delusions though they were. To be cheated his life through would have been bliss. And now there was nothing to hope for—not even the delight of being deceived. He met Sargent riding toward town, and looked at him not unkindly. He seemed to go utterly out of himself, and see clearly what concerned those two others.

"Poor Arria," he said to himself, "if Sargent had but had his fortune then, or she had waited a little longer. It all came too late; and now her splendid, beautiful life must all be spoiled, all thrown away, because of her youth's rashness. Unless"—just then a thought struck him which had never occurred to him in the same light before. He was a very old man. He had been trying to live down the truth; but still he *was* a very old man. What if he should die before Sargent had formed any other ties? It was sure that he must die soon. For a moment he was almost tempted to drive back and overtake the other, and tell him that Arria loved

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him—beg him to wait for her just the little, little while it would be before the old man should cease to cumber the ground. But something, some lingering of pride, perhaps, or some subtle, lurking, quite unconscious jealousy withheld him. He let Sargent go on his way, and drove, himself, to Longwood. He found Miss Revere alone in his wife's room, and, with the instinct of gentle breeding, endeavored to put aside his own brooding thoughts, and become the courteous host.

"Mrs. Carlyle has gone into town to make some purchases," Eleanor explained.

"And you, I suppose, have had Mr. Sargent for company. I met him."

"Yes, he made a short call."

The conversation stopped there; for not even the instinct of courtesy could long withdraw Mr. Carlyle from his own sad thoughts.

A longing tormented him to tell his story to this young girl, who could judge Arria closely, as he always fancied one woman must be able to judge another, and ask her whether it seemed to her that there could ever be any hope for him. He was confronted by the memory of what "ever" meant in his case—a few weeks, a few months, possibly—an old man's lees of life. He must have been in his second childhood to think of asking her.

He fell, then, into a sad revery about the near days, when all the world might be full of stir and bustle, and he not know it—when sun and rain should be no more to him than they were to last year's leaves; when night and day would be alike, and alike eternal, and the things he had missed in this life, good or bad, would be missed forever. Would all go on just the same when he was there no longer? Would any one else care for Arria patiently, unselfishly, as he had done? Sargent, indeed, might be her lover, but who would be her friend? He drew nearer to Eleanor and spoke to her, his hands shaking with eagerness, his voice trembling.

"I am glad you know my wife," he said. "I think you love her. Promise me, when I am gone, to be her friend. She will have everything else, but she has no mother, or sister, and she will need a friend sorely when I have left her. It will be so soon."

"Oh! don't, Mr. Carlyle," Eleanor cried with frightened face. "Don't talk so! It is too dreadful!"

"Not dreadful at all, my dear. You and I both know that I am an old man, and old people have to look death in the face, and make ready for it. I should like to feel that you would always care for Arria. Will you?"

"I do—I will," the girl answered solemnly, feeling as if a breath from the very grave were touching her.

"God bless you, child," he said, and took for a moment her young, smooth hand into his old, withered ones, and then Arria's glittering chariot-wheels bowled up to the door.

Mr. Carlyle did not go with the ladies to Mrs. Saltonstall's party. Hitherto he had borne himself bravely through such weary scenes, as the husband of a young wife—a man from whom something was expected, and whose reward might yet be to come. Now he felt that he had been worsted in the struggle of life, and he was ready to give up the fight. Hope lay dead on his threshold—nothing now was expected of him but to die.

He excused himself from going, on the plea of feeling less well than usual. Arria offered to stay with him, but he assured her that his illness was not serious, and rather than keep her at home he should go with her, unlike it as he certainly felt. She went back, after she had her foot on the step of the carriage, to speak to him.

"May I kiss you good-night?" she asked with a new, piteous humility. "Indeed, I do care for you very much."

He kissed her fondly, looking for an instant with eyes an old man's ready tears made dim, over all her bright, festal loveliness—the one thing the world held, so it seemed to him, worth a man's living or dying for.

"God bless you, dear!" he said, touching with trembling fingers her shining hair. "Do not think I blame you, or that I do not know you have tried to make me happy."

In the dressing-room at Mrs. Saltonstall's, Mrs. Carlyle looked critically at Eleanor. The girl wore her sea-green silk, with laces like sea-foam, and pearls rifled also from the sea. She was radiant as dawn. Her cheeks were of that pure, transparent pink which everybody compares to the heart of a sea-shell, because there is nothing else so like it. Her bright yellow hair had been made the most of under Laurette's skilful fingers. Arria thought she looked as if she never could grow old or fade—her beauty was that of the immortals.

"How lovely you are?" she said abstractedly.

Eleanor laughed. "No, indeed. I am only a tolerably pretty girl in her first youth, as you know very well when you see me at home by

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daylight. The rest comes of the hour and my toilet. But I'm glad if I please you."

And then they went down-stairs—Eleanor thinking all the way how gracious and generous Mrs. Carlyle was—how ready with her admiration, how perfect in her sympathy—till she felt almost as if she could be willing to lay down her young, radiant life to bring happiness to this, her friend.

Sargent met them in the ante-room, and took them in to their hostess. They were the two loveliest women there, and he felt a certain pride of proprietorship in them both. But he was allowed very little of Nell's company, after all. She was certainly making the sensation he had predicted for her when she first came to Longwood. In especial, the son of the house, young Ralph Saltonstall, just through college, handsome as Adonis when Venus wooed him, hovered round her all the evening, wickedly evading the law his mother had laid down for him in advance, selfishly shirking the duty of generally diffusing himself, to sun him in the rays of this bright, particular star.

Sargent's righteous soul was vexed with indignation. He had never yet admitted to himself that he cared especially for this little girl half his own age, and of late, too, Arria had influenced his thoughts more than was well—but the little girl must not be thrown away, and certainly this Saltonstall, this sprig of the *jeunesse dorée*, this purposeless *petit-maître*, was not the one for her. Of course, he did rank injustice to Saltonstall, who was an uncommonly frank, high-minded, generous fellow, his only fault being that venial one of youth, of which he was sure to mend daily. The senior regarded this pardonable defect with little charity, and kept himself sufficiently near to watch the course of events.

Evidently, Nell liked Saltonstall. It was in a frank, genial, pleased way, as a girl naturally does like any agreeable young man who likes her; but a way which men can't or won't understand. Arria, watching, too, knew by some subtile magnetism every thought of Sargent's heart—scoffed a little, secretly, at his want of apprehension—half pitied him—and then, when she began to realize how anxiously she was watching him, began to think it might, indeed, be quite as well for him to stay away from Longwood.

But no secret pain of her own made her unjust to Nell. She judged the girl fairly, even in her own heart. She saw that she was free from coquetry as from vanity, and that to be young, and fresh, and pretty was no fault of hers, or, being all these, to charm. She proved herself the most gracious and thoughtful of chaperones; and happy Nell began to think that to be an immortal butterfly in an eternal summer would be Paradise enough.

Once, while Saltonstall had gone away to fetch something, Sargent came lazily up to Nell's side. She had seen him sitting indolently in a corner with Arria, and then lingering on there alone, after his companion had been spirited away by some dancing man. Now, therefore, she reproached him with his idleness. He smiled quizzically.

"So you think I shirk my duties to society? What do you think society wants of me?"

"Why, that you should make yourself agreeable. For what else do you suppose Mrs. Saltonstall asked you?"

"She asked me because I gained her husband's last great railroad suit for him; and, now that I am here, she cares for nothing but that I should take thankfully the goods the gods provide me, and go home."

"But don't you want to have a good time yourself?" Nell asked with simple curiosity, like the child she so often seemed.

"After my lights, yes—but it's not my conception of having a good time to bore myself with those who do not interest me, and, unhappily, so few persons do."

"So few?" with a little intonation of inquiry.

"Yes, just about two in this world, I think, and both of those women."

Just then Saltonstall came up with an ice, and the older man bowed and moved away.

Driving home in silence that night, by Mrs. Carlyle's side, Nell found herself forgetting young Ralph Saltonstall's honey-sweet whispers, to wonder who Sargent's engrossing interests were. If he had said one, he must have meant Arria, for she remembered still the look on his face when she found him for the first time in Mrs. Carlyle's morning-room, the look she had seen now and then since, when Arria was talking to him—but the other? Could it be possible that he cared for her, too, a little? She was almost sure he meant her to think so. Poor, silly butterfly, was it worth a heart-throb if he did?

CHAPTER VI.

A SUDDEN SHOCK.

Two or three weeks of life went on very gayly after this for butterfly Nell. She wore her pretty dresses, she sang, she danced, she had no

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end of amusement, no end of admiration. Young Saltonstall came to Longwood once and again, and hovered round her wherever they met, while Mrs. Carlyle smiled on him sweetly, wished him success in her heart, and by some feminine diplomacy made him understand that she did so. Sargent held himself a little aloof, and looked on like a scornful autocrat, growing daily in cynicism.

"After all," he thought, "girls are much alike. It matters little who comes, so he come first, and do not come empty-handed."

He began to feel that he had been unjust toward his Cousin Arria, who, after all, had but been faithful to the traditions of her kind, not less constant or more selfish than the rest; and into his manner toward her there grew a sort of penitential tenderness which sometimes touched her more than was well.

One day both men chanced to be there at lunch, and afterward there was a little division of the *partie carrée*, as often happened. Mr. Carlyle was not at home, and Sargent followed Arria into one room, while Saltonstall stood beside Eleanor at the window of another, and watched the leaves whistling down the late autumn wind.

"What a thing it is," he said, "to be young, with nothing special on one's conscience, and all the chances of love and life before one."

"What a thing it is," she answered, "to be well over with them all—to feel that one will never be tempted any more, or suffer any more, but that one's work is done, and one can enter into rest."

Could this be butterfly Nell? Saltonstall looked at her with wondering eyes.

"Why, you might talk like that," he said, "if your hair were silver instead of gold."

"No, I might not talk so, then—I might cling to it all as desperately as I see old people often do; but, in truth, though I am very happy, it does often seem terrible to me to look on, and on through the years. Sometimes when I think of growing old, and of all the changes between, of one charm slipping from me after another, and one pleasant thing after another losing its savor, I fancy that it would be a blessed fate to shut one's eyes on life, as my mother did, just when it was at its brightest—to die a sudden, undecaying death."

"Did she die so?" Saltonstall asked softly, feeling as if Nell had never been so near to him as now, when she folded her glancing wings, and gave him one glimpse of her as she was.

"Yes, in the summer of the year and of her life. My father found her lying dead, with a happy smile upon her lips. It was before I was old enough to remember her; but she had never known anything save happiness and goodness, and in her sleep she was taken into blessedness."

Saltonstall was silent. His life had been blameless, beyond that of most young men; but there would have been blank terror to him in the thought of going so suddenly into the reality which is eternal. And yet this young girl, with whom he had danced so often to the gay waltz music, whose butterfly beauty and grace had so charmed him, appeared to look on this sudden translation as a very gift of God. How much better she must be than he. She seemed to him more woman and less child from that hour, and the need of looking up being inherent in his nature—as indeed it was in hers—he began to make of her a goddess, and build to her a shrine.

"I think yon débutante is getting on." Sargent said to Arria, with a little playful mockery in his tone, as he glanced through the open door at the two standing in the window. "Under your tuition she is sure to become accomplished in the game of hearts."

Mrs. Carlyle looked at him for a silent moment. He saw that she was trembling, and a dangerous light was in her eyes. He had seen her in that mood before, and understood its recklessness.

"You have always done me injustice," she said, in her deep, even voice, which never lost its subtle minor music, however she was moved. "I will speak plainly, at last. I did love you in those old days with the best love of my life, and, so loving you, I was wicked enough to marry Mr. Carlyle. But do you think I gave you up for my own sake? No, it was for yours. I was not fit to be the wife of a struggling man. I should have been a millstone round your neck. I would not have minded poverty for myself, except that I knew I should lose through it every charm for you. I knew your nature was not generous enough to love on when my beauty should be unadorned and all its brightness gone, and you saw in me merely a helpless, inefficient woman to whom you were bound. So, for your sake, I married a man who loved me better. Do you think I do not know how much more his love is worth than yours—a love which no coldness nor contempt could kill? Do you think I have gone on loving *you*—you, a

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mocker, a cynic, a worshipper of yourself?"

"You have said that you should be sorry for," quoted Sargent, and then he strolled into the other room.

"I'm off now," he said to Saltonstall. "If you are going soon, suppose we ride into town together?"

So the horses were led round, and the two men went away.

Then Nell walked into the room where Mrs. Carlyle was, and saw the cheeks aflame, the eyes in which the dangerous light still glittered.

"Men, like republics, are ungrateful," Arria said with a mocking cadence which seemed as if she had borrowed it from Sargent. "I saved my Cousin Howard once from marrying an utterly unsuitable wife, and he has never forgiven me. We have been sparring a little this morning, and I am tired. I think I will go upstairs and rest for an hour before I dress for dinner."

So she went away, and Nell lingered on in the pleasant, leaf-green morning-room, wherein it was always summer. She wondered for a moment whether the wife from whom Mrs. Carlyle had saved Sargent could have been any other than herself, and then became sure that it must have been Arria and no other. But why had he never forgiven her? Could it be that he cared for her so much still? And she—no wonder Job Carlyle's eyes asked forever, and forever vainly, for his wife's love. What had he to hope from the woman who had been so dear to Sargent? Who that Sargent loved could help loving Sargent? Why, he was handsome as a god, and as strong, and fearless, and noble. One could so look up to him; and this looking up, being the great need of her nature, seemed to her the crown of loving. What a strange world it was! Her heart began to ache with a deep, unutterable pity for them all—for herself, too, poor little girl. Why was it no one could ever have what one wanted in life? And then she thought again of her mother, to whom so much had been given—perfect love, and then perfect rest—and it seemed to her, as it often had before, that no one had ever been so happy as this dead woman, who had tasted all that was best in life, and then laid down the cup, its lees untasted forever.

It was rather a silent dinner that day. A suspicious brightness still lingered in Arria's eyes, and flushed her cheeks, but she did not speak an unnecessary word. Nell tried to talk a little, out of her sense of duty, but Mr. Carlyle's manner was grave and preoccupied, and she soon saw that her small exertions to entertain were by no law of courtesy required of her, and she, too, lapsed into silence. But something singular in Mr. Carlyle's face led her to watch him. He had the expression of a sleepwalker, she thought. It seemed to her that though he did certain things mechanically, he looked at all objects without seeing them.

At last, still watching that curious, introverted look on his face, she saw him try to carry a glass of wine to his lips; saw it waver, and its clear amber stream over his hand. Then it fell to his plate with a crash; and then, before any one could speak or move, he had slipped from his chair, and lay, a moaning heap, upon the floor.

The servants lifted him and carried him away to his chamber. His wife followed, white as death, shrinking in every nerve. To Eleanor, as to most women in an emergency not personal to themselves, presence of mind remained. She sent at once for a physician, ordered all the resources of the establishment in the way of restoratives, and then went to share Arria's watch beside her husband.

It was almost an hour before the physician arrived, and in the meantime all that unmedical skill could suggest had been tried in vain, without the slightest alleviation of the fearful symptoms.

When, at last, Dr. Lewis came, he took rapid note of all details, then turned to Nell, as the one who seemed most capable of understanding and answering him clearly—"It is paralysis," he said. "Do you know of any special cause—any recent trouble or excitement?"

"Not any. He was eating dinner very quietly—not talking at all, in fact; and it came over him with awful suddenness.

Then Arria lifted her blanched face from the pillows and spoke. It seemed to her that her voice would go no further than the roof of her mouth. Her lips seemed stiff and strange, but she forced the words from them.

"He did have a trouble. Three weeks ago I said something to him which shocked him dreadfully. He has seemed to live in a dream ever since. But it has been so long since then. *Could* it have been that?"

The doctor looked at the utterly wretched, death-white face raised to wait for his verdict. He gave it—not in truth, but in compassion.

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I do not justify him, but it is hard to turn the weapon in a wound, and one is tempted to evade such tasks.

"Oh! no," he said; "that was too long ago. I meant anything which might have happened just now. More likely it runs in his family. Paralysis is the fate of some families, as consumption is of others. But you must not give up all hope. This is his first shock, is it not?"

"Oh! yes—his first. He has been quite well."

"And very often the first shock is not fatal. It is only the third which seems to be certain death."

Dr. Lewis did not think it necessary to add that the first shocks from which he had seen patients recover had never been of the nature of this one. Sure as he was, in his own mind, that Job Carlyle's life was only a question of hours or days, he yet shrank from saying so to those watching women. He was not a man from whom to ask stern truths; his nature was incapable of them; and so he failed of the highest standard for a physician, for, surely, to tell bitter truths tenderly is not less needful than to give bitter drugs wisely, if a man aspire to minister to those who are about to enter the world of truth.

But Dr. Lewis was kind, and, save in this one matter of sparing himself pain, unselfish. He stayed at Longwood until morning, using, vainly, all his arts of healing, and then went away, promising to return in a few hours with a faithful nurse.

(*To be continued.*)

DAISIES WHITE AND GOLDEN LILIES.

BY MIRIAM EARLE.

Daisies white and golden lilies,
Down among the meadow grass,
Nodding to the little children
As they pass;
Truly saith the sacred story,
Kings in all their ancient glory
Knew not such a royal dress.

Smiling in the bright, bland sunshine,
All the long and lovely day;
And ye toil not and ye spin not
Life away;
While we vain and giddy mortals,
Soon to pass life's outer portals,
Only strive for fine array.

How my heart aches for you, lilies,
Daisies with the star-like eyes,
Looking reverently upward
To the skies;
For, without a word of warning,
Come the mowers in the morning,
With their keen and ready scythes.

Oh! for such a faith as yours is,
Such a calm and perfect trust,
Loving earth, yet not forgetting
We are dust;
Taking life as God intended,
When He soul and body blended,
Not, "I will because I must."

Patiently His work fulfilling,
No regrets for what is past,
Cheerful, thankful, all enduring
To the last.
Though it be a lowly meadow,
'Neath some hill's perpetual shadow,
Where our humble life is cast.

Of all lessons Nature teaches,
In her plain and quiet way,
Heed the flowers, blooming, going
To decay.
Reaching slowly to perfection,
Then their death and resurrection—
Surely we shall rise some day.

In the opinion of the world, marriage ends all, as it does in a comedy. The truth is simply the reverse. It begins all. So they say of death: "It is the end of all things." Yes—just as much as marriage.

"Judge not," saith the Lord—the justice of which is obvious, in a world where there are no innocent to judge the guilty.

Let us shun everything which might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality. Let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.

Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time?

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OUT OF A JUNE ROSE.

A HEART-STORY.

BY MADGE CARROL.

I am an old man now, I was an old man then; but if I reach the age of Methuselah, never shall I forget those two short weeks that Garnet Granville glorified. Yes, glorified, for what had life brought me before, what has it brought me since, compared to the bewildering bliss, the splendor, encircling those fourteen days?

I was brought up a boy-of-all-work on a farm. If there is any harder lot, more slavish, thankless toil, I have yet to find it out. Up before sunrise the seasons through, ordered hither and thither, near or far, just as it suited, and whom it suited, yet expected to go through the ordinary routine of work prescribed for me just as though no extra demands were laid upon me, I toiled up the weary steeps of the years until I reached that in which all my hope in life was centred—the year that should see me twenty-one. Then, one day, riding out of the meadows at dew-fall, on a load of hay, my brain oppressed with the double weight of fatigue and drowsiness, I lost myself, slipped down between the wheels and horses, felt the agonizing crash of broken bone and flesh, and was a cripple for life.

Ten long years saw me confined to my bed, the victim of such excruciating pain that my soul was wrung with but one desire, to drop that tortured load of clay and be at rest.

In the eleventh year I began to mend somewhat, was able to walk a little and get out of doors, but still no sacred rill of gladness bubbled up in my breast, nothing found entrance therein save a gnawing, almost frenzied impatience to get to work again. There was necessity for this.

My sister Eunice was the only relative I had in the world. She was maid-of-all-work where I had been boy, and had to give up her place, or rather they gave her up, to attend me. We had never either of us owned a penny during our minority, consequently had nothing to fall back upon, and, apart from the small stipend she was able to earn with her needle, we were entirely dependent on the farmers round about, not alone for the roof that covered us and our plain fare, but the expenses of my long and trying illness. Good souls, they were very kind to us, for Davy and Eunice Armitage were quite well known and liked in the neighborhood.

Time went by somehow—that portion of the past is so dark I have never been able to see it clearly—and I was well enough to potter about and do a little gardening. Then Mr. Daniels, who was a kindly man, although he had overworked us both, leased me the small house we had occupied since my illness, together with the acre of ground around it, and I went to work to raise flowers and strawberries for the market.

At first I was obliged to content myself with very little, for it was very little I could do. My strawberry-bed paid best the first year. Eunice helped me all she could with the half day off spent at Daniels's. The second year I did better, and the third better still. I put up a greenhouse, where we had roses even in midwinter to send into town by the train; and many's the order that came to me written by dainty hands I never saw, calling for my choicest productions to deck the graceful heads that would never bend beneath my doorway.

So the years stole by, the seasons told by flower-lips that budded, bloomed, or faded as they came and went, and when I saw the long list of figures on the bills I obliged Mr. Daniels and others to acknowledge growing less and less, the dulness and pallor of my life gave way to something very near akin to warmth and brightness. Never quite free from pain, never free from anxiety, yet the peacefullest hours I had then ever known came and compassed me around and about.

I call them peaceful because I was not alive to any great, wearing suffering, not because my soul was lifted up or made glad in them. At that time I was not aware that I had a soul. The queenly rose, the lilies, golden-urned, nor pansies, purple-eyed, ever spoke of aught apart from things material—bread and butter, garden-tools, and house-rent. Looking upon them through the mists of life's long pain and penance, I noted little beyond the worm, the canker, the blight, and when my watchfulness succeeded in warding off these, and the perfect flower unfolded in my sight, I saw in it only its market value, nothing tenderer or sweeter.

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So I dug and delved, so I lived—our debts paid off, sister home and assisting me, a little sum slowly accumulating in the bank in view of the coming night when neither could work—so I reached my four and fortieth year. No memories of happy childhood, joyous youth, or mellow middle-age, brought warmth and tenderness to my solitary musings. I was only a plain, plodding, crippled, dull old man, aged before my time, and across the barren sands of my life had crawled to the stark summit of four and forty years when my heart's long-lingering summer dawned, and then my soul awoke.

This is the way it came about.

It was the last week in May, and I was bedding out June roses. Working busily, for the spring had been very backward, cold, and rainy for days and days, and then all of a sudden coming warm and dry, so I was trying to make up lost time, thinking of nothing else except getting through with the task laid out for myself. How well I remember it all! In my halting awkwardness, I had accidently overturned a great potted bush ready for transplanting, all aflame with buds, and was trying to gather it up without disturbing more than necessary the dirt about the roots, when a low, sweet, fairy-like intoning stole upon me:

> "'Tis not the day-god's golden beam
> That lures me forth to view;
> For you I deck myself in green,
> For you I bloom, for you."

Simple words enough were these; and I at all times easily startled, but the electric thrill that tingled in every vein, and sent the blood to my forehead, was very far removed from my customary nervous panics. Down dropped bush and garden trowel. I turned—had the richest, rarest, queenliest rose in my green-house taken upon itself woman's form and come forth to greet me? So dazed I was by the vision that shone upon my dazzled sight, that this was actually my first thought. The lady was habited in green from head to foot, and from under her filmy veil there bloomed out such a face as I had never seen before; surely, if I had, clod though I was, my dulled eyes would not have been blind to it.

"I see I have taken you by surprise," she said, and her voice had in it the ringing richness of chiming bells. "There is no one at the house, and, seeing you, I came here. Do I speak to Mr. Armitage?"

"David Armitage? yes, miss." I answered rationally enough, but was staring at her like a dolt.

"I am the bearer of a little note from Mrs. Whythe," she said, holding it out with a hand dented with dimples, and as white as my fairest lilies.

Mrs. Whythe was not a wealthy woman, but she was one of our best customers, for she loved flowers, and, being very much of an invalid, always wanted them in her room. "They breathe my pain away," she would say quaintly, with a weary little smile she had.

I reached to take the dainty missive; between us it dropped.

"Nay, let me," she said quickly, seeing me about to stoop, and her beamy face, with its star-bright eyes, red lips, and bloomy cheeks, went down in the midst of my crimsoning buds and billows of green.

The envious things caught and held it there, thorns piercing the transparent veil, and chaining the lustrous tresses. My clumsy fingers sought to free her, but one touch of those silken tendrils, one upward glance from those bewildering, laughing eyes, and they straightway lost what little cunning they possessed.

"They have taken me prisoner," she said, her merry laugh rippling along my garden walks, making my old blood tingle with a thousand delicious stings. "There's nothing left for me but to set my feet down in this hole and take root. If I should, would you clip me to pieces little by little, as you do your other roses?"

I took one faltering step backward and looked at her; memory, singularly apt in this instance, rung her first utterance through my brain:

> "'Tis not the day-god's golden beam
> That lures me forth to view;
> For you I deck myself in green,
> For you I bloom, for you."

"Yes, you would clip me to pieces, I know you would," she continued, lips, cheeks, eyes reddening, sparkling, glowing, burning, while around her beauty fell those leaf-green robes softly and gracefully as the drapery of moss around a rose. "I should be carried off inch by inch, and sent here and there to make somebody look pretty, then end my days in an ash heap. Oh! I know, so I won't stay to be served that way. Now watch, and see how I free myself."

My heart was beating up hot and heavy in my throat, but I had no words wherewith to answer her. She put back her veil, coming out from it all the lovelier, untied her bonnet, gave her dark-tressed head a dainty toss, and rose from her emerald bower the most beautiful

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woman my eyes ever beheld; and in the visits to town I was often compelled to take, I had learned the trick of looking into young girls' faces, knowing well they wouldn't mind me, so I had seen very many that were exceedingly fair to look upon, but never one like this.

"Here is Mrs. Whythe's note. Will you read it?"

I took it and read:

"The bearer is Miss Garnet Granville. She is from New York State, and has been visiting at my house. Circumstances having transpired that render it necessary she should leave, and her family not being ready to receive her, you would greatly oblige me if you could make it convenient to accommodate her for a week or two."

It closed with the usual compliments, and was signed tremulously, as if the writer's strength had given way just there. Too matter-of-fact to be given over at once to fancies that pulsed through my brain as the golden wings of the butterfly pulse against its leaf-knit prison again and again before freedom is won and they tremble in the summer sun, I turned the white page over and over while making a rapid inventory of our resources for the accommodation of this guest. We had two rooms down-stairs and three up, one a mere closet, to be sure, but it held a single cot bed. Would Eunice be willing to take her, even if we could manage to do so quite comfortably? I doubted. There had never been but us two; she was forty, and very much set in her ways—I too, for that matter—but how could I let this lovely lady go?

I could not. I must see more of her. I must study that bloomy, brilliant face, that all the while was floating before me in a mist made up of all the rainbow hues that glowed along my garden walks or climbed the mottled wall. Delving into the witchery of those bewildering eyes was like sipping of rare old wine; I was athirst for more. Oh! no; I could not let her go. Still, the habit of giving up the entire management of indoor arrangements to Eunice was too strong upon me to think of resisting then, and when, just at this moment, the clang of the gate announced her return, I said abruptly, "There's Eunice. She can answer this note better than I can," and crushing it into her hand, I turned my back upon her in such a state of strange excitement I did not know myself.

She left me, floating up the garden walk light as thistle-down, her soft robes, with noiseless sweep, scattering leaves of gold and silver in her path, and lilacs bending to pour the fragrance from their trumpet lips upon her shining hair. I had turned from her, but turned again, and watched her until she disappeared beneath our low doorway. Then I looked about like one waking from a dream. The wind lifted a bit of green gossamer and tossed it to my feet—her veil. I caught it up. Yes, I would like something to remember her. She might not win Eunice over—might never come again. Oh! yes; I would like something of hers to keep, and so, slipping down to the far end of the garden, I folded the tiny web carefully and put it in my pocket. Then I fell to digging until the sweat-drops stood out like beads, and my poor back writhed in torment; as suddenly as I fell to I stopped, bathed hot hands and brow in a little stream that just glanced into our grounds and out again, then hurried to the house. Surely I was not myself that day.

Eunice met me, making believe to consult me, and I soon saw she was completely won over. She was even ready to give up her feather bed, and that was a great sacrifice for Eunice.

"She seems like a nice sort of a girl," concluded she, after summing up in brief her arrangements for her accommodation.

Nice sort of a girl! I was obliged to let it go so, for, although Eunice and I were commonplace enough, we were persons of few words, and never interchanged confidence.

"She will be company for you," I replied, knowing my mistake, but seeing she waited as if for me to speak, and having nothing else to venture.

"I care nothing for that," she said, with a huffy little sniff she had; "I'd rather be without it. But sixteen dollars isn't to be picked up every day."

"True. You will take her, then?"

"For two weeks; no longer, even if she wants to stay."

We went in together.

"You will take me," she cried out to Eunice, with the sunny vivacity of a child. "Oh! yes, I know you will, for you smile now, and you didn't before. I'm so very much obliged to you. I must go back and get my things, and you must promise not to be frightened when I bring them, for I've ever so many trunks and bandboxes. They can go anywhere, I don't care where, just so it's out of the rain, you know. You can find a boy to help me with them, can't you? Mr. Whythe is so engaged he cannot possibly accompany me. He's not a pleasant man, is he?"

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"I never saw him."

"Never saw Mr. Whythe?" she gazed at Eunice, apparently in great surprise, with an intent, bright gaze I already had by heart.

"Never."

"You have?" turning her radiant face on me.

"No, I have never seen him."

"That seems so strange. Mrs. Whythe and the children have been here?"

"Yes."

"And you have filled so many orders for her."

"I seldom go to town to fill orders myself," I replied; "young Mr. Daniels goes in with marketing every day, and he attends to them for me."

"Yes, I know, but it seems so strange to me you never saw Mr. Whythe," and she put the tip of her finger meditatively on her lip; "then you don't know how very disagreeable he is." She seemed to muse over the thought a bit, and I set it down that Mr. Whythe had behaved so ungallantly to his wife's guest as to oblige her to leave, and inwardly hoped I never would see him. When she spoke again it was with the same glad ring in her tones. "I can come to-morrow, you said, or didn't I ask you? Yes, to-morrow. I am so delighted with the prospect. It will be so sweet to fold my wings like a little bird in this rose-covered nest. I am so tired of the world."

The dewy sadness crept into her voice again. Poor young thing! yes, I read it all now; it was her first flight from home, and Mr. Whythe had some way embittered her visit; he was mean, selfish, cold; he had crushed the life out of his wife's heart, and now had enviously sought to dampen this joyous child-soul.

"You are young to be tired of the world," remarked Eunice. Her voice had caught some new, soft inflection as it addressed this beautiful stranger.

"Young? Oh! no, I'm ever so old, I'm almost twenty."

"Twenty and ten is thirty, and ten forty, and four is forty-four," came surging through my brain.

"And I am forty, but I don't count myself so very old," said Eunice.

"Nor should I if I could spend my days in this charming flower-bed. I should want to see a hundred. When I come back to-morrow will you take me all over it?—in every nook and corner of it?"

This to me.

"Yes, you shall see all over it;" then with the thought of her trouble pressing upon me, and wishing to be convinced that my surmises were correct, I broke out with—"Is Mr. Whythe an elderly man?"

"Oh! yes, quite old; his hair is not gray, like yours—that's a pretty color—it is white, right white—"

"And he is cold, selfish, unsociable?"

She laughed right out and clapped her hands.

"The very man; how could you guess it? No wonder she is sick, poor thing; but we won't talk about him any more, he's abominable. Is that my train? Oh! yes. I've mislaid my veil; never mind, it will do to-morrow. Good-by. Is my bonnet straight? Yes, yes, I'll be in time," for Eunice was always fidgety about anybody being left or being left herself, and admonished her. "Ma forbids my running, she says it's unladylike; but I shall have to now, and that green slope is so tempting."

She brightened more and more under our staid gaze, and at last skimmed the green sward like a bird, only turning to call back, "Remember, to-morrow at ten."

Eunice nodded, while I stood like a rock, conscious only of the bewildering vision that was flitting from my sight.

"What's this?"

Eunice's hand had touched me, was on something at my vest pocket.

It was just one flossy edge of Miss Granville's veil. *She* must have seen it too, for I noted her bright gaze fixed there, and thought only of the frayed buttons and coarse make, not dreaming my secret theft was betrayed.

"Her veil," I replied, clutching at it and bundling it into her hands. "She dropped it out there."

Eunice laid it on the table.

"Did you finish bedding out the yearlies."

The crisp to-business-with-you tones, striking in upon my excited brain, together with what had just happened, chafed me.

"No," I replied, "finish them yourself."

Accustomed to the impatience born of my fiery pain, she said nothing and went out.

Then I bethought me of that beauteous blush-rose, over whose branches the dark hair's tendrils dropped, whose budding lips and crimson tided leaves had swept her fair cheek and bosom. I must plant that myself; no other hand should touch it; henceforth it must bloom for me alone. I joined Eunice. We were a quiet couple, quiet from habit, not from incompatibility of mind

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and temper, for we got on quite well together usually; so though we worked nearly all that day almost shoulder to shoulder, I had ample opportunity to think over my new thoughts, and, for the first time in my life, dream dreams and see visions.

The next morning my tasks dragged heavily, my thoughts still centred on that gay young creature who had flitted across my path as some rare butterfly flits across arid sands, and is seen no more.

"Not so she," I thought with a throb I dared not measure, "she comes to-day."

It never once occurred to me to question how those wild, bright ways would accord with those of two middle-aged people whose lives had run together year on year in the same set groove; whose risings up and lyings down, whose outgoings and whose incomings, were regulated like clock-work. We had each our own particular chairs, and our own special breadth of carpet to set them on. The very pegs on the kitchen walls were appropriated to our several articles of every-day use, and neither ever encroached on the premises of the other. I doubt if Eunice thought of these things any more than I. She had taken a wonderful fancy to Miss Granville, all the more wonderful because she never had taken a fancy before.

Five minutes before ten Eunice trundled the barrow down the slope to the little brown shanty we called the depot. Sister had to do much that it would have been my place to do, had it not been for my twisted back and lagging limb, so she trundled the barrow cheerily, well able she was to do it, too, for she was a real hearty woman, and sat upon it waiting for Miss Granville, and her "ever so many" trunks and bandboxes. And I, bending over my fragrant strawberry-bed, waited, too, with such wild desire as never any other face had power to wake in my slow breast.

She came at last, fluttering out a silver-gray plumaged dove, darting hither and thither in great panic, lest all her possessions should fail to be safely landed, one of our big gentlemen in the neighborhood, together with Eunice, the conductor, baggage-master, and Sam Daniels, all attending her, all anxious to spare her a moment's unnecessary uneasiness, to save her the lifting of even so much as a caba. Doubtless you will set me down as excessively garrulous for noting these things so minutely, even to the very color of her dress—I, who never knew before that day whether a woman wore white or red, silk or serge, much less thought of talking about it. But, bear with me, these memories are very precious.

Everything was satisfactorily secured, and the barrow propelled up the slope by Sam Daniels, Eunice following with her arms full of boxes.

Contradictory emotions seized me. I wanted to hide myself in the thickest of the shrubbery. I wanted to fly to meet them. I did neither. I set to work with feverish industry, and never even raised my head when the gate clanged to, and Miss Granville was on my garden grounds. Not lifting my eyes, I nevertheless saw her dress hem sweep our doorsill, saw the sunlight glance on the silvery folds again as they flashed down the pathway in my direction. She was coming straight and swift to *me*.

"Oh! I see you," she cried; "you are trying to hide from me, I know you are; but I'll let you know you can't do that. Why, I looked for you from the cars, and saw that hatbrim through the laburnums. What are you doing? Can't I help? Show me, won't you?"

She drew up her soft, gray dress, revealing a snowy skirt and fairy slippers, with heels tiny as bird-eggs. Bending beside me, she began to pull up some spears of grass.

"Is that a weed? Is that—and that?" she asked, her dimpled hand lighting here and there as she pointed hither and thither, with such great bewilderment to me that I said yes when she indicated one of my choicest seedlings, and out it came with a jerk.

"Oh! you've got me into mischief," she screamed out; "this is a strawberry-bush; just look at it—one, two, three, oh! ever so many berries on it. You won't look at me; I won't help you any more."

Not look at her, when head, heart, eyes swam with her image? I let her step away from me, for I was nothing but a clod, and had no words for her; though I did not raise my head, I seemed to see her from head to foot, from the curling hatbrim to her tiny slipper's tip.

"Are you angry at me?" she asked softly.

Angry! I was horror-stricken at having wounded that tender heart and brought that childlike quaver to the sweet girl-tones.

"Angry!" I said, rising. "Don't think so for an instant; I—I'm nothing but a gruff old countryman, not at all like anybody you ever knew; but I couldn't be angry with you, no matter what you did. Stay with me, and try not to let my boorish ways hurt you."

She held one silken tress across the lips that

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curved with a half a smile, half a pout; her eyes, downcast, dwelt on me with that bright, intent look beneath their long lashes.

"I don't want to hear you call yourself names," she said.

"I call myself just what I am."

I stooped over my work again, but with some miraculous vision never lost sight of the lightest movement. She turned a ring about on her finger, still looking downward, but not at me now.

"Will you be my Uncle David?" she asked.

I could not answer her, feeling strangely stifled.

"You are a little hard of hearing, aren't you?" she inquired, stepping nearer.

"No," I replied. "You may call me Uncle David."

"You won't mind if I'm out here a great deal, will you? I do so like to see you work, but I don't want to bother you or be in the way."

"You won't be in the way."

"I don't care much for walking out, only about sunset, then it is pleasant. Is that a grove just back of the meadow, there?"

"Yes, a very pretty one, too."

"I'll go there to-morrow. Where do you mail letters?—by the train? I must write one or two to-day; so I had better be at it, for I can't lose my noon nap. Good-by, Uncle David, until I see you again."

David Armitage, gardener, did little work that day or the next. Whether she was present or absent, I found her radiant presence everywhere, rambling adown my garden-walks, flitting, humming-bird-like, before my eyes, rioting through my brain, upsetting the deep, strong gravity born of years, penury, and pain, waking in its stead the lifeful throbs of ecstatic youth and ardent manhood.

The days came and went. Her morning shawl trailed its rose-colored folds just wherever it had pleased her to drop it from her shoulders; her garden hat, her snowy apron, with its cunning, ruffled pockets, or some other dainty belonging, occupied my particular peg against the kitchen wall, or those of Eunice, who frowned, and pointed in vain to three other pegs driven in for her especial use.

"I don't want to be a trouble, but I can't remember," Garnet would say, and Eunice expressed herself as "getting out of conceit of her."

She appropriated my pet chair, wheeling it wherever the fancy suited her, or left it strewn over with her soft zephyrs, her exquisite needle-work, slippers, combs, brushes, or any other article she did not care to run up-stairs with. Eunice fretted over it more than I ever knew her to fret over anything, but to me everything Garnet did was good. The evidences of her daily presence were a continual feast. She might have heaped them all on my bent old back, and I would have but counted myself blessed under the burden.

The first cloud crossed my new heaven on the fifth day of Garnet's sojourn beneath our moss-cushioned roof. It was Saturday, and, time out of mind, Mrs. Daniels the elder had always spent that afternoon with us. She came, and, soon after, our rich neighbor, the gentleman who had assisted Garnet at the station—a widower, by the way—came also. After a bouquet, he said, although he had dubbed flowers a litter many a time, and vowed he wouldn't have one around his place. He stayed and stayed, lolling back on our chintz-covered lounge, and eying Garnet, who sat weaving an ivory hook in and out of an amber cloud, nor spoke one word except to me. He was fifty-eight, or thereabouts, but looking no older than did I, and very grand in my eyes, with his stately port, and hair just silvering. Once or twice Garnet lifted those radiant orbs to him, once or twice shrugged her shoulders at some remark of his, that was all; yet I knew he was admiring her all the while—adoring her, perhaps, as I was. When I gave him the flowers—and he was very particular about their arrangement—he laid them on Garnet's lap, and left suddenly.

After tea, according to her custom, she folded her rose-colored shawl about her, and swinging her hat by its little gum catch, trailed her white robes down the green slope, and turned to thread the iron track in the direction of the grove of oaks on Sellar's farm.

I can see now, although ten years have passed since then, that floating figure, the quiet country landscape, and the golden glory in the west. She flitted on, along the track, through the broken fence-rails, into the meadow, loitering by the stream, and finally disappearing in the green oak shadows. Then, by some subtile inner sense, I knew Mrs. Daniels was watching her, too, and awaiting her disappearance to say something. Still, I was utterly unprepared for what she did say.

"It's my apinen that if that 'ere gal did cum frum a raspectable fam'ly, she needs lookin' arter."

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It was well she addressed Eunice, into whose face a strange color flew.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, she meets a man over there every night."

Not given to many words at any time, I have fewer at times like this, and my lips closed tightly as indignation and unbelief, together with a singular commingling of utter, hopeless misery, struggled in my soul, while our neighbor went on to say how her grandchildren, Sam, Samson, and Noah, had, on three separate occasions, come in wild with wonder at having seen, unobserved themselves, "that air boarder uv Davy's in Sellar's woods with a fellar."

"Now, Davy, what do you think uv a gal that'd do that sort o' thing?"

"I have great faith in a face like hers," I said, and would have said more, but being so slow, Eunice caught me up.

"A face like hers!" she snapped. "That shows what you know of women."

"If knowledge of them means to doubt, I'm glad I don't, then," I spoke quietly enough, but molten lead seemed running in my veins.

"I'm glad your eyes are opened at last," said our neighbor, twinkling her own at Eunice. "You wus quite sot on her at first. She's a bold face, haint she? I allers suspect them big-lookin' eyes that pick out the men, an' don't never seem to see wimmin about. That mornin' she cum over fur cream, she actilly put her hand on my Sam's arm, an' looked as if she'd drink him while she was a talkin' 'bout drinkin' cream. I know'd then there wus suthin' underhanded about her, an' meetin' that air fellar don't go fur to conwincin' me to the contrairy."

I gave my back such a wrench as brought with it a pang like death, but, careless of that, I leaped to my feet. "I'll go and see for myself," I said huskily, a dim foreboding of the rich Mr. Starks alone in my mind. "I'll find out who this man is, and why she meets him there."

"Right, right," said Mrs. Daniels, eying me blandly. "It would be a sorry day that seen a stranger bring disgrace on this here roof."

"I'm not dreaming of disgrace, Mrs. Daniels," I replied, extricating my knotty walking-stick from a lengthy coil of Garnet's embroidery, and emptying my hat of her thimble and scissors. "I am simply going to look after a thoughtless, innocent girl who has been placed under my care."

With that I walked off, and down the quiet slope came sliding the low-pitched voice of Grandmother Daniels.

"I hope he aint losin' his head at this time uv life."

"I hope not," responded Eunice.

No occasion to give the particulars of my errand, although every minutia is branded on my brain; suffice to say, I saw that fair girl-form in the arms of a splendid stranger; saw her face, white as my drift of valley lilies, leaning against his breast; saw the red lips paled to pink, the dark eyes drooping and dewy; then all of a sudden her beauty brightened as he kept on whispering in her ear, the round cheeks glowed, the eyes lifted and radiant, the reddening lips wreathed in smiles, something struck me down with a keener pang than that felt under that horrible tangle of hoof and wheel years before. When I rose again it was to crawl home in silence. Too thoroughly straightforward, and withal too wretched to plan escape, I faced Eunice and Mother Daniels, so weary and wo-worn that after the first question even the talkative old lady forebore to torture me.

"I'll put it to her myself," she said. "She's in at nine, you say? Well, then, till nine I'll stay, and put it to her. See what she's got to say for herself."

I had no strength to interfere and ward this insult from my darling; besides, I was eaten up with a desire to know myself what she would say. I thought no evil of her; in my sight she was spotless as an angel. Her wings might be lifting to fly from me; but they were angel wings, let them soar whither they would.

She came at last, my rose of all the world; we heard her afar in the dewy evening hush, trilling over to herself a gay little song, saw her white dress sweeping the purple gloom on the grass. She came, and kneeling before me, with her folded arms on my knee, she questioned softly—"Tired, Uncle David?"

I thought myself a beast for the momentary impulse to shrink from her in my jealous pain and misery.

"No," I replied, bracing myself for what Mrs. Daniels's hemming and hawing told me was coming.

"Did you have a good time over there in Sellar's woods?"

A strange, scared look came into Garnet's face, her eyes flew wide open and fixed themselves upon her interrogator, but she answered sweetly—"Yes, ma'am, a very good time."

"Was your fellar as lovin' as he was Wednes-

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day evenin', and Thursday evenin', and Friday evenin'?"

I would have defended her from this coarseness if it had been from my own mother, but something in her face as she arose and confronted Mrs. Daniels held me dumb. It was deadly pale and set, even to her teeth, while her eyes shone like diamonds in the dark.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, her hand clinching and unclinching in the rose-colored fringe of her shawl, almost as if she meant to follow up her words with blows.

"I mean that you've been a meetin' a fellar over there, not one night, but four. You can't say you haint, fur there's witnesses, an' that's one," pointing to me.

"*Mr. Armitage!*"

Almost beside myself, I clutched her dress. "You will, you must believe me when I say I went over there with no suspicion of you, and only with the very best of motives. You are young, you are thoughtless; you supposed us too grave and old to welcome your friend here. I meant to see for myself—meant to tell you."

She threw herself into my arms with a sobbing scream. "O Uncle David! Uncle David! he is my brother, and we are very wretched."

Oh! what a passion of remorse poured in upon my soul; not that I had wronged her for a moment, but for not giving the matter the lie at once, and sparing her this. In my new-found strength I lifted her as if she had been a baby, and carried her up-stairs. When I set her down on the threshold of her own little room, she clung a moment to my neck.

"You will love me whatever I do, won't you, Uncle David?"

"Forever and forever," I replied. She did not know it, but there was blood on my lips.

"I will tell you all about it in the morning. Good-night."

I left her, going straight into my own room, and to bed.

In the morning she told Eunice and me that the gentleman was her dear and only brother Aubrey; he was in great trouble and needed her sympathy. She had met him there because they both loved the sweet, quiet woods, and did not wish to trespass on our hospitality. However, if we were willing, she would meet him in the garden and put a stop to all the busy tongues. Of course, we were willing. Eunice, to make amends, offered her our tiny best room, but she said no, they loved nature and would prefer the garden, even if they had no fear of disturbing us, besides, he was only to be out once more before she left.

"Tell that woman this," she said. "Oh! isn't she dreadful? I never want to see her again. Don't let me, will you?" she pleaded, and I promised she should not. A day or two later, she showed me a dainty note, directed to Aubrey Granville, Esq.

Eunice said nothing after that night, except that she would "be satisfied to see her go."

To see her go. I dared not think of it long. How could I live and see that glory drift out of my life, and my days take on their cold, dull, neutral tints again? I put away from me all thought of it as far as I might, and revelled in the present with the warmth and ardor of a child on a holiday. Nor would I allow her to speak of leaving, my fair June rose, for mine she was, if first, warm, young love could make her so, although I was too painfully aware of my deformity and deficiencies to breathe one word to her of the passion that had transfigured my life. Surely, surely this glory had not been borne upon the hilltops to fade wholly, and leave me threading my dreary valley ways, foot-sore and heart-sore, down into that darkest valley of all, whereon rests the shadow of death. Thus I deluded myself, and hugged the delusion all through the long, dear days that saw her under our roof. Never for one instant did I presume to think of wooing her, of winning her; as well the worm in the dust aspire to the stars' brightness. I only hoped I should never quite lose her, that the sunshine of her smile might glance upon me from time to time, and keep my heart alive in the winter years coming. I even began to think when Mr. Stark repeated his visit, and won from her some fitful token of encouragement, even began to think it would be a comfort to see her settled in the house on the hill, and have her children growing up around me.

After the night I saw her in the woods, a change came over her. In the presence of Eunice she made as much of me as ever, but no longer sought me in the garden to hover about me like some bewitching humming-bird, and bewilder me with her bright ways and tuneful voice. But so filled was every sense with her radiant image, I cannot even say I missed her. Then, too, she was mostly seated somewhere where I had but to turn my head to make that image real.

The day came, as such days will, when she left us. Her trunks were taken away in the morning, on the up-country train; in the even-

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ing, just as the last coal in the west was dying out on a purple altar, a carriage stopped at the foot of the hill-slope. She had been waiting for it feverishly, I thought, for I watched her as few save the dying are ever watched.

"There's Aubrey," she cried out, catching up a large cloak that, strangely enough, Eunice thought, she insisted upon wearing—"the night is sure to be cool," she had said.

"Good-by," to Eunice, whose unresponsive lips received her light kiss, then coming to me, "Good-by, Uncle David, don't be sorry. I'll come back some day."

She kissed me once, twice, thrice, then darted off. She might have been swallowed up in a mist, for aught I saw of her after that. The sharp grate of carriage-wheels struck across my breast, and I fainted like a very girl.

After that I fell into a feverish, fretful state, under which I should have sunk had it not been for my garden. Through her that little spot of earth had become Paradise. The flowers I had tended with no motor power save greed and gain, through her shone like long-lost, friendly faces found on foreign shores. They laughed at me, they danced before me in long, bright, shining rows, in robes of every shade and hue; they met me where're I turned my gaze. They peeped and hid, they pelted me with perfumed notelets, and poured into my soul sweetest incense from their many-tinted censers. So had her bloomy, brune face beamed out upon me from tangled nooks; so had she danced along my garden paths, hiding, waving, beckoning, stealing upon me unawares, and pelting me with fragrant leaf and blossom; so had her scented robes swept clouds of sweetness over me.

Yes, had it not been for that little flower-girdled spot of earth, I should have sunk under the burden of her loss. I was at home there. I understood the language of my beautiful blooms, but they breathed of her only, and above all price was the promise they gave. "We fade, we fail, but come again;" so would she come back to me, my life's fair blossom, my rose of all the world; had she not said so?

—

On the third day after Garnet's departure, old and young Mrs. Daniels came out on the train, and, as usual when they came that way, "run up," as they expressed it, to see us. Having been unusually hard at work, and as it was in the heat of the day, I was resting a bit in the shade of the doorstep.

"I wonder who that is?" said Mrs. Daniels, senior, turning when she reached the gate, and indicating a slight little figure toiling up the slope.

"She sat right ahead of us in the cars, but I never dreamed she was comin' here."

"It's Mrs. Whythe, I guess," replied Eunice, shading her eyes to look. "Yes, it is Mrs. Whythe. What can she want? She's never been here but twice before."

"Comin' after posies, I reckon," said the young mistress; "let's git indoors; it's bilin' hot out here."

"Yes, go in; you too, Davy, it's cooler inside. I'll go help her," and Eunice went to meet the little lady.

"I'm a sad baby," she said on entering, and falling into a chair with a white, pained smile.

Mrs. Daniels was voluble about their having come up in the same train, but Mrs. Whythe replied only by feeble nods, waiting to recover her strength; then she turned to me, and with a strange, bluish look creeping into her face, asked, "Did Miss Granville leave on Tuesday?"

"She did."

"By the train?"

"No, ma'am, in a carriage."

She gave a sharp gasp. "Alone?" she asked.

"Oh! no; her brother was with her."

Again that gasp, as if a knife had cut her breath. "Why do you say it was her brother?"

A sickening sense of something awful to come was upon me, yet even the most trivial of my surroundings imprinted itself on my brain. The Danielses had untied their bonnets and were looking from one to another with an eagerness that had something ferocious in it; the faint summer wind was lifting the leaves of a hymn-book on the table, and a yellow-bodied wasp crawled on the carpet. I wiped the great dew from my forehead.

"She said so," I replied.

"He has been here, then?"

"Not here, exactly, except to take her away."

"Will you describe him?"

"I'm not good at descriptions," I faltered, growing almost as pallid as herself.

"He was tall, fine-looking, with very black hair, black eyes, and side-whiskers," spoke up Eunice.

"Garnet Granville has no brother," said Mrs. Whythe, in a stifled voice; then all of a sudden broke out with a sharp scream, "Heaven help me! that man is my husband!"

With the pitilessness of a common, malicious nature, regardless of what seemed like death

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settling on the features of Mrs. Whythe, regardless of my strong agony, old Mrs. Daniels shook her cap-ribbons with a snort, and bawled out—"I told you so. I told you there was no good in that gal when I heard uv her meeting a fellar in the woods after dark. I told you so—I told you."

"Stop, aunty," said Eunice; "don't torture her; wait a bit."

"No, no," murmured the ghastly lips, "I want to hear all, *now*."

Mrs. Daniels was no way backward about telling all, intermixed with her own comments and opinions.

"Did Miss Granville know Mr. Whythe was a married man?" asked young Mrs. Daniels, who was not so quick to think evil.

"She lived in the same house with us three months. She is my own half-sister."

"Oh! the depravity uv unreginerate human nater—*him* and *her!*" squealed Grandmother Daniels.

"Will you oblige me by going home!" I said, turning fiercely on her in my pain and fury.

"Sartin, sir, sartin; now you've made all off uv us you kin, it's very well to turn us out uv doors—oh! yes, very well to turn us out uv the door that 'ud never a bin yourn if it hadn't a bin for us. Mebbe when you've found your piece uv trumpery's ruined you, as well as other folks, you'd wish you hadn't, that's all."

She delivered this while making spiteful little jerks at her shawl and bonnet, and blind little dives after parcels that would tumble out of her angry hands. "Well, well, every dog must have his day, and Davy's havin' his'n."

A sickness like death came over me, and through the deadening clouds of misery that pressed on heart and brain, I heard the mild expostulation of Eunice, and the sharp replies of our neighbor, until she tramped out of the house, flinging back as a parting volley—"I give you joy uv the hussies you may take in arter this, but if you ever come sick an' poverty-struck agin, and they don't keep you, I don't know who will, an' I don't care, neither. That's all."

Fortunately for me, for the others, that was all.

"I am so sorry to have brought this on you," said little Mrs. Whythe, struggling mightily for composure. "I meant to wait until they were gone, but my heart was too full. I had to speak. Tell me now all about Garnet and my—my husband. I want to hear your story."

Eunice told her, she listening the while with her eyes closed, and great spasms of pain crossing her face. Then we heard her story. Her mother and step-father lived quite stylishly, in a distant city. Garnet had made trouble between an engaged couple; later, between man and wife. This affair was publicly talked about, and led to her being sent on to Whythes'. "I am very much of an invalid, and didn't care to have her; still, I thought no harm of her; she seemed only vain and thoughtless, but her prettiness excused that. I saw little company, and my husband spent all his evenings away from home. When Garnet came, all that was changed. The house was filled with gay people night and day, and he home all his spare time. My first hint of anything more than friendship between them came from my Harry's artless lips. Then I dragged myself from my room long enough to satisfy myself that it was best to send her away. I wrote home, but they said she had better not come just then; let her go into the country somewhere. I thought of you directly. There could be no danger under your roof, I said to myself. She was delighted to come. I was quite surprised at her eagerness. They must have had it all arranged. Oh! yes—they must have had it all arranged."

"If you had only warned us," said Eunice.

"Yes; but that would not have been easy; and, besides, I never dreamed that either of them would go so far. I had confidence in my husband's honor, and in hers." She drew her mantle round her with a little shiver. "There is nothing left for me to do but go home to my babies," she said, and stepped feebly to the door.

Eunice went with her, and they talked a long while outside, while I laid myself down on the lounge in such utter despair as it seldom falls to man's lot to feel.

I lay there until nightfall, then I got up and went out into my garden, dewy sweet under the June moonbeams. When I left, it was a fragrant, tangled ruin. I fled from it as Cain fled from the dead face of Abel. The down-train panted hotly toward the city. I clambered on, groped for a seat, and lost consciousness by the way.

—

After that dark day came eighteen months of hospital life. The first four I saw nothing but the white ceiling overhead, and now and then a face bending between that and me. I felt nothing save a horrible grinding pain, that gnawed at every inch of bone and flesh in my tortured body like some hungry animal. After the

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twelfth month, contrary to everybody's predictions, I began to mend decidedly.

In the same room with me was a disabled basket-maker — Nathan Abrams; a patient, grave, sweet-tempered man, one year my junior. He had had other more profitable employment, but failure of eyesight obliged him to give that up and take to this.

One day his little girl—he was a widower, and had but the one—came in, bringing a tiny bunch of roses—where they came from, I do not know, for the ground was white with snow—but I caught sight of their bloomy faces afar down the narrow passage between the little cots.

"Roses!" I cried out in an agony such as no pain ever forced from me. "Don't let her bring them here! Don't let her bring them here!"

Eunice and Abrams hurried to intercept her, and I saw them no more, nor any of their kindred, for many a month and year.

After I got better, and Abrams' hand improved somewhat, the managers allowed him to bring there what work he could do, and I, having the use of my hands, and being anxious to do something, he taught me his craft, and with it he taught my poor, blind, despairing soul to look up to those holy hills from whence cometh all our help.

Never shall I forget those long spring afternoons, with the sunshine coming and going in golden tides on the white beds and whiter faces, and Abrams' voice, as he quoted from memory all that was comforting and beautiful in that most beautiful and comforting of all books. He would place his hands on his knees, and, bending his head, appear to be reading aloud, but really his eyes would not permit of reading, yet somehow he had stored up and learned by heart enough to hold his silent audience—for they all listened—enchained by the hour.

He was a plain man, an exceedingly plain man to look at, but on such occasions, when he lifted his head, there was a charm in his face no earthly beauty could impart, and a light in his eyes that it seemed to me must be like the light that comes over the faces of those who first bow beneath heaven's portal.

When I left the hospital, it was to follow this man to his humble home, where Eunice had preceded me as his wife.

Soon after my arrival there, the kindly pair, who were truly united and happy, got something to do that took them away early in the morning, and kept them away ofttimes till late at night. I asked no questions and they told me nothing, but I suspected, and when, upon more than one occasion, Abrams came home with the scent of shrubs on his garments, and once a red rose-leaf had caught in the gray knot of hair on the head of Eunice, my suspicions were verified. Notwithstanding my new-found strength, I shivered a little over these things, then faced the memories I had been crowding back, grew familiar with them, and strong despite them.

Abrams' face bronzed, yet brightened, and Eunice grew younger than I had ever known her, so I was glad to think they had gone into my garden, were gracing it anew, and happy in it, yet still gave them no sign that I understood and approved. Somehow it seemed as though the time for that was yet to come.

Anna, Abrams' little girl, went to school. She was old enough and handy enough to cook our little dinners and prepare the supper, and was such a quiet, old-fashioned little thing, we got on quite well together. Once or twice a week Eunice stayed at home to wash and bake. Apart from these times I was entirely alone. All day long I sat and wove the slim willow strands into dainty devices for daintier hands to trifle with, yet was never lonely, seldom sad. Seldom sad, although those four walls, that ceiling, bounded my world. I never went outside of it, for since that fair June even when my mad hand dealt death and desolation to the little garden on the Kent Road, my feet have never borne me, and never will again until they touch the Shining Shore.

June came once more—sifting her golden sands of sunshine through my small window-pane, filling the city streets with strange, sweet scents from breezy meadow, upland, and rose-gardens far away. The fourth June since that summer era dawned upon my life fair as her roses and as fleet.

For the first time Abrams had taken Anna to the old place, it being one of Eunice's days home. The child returned delighted, hiding something in her apron, and trying to reach the yard door without my seeing what it was. Did I not know! The instant the front door opened, their "unseen censers" loaded the air with incense. A chance stumble, the corners of the little pink apron flew wide apart, and there in one beauteous heap, sweet as cloud-flakes caught from a sunset sea, glowing at the loveliness reflected in each others' faces, brimmed with

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nectar as for a fairy festival, were roses, *my roses.*

"Oh! I didn't mean—you wasn't to see—O Uncle David! look another way," stammered Anna, half beside herself in terror of she knew not what consequences to me growing out of this unintentional disobedience of orders.

With swift hands Eunice proceeded to raise the fragrant ruin, while I held out mine.

"Bring them here," was all I could say.

I felt like a famished man at sight of food, ravening after them. I took them in my hands, I inhaled their fragrance in long-drawn breaths, I fondled them as women fondle babes. I even laughed over them, though all the while a straining pain tugged at my heart-strings. Then my soul recognized its last great want under heaven, and found words for it.

"Eunice, why can we not all go back to the old place and live there? I want to live among my flowers once more."

She answered me with glad alacrity, and after that it did not take long to arrange matters and get off. Everything we had in our city home was Abrams'; the old house was just as it had been left; so, as I said, it did not take long to get off, although they would have postponed my going a day or two after the one that had been fixed on, for a rainy spell set in, and they were afraid to risk my removal. I was not, I was too hungry for home.

We reached the well-known station. I was carried up the slope, and the gate swung open, when, from somewhere under the wet, overhanging shrubbery, the drenched figure of a woman started—a woman who clutched a small bundle in her thin arms, from which hung the tiny hand of a babe like a storm-beaten lily.

The forlorn figure seemed determined to press close upon me; and as Eunice and Abrams greatly dreaded any sort of excitement for me, the face of the one went white and worried, while the other stepped forward kindly but firmly to keep her back. She would not be put back; her shriek cut the air, and made the valley ring, as she fell forward with her babe across my knees.

"O Uncle David! Uncle David! don't you know me?"

Know her! O pitiful heaven! what would I have given not to know her? Garnet, my Garnet, it was, and none other, with that hot, hunger-bitten face, down which that fearful scourge, smallpox, had ploughed its loathsome finger-marks.

"The critter's crazy," said Samson Daniels, who was helping to carry me; "pack her off."

With a scream that rent the valley a second time, those thin arms, hot with the fever of heart-break, griped my neck.

Eunice echoed her reiterated "No, no, no," saying at the same time, as she gently laid her hands on those convulsively locked arms—"But, see here, you are hurting him, and your baby, too. Samson, this lady was once our guest. This is Miss Granville."

The clinging creature started fiercely up, and caught her baby to her breast.

"I am Mrs. Whythe," she said with singular dignity. "I was married six months after the first Mrs. Whythe died. When my beauty was gone, he left me as he left her. Uncle David! Uncle David! I said I would come back. I have come." Her tones broke into shrieks, and ended in gurgling, delirious laughter, while again she flung herself upon my breast, half sinking to the ground as I tried to support her.

"Come, come," said Abrams to Sam and Samson, "we must get them into the house, or they'll both catch their deaths."

"Wait, wait one moment," gasped the unhappy creature, clinging to my arms.

She laid a parcel in my lap. "My little girl—that will tell. What was the text of the sermon we heard together, Uncle David?"

They were trying to shield us both from the rain. A strange, awesome sweetness was stealing into the worn face.

"Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

"*To me a sinner—me a sinner. Be merciful to me a sinner, Lord.*"

Her hold relaxed in an instant, and, although my arms were close about her, she somehow slid upon her knees, and was lying prone upon the ground before any one could save her. Yes, upon my garden-walk, where once in girlhood's pride and beauty her feet made merry music, with that piteous appeal frozen on her lips, and her wet hair trailing in the dust, lay Garnet Granville Whythe, *dead.*

Her little girl is mine. We never heard from her father, nor cared to hear. She is very sweet, with nothing of her mother's glow and glamour; but I am glad of that. She is very fond of stories, and slips into my arms at twilight with this pretty plea, not only on her lips, but in her eyes and her caressing fingers, "Tell me a story, Uncle David." Those I cull from some book she calls my "head-stories," those I

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make up as I go along she calls my "heart-stories," and is very particular to inquire concerning the origin of every one.

Seeing me writing this, she asked to-day—"What are you writing, Uncle David?"

"A story," I replied.

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of a June rose."

"Oh! I know," and she claps her gleeful hands. "It is a heart-story."

GOING FROM CHURCH.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Do not let us take the highway, sweet,
It is full of curious, prying eyes;
Let us take the pleasant path that lies
Through the fields, and shuns the dust and heat,
Daisy-bordered, bridged by leafy shade,
Swinging wind-tossed o'er the golden flood,
Which the priest, this morning, when he prayed,
Likened to the unmeasured love of God.
Sweet the text that followed—I could have wished no other—
A new command I give, Love ye one another.

I turned to watch you as the words divine
Stole on my sense like music of the spheres;
A flush crept up your cheek, a mist of tears
Dimmed your clear eyes which drooped away from mine.
I saw the hand that held your book of prayer
Thrill like a flower swept by delicious gales;
But not a look would you vouchsafe me there,
O lovely saint! shrined within altar rails—
Were you afraid to turn and face your brother,
After the new command, Love ye one another?

I grant remission for the look not given,
So fully doth suffice the look you give—
Nay, do not turn away, but let me live
Forever in your eyes' serene, blue heaven.
Give me your hand—and give me, maiden mine,
Your heart-thoughts in this happy Sabbath stroll,
And happy Sabbath talk of things divine—
Of love, joy, faith, God, heaven, and the soul,
And of the sermon that our holy brother
Preached from the golden text, Love ye one another.

Ah! life will not be all like this, alas!
A walk through meadows under skies so fair,
With bobolinks a-trilling in the air,
And daisies blowing golden in the grass.
There will be rough and stormy days, my sweet,
When God behind a cloud will hide from sight,
And you and I, with hurt and weary feet,
Will press through thorny ways to reach the light;
But hand in hand, dear, and patient with each other,
Remembering the text, Love ye one another.

ROYAL PANSIES.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

Cold and pale the sunlight filtered
Through cloud fringes, dull and gray—
Dreary, pall-like fringes, sweeping
O'er my life, and o'er the day.
Sadly I had searched the garden,
Though I knew 'twere vain to hope
For a single spray of blossom—
Mignonette or heliotrope.

Well I knew along the uplands,
White *immortelles* gemmed the sod,
Purple tufts of wildwood asters
Burnished sheaves of golden rod.
How I longed for one more handful—
Garden pets or wildwood bloom,
Bringing with them low, sweet music,
Holy poems to my room.

Slowly I was turning homeward,
Feeling all my heart grow chill,
When I spied, mid dying grasses,
Royal pansies blooming still.
Bold, brave-hearted, purple pansies,
Velvet-robed, with hearts of gold,
Fearing naught, alike defying
Withering wind and blighting cold.

With strange joy I knelt beside them,
Thinking of earth's feverish strife,
How alike in spring and autumn
Frost had fallen on my life.
And I said, "My royal Pansy,
I have caught new strength from thee;
Henceforth, though the storm sweep o'er me,
I'll as brave and hopeful be."

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OUR THEATRICAL CAREER.

BY AUNT ALICE.

(*Concluded from page* 66.)

I was soon busy with Cynthia, preparing her for the balcony scene. Fred Courtney was dressed very becomingly as a troubadour, with guitar in hand.

The curtain was down, and we three had the stage to ourselves for a few minutes. Fred led Cynthia up on the platform, where she was to stand and lean out of a window (the frame of a large looking-glass), and it was rather a tottering place, and I thought that was the reason Fred stayed up there so long. When he came round to where I stood waiting to see him take his position before the curtain rose, he slyly pressed my hand and sighed, as if to tell me he wished I was the one he was about to make love to, and I fully believed him.

I hastened round to the front and stood by the side of Mr. Harden and James Grey as the curtain rolled up. Mr. Harden drew one deep breath as a murmur of applause from the scholars broke the silence first, and we had time to look at our actors. They both looked well, but Cynthia perfectly angelic. Her thin white dress was made low, and the short, full sleeves were drawn off the fair, round shoulders by bows of blue ribbon; the same was mingled with her light curls, and her soft blue eyes looked lovingly down on the handsome, dark face of her troubadour. His black Spanish cloak was carelessly thrown back, showing the scarlet lining, and displaying his fine form to great advantage. When he begged her so earnestly for the ribbon from her hair, and she gracefully drew it from the curls and threw it over his shoulder, he quickly fastened it to his guitar, and played a few bars softly, then, leaning under the casement, he sang a Spanish song very sweetly.

It was, by far, the best scene and the best acting of the evening. No wonder Mr. Harden breathed hard! I felt a keen pang of jealousy, for it looked too real, this love-making. All the girls present felt a little jealous, but mostly because Cynthia looked so beautiful, well knowing they could not hope to vie with her.

Where Courtney found this play, or, rather, parts of a play, I never knew, but it was calculated to show him off. As Cynthia leaned over listening to him, two nuns, or sisters of charity, crossed the stage, with their pale faces (well powdered), black veils, and white bands about their brows, hands folded before them, looking very devout indeed; but as they approached the lover, who seemed to have no eyes but for the fair girl above him, one of the nuns paused, gave one loud scream, and fainted, just as the words, "My husband!" were whispered by her pale lips—a stage whisper, of course, intended for the audience. Here ensued a scene of confusion; the runaway husband was found by the heart-broken wife, the lady-love (Cynthia) disappeared from the casement, and the curtain dropped.

A few moments after this, and while some unimportant piece was being recited by a youth whose parents alone took any interest in what he had to say or how he said it, I stood in the dressing-room disrobing my little friend "Cynt." She was excited and nervous, and did not answer the kind inquiries which Mr. Harden made as to her being fatigued by standing so long on that tottering plank, but seemed anxious to get away. Fred led her into a small room partitioned off from our dressing-room, and told her to rest there on a bench, on which he had thrown his now discarded cloak, and then he came smiling back to me.

"What a farce our tragedy has been, Kate," he whispered; "did we not all make guys of ourselves?"

"You know better," I replied; "you looked splendid, and you know it."

"Ah! if you had been the one I was making love to, it would have been so easy," he said, looking down at me and smiling.

"Oh! you did it so naturally. I only hope you will do as well on the night of the exhibition," I ventured to say. He gave me a look, as if to see if I was in earnest, but before he could say more, was interrupted.

We were surprised to find we had more spectators in the barn than should have been allowed an entrance; but Mrs. Farmer Brooks had taken the liberty to invite in several neighbors; "was not the barn her own?" It was James Grey who had pointed them out to Mr. Harden, for they were mostly hidden in dark corners,

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and some boys and girls were in the haymow looking down.

The sister of the bashful youth who had just "spoken his piece," felt out of patience with his shyness, and called out—"Speak out, Bill, like the others do!" And that put a stop to what he was saying at once.

It was very late before we got through, and even then all had not said their say. Mr. Harden promised to meet any who wished to rehearse their parts any afternoon before the final day. Nearly all were well up in their parts, and not a few felt capable of acting on any stage, or taking any, even the most difficult, parts.

I wish I could describe all the laughable mistakes; but I must forbear. What could be expected of a set of youngsters, brought out on the stage for the first time, with scarcely an idea of what a play was, and who supposed the only proper style was to deliver every insignificant line in the grandiloquent manner used by country orators on the Fourth of July.

For instance, young Jones, a stout youth of seventeen, was to recite a piece in which these lines occur:

"Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise!
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

He came forward within an inch of the "footlights," made a stiff bow, spread out his hands, set his big feet full half a yard apart, and shouted at the top of his voice, his face growing redder each moment; and when he came to the two lines above written, he rolled his white eyes up and screamed:

"'Columby! Columby! to glory *arise!*'"

and at *arise* threw *down* his great, sprawling hands with great emphasis—

"'The queen of the world!'"

up went his hands above his blushing brow—

"'AND the child of the *skeies!*'"

and down came both hands and heels. And this in spite of all the training Mr. Harden had given him.

Well, at last we were all on our way home. I have told you nothing of my own acting that night, but you may hear of it yet. Fred Courtney came to me before the lights were put out, to ask if I did not wish him to carry home my dresses. "Oh! no," I said, "they can remain in the barn." But he insisted that all that was the least valuable should be taken home; so I gave him a few things to carry. I was surprised that Cynthia was not with us, and asked Fred where she was.

"Oh! Mr. Harden has charge of her, thank goodness," he replied.

A slight snow had fallen, the moon was shining brightly, and each group could be plainly seen. Mr. Harden was walking by Cynthia's side, but she did not take his arm. James Grey was escorting six girls across a field, lifting them over the fences, and joking with all. Joe and Melissa hid behind the barn and threw snowballs at each couple as they passed, showing they could handle snow if they could not "gallop over it." The Misses Bailey had beaux of their own, and were laughing merrily.

Fred hastened on until out of reach of the snowballs which Joe seemed particularly anxious should hit him; and on, on till we passed the place where James Grey took his ladies over the fence; then he paused and walked very slowly, and soon we were far behind all the company.

Fred pressed my arm close to his side, drew many deep sighs, and at last said—"Katie, darling, my own love, do you know that the next words you may speak are to seal my fate for good or evil?"

I was frightened, and did not answer. I could feel him trembling. What could it mean?

"Katie, I am a miserable man, and only you can save me. Do not speak yet, let me explain. Katie, the uncle on whom I am dependent is in Italy; he has sent for me to join him there, and I *must* go. O Katie! will you go with me? Will you, darling? Will you go as my own wife?"

Wife! Italy! the land I had dreamed of. Why not? Such were my thoughts, my young heart all in a flutter. And then it was *so* romantic! I had read of such things, but feared they never occured in real life.

Fred was now on his knees in the melting snow, all unmindful of the beautiful suit of clothes he wore. What devotion!

"Why—why, Fred, I——"

I had begun to answer him thus far when he stopped me.

"Hush, Katie, wait; I must explain. You know I love you, and you have owned your love for me; but you are such a simple, innocent little girl that I fear you may not understand me; I want you to run away with me, just as you are, some night soon, and we will be married at the first stopping-place. Will you trust me, my own darling?"

"*Run away!* Escape from a window at night!" Oh! how delightful. And then who should

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I have to leave behind me? Only a sister, who, I thought, cared little for me. Why, it was too good to be true. But then I must not appear too willing. So I began to sob, and Fred got upon his feet and tried to comfort me. I asked him *why* I could not tell my sister (as if I wished to), and he said he had heard her husband swear that no man should ever have me unless *he*, my brother-in-law, pleased.

That was enough; my cross old brother-in-law should not control *me*, and so I told Fred, and we kissed and became calm—*very* calm, I thought him, for one who had appeared so terribly cast down. It was a long, slow walk home, and we made all our plans on the way. I was to collect all my wardrobe into one large trunk, pretending it was needed at the barn on the night of the exhibition. This trunk Fred would have taken over just before dark on Friday; he would have a carriage in readiness, and before the exhibition closed he would have the trunk safe in the carriage, and after my last piece was performed I should follow; and before the barn-doors closed for the night we should be far away.

Late as it was when we reached my home, I was a little surprised that Fred did not ask to come in, but he kissed me kindly at the gate, told me to be very careful not to make any one suspect us in any way, promised to be in the next morning, and left me.

I entered the house alone; my sister heard me going up to my room, told me to be sure to fasten all the doors, and then, feeling perfectly safe, she soon slept soundly.

Not so with me. Sleep! Why, I did not feel that I should ever need to sleep again. Were not all my wildest dreams now realized? The handsomest man I had ever seen had just asked me to be his wife! and, best of all, to run away with him, and to Italy! How happy I was!

Reader, forgive me. I was a very foolish, romantic child of fifteen. I had no mother, no near and dear ties to bind me to my home. My sister, if she cared for me at all, did not show it. To be sure, she made me comfortable, did not scold me, but she never seemed to take any interest in my affairs. It may have been because I had none of any importance, and she thought me only a child as yet. But surely I was a woman now! Yes, I was, and she should some day be proud of me.

I sat by my window, cold as it was, for half an hour, trying to think it all over. Then I began to wonder what "Cynt" would say when she heard of it. Poor, dear Cynt! How could I leave her in this dull town?

Fred had told me, just before we reached home, that he wished me to look exceedingly well on the night of the exhibition, as it would be my last appearance before our friends for many months at least, and he particularly requested me to wear all the jewelry I possessed, or to place it in my trunk, ready to put on at short notice. I did own some old jewelry of considerable value, and a pretty little watch, all left me by my mother, but I had not yet worn any of it, as my sister said such things were not fit for young girls. But I had it all in a little ebony box, and one night I had brought it down to show my treasure to Cynthia, and Fred had come in just as we had rigged ourselves out in great style, and he had appeared to be quite astonished at their value when I permitted him to handle and examine each piece.

But who would have thought he would think of such a small matter now?

"Oh! he just wants me to look my very best before I leave my old friends," I thought. "Dear, kind Fred!"

"But Cynthia! was she asleep!" I wondered. Sister was, I knew; so, perhaps I could slip out and see if there was any light in "Cynt's" window.

Fred had told me to go right to bed, as he "wanted to see my eyes very bright in the morning." But what was the use of going to bed when I could not sleep?

I took off my shoes, put on a pair of soft carpet slippers, and noiselessly descended the stairs, unlocked the front door, left it unfastened, and hurried out into the silent street. When I reached the gate of my friend's home, all was dark. I had made some noise in closing the gate, and thought, perhaps, Cynthia might have heard it; so I slipped round to the side door and looked up at the window of her room. Just as I was about to turn away, I heard a door close softly, and a moment after a man climbed over the fence at the back of the house.

This frightened me. Some one had surely been prowling about the premises, and had left on hearing me. I dared not go home alone now. I must see Cynthia; so I called her name, and she opened her window at once.

"Let me in, Cynt," I said, "for I am terribly frightened."

She came to the door, and I was surprised to see her fully dressed, in the suit she had walked home in. She almost pulled me into the house,

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holding my hand until we reached her room, giving me no time to tell her of my fright, or of the man I had seen in the yard.

I could see that she was very much excited, and in my wonder at her unusual manner, I nearly forgot my own romantic engagement, and could not tell her why I had sought her at this late hour.

Poor little Cynt! Her heart was so full; she always had told me everything; could she keep a secret now?

I had not intended telling her my great secret, but only to talk over matters slyly, and find out what she thought of elopements in general.

We sat down on the rug in front of the fire, which was nearly out, with arms around each other, and Cynt, leaning her head on my shoulder, sobbed like a frightened child.

"Cynt," I said, "come stay with me to-night. I left the door unlocked and must return. You can be here long before your grandmother wakes in the morning, and I know she has that sewing-girl sleeping in her room."

I had my will, as usual, and we were soon snug in bed, but not thinking of sleep. Ah! no, that was a sleepless night for us. As we were undressing I told Cynthia of the man I had seen climbing the fence, but before I had half told the story, she caught my arm with her trembling hand, and said, "O Katie! never mention that to a living soul."

She appeared so frightened, so very nervous, that I said no more about it.

I put out the light and crept into bed, when she threw her arms about my neck and whispered, "Katie, I am a wicked girl; you don't know how wicked I am."

Thinking my little friend was surely going into hysterics, I tried to comfort her; but in vain, for she sobbed and trembled now more than ever.

"Katie, you will not believe me when I tell you that I have promised to run away; to leave poor old grandma, will you?" she asked as soon as she could speak.

"Married! you?" said I, thinking the while of my own little romance. "And was that your beau jumping the fence? Who is he? tell me his name! it can't be Mr. Harden!"

"O Katie! haven't you noticed; I thought you suspected us. He is so handsome, so loving, and devoted to me, yet I have been almost jealous of you at times, and feared you might love him as I did."

It was my turn to tremble now, and I fiercely demanded his name.

"Why, Frederic Courtney!" she said, "who else could it be?"

Here was a play fit for any stage; but I stifled all emotion and listened calmly, while she told me the whole case.

I was very angry, but not with my trembling little bed-fellow; I felt at once that I had never really loved the villain himself, but merely the romance of the thing. Young as I was, I felt indignant that he should dare to play such tricks on us poor, simple country girls; no doubt he expected to break both our hearts. But he should see! Yes, I was planning revenge as I listened to my friend.

He had talked to Cynthia just as he did to me, made her promise secrecy, and that was the reason of her avoiding me of late.

He had feared me, and so told Cynt I was not her true friend, that I had tried to win his love, &c.

They were to elope from the barn just before the close of the exhibition; Cynthia was to have all of her best clothing there, particularly her grandmother's jewelry, &c., &c.

What could he mean by this appointment with both of us? What were his plans? It puzzled me completely.

After hearing all she had to say, I thought it over, and concluded, at last, to tell her *my love story*, which I did.

At first, Cynt thought I was joking, but when once convinced that it was the truth, I thought she would have fainted, so cold and silent she lay.

Young hearts are elastic, but my innocent little Cynt was more deeply wounded than I was.

Do you wonder we passed a sleepless night?

We had to lay plans now, and by daylight we had decided what to do. We had each a part to play now that would take better acting than the poor little dialogues we had studied so hard, and the barn should be the scene of quite a new play.

Of course, Cynthia agreed to whatever I proposed. I tried to get up her spunk by telling her how Courtney was laughing in his sleeve at us silly girls, and before we parted in the morning her blue eyes fairly flashed, and a bright spot appeared on each thin cheek.

We knew it was no use to trouble her grandmother with our secret; we had no brothers to assist us. I knew my sister would only laugh

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at us if we told her, and already the whole affair appeared so ridiculous to me that I could not have blamed any one for laughing. But I felt determined that Mr. Courtney should not laugh very long, not if woman's wit could change his tune. Now I must school myself to meet the gentleman.

I sat sewing and singing when he entered the door. I sprang up to meet him, and as he took my hand he whispered so lovingly—"I hope my darling singing-bird has had pleasant dreams."

"Oh! yes," I said, laughing, "I have dreamed of Italy all night; have you?"

"Ah! I dreamed only of you, love," he sighed. The villain!

He did not remain long, as he was needed at the post-office, but promised to call in the evening. I did want to slap his false face, but kept on my smiles till he departed.

I was glad that he was not to see Cynthia that day, as she was not a good actress. He asked me very calmly if I had seen my friend since the evening before, and I told him I had not time to trouble with *her* now.

Cynthia's grandmother had been unusually peevish and worried for the last few days. She was fretting over the non arrival of a letter which was to contain money. We had no express companies out west in those days, and all moneys were sent by mail. Some property had been sold recently, and this was to be the first and largest payment, and the old lady was very anxious. "Cynt" had told Courtney of this, and he had told her to coax up the "old woman" and keep her quiet.

I believe I have not mentioned that there was no school kept this week; only a few of the young men went to the Academy every forenoon to recite to Mr. Harden, James Grey for one. So I put on my hood and went over, telling my sister I was going after my books.

I walked right into the school-room, and, going to my desk, I began tumbling over my books until I could catch the eye of James Grey, who was writing an exercise just then. When he looked up, I held up a pen (we used quills in those days), and he, thinking I wished it mended, came to my desk.

"James," I said in a whisper, "when and where can I see you to-day?"

"Now, or at any time," he answered obligingly.

"No," I said, "not here nor at my home. I have a secret to tell you. Can you be on the foot-bridge over the *run* in one hour from this time?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Miss Kate," was his answer, and taking up my books I left the school-house.

Just at noon, when nearly everybody in town was at dinner, James Grey and I stood on the little bridge, and he soon knew as much about Fred Courtney as I could tell him. He did not even smile, but looked grave and puzzled.

"The rascal!" he said at last. "But we will foil him. And now I ask you, Miss Kate, to leave this matter to me; I will inform only the few whose help I need in the matter; and you must keep up the farce, and fool him to his heart's content."

James expressed a fear that "Cynt" could not carry out her part, and cautioned me to watch her closely, which I did.

When Fred called that night, I pretended to be very much taken up with my sister's children, and told him it would not do to offend my sister *now*, so he only stayed a few minutes.

He asked me if my trunk had a strong lock, and if it was large enough to hold all my clothing; if it was not, he could procure one for me. Then he came back to say perhaps it would be best to put my watch and other valuable small articles in a small box, and let him carry it himself on Friday night, &c.

I could not keep my lip from curling at his meanness, and I was glad when he left me.

I told him I was going to take the children over to see Cynthia, and perhaps spend the evening with her, thus keeping him from calling there that night.

I did visit Cynthia, but the children did not accompany me. I found the poor old lady full of trouble about her "money letter," as she called it, and Cynt had her hands full; I could only talk with her a moment at the door on leaving; did not tell her all my plans, but told her to get her trunk packed with all the old duds she could find to make it heavy, but only to take what was needed for the exhibition, and that all would be well.

On Wednesday it rained all day. I received a note from James Grey, saying all was "going on swimmingly."

"Cynt" ran in that evening to tell me that Fred called in the rain, but her grandmother would not let her go down except for one minute to ask him if "that letter had come;" so she did not have to talk with him. He seemed eager to get out of the house when he heard

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the voice of the old lady calling to him about her letter.

When I awoke on Thursday morning, I thought—"Two days more, and our play will be about played out." I really felt five years older than I had the day before. But I looked over my stage dresses and packed them in a box for James Grey to take to the barn that night, the larger trunk being filled to the brim with sister's carpet-rags, and locked fast.

I emptied my little work-box, and wrapping up some large nails in pink cotton, with two broken horse-shoes in the bottom, for luck, or weight, I left it open till Fred called in the evening, let him take a sly peep, then closed and locked it, telling him I could trust that only to him on the following night. How pleased he looked!

Friday came at last; all our plans had worked well so far, and I was in high spirits. Cynt looked pale and sad, but I soon convinced her that we had both cause to be thankful for our escape from the hands of such a wretch. He was evidently a thief—the meanest kind of a thief, too—ready to steal the clothes from two poor girls! He did not want us, but only the little we possessed.

Before ten o'clock, wagon-loads of country people came rolling through the street on their way to Brooks's barn; some coming ten miles, and all eager to get there in time and secure seats.

Fred Courtney came round, as he had promised, at eleven o'clock, with a dashing team of bay horses that he had procured from a farmer living many miles distant. He had engaged them a week beforehand, and sent a man after them early in the morning. Two large, new trunks were in the light wagon when he came for mine. I asked who they belonged to, and he answered gayly—"Oh! I am making myself generally useful to-day, and will haul all the luggage required at the barn. Had I better call for Miss Cynthia's box?" he asked simply.

Of course, I *informed* him that she expected him to take it. "Cynt" was to walk with me to the barn, so I went over to call for her just as Courtney was lifting the heavy trunk into the wagon. I could scarcely keep my face straight, as I watched his efforts to get it in, and even Cynt had to smile faintly as he drove away with his precious load.

At the Brooks farm all was confusion; two pails of water, with gourds in them, were placed on a bench at the door of the farm-house, for the convenience of the thirsty, and crowds of restless children were continually running to them, their anxious mothers hovering near. Men stood about in groups, talking loudly, for the barn-doors were not yet open to the public.

Inside all was bustle. It was so hard to shut out the bright sun entirely; the candles seemed to burn but dim. More boards were nailed over wide cracks, more seats made, and still more candles lighted.

I heard several wondering where "Jim Grey" was. I felt anxious to see him also, and kept a sharp watch for him.

He came at last, with three stout young farmers, and they soon had everything in order.

The musicians took their seats in front of the benches near the stage, with pipe, drum, and fiddle, and at the first beat of the drum the doors were opened, and the crowd allowed to enter.

Behind the curtain Mr. Harden was busy giving advice to many anxious youths who needed it, and I got a chance to say a few words to James. He told me he had not told Mr. Harden of our secret, as he needed all his time and thoughts for the exhibition, but he had asked to be excused from some assistance he had promised him, and to take no notice if some things happened which were not on the programme.

He had brought three young men who had no part in the exhibition, that they might watch the movements of Mr. C., while James was acting on the stage. He assured me, also, that neither my name nor Cynthia's should be mentioned, as other thefts besides our trunks could be proved against Courtney.

The sheriff and two constables were already in the barn. Mr. Harden looked worried. He told us all to do our very best, as so many friends were in attendance, and he wished this to be a pleasant affair for all.

Both Cynt and I were on in the first piece, with a dozen others, merely skipping about a highly decorated May-pole, while the fiddler played a lively air. This was only to give the gaping audience a foretaste of the good things to come, and to let them get settled in their seats before any of our bashful speakers came upon the stage.

I caught a glimpse of our grave minister's solemn face as I whirled round with the smiling girls, and even his reverence did not look as if he objected very much.

As we left the stage, a young man came on to make the opening speech, but I did not stay to

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hear it, I was looking for Courtney. I met him at the back of the barn; he looked flurried, asked where our trunks were, and told me to have all my things packed just as soon as I had acted in my last part, which would be long before the close of the exhibition.

I asked eagerly for my jewelry box, when he clapped his hand to his brow and exclaimed, "There! if I have not left it in my room! can you possibly get on without it?" The scamp! So he was determined to secure that, at least. Well, much good may it do him, thought I, but I pretended to feel dreadfully, then finally told him I might possibly be able to borrow some jewelry from the girls. He caught at this, the sneak thief, and said, "Oh! yes, get all you can pile on, and I will return it for you after you come off the stage."

"No you won't," thinks I, but I left him now, promising to do all he had asked. He had hitched his fast team to the fence very near the back door of the barn, for the convenience of lifting the trunks in and out, he said—and already I could see one of James Grey's friends keeping guard over it, leaning lazily against the barn. As Courtney went in with the last of our two trunks the young man called to him, "See here, you! won't you let me know when anything good is to begin in there? it's so confounded hot I can't stand it."

Pieces and dialogues now followed each other rapidly. I could hear the happy audience shouting their approval after each, and the drop-curtain was allowed to remain up during these short pieces, so as not to lose time.

I noticed that two large trunks still remained in Courtney's wagon.

"They must contain his clothes," I said to James, and he answered, "We shall soon see!"

I was dressing now for the part of "Miss Beverly," and as I put on the travelling-robe trimmed with rabbit's fur, I thought of the pride I had taken in it, and the desire I had while making it to become a great actress.

Now I felt that if I got well through with this day, I should never wish to act a part again.

My opinion of persons and things had changed wonderfully; I now considered the lover of Miss Beverly a perfect gentleman, comparatively, and felt that I could lean with safety on his thin shoulder, even if the joint did crack.

And I did, too, and looked so lovingly up in the lover's face, that Courtney, who stood just by the place where I was to make my sneaking exit, shook his head at me, and tried to make me laugh; but he did not succeed. He had informed the lazy young man that a good piece was on as I was performing, for he did not like any one so close to his wagon; and as the youth lounged in, another took his place, but Courtney did not notice this.

It was now his turn to act his part with Cynthia, poor little soul! how she trembled as I put on her blue ribbons! but she looked as fairy-like as ever, with her fair hair hanging over her white shoulders. "Katie," she whispered, as she kissed me when she was all ready to ascend to her "casement;" "Katie, I am so glad that I do not have to be near him, to lean upon him, as you did in your piece just now; he shall not touch me, not even to help me down!"

"That's you, Cynt," I said, "I like to see you angry; it is becoming, too." And she left me with a brilliant flush on her cheeks.

I hastened round in front to see them act this piece, nearly overturning the black nuns at the side scene.

When the curtain rolled up I could hear whispers in the crowd, "Who is it?" "Mamma, is it a pictur," &c. Very few in that audience had ever seen a lady in such a dress, or a gentleman either, except in pictures, and to them it was wonderful. Mrs. Brooks was posting some of the farmers' wives as to who was who; she felt quite important. I heard her saying, "That's the post-office clark. Aint he a good-looking fellow, though? All the girls are arter him, 'cept Melissy Charlotty, she is down on him, says he's a sneak. I tell you she's sharp, and no strolling scamp's a going to get the Brooks farm, not if she knows it!"

"Hurrah for Melissa!" thought I, "she is sharper than she looks to be."

Just at this time the nuns appeared on the stage, and when one of them claimed the lover as her husband, the woman Mrs. Brooks was talking to, said: "Why sure enough; there is his wife come after him now!" so real did this appear to our rustic audience, that for the moment she forgot it was a play.

A comic piece came next, but I could not stop to see it—I must dress as the "Landlord's wife," the only piece I played with Courtney. James Grey was winning laurels as a peddler, and the barn resounded with laughter.

I scarcely knew what I was saying to my stern "Landlord" on the stage, for this was my last part, and the great event was drawing very near.

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As I left the stage, I heard James say to Mr. Harden, "keep them all amused a little longer, but please excuse me," and he left the barn.

I left the dressing-room as soon as possible, to give Courtney a chance to get "Cynt's" trunk, as I was to know nothing about that. Mine was to go last—it was all ready. Courtney told me to ask him to take my trunk to his wagon before the young people, and I did so in a loud voice, saying I was done with it. I watched him through a crack in the barn as he piled our trunks one on the other, leaving only one of his trunks for a seat. Soon after this he came close to me and whispered, "Have you those things you borrowed?" I had worn my own watch, but he did not know it. I told him I would get them all together, and give them to him soon. He then told me he "must drive into town for my box of jewelry," and added that he "would just speak to Cynthia a moment lest she might think strange." So he went to her and told her he would call for her at the meadow gate in an hour; that I had coaxed him to carry my trunk to town, and he dared not decline for fear I should watch them. The cunning rascal! Cynt leaned on my shoulder, looking at the beautiful scamp as he climbed up to his seat, took the reins in his hands, so neatly gloved, and drove away.

James Grey had his company well placed; two were on the edge of town to watch where he turned off, knowing well he did not intend passing through it. On every road leading from the main one some men were posted.

Even the old postmaster was out with a constable, and the sheriff had men at all points. They were hiding behind logs, and in cornfields among the dry corn-stalks. They wanted him to go far enough with his booty to prove that he meant to steal it. The owner of the fine team had been told all, and was on hand. James Grey had worked hard.

When he once got out of sight of the barn and its inmates, he drove down a lane, tore down a fence, and drove through a large field, leaving all the fences down as he passed.

When he reached the main road he put whip to his horses, and started on the full run.

But not for long did he go on unmolested. A shout started him. He looked round, and there stood the sheriff with a pistol pointed toward him. He felt now that his time had come. With a jerk of the lines he tried to make the horses go still faster, and called out, "I can't stop them! don't you see they are running away with me!"

"Sensible to the last," said the sheriff; "but he will be stopped at the creek, boys."

And so it proved, for five or six men were on the bridge, guns and pistols all ready; so our gentleman drew up, and calmly surrendered himself.

He was brought back to the barn just as the entertainment closed, and people were preparing to start home. Such excitement was never known in our little town. All were anxious to learn the meaning of Mr. Courtney's being brought back a prisoner.

The owner of the horses swore that Courtney had stolen them. The postmaster insisted on having the trunks searched, then and there. It was done, and hundreds of dollars stolen from the office were found, and among them the letter to "Cynt's" grandmother, money and all.

It created quite a laugh when one of the trunks was found to contain only *carpet-rags*, and a greater mystery still was when the little work-box was opened, and found to contain nails and horse shoes done up in pink cotton!

Cynthia's trunk had some of her grandmother's old shoes and worn-out garments in it, and that was another mystery that was not explained to all.

We got our trunks back through James Grey, privately. There was enough to condemn Mr. Courtney without our appearing against him. He gave me one dark look as they took him away, and I whispered to Cynthia as he passed us, loud enough for him to hear,

"Is this the gallant, gay Lothario?
Ah! how pale he looks!"

Need I say this was the end of Our Theatrical Career? During the performance on the stage the good people had thought it the greatest treat—a most wonderful affair! But the thrilling afterpiece which came so unexpectedly was better by far, and all felt well paid for coming to our exhibition.

I believe Courtney served his time in prison, and we did hear that he had a pretty young wife in New York, but she never claimed him.

My sister got her carpet-rags back all safe after their merry ride, and Cynthia bought her wedding outfit with the money that was stolen from her old grandmother's letter, but not till four years after it was found, and by that time Mr. Harden was practising law in Cincinnati, and he claimed his little pupil and took her

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away from us. She said nothing about my taking him now, and letting her live with us, as she once proposed.

But I was not left alone, for a few weeks before, my little "Cynt" had acted as bridesmaid for me, when I was married to James Grey, one of the wealthiest farmers in all Hamilton County.

We meet sometimes, and never fail to talk over Our Theatrical Career.

TO WHAT SHALL I LIKEN HER?

BY UNA LOCKE.

To what shall I liken this love of mine?
  To what shall I liken her?
She is a sunny and fruited vine,
Hinting a promise of purple wine,
Whose delicate tendrils cling and twine
  Over a desolate fir.

What is this love of mine to me?
  To what shall I liken her?
She is a blush-rose sweet to see
To the nightingale, or the beggar-bee;
A sensitve plant, an aspen-tree,
Thrilling and sighing with sympathy,
  If a sad wind do but stir.

To what shall I liken my love, I pray?
  To what shall I liken her?
She is a bountiful summer day,
Golden and emerald, grave and gay,
Keeping the spring-time roundelay,
But crowned with her harvests, a queen alway,
Dearer to me than the frolicsome May,
  With its wings of gossamer.

To what shall I liken my love again?
  To what shall I liken her?
To the summer day with its golden grain?
To the harvest waiting the empty wain?
To the aspen stirred with another's pain?
To the rose that opes to the nightingale's strain?
To the vine, distilling the sun and the rain
In its many alembics, rich in stain,
  Smelling of spice and myrrh?

She is an angel Christ hath sent—
  Thus will I liken her!
When the moon from my firmament suddenly
    went,
And the household lamp from my dreary tent,
And the sky like sackcloth over me bent,
And I mused, in the dark, what the Father meant—
Lo! over my head was the blackness rent,
And there came from the glory excellent,
A message of comfort, of love unspent!
  And she was the messenger!

[*From a poem by Epes Sargent.*]

It is the heart makes music musical!
My neighbor has a mocking-bird: its song
Has been as little heeded as the noise
Of rattling wheels incessant; but to-day
One of its strains brought all Elysium back
Into my heart. What was it? What the tie
Linking it with some inexpressible joy?
At length I solve the mystery! Those notes,
Pensively slow and sadly exquisite,
Were what the wood-thrush piped at early dawn
After that evening passage in the boat,
When stars came out that never more shall set.
Oh! sweet and clear the measured cadence fell
Upon my ear in slumber—and I woke!
I woke, and listened, while the first faint flush
Of day was in the east; while yet the grove
Showed only purple gloom, and on the beach
The tidal waves, with intermittent rush
Broke lazily, and lent their mingling chime.
And O the unreckoned riches of the soul!
The possible beatitudes, of which
A glimpse is given, a transitory glimpse,
So rarely in a lifetime! then it was,
Hearing that strain, as if all joy the past
Had in its keeping—all the future held—
All love, all adoration, and all beauty—
Made for a moment the soul's atmosphere,
And lifted it to bliss unspeakable.
O splendor fugitive! O transport rare!
Transfiguring and glorifying life!

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MRS. ANGELICA SKITTLE'S COTTON WEDDING.

BY GENEVA.

"Ruth, I mean to have a wedding—of some kind. Next Tuesday is the anniversary of my marriage. I've got the plan all laid, except deciding what *kind* of a wedding it shall be—I haven't quite made up my mind about that yet."

"Why, Angelica, you haven't been married long enough—only two years. No such wedding comes under five years, at the very least."

"Then I'll start a new style, for I'll have one next Tuesday, sure as I live."

"I never heard of any one having a wedding at two years after marriage."

"Well, *I* have. I've just been reading about a man down in Jersey, or up in Maine, somewhere, that gets his wife a new wedding dress, and is married over again by the minister *every year*. I mean to have a new wedding dress, and invite a real minister, and have a real marriage ceremony. I'm going to invite the Very Reverend Philander Sweet. You know he was a beau of mine once, when I lived in Cedarville, and he was teaching school there. I mean to show him that I'm not a faded beauty yet. I shall triumph over him, for you know the girl for whom he left me has jilted him at last, they say."

"And they say, too, that he takes it greatly to heart. I wouldn't ask *him*. I think it would be in decidedly bad taste. It will make people talk."

"Let them talk; they cannot say any harm of me. He will be nicely come up with, and I don't mind it's being known. So I shall certainly have him to re-marry us."

"He will expect a fee, doubtless."

"Well, he will have to make me a present."

"You won't *buy* a dress for the occasion? You have several handsome dresses that would do. There is your light silk."

"Light silk! I *shall* buy a new dress—a white one, too; the handsomest I can find; and I shall have a white veil, and a wreath of orange-blossoms."

"Angelica, you are a consummate ninny."

"Thank you, Sister Ruth, for your handsome compliment; but I shall do all that I have said, and more. I am going to have real wedding-cake, fruit-cake, and plain, and little fancy tea-cakes, all richly frosted, and——"

"Sugar and eggs are very high now."

"I don't care. I must and will have a rich supper. People should have something to partly make up for the expense of their presents. I am going to get mulatto Rebecca to come here and make the cake, and stay all through till the wedding is over, to take the care of it off my hands. All the tiptops have her when they have any particularly extra doings."

"And they pay her a tiptop price."

"I am aware of that; but Jake gets high wages, and I am determined to have a grand affair."

"I think it is all a useless and a foolish expense; and I imagine Jake will think so, too. I don't believe he will be willing."

"He'll be obliged to let me have my way about it; for I have set my heart on it. As for your opinion, Ruth, you are always preaching up economy. I never should have anything, or be anything, or do anything, or go anywhere, if I listened to you. But I shall follow my own plan. We shall want music, so I shall hire a piano from the music store. It won't cost very much, only for a night, you know."

"They will ask you a good round price, if 'twere for nothing more than moving it. And neither of us know anything about music."

"That doesn't matter. There will be people here that *do* know. Rich folks must be provided with such entertainment as they naturally expect. Then I am going to hire several sets of dishes of Boggs, Brick & Co., for I haven't so many dishes, near, as I shall need. We shall have to borrow or hire one or two sofas and some more chairs. I am going to get Mrs. Green, who lives in the other part of the house, to let me use her parlor. You know it is only just across the hall from mine; most folks will think both parlors are mine."

"Of course; they don't know that Mrs. Green has half the house! How should they? But it seems to me you are expecting a very great number of guests. I did not know that you had a very large circle of acquaintances in this town—especially among the wealthy people. Few newcomers make their acquaintance, unless there is something more than ordinary to bring them in contact."

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"Well, I have a speaking acquaintance with some of the richest of them—folks I meet at church, and—all the richest families in town attend church where I do. I shall invite them—they'll come, I know."

"Perhaps you'll know better after next Tuesday. But you havn't decided yet what kind of a wedding it shall be."

"No—I know I havn't. Let me see; what is the regular rule?"

"Why, first of all, not to have any such wedding under five years from marriage. Then it goes on this way: five years, tin; ten years, crystal; fifteen years, linen; twenty years, china; twenty-five years, silver; after that it goes by the tens; thirty years, mahogany; forty, marble-top rosewood; fifty, gold."

"Oh! don't I wish I'd been married fifty years! And there's nothing for two years!"

"No, indeed. Nobody ever heard of such a thing!"

"Then it's time they did. People shall hear of something new very soon. Let me see—tin, crystal, linen—oh! there's a wooden wedding! I'm certain I've heard of a wooden wedding, and you didn't get *that* in. I mean to have a wooden wedding."

"Pshaw! Angelica! A wooden wedding wouldn't pay you for your pains."

"Why, I'm sure there are a great many useful and ornamental things in wood that they might bring me."

"Yes, wooden ladles, tubs, wash-boards, and the like. They'd look beautiful for wedding presents."

"Such things cost money, and they're not to be despised."

"I know all that. We had an illustration of it last wash-day, when we'd only one tub to rub and rinse in, and had to rinse our clothes in the coal-scuttle and the dish-pan. I'd let the old wedding go, and use the money to buy a set of new tubs."

"Pshaw! we can have the new tubs any time, only Jake forgets to buy them. And as for the coal-scuttle, it was bran-new, iron tinned over, and never had been soiled with a bit of coal; the dish-pan was new, too—not a speck of rust on it; and if there hadn't been two of us washing, I should have got along without using either. But I'm going to have the wedding, at all events. There are plenty of pretty things in wood, such as brackets, towel-racks, and other fancy furniture. But if you think a wooden wedding is not just the thing, what do you say to a flannel one? Flannel is very useful, and it's coming fall of the year."

"*Flannel*, Angelica! Ridiculous! Think of the garments they might send you!—baby-blankets and who knows what! The Very Reverend Sweet, himself, would laugh at you!"

"Well, it must be *some* kind of a wedding. I guess it had better be linen."

"Linen is for fifteen, I tell you."

"Pshaw! Ruth! Who do you suppose made the rule, and who is obliged to obey it? I do not believe there *is* any definite rule."

"But there is. Custom is rule sufficient, and it's the custom here to have the linen wedding at fifteen years."

"Then I mean to have it crystal."

"No, you can't; for by custom that comes at ten, and by custom you cannot have any wedding, for nobody has them at two years."

"Then I'll start a custom; and if it cannot be anything else, it shall be a *cotton* wedding. There's everything in cotton that's useful—and ornamental, too. Yes, it shall be a cotton wedding, Ruth."

* * * * * *

The eventful Tuesday night found Mrs. Angelica Skittle fully prepared for a grand display. But, alack and alas! where were the witnesses of her triumph?

That very night, Rev. Philander Sweet was married to the self-same lady who, rumor falsely said, had cruelly jilted him. Moreover, all the "tiptops" of the town were at his wedding; for the bride was wealthy, and the bridegroom popular.

Also, the Tuesday was most unexpectedly, most unreasonably, most disagreeably, stormy. The few personal friends who would have honored Mrs. Jake Skittle with their presence and their presents, were kept at home by the inclement weather. The cake, the piano, the dishes, the furniture, were all at the wedding. Mrs. Jake Skittle was there, glorious in her bridal array and her expectations—expectations slowly and painfully destroyed by the dragging hours and the deluging rain. Mr. Jake Skittle was there, looking half mad and half foolish, for he did not relish the part he was to play in the ceremony about to come off. But his spirits visibly rose as the evening advanced, bringing no minister, no guests, and an increase of rain. He would have been thoroughly mad at the useless expense for that one evening, but for the richness of the joke upon his wife. Mrs. Angelica's Sister Ruth was at the cotton wed-

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ding with a present of some rolls of cotton batting.

"Here, sister," she said, as she laughingly brought in the fleecy armful, "here you have the genuine stuff, unalloyed, unadulterated—enough for a comfortable—and with it my warmest congratulations, as well as my wishes that you may see many returns of this pleasing anniversary."

Were there no other guests?—no other presents? Yes; one.

One solitary, sad-visaged, dry-goods clerk, on a starving salary, came late, bringing a yard of calico for an apron and a spool of thread to make it up with, inwardly hoping he was not too late to miss the supper.

Mrs. Angelica Skittle is thoroughly disgusted with all sham weddings. She solemnly declares she will never have another, unless it be a "silver, twenty-five," or a "gold, fifty."

A MEMORY.

BY SARAH DYER HOBART.

The woods were grandly regal
In gold and crimson rare,
And the asters, white and purple,
Waved in the autumn air.

But not of health and gladness
Did Nature's grandeur speak;
'Twas the hectic flush of fever
That stained her tawny cheek.

Like the year, our hope was dying,
And solemnly and slow
We spake the words of parting,
On the brink of a bitter woe.

Towering high above us,
In the ambient autumn air,
The rocks rose, grim and hopeless,
Like Titans in despair.

But their scarred and broken ledges
Were gemmed with ferns and moss,
As the future's cares and duties
O'ergrow our pain and loss.

Ah heart! o'er the grave of yesterday
Life's saddest hours may bloom,
But never again shall the joy-birds sing,
Or the roses waft perfume.

Again the earth is regal
With gold and crimson rare;
And again the sorrowful asters
Wave in the autumn air.

From woe and pain, my darling
Hath found a sweet release.
She presses the golden lilies
On the silver shores of Peace

OUTRE MER.

BY M. E. BIGELOW.

Under Italy's glorious skies,
Purple and gold in their magic dyes,
My fair young bride a-dreaming lies—
With folded hands.
While waiting stars their vigils keep,
And dewy morn comes o'er the deep,
Her violet eyes are closed in sleep—
Her lips are mute.

Faint and heavy is the summer air,
And laden with sweets from flowers fair,
That bend their lovely heads so rare,
And wait the morn.
But alone I wait at the garden gate,
And watch the moon in glittering state,
Until the hour grows chill and late,
And the sweet stars pale

And, O sweet love! there comes to me,
As the fresh wind blows from off the sea,
Sweet thoughts and tender prayers for thee,
My priceless pearl.
O Mary, Mother! keep thou me from dross!
Help me to lift my heavy cross!
Holy Virgin! this, my greatest loss,
Help me to bear!

The trailing vines with star-flowers white,
Over thy grave in the charmed light,
And round the cross weave garlands bright,
And watch thy sleep.
And sweet to me, when life is done,
When Eternity is just begun,
Will be the rest I shall have won
By thy dear side.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

[*Letter from Gerard Sunderland, Esq., to his friend and "companion-in-arms," Lancelot Redmond, Bart.*]

DEAR LANCE: Your prediction is fulfilled; the gay bird is winged, and the fair fowler who has transfixed his heart with her "arrowy glance," is Miss Cascannon, who, having kept her *beau* in a *quiver* for the space of some three weeks, finally condescended to put an end to his misery, and to his existence as a poor, forlorn, homeless, buttonless, out-at-elbows, of-no-particular-importance-to-any-one, and the-helpless-butt-of-all-married-men, bachelor. How I pity you, Lance, still at the mercy of manœuvring mammas and designing daughters, with no shy, brown eyes to look into, no little hand to hold, no ripe, red—well, that is something too sweet and sacred to do more than hint at, for "my lady" is very shy, and her favors are granted only after much solicitation, when I accept them with the awe with which I think I should have received the first kiss of the "virgin-huntress," had I been that lucky Endymion.

Of course, you will wish to know how Elizabeth—did I tell you that her name is Elizabeth?—how Elizabeth looks. She is "just as high as my heart," that is, about the medium height, in modern parlance—I always did detest tall women—and she has brown eyes, as I have already intimated, and hair as brown as her eyes, soft, silky, and abundant. Her skin is fair, almost transparent, but no color, except the faintest pink, sometimes—say, after repeated applications of a certain pair of masculine lips—and her mouth is beautiful, in form and color, and her voice is as sweet as her lips. Don't growl, old fellow! I think I have been very moderate in my description.

I know what you will say when you read that about "manœuvring mammas and designing daughters." You will say, Having become the victim of one m. m. and d. d., he knows himself safe from the others, and so exults, as the fox pretended to, when he lost his tail in the trap, and surveyed with affected superiority those of his kind who had yet to run that risk. But if you could see Mrs. Cascannon—I believe that, if she had but to put out a finger to secure a marquis for a son-in-law, she would never put out that finger. Not but that she might like the marquis—what woman would not?—but she wouldn't like to take the trouble. To tell the truth, she is Orientally—indolent. I can hear you roar out, Confoundedly lazy! but it is not that, exactly. I sometimes think that she must have Eastern blood in her veins, she is so languid, so velvet-footed, and so darkly pallid.

As for Elizabeth—how I had to work to get that girl to even look at me! She had a way of going around, with those great, soft eyes on the ground, that used almost to make me frantic. She never seemed to see me, no matter how well I might be conscious of looking; she never seemed to more than half hear me when I spoke; and when I would deliberately set traps to catch her for a moment's conversation, she would always glide away in the most unconscious manner, leaving me to rage in the background. I felt somewhat as if I were hunting a fawn, so I pursued the timid creature without the appearance of pursuit, and, having approached near enough to look into the fawn eyes, and converse in fawn language, I fired my shot, and brought it, tumbling and drooping, not to my feet—I can't bear for an instant to think of her at my feet—but, to my arms. You, I know, Lance, like to see the Queens of Wit and Beauty transformed into your subjects, but I prefer to offer, instead of to receive, such homage, as "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We are quite a large family, for, though Elizabeth is but twenty, she is the oldest of the children, and there are six younger than herself—Margaret, who is seventeen and a half; Rosamond, commonly called "Luip," who is fifteen; a pair of twins, boys of twelve, Edwin and Ethelbert, known as "Winny and Ethel;" Lilian, aged ten, and the baby, who is not considered old enough to have a name, and who is of the masculine persuasion. You know that I used to dislike children, but I don't seem to mind these. The boys are fine, manly little

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fellows. Lily is as pretty as lots of yellow curls and two big, blue eyes can make her; and the baby is a model. As for "Luip," who I suppose would, in a manner, come in with the "children," she is both my torment and my delight, the very soul of mischief, and the very soul of tenderness, and a little poet. The girls are all pretty—Madge is fair, Rosamond dark, and my Elizabeth makes the happy medium.

As it happens, since I have been here I have seen none but the immediate family, not one of that long line of relations with which a man finds himself about to be connected when he is engaged to a girl. Neither had I heard any one mentioned by any title of kinship, until, a few days after my appearance as Elizabeth's declared lover, Mr. Cascannon said to his wife—"My dear, some one must write to Auntie Zoll."

Heavens! what a name! I thought; and "Luip," looking up, said—"I wonder how Lib"—she calls my saintly Elizabeth "Lib," the vixen—"I wonder how Lib ever dared to say she'd marry Jerry"—that's me—"without asking Auntie Zoll if she might?"

"I don't see what your aunt has to say about it," said Mrs. Cascannon, in her soft, sliding tones, which always seem to me like some one skating in syllables, they are so gliding and so smooth.

"Why, mamma!" said Rosamond, and Mr. Cascannon looked over the top of his paper with widely opened eyes.

"I suppose my daughter can marry any one she pleases, without consulting any one but her father and mother."

"But, Auntie Zoll," began "Luip," and Elizabeth's soft voice interrupted—

"I have already written, papa."

"I am glad to hear it," said her father. And he laid down his paper and went out, as if he wished to hear nothing more.

"Auntie Zoll is just splendid," said Rosamond, with a toss of her head over one shoulder, directed to her mother. "And we love her so. She gives us, oh! *mountains*."

"She can afford to do it. Perhaps if I were rich you would love me as well," said her mother.

"O mamma!" said Rosamond, flying to her, "I *do* love you just as much. But you are my mamma, and I love you, *of course*. And Auntie Zoll—well, I love her because I can't help it."

Mrs. Cascannon almost pushed the girl from her. "You are so rough, Rosamond!" she said, with considerable animation for one usually so languid, and then she got up and left the room.

"Is she your mother's sister?" I asked.

"Yes—half. Grandmamma married again."

"Oh! Is she older than your mother?"

Rosamond nodded, with sparkling eyes.

"She's ever so old; and—and some people call her a *witch;* but she isn't that to me. She's just as sweet and good, and she does so much for papa and——"

"You know that we are not rich?" said Elizabeth, who had just returned, having followed her mother from the room with a shawl, a handkerchief, a bracelet, and some other small articles she had dropped in her transit.

She is always dropping things, and I have never seen her pick up anything yet. Adding this to the result of my other observations, I have decided that she must be an East Indian, though I can never think to ask the girls; but it seems as if she must always have been used to being waited upon by slaves.

"You may not be rich, but you have made *me* rich," I said to Elizabeth, looking up into her eyes as she approached, and being rewarded by a heavenly smile. Bah! I hear you say; but her smile *is* heavenly, and I am glad you are not to be here before the wedding.

"When do you expect to hear from Mrs. Zoll?" I asked.

"*Mrs. Zoll?*" Elizabeth repeated, looking at me with wide eyes. Then she looked toward Rosamond, and laughed her low, sweet laugh. "It is Zollicoffer," she said—"Zenobia Zollicoffer."

"Luip" had been in convulsions.

"Jupiter Olympus! what a name!" I said, and "Luip" jumped up and repeated—

"*Jupiter Olympus!*"

"She is *Miss* Zollicoffer," continued Elizabeth.

"Oh! an old maid!"

Elizabeth was about to speak, but "Luip" interrupted her. "You mustn't never call her an old maid," she said with great earnestness, and a confusion of negatives. "She'd *never* forgive you."

"I thought you said she was very sweet, and all that?"

"So she is; but nobody likes to be called *an old maid*," said "Luip," with the air of knowing all about it. "And you just ought to see her when she's mad!"

"Rosamond," began Elizabeth.

"Oh! Lib won't hear a word against her," said "Luip," dancing a kind of war-dance

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around Elizabeth. "She expects to get all her money when she dies."

Elizabeth threatened her, with one of those hands. As if anything so soft and dimpled could ever be alarming.

"I think that Auntie Zoll suspects her," continued Rosamond, "and means to leave it all to me."

"I shall tell her how you talk about her."

"Oh! yes, make trouble in the family, you mercenary thing!" said "Luip," falling upon Elizabeth, and pushing her into a large chair, where she flung herself upon her, tickling her, biting her ears, and finally pulling down all the brown hair, which veiled her to her knees, at which knees I knelt, calling her my "Madonna of the Chair."

"Oh! *do* kiss her hand, and look up at her, like a chicken that's been drinking! I hope I shall never be in love."

"The little minx is jealous of us, Elizabeth!"

"*Jealous!* indeed! Take that," and the imp boxed my ears, then pushed me forward, with my head in her sister's lap.

"O Rosamond!" said Elizabeth, starting up, and she followed her sister, blushing under her thick locks.

Lance, what a treasure I have won!—that is, if I may consider it my own until we have heard from our aunt.

Write soon, do. I shall continue to plague you with epistles—for this *is* an epistle—from time to time. I *must* have a "*went*," and am yours, in the Seventh Heaven,

GERARD SUNDERLAND.

CHAPTER II.

[Letter from Sir Lancelot Redmond to Gerard Sunderland, Esq.]

Well, Gerard, I never thought that you would come to such a pass—"shot dead by a white wench's black eye." I beg pardon—*brown*. I have known you to be slightly wounded, have seen your feathers ruffled considerably; I have also known you to be *winged* often, but now you are *bagged* and done for.

Don't pity me; that is too absurd, you blind, bungling buffer! you silly, singed moth! you chained captive of Cupid!—jingling your fetters and saying—Don't they tinkle sweetly? This isn't a bandage, but a pocket-handkerchief, smelling of eau-de-Paradise. Do you call my wings *singed?* That is the *fashion* in Cupid's Court, sir. I know it, but it is so *that you may not fly away again.* O Master Reynard! it may be the *fashion* to go around without any brush, but I prefer to retain my caudal appendage.

Don't I pity *you* when that aunt comes along! "My dear girls, is *this* your *peacock?* A very fine bird *to look at*, but just let me show you how that crest fastens on—and, there! *there! did* you see that long feather drop out of his train? My dears, it is only a jackdaw, after all. How *could* you be so deceived? And then the airs of the creature! He really thinks he *is* somebody. Just you see *me* take him down." I would as soon go into a fiery furnace, with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, as to marry into a family where there is a rich maiden aunt. But then, your bandage is newly tied on, you haven't yet tried to spread your shrivelled wings, the chains are roses, fresh and sweet, and the thorns soft, budding sprouts, bending at a touch. Oh! friend of my youth, is there no way in which to open your eyes to the precipice on which you are standing?—or would you prefer to jump, with Elizabeth, to remaining safe and alone on the brink? Echo answers—Misguided youth! That is the truth. Perhaps this specimen of my poetic talent may recommend me to Miss "Luip," who seems to me to be a "fine lad of a nymph."

It is all very well, now, but beware of the Cascannons' aunt. Like a warrior of high renown, she will come prepared for your scalp, and oh! I shudder in thought at the sight of the bright scalping-knife and the neat tomahawk, warranted to brain you "without pain." You have my prayers, old fellow, and I remain, as I always hope to, your untrammelled friend,

LANCE REDMOND.

[Gerald to Lancelot, greeting.]

DEAR LANCE: I think you developed just the least bit of jealousy in your last, which was probably the result of reading the description of my Elizabeth. But if you will come on, you may have Margaret, the fair beauty—you always liked blondes, I believe—and seventeen and a half is a charming age to make love to in such an idyllic region as this is.

As you know, from the heading of my letters, the place is called The Cascade—a brook that encircles the grounds pouring over quite a declivity, in one spot, which gives the estate its name. It is quite a joke with the girls to call it the *Cascannonade*. It is really a very pretty fall of water, though there is nothing sublime about it, and the stream itself is, in some parts, wide, deep, and silent, of a dark, sullen tinge, like

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that in which Ophelia drowned herself. Rosamond delights to play Ophelia—clambering to hang her coronet weeds—and I tell her that some day the 'envious sliver' will break, and she will get more water than is good for her complexion, according to a certain Frenchman's theory.

"Perhaps 'twould make me white," she said, for 'tis her habit to laugh about her rich complexion—one of the glowing, Spanish kind. If she had only been older, I might have hesitated between her and Elizabeth, for it is her nature to be bewitching, and she is as unconscious of it as a bird is of its song. There is something fascinating in the very alternation of her mood between the "quips and cranks" of a very Puck, and an almost savage melancholy, in which she is as tragic as Lady Macbeth, and all her gestures and her tones assimilate to those of some stage-queen, but this without any acting. When that girl becomes a woman, she will have a history.

We were walking by the brook, which winds in and out around the grounds in the most unexpected manner, and is crossed by quite a number of fantastic bridges, some of them in very bad repair, and Rosamond, having wondered if a bath in her favorite brook would make her face white, paused, and looked at herself in a little spot where the water glassed itself in a frame of large-leaved water-plants.

"Elizabeth is so fair," she said. "Why do people always like the fair ones the best?"

"People don't."

"Yes, they do"—with a little stamp of her foot. "The boys always called me gypsy, and Brownie, and Indian, and ran away from me—but they would stay with the nice, quiet girls with yellow hair."

"Perhaps it was *because* they were quiet. Confess, now, didn't you use to tease them?"

"You may bet your head on that," said this young woman, with a sudden lapse into the slang habitual to her twin brothers. "Didn't I enjoy it, though? I pushed one of them into the brook once. All his clothes were spick-and-span, and he had had his hair curled at the barber's. You ought to have seen how sneaky he looked when they fished him out."

"I should think you must have *felt* sneaky."

"I never felt sneaky in my life, and I don't believe I ever could. It is only men who feel sneaky."

"*Men!*"

"Yes, when they come into the country, from some grand place, and make love to a pretty girl, and then go off and laugh at her.

"'You thought you'd break a country heart,
For pastime, ere you went to town.'"

"That was a young lady."

"Of course—Lady Clara Vere de Vere. If I had such a horrid name as Clara, I'd cut my head off. But you know there might be a *Lord Gerard* Vere de Vere."

"Why, Rosamond, have you such a bad opinion of me?"

"I don't know much about you," she said, shaking her head. "You came here to see the country, and you stayed here to see Elizabeth, and you may think that when you leave the country, you can leave Elizabeth also."

"You little wretch! I hope you haven't been putting any such ideas into Elizabeth's head?"

"I have warned her," said this sibyl of fifteen, "but she is blind. A girl in love is always blind, I believe."

"Blind, you monkey! You deserve a good shaking for trying to make mischief."

"I was trying to prevent it. But you don't know about our families—papa's family and mamma's family. There is a saying about them, in funny old English, that the boys say in this way:

"'When a Cascannon makes up his mind,
He doubles his fists, and goes it blind;
But a Leslie, who has any mind at all,
Is perfectly sure to meet with a fall.'

Meaning that when the Leslies—that's mamma's family—ever are determined to do anything, it always turns out to be the very thing that they ought not to have done, and our old nurse has told me that they have always made unhappy marriages."

"Your old nurse is a rascal."

"No, she isn't. She's a dear——"

"Did she say anything about me, after my engagement to Elizabeth?"

"Not a word. She only shook her head."

"I'll shake her head for her. Do I look like a villain who goes about breaking hearts?"

"I don't think you do. But appearances are deceitful."

"I should say appearances *were* deceitful. Here are you, who look like a baby, and are as full of notions as any old woman."

"Old women have seen things happen."

"Do *you* think I am going to run away from your Sister Elizabeth?"

"If I did, I would wait until we were where the brook is the deepest, and then I'd push you in."

"But I can swim."

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"Then, I'd *poison* you!" She hissed this in my ear with the face of a Borgia.

"You positively frighten me, child! 'Tisn't good for you to have such fancies."

"Did I frighten you?"

"Not in the way you mean. I am not easily frightened."

"If you were, I should despise you. I hate cowards."

"Who is your favorite character in history, Rosamond?"

"Cœur de Leon. Didn't he smash them! If I had been him, I would have eaten them."

"Would have eaten what?"

"The 'Saracens' heads, carbonadoed.' They said he did."

"I had forgotten that. I suppose your idea of Richard is derived from Walter Scott?"

"My idea is *my idea*, and you needn't be bringing up any of your nasty old histories?"

"May I never have a history to bring up! A more belied, reviled, and lying child, I could not have. Have you ever read Macaulay, Rosamond?"

"As a novel."

"Oh!"

"I like his 'Lays,' but I don't like his cackling."

"What a child!"

Don't you echo me?

When we returned from our walk, we met Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth," I said, taking her hand, and drawing it through my arm—"do you think that I am going to run away from you?"

Elizabeth blushed, and looked at Rosamond—"That naughty girl has been talking to you, too!"

"She has been to me, like Queen Eleanor in the Legend of Fair Rosamond, with a dagger in one hand and a bowl in the other."

"A bowl of *water*. I threatened to drown him."

"Do you think any such thing would be possible, Elizabeth?"

"Such a thing as your drowning?"

"Then you can be *arch*, too?"

"Did you think me so very stupid?"

"You are wandering from the point, Elizabeth," said Rosamond. "Do you, or do you not think that he may run away?"

"*Trust* came before love, with me," said Elizabeth softly.

Rosamond shook her head impatiently, and sprang forward. You can guess what I did, then, can't you, my boy?

Here I am, at the end of my paper. Don't let me wait as long for answer as before, and believe me, yours, in a rapture, GERARD SUNDERLAND.

[*Lancelot to Gerard.*]

DEAR GERARD: I think Miss Rosamond a marvel of perspicacity, and am sure I, for one, should prefer her, even to your saintly Elizabeth. Doubtless you will put *this* remark to the score of jealousy. You have always been the most susceptible fellow of my acquaintance, and I have always remarked that you have been quite as easy to fall *out* of love, as into it—though I must acknowledge that you have never gone to the length of engaging yourself, before now. I hope you will be faithful to your Elizabeth, if you chance to see some more charming woman. As it is, your last letter reads as if you were quite as much in love with "that child," Rosamond, as with her older sister.

I am glad the child has been talking to her sister, for it will be as well for the young lady to be prepared for what *may* happen, and it will probably break the force of the blow, if anything *should* happen. But until I get the invitation to the wedding, I shan't be sure of my place as "best man," and, even then, should fear the address of some pretty bridesmaid, with time, place, and tempting opportunity.

I think I may possibly present myself in your neighborhood about the time of the advent of the Cascannons' aunt, as *then* you will need a friend, if ever you do—and I am quite anxious to see the fair Elizabeth, and that Rosamond, who must be a character, and with whom I am already half in love, just from what you have written about her.

I may be partial to blondes, but I can admire a handsome brunette when I see her, and I think my future wife will be of that complexion—I don't believe in the union of two of the same type. But a beautiful blonde *is* the most perfect creature in the world, as far as the outside is concerned, and I can't help thinking that all those women who have "witched the world," from Helen to Cleopatra herself, have been of that type. Do you believe that a "sunburnt beauty" would have inflamed the haughty heart of the Roman Antony? He had been used to see such all the days of his life, and as the lotus springs from the black mud of the Nile, so might some white-armed, bright-haired beauty from the dark, sluggish blood of the Ptolemies.

My very best regards to your Elizabeth, and a kiss to Gypsy Rosamond, from your true friend, LANCELOT.

(*To be continued.*)

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REAL AND IDEAL.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Madeline Yorke, and I, Sarah Nelson, were cousins. Madeline, as her name indicated, was romantic; and I, as mine indicates, am not. We were schoolmates and room-mates, and the best of friends during the three "finishing" years we spent in Madam Sharpeyes' fashionable seminary. Oh! those three years! the many tears poor little Maddy's brown eyes shed during that period! She did not love to study very well, poor little thing, and she *did* love to read novels, which were the forbidden fruit of Madam Sharpeyes' domains. And this often brought her to grief.

But worse than all, she was fond of beaux and flirtations, and the beaux were fond of her—as they are apt to be of lively, pretty-faced girls. There was a college for young men within a stone's throw of our seminary, and, strange to say, in spite of Madam Sharpeyes and her well-trained "assistants," Maddy was on "nodding" terms with an alarming number of young collegians. And it often happened, when on rare occasions we were permitted to attend evening lectures, with the understanding that we "went down in little squads, and came back in little squads," that Maddy's "little squad" consisted of but two, and the second party was not a schoolmate.

Of course, this could not always escape detection, and Maddy had to be lectured, and threatened with expulsion, and be "scared" and wearied into penitence, which never lasted longer than until the next opportunity presented itself. Now don't think I am upholding Madeline's disobedience—I am sure she was a very naughty girl, and entreat all young ladies to avoid her example. I had the reputation of being a good scholar and a very decorous young lady in general. And the teachers often wondered that Miss Yorke *could* be so unruly with Miss Nelson for a room-mate. But as it is all gone by, now, I will tell you confidentially that I helped Maddy in all her capers, and was quite *half* as bad myself, only I conducted affairs with caution and strategy.

Well, we got through the three years, and came out "finished;" could chatter French and sputter German, and—dance the cancan, or something like it, besides knowing a great deal. And Madeline was to go home to her father and mother, and I, having no father and mother since my recollection, was to go with her.

But just then, Aunt Sarah, both aunt and godmother, wrote an urgent invitation for us to come down to the farm for a visit before going home. It was our last chance, we thought, before plunging into city life, so we went. And Aunt Sarah received us both with open arms. She was my aunt, but not Madeline's, though she always called her so, and I believe to this day that aunt loved her better than she did me. She was such a little doll of a thing, and I was so very practical.

Somebody came in as we were sitting down to tea—a brown-faced, handsome, blue-eyed young man, carrying a pail of foaming milk. Aunt Sarah gave us an off-hand introduction. "Miss Yorke, this is my nephew, John Deering. Johnnie, this is your cousin, Sarah Nelson." Johnnie set down the pail, and bowed very gracefully. And then he washed his brown hands and joined us at the table.

My new-found cousin proved quite an agreeable young gentleman; and to Maddy he was all the country Adonises and heroes of the countless novels she had read consolidated into one, and I knew her fate was settled. She was a romantic little thing, as I have intimated, had great faith in "affinities," and believed in "love in a cottage" and all that sort.

Well, so do I, if the cottage is paid for, and isn't mortgaged. But debts, and poverty, and drudgery, and misery, somehow, always get the upper hand of love when the cottage is rented or mortgaged; and it comes down to "love in a hut," minus the love. So I told Madeline when she confided John's proposal to me.

"O you mercenary creature!" she cried indignantly. "You are just like Lady Arethusa, who refused Lionel because he was poor. And he proved to be Lord Dunlap afterward, and then wasn't she sorry."

"But John won't prove to be any lord," I answered. "He will be John to the end of the chapter. And he is poor as Job's turkey, and rents part of Uncle William's farm, and always will be poor if he marries you now. Wait two or three years, and then he will be started, and it will do. But you will be wild to think of it yet."

However, my warning fell on deaf ears; she accepted John that evening, and set the wedding day in the autumn, with consent of "pa and ma." She told me of it in our room as we

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were preparing for bed. She had rolled her black hair in curl papers, and was giving the last one a good-night twist.

"Shall you curl your hair when you are Mrs. John, and mistress of a cottage?" I asked as I watched her.

She looked at me contemptuously. "What a question! of course I shall. John says he likes to see me in curl papers, I look so jaunty."

I smiled silently, thinking that John's approval might not be all that was needed. The next morning we saw John from our window, bringing a pail of foaming milk in each hand. "It looks just like pictures I have seen," Madeline cried admiringly. "Ah Sarah! you can't see that after you go home, and just think! I shall see it every morning."

"Does John own a cow?" I asked quietly; but Madeline deigned no reply.

It was a very warm July day, and we took our sewing, after breakfast, and went down in the orchard. "Isn't this delightful!" said Maddy, lolling back on the grass. "Just see that oriole above us, the beauty. Oh! this blessed country life."

"How about the baking and churning that aunt is doing this forenoon. I wonder if you would enjoy that as well?" I asked. But she was singing

"Up in the morning early,
Just at the break of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away,"

and didn't seem to hear my question.

After supper we went with John to hunt eggs. Maddy found a brimming nest-full, and was in ecstasies. "What a useful animal the hen is!" she cried, to which I responded laconically, "Fowl, you mean," and John laughed till he cried.

The next morning Madeline rose an hour earlier than usual; and I could not imagine what was the cause, till I found her in the pantry covered with flour; under Aunt Sarah's guidance she was making biscuit for breakfast. She came out beaming with smiles, and declared that "cooking was a delightful occupation," with a fond glance at John and a defiant one at me.

The next day we went home. "Pa and ma" objected to Madeline's marriage at first, but she painted her future life in such glowing colors, and cried and begged so, that they gave up at length, and she was married in the fall.

Although Uncle Yorke was a well-to-do man, I chose not to be dependent upon him, as he had two young daughters of his own fast approaching womanhood. So I became a teacher in a distant city, and did not see Cousin Madeline for six years. Then I surprised her one summer day, or one they said was Madeline. She lived in the same little house John rented six years before. He had intended to build the next year; but the baby came, and Maddy was ailing all summer, and what with the help and the doctor's bills, he found it impossible. He had never got ahead since; for there was another child now, and crops were poor, and he couldn't even finish off the little house they rented. This I found out little by little.

"Where are your curls, Maddy?" I asked, touching her plain bands of hair.

"Oh! dear," she laughed a little nervously, "I gave them up long ago. I used to be so tired at night I could not roll them up, even once a week, as I used to. And so I got in the habit of wearing it plain, and did not go back to curls."

John brought in the milk just then. "We have just bought two good cows," Maddy said; "we have had none for the past year now. These are good cows, but you have no idea what a work it is to take care of the milk. And these warm days my churning is dreadful hard."

I heard the cackling of hens that afternoon, and an old memory made me smile. "Do you still think the hen as useful an animal as ever?" I asked mischievously.

Madeline laughed in concert with John, but answered—"No, indeed. They eat almost as much as they are worth, and then they pick all my currants, and scratch my flower-beds till they are spoiled. I tell John they are perfect pests."

We walked in the orchard one afternoon. "Do you lie out here in the shady nooks, Maddy?" I asked.

"No, indeed; I seldom get time to even walk here. It takes so much time to do the cooking for my family and all the farm help. It is one woman's work to feed those hungry men." We heard the baby crying and went back to the house.

Another thing, the worst of all it seemed to me, that I noticed, was John's indifference. They were so thoughtless of one another. That seemed to me their own fault. Trials and troubles should draw man and wife nearer, instead of dividing them. But the latter is so often the case. I have been wondering if my story has a moral. I do not think it has. I surely hope none will think it a warning against farmers or farming. It is simply a story of a romantic girl, who imagined that all that was written upon country life was true, and so plunged blindly on and found her dreams of "love in a cottage" to be just existence in a hut. And this is all.

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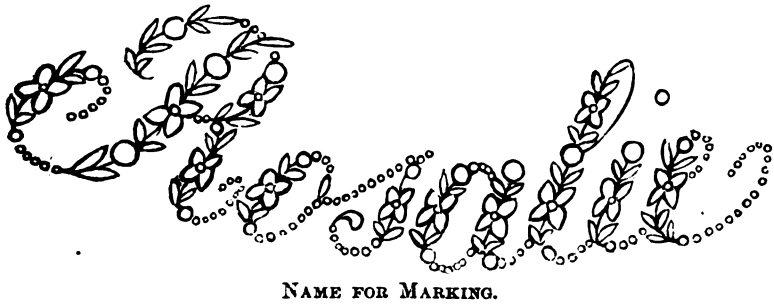
NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

Low, Square-Neck Corsage.—Made of silk, or some light material for evening dress; edged with a ruffle.



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LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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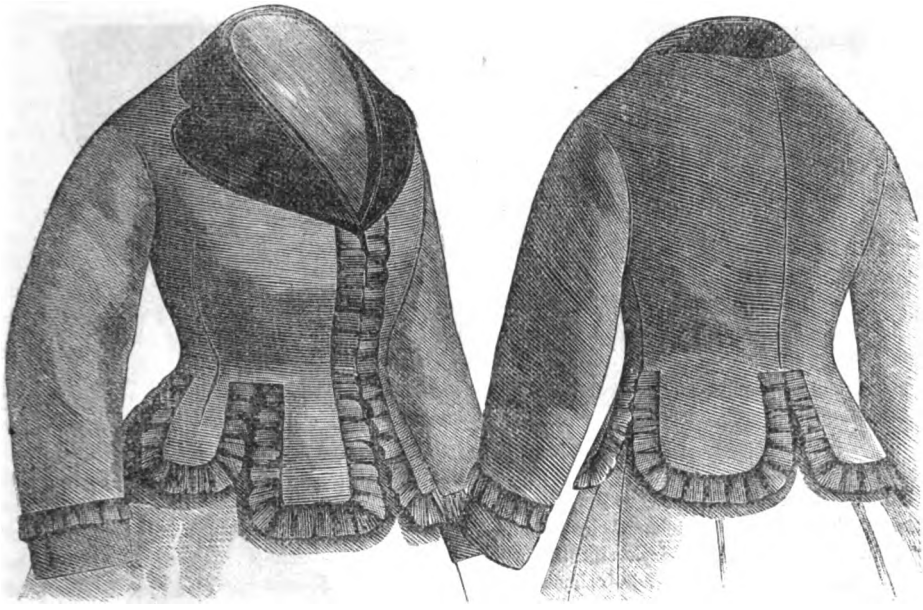
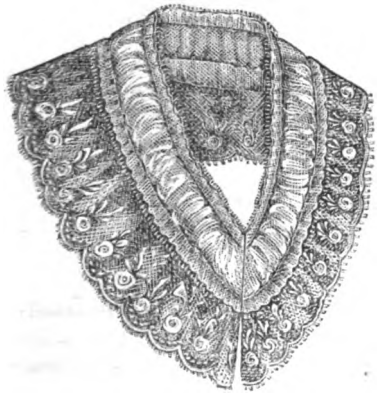


CLOSE-FITTING HOUSE JACKET.—This jacket may be made either of velvet or cloth; it opens heart-shaped in front, and is trimmed with velvet revers. It is cut out in six square basques below the waist. The front basques measure six inches, and the back and side basques four inches in depth. They are cut out so as to leave space for a two-inch plaiting of velvet, to be sewn at the edge.



COLLAR FOR DRESSES WITH OPEN BODICES.—For this collar cut first the shape in stiff net, and then cover it with a bouillon of Mechlin net. Cut away the stiff net underneath the bouillon, and edge the latter on both sides with narrow Valenciennes lace; sew on a Valenciennes lace 3 1–5 inches wide at the lower edge.

SAILOR JACKET.

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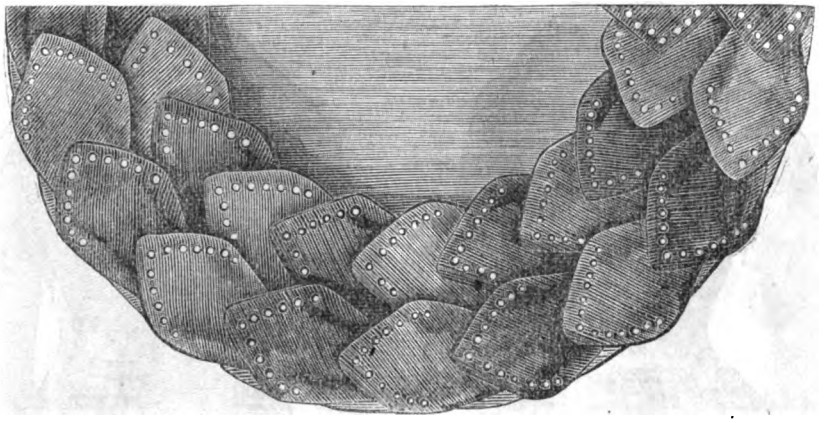
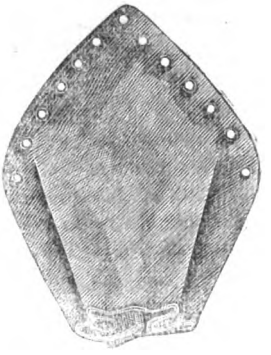


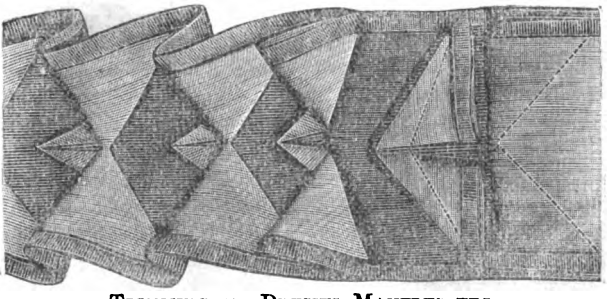
No. 1.—Mat (Cloth and Beads).

No. 1.—Materials: Crimson, white, gray, and black cloth; a round of pasteboard eleven inches in diameter; a round of black silk lining of similar dimensions; gold beads, crimson and black.

First cover the pasteboard with crimson cloth, lining it with black; then proceed to make the wreath of leaves, which is composed of black, gray, crimson, and white.



No. 2.—Detail of Mat.



Trimming for Dresses, Mantles, etc.

This trimming may be made either of the same material as the dress or of a contrasting color. It is a straight strip, bound at both edges with either satin or velvet. This strip is then folded the short way at regular intervals, according to the width. Each fold is turned down with a point at the top, forming a three-cornered figure, and the points are then turned backward. It forms a pretty heading to a flounce.

Pattern for Embroidery.

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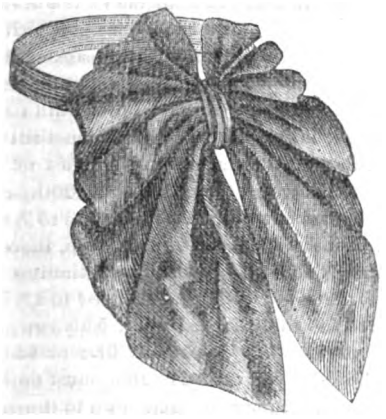
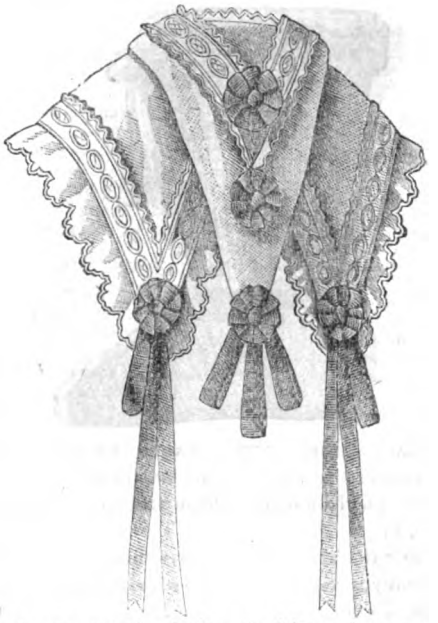
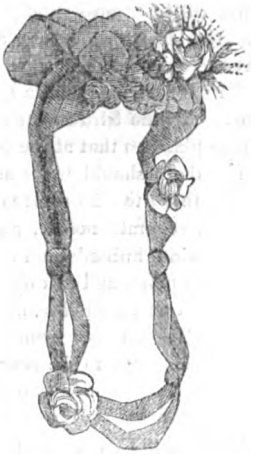
SASH OF BLACK GLACE SILK.—This sash is formed of a piece of silk lined with stiff net, forming three deep points—two long ones for the under part, pleated at the top, and the third shorter, turned down over the two others, the whole edged with a pretty knotted silk fringe. This sort of basque is fastened to a waistband, with a butterfly bow of black silk at the top.



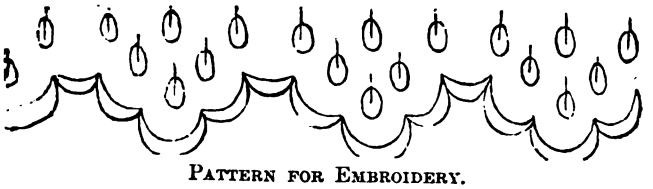
This sash is formed of two wide strips of black satin, each pleated in the shape of a wing; both are fastened together by a loop to a round waistband. Both the loop and waistband are of black silk, arranged in cross folds and lined with stiff net.



A new sort of pelerine of white cashmere to throw over the shoulders. This pelerine, pointed and with hood, is ornamented with embroidery patterns in colored silk, and rosettes of silk to match.



BONNET OF GRAY SILK, with bouillon, and ornamented with a feather of the same shade, forming a diadem, and rosebuds with foliage.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

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BABY'S SHOE WITH FANCY STOCKING.—Materials: 1oz. of turquoise blue or scarlet, and 1½ oz. of white single Berlin wool; five needles, No. 14.

For the above, the part resembling a shoe is the only portion to be knitted with blue wool. The front is begun by casting on 14 stitches, which are knitted backward and forward in rows. 1st row—1 plain, 1 purl. 2d and every succeeding row, the same, only that a plain stitch must come over a purl, and a purl over a plain stitch of the previous row, so that on both sides the reversed pattern, called "moss-stitch," must be kept up. In this manner 36 rows are to be knitted, increasing every 4th row on each side by knitting 2 in the second and last stitch but one of the row. In the 34th row the same increase must take place, so that at the conclusion of the 36th row there should be 34 stitches on the needle. Of these the 12 centre ones must be taken off on a separate needle, and the 11 stitches on each side knitted on in the same pattern for 10 rows more, and cast off. For the sides and back cast on 24 stitches, and knit 22 rows, as before. The stitches remain on the needle, and the sides are to be sewn on the wrong side to the cast-off stitches of the front. Now pick up the stitches that are on each side of the front and the 12 centre stitches, and, dividing them all on 4 needles, purl 2 rounds, and then change the blue for white wool.

For the Stocking.—1st round—1 plain, 1 purl; repeat. 2d round—The same. 3d round—1 plain, 2 purl; repeat. 4th round—Like 3d. 5th round—Same as 1st, being careful that the plain stitches come exactly over those of the 1st and 2d rows. These 4 rows are to be repeated regularly for 40 rows (observing that the columns of plain stitches occurring at intervals of 5 stitches must be kept unbroken). 41st round—Plain. 42d round—Purl. 43d round—Thread forward, knit 2 together; repeat. 44th to 49th round—Plain, then cast off. A three-plaited cord of blue wool, not quite half a yard in length, must be passed through the row of holes, and tied in a bow in front, with small tassels at the ends. An edging is to be crotcheted round the top with blue wool, so that it should turn down. Begin at the back with 1 DC. into the under part of one of the cast-off stitches, 5 Ch., passing over the two following ones, 1 DC., 5 Ch. as before, and repeat all round. 2d round—DC. in the 3d of the 5 Ch. of previous round, 5 Ch., and repeat. 3d round—1 long, 3 chain, 1 long in the loop of 5 chain of previous round; 1 long, 3 chain, 1 long in next loop; repeat all round, and fasten off.

The Sole must be knitted with blue wool in the same pattern as the shoe. It is begun at the heel with 4 stitches, and is increased and diminished at the first and last stitches of the uneven rows (the 1st, 3d, 5th, and so on), by either knitting 2 stitches in one to increase, or 2 together to decrease, in the following manner: 1st row increase to 6 stitches, 3d to 8, 5th to 10, 7th to 12, 9th to 14, and so continue till the 15th row, when decrease the stitches to 11; 17th row, decrease to 9; 19th and 20th, continue the same number; 21st, decrease to 7, and continue that number for 8 rows; 29th, increase again to 9, and 31st row to 11, continuing the same for 4 rows; 35th row, increase to 13, and continue the same for 20 rows; 55th row, decrease to 11; 57th row to 9; 61st to 63d to 7 stitches, and cast off. The shoe must now be turned on the wrong side and sewn to the sole, running a piece of wool through the stitches of the toe to draw them in to the size of the sole, and fixing the centre of the back of the shoe to the middle of the heel, so as to keep it even. It will be found that this sole gives a very pretty shape to the shoe.

If a larger size be desired, knit exactly the same with No. 13 needles.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

CHINESE SERVANTS.

It would seem that the coming man and woman, so anxiously looked for by householders impatient of Pat and Bridget, will come very shortly from China. An interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* discusses John Chinaman fully, as he has revealed himself in California. His efficiency is a thing to congratulate ourselves upon, as the country will soon be full of these candidates for work, offering their services cheaply.

What is he doing? John began as a house-servant, and still finds most of his employment in that capacity. As a natural cook he has no equal, except in the Frenchman. His person he keeps religiously clean, washing himself all over every day in the year. At first, housekeepers say, he may mix his bread by filling his mouth with water, and then blowing it out over the flour; but a little training soon cures him of this. He is ready to sweep, to make beds, and to *walk* of errands—for John is deliberate, and seldom runs. Entrust children to his care, and he will dandle them in his arms, or trundle them in their carriages, or amuse them with playthings, with the same calmness, sobriety, and patience which he would bring to the building of the great wall. Labor is so abundant in his native country that he has been taught to do everything with the nicest carefulness, with the most absolute thoroughness. He is mighty in the laundry. He does up shirts like an artist, and never forgets to sew on the buttons. In Sacramento, night after night, I heard at short intervals, from my hotel windows, a peculiar "whir—whir—whir," in the street below. At first I fancied that it must be "de crim night-waechter" of Hans Breitmann, giving the all's-well signal to his comrades. But finally I discovered that the sound came from a Chinese laundry just across the street, where John was sprinkling clothes by blowing water upon them through a hollow reed. Usually he sprinkles them directly from his mouth—a process better adapted to linen than to bread.

Rev. Dr. Stone, now some years resident in San Francisco, gives in the columns of the *Congregationalist* the following mention of his experience with the Chinamen as domestic servants: "I have now for many months past employed the Chinese as house-servants. I would not go back to the old style of domestic service for any consideration. The new servants do their work nimbly and noiselessly. The quiet of the kitchen department is very noticeable. Its increased economy is equally a matter of surprise and joy. All mysterious leaks seem somehow to be stopped. Sugars and teas, and spices, and butter, and lard, and all the small household stores, 'go further' than once. All 'odds and ends' are saved. Roasted joints and half turkeys come back upon the table, as they were dismissed the day before, only garnished anew and made presentable. There is no demand for evenings out, or half days for private sewing and mending. There is no 'answering back,' only a cheerful 'All right.' There is no complaint of large washings, or festal cookery, or irregular meals. There is no entertaining of company, 'making high life below stairs.' Though many of these servants have but few words of English, it is easy to make them understand. Once shown how to do a thing whose method is novel to them, they never forget. Their ingenuity in all the variation of table-dishes is quite surprising and gratifying. Their patient steadiness and good temper under all their tasks, and their strict fidelity to their employers' interests, make housekeeping a strange luxury. And, on the other side, there is positively scarcely one disadvantage to be urged as an offset to this manifold gain."

SUNSHINE DOMESTICATED.

All that lives upon earth hails the sun as its father, and his disappearance from the scene of nature would be equivalent to our own. Perhaps, even of the two, it is man who would be least missed, accustomed as he is to regard the sun only as a temporal convenience.

Fortunately for us, the sun is not easily put out of temper by our impertinence, and never has thought it a derogation from his dignity to condescend to the humblest uses.

Salomon de Caus, one of those audacious inventors of the seventeenth century, who translated magic into science, well appreciated, in his *Raisons des forces mouvantes*, the powers engendered by the action of heat upon water in close vessels, and has left us the plans and drawings of a pump worked by the sun.

Our knowledge of the solar force only needed, in order to be fruitful, that the attention of practical engineers should be properly directed. It has hitherto been engrossed by the employments of fire, requiring supplies of combustibles.

The sun, all this while, has not limited his action to forming combustible matter in the plants which nourish animals, or which, in exuberant periods, were stored away in our coal-deposits. Still, as before our appearance on the stage of creation, the sun gives birth to the winds, dissipates the waters, gives them a fresh circulation in the aërial ocean of cloud-rack and vapors, renewing rivers at their mountain-sources, and impelling within the revolutions of his planet-group, those of all their elements, from the tide-pulse to the chemic play of atom loves.

But if we can trace back to the sun all movements upon the earth, these are mostly of an indirect character, and effected through a series of transformations of movement. It remains then open to genius to cultivate a closer intimacy with this great power. Archimedes proved this in setting fire to the enemy's ships with burning lenses; and Buffon, who, among others in the last century, sought to reproduce this invention, set a tarred board on fire at fifty metres' distance. It was curious, but little else. Saussure's experiments took a more instructive, though less brilliant direction. He set traps for sunbeams with pine boxes, which he arranged with glass covers in the sunshine, so as to accumulate heat up to 160° C., a phenomenon which could not then be accounted for, but which our modern analyses of the solar ray explain. We distinguish, for instance, the heating rays from the lighting and from the chemical rays, and know that each behaves in a way of its own with transparent bodies. Some readily traverse one, two, three panes of glass; others, after passing the first, are stopped at the second or the third. It happened, then, that a part of the rays which had penetrated Saussure's pine box could not get out again, but were imprisoned within the glass.

Sir John Herschel carried these experiments on farther, at the Cape of Good Hope, and now M. Mouchet, repeating them, has been operating with a

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very simple apparatus, a kind of stewpan with a glass cover and a cylindrical metallic mirror as reflector.

With sunbeams alone, he has stewed meat and vegetables, and distilled wine. His roast beef had, at first, an unpleasant taste, as if kept too long, which was due to the chemical rays of the spectrum, but this inconvenience was obviated by intercepting these chemical rays with a plate of red glass.

We readily conceived the interest of these culinary applications in the Libyan and Arabian deserts, where immense tracts are destitute of combustibles, and even in Egypt and other fertile countries despoiled of their forests by the ravages of war or improvident cultivation. Still more extensive are the promised uses in evaporation, distillation, and refining.

M. Mouchet demonstrates the possibility of using the solar heat also *directly*, as a *motor* for machinery. His pump, working by itself in the sunshine, may enable borderers of the desert and farmers of all countries liable to suffer by drought, to make the sun, which parches, also irrigate the soil. Our ingenious apparatus for producing ice by heat will work perfectly well in the sun.

Inventors are now endeavoring to perfect a solar steam engine, which Ericsson thought he had discovered. The substitution of volatile liquids, like ammonia or ether, for water, favors combinations in which the sun would act as focus. M. Mouchet's book, "La Chaleur Solaire et ses Applications Industrielles," in which all the sides of this question are examined, is a valuable guide.—*Appleton's Journal.*

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

If we were asked what we consider the greatest defect in the education of women, we should answer: "The absence of an *aim* in life." Faculties used merely for amusement or ornament lose half their strength. The painter who takes long rambles in search of scenery for his pictures, or the civil engineer who rides through tracts of country, observing all the characteristics, with reference to the shortest and most profitable route for a railroad, has mind and body simultaneously exercised, and is consequently ten times more invigorated than a man who does the same amount of riding or walking under the direction of a physician, with no other object than a vague pursuit of health. And he who studies for some definite use has immensely the advantage over him who pursues the same study merely as a prescribed accomplishment in the routine of education. A man who studies mathematics merely as part of a course laid out for him by his tutors, may be able to solve difficult problems as readily as the man who earnestly applies them to construction of machines; but the mental vigor acquired in the latter process will be tenfold greater than in the former.

Men have wronged themselves more than they know by treating women as if they were merely conveniences and pretty playthings. Domestic life would be ennobled and purified, beyond all calculation, if women were generally capable of enlightened interest in *all* the pursuits of men, and *if habits of self-support removed the temptation to marry from selfish motives.* Therefore, for the happiness of men, as well as for the dignity and healthy development of women, we wish to see women educated with distinct and various aims in life, leaving marriage to be but one object of interest among many others with *them*, as it is with *men.*

Do you ask what we would have them aim to do? We answer, anything and everything that is useful and honorable. Arguments concerning what women have a right to do have always seemed to us superfluous. Plainly they have the right to do whatsoever they can do well. If a woman can take such observations of the heavenly bodies as render valuable assistance to science, she proves her right to be an astronomer. If she can paint such horses and oxen as farmers and horsedealers acknowledge to be superb animals, she has proved her right to paint horses and oxen. If she makes statues which connoisseurs are glad to purchase, she proves her right to be a sculptor. If she can plan houses with good taste and judgment, she proves her right to be an architect. If she can make great truths clear to an audience, or stir their hearts to noble deeds, she proves her right to be a preacher or an orator. If she has skill in healing the sick, medical societies can do no more than indorse the diploma which God has already given. In all these, and in many other departments heretofore deemed unfeminine, individual women have proved their *right* to labor by laboring *well.* At present they are but tolerated exceptions to the general rule. Women of the "clinging-vine" type abound, and will continue to abound as long as men praise that type of character; and there are many reasons, founded deep in human nature, why they should long continue to praise it, though experience proves that clinging-vines are often parasites. But it is a cheering sign of the times that women are becoming more and more self-reliant, and that men are learning more and more to respect them for decided indications of enterprise and energy. Whenever we meet with a young woman who is ashamed of being useless, we rejoice for her own sake, while we welcome her as a harbinger of advancing public opinion.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

From a recent letter in Bryant's *Evening Post*, we take the following:—

The Dresden people and their American visitors do not assimilate perfectly. We are a little impatient of the slow, old-fashioned way in which everything is managed, and our hosts are equally annoyed by our attempts to quicken their motions, and introduce a little quicksilver into the surrounding stolidity.

This discordance accounts for, though it does not excuse, the harsh judgment which has been passed upon Americans by some of the Dresden critics.

This city possesses great advantages for education. Her teachers and professors are among her most cultivated people, and her schools exceedingly well conducted. For this reason many families settle here for a period of years, and submit, if necessary, to a separation from part of their number. There is little else to attract them in Dresden, but they ask for no more. A remarkably fine set of young people are here now, entirely appreciative of the advantages they are enjoying, and improving them to the utmost. The husbands and fathers, obliged, by business engagements, to be separated most of the time from their families, and the wives and mothers, submitting to this separation for their children's sakes, have enough to bear from these very circumstances without being held up to the opprobrium of their country people. American homes are temporarily kept up here, that better-educated American men and women may be returned to our country. For this object the majority of the Americans now in Dresden (numbering over eighty families) are here, and they are utterly undeserving of the uncharitable language which some letter-writers have

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lavished upon them and the women of America in general.

There is one weakness, however, to which some of our mothers and daughters are subject, which cannot be too strongly deprecated. I refer to the running after the titled gentry who abound in every country in Europe. It is not in the least true that Americans do this more than other people. No, nor half so much. But they should not do it at all. And when the seeking of noble acquaintance has marriage as its possible end, no sight more pitiful can address itself to those who understand the true value of all that is resigned, and the worthlessness and emptiness of the bauble that is received. The great body of the nobility of Europe are miserably poor, and only too willing to restore the ruined fortunes of their families by a plebeian marriage. For such a marriage is always considered a condescension on the part of the suitor, only to be thought of because of the benefits in hard cash to accrue from it. The army officers in Dresden, for instance, are many of them sons of noble families, but with only their name and their pay. The pay is from thirty to fifty thalers a month, three fourths of which they must give for their dinners and other expenses of their regiments. They are forever in debt, and often obliged to run away to escape disgrace. It is much better to marry a pretty American girl with a rich father. One of those who tried the other plan a few months ago, is now a waiter in one of our New York hotels. And he is a nobleman. Not only by birth, but by his own course of conduct, is he far more noble than another titled youth now engaged for the fourth time to an American girl. He is sure to fulfil his last engagement, however, having already received from his future father-in-law ten thousand dollars in gold. Both of these young men are from Dresden.

The position of women in Europe is so different from their position at home; the isolation from family and friends is so great when marriage is contracted with a foreigner, the dependence upon the husband's family is so entire, and the whole social fabric of society is so differently constituted from our own, that a mother should most carefully guard her child against being entrapped into such a marriage as I have referred to, while no possible inducement should cause her to promote such a sacrifice. A gentleman who was for many years one of our representatives abroad, and who passed over twenty years of his life in Europe, told me that he had been cognizant of more than a hundred matches between Americans and foreigners, the latter nearly all of them men of title. He added that he had never known a single instance in which such a marriage had ended happily. Let our daughters have all the advantages that foreign travel and study can give them, but let them be sure that the happiest home on earth, the only happy home for them, is such a home as none but an American husband can give them.

The readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* may recall, in this connection, an interesting letter of Miss Harrie Boyer, who resided some time in Germany, and was impressed by nothing more strongly than by the different position of women—the lower estimation in which they are held. Speaking of a statue to Anne of Saxony, an exchange says:

The Saxons have done a wonderful thing in erecting one of the very few monuments to a woman in existence. But their conservative ideas must be carried out in its execution. Mutter Anne must be represented as a good "hausfrau," and bear the insignia of her occupation in life. Our American ladies in Dresden, and their husbands, too, held any number of arguments with their German friends on the necessity, or even propriety, of the Electress of Saxony's appearing before her people with the storeroom keys in her hand, but nothing could induce them to allow the possibility of a woman's being represented without at least a distant allusion to the dust-brush and frying-pan, and we feared they would be placed in bas-relief about the monument unless we speedily held our peace. And yet we confess that our ideas of German life have some of them changed entirely since we came into closer contact with it. We cannot but think it a pity that women highly educated and accomplished, as so many of them are, should, after marriage, become the plain cooks and plain sewers of the family. They cannot be their husbands' companions, although often his equal in education and intellect, because their minds are everlastingly on their kitchens. They have not the time they require for reading and improvement, because they must themselves perform the menial work of the family. Nor is the result in comfort worth the sacrifice. German cooking by German ladies is not one whit better (to say the least) than ours. The economy, too, which we hear so greatly extolled, does seem to us very much of the penny wise and pound foolish order. I really believe our Dresden friends would rather save half a thaler than make five; and so much time and thought goes to the saving of the half thaler! They like the old ways, and to do as did their fathers and mothers. They quote Solomon when you attack them seriously; and the fact that his virtuous woman lived in another age does not seem to impress them at all.

A LIBRARY.

A moderately sized apartment, with dark wainscoting, plethoric book-cases on two sides; on the others, a few choice engravings and landscapes in oils, a cabinet of rare shells and minerals, with two or three small marble groups and statuettes, and pretty rustic baskets here and there; a long, green library-table, with books and papers scattered over it, and a carpet in dark green, too. This library was evidently put to daily uses, and was pervaded all through with some sense of human life, and coseyness, and home. You knew, by some instinct, that a daily life went on here, of thought, feeling, enjoyment. * * * * *

Overhead, English ivy trails across the mantle, and winds its cool, green fibres over the ceiling, and makes a kind of bower of shadow and greenness there. Indeed, it is astonishing how much of outdoor life, of woody scents, and browns, and greens, has managed, somehow, to get into this library. Through all the indoor warmth and homeliness you have a vague sense of the quivering of leaves and cool, shady depths of greenery, with winds singing their own tunes among them. Yet, when you come to look around to find the source of this feeling, there are only rustic baskets depending here and there, filled with mosses and leaves, and clasping vines, and glittering berries in the corners; and through all that strange, sweet scent of woody growths, as though it had trailed in from the forest on some autumn noon, and clung there over afterward. * * * * *

"How pleasant the fire is?"

"Very. What has it been saying to you, my child?"

"Many things; a very singing of thrushes among my thoughts. If it had been a coal fire, it would have been so different. There is always a great

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silence and heat about that, which suggest to me the still caverns, and the long, dark cycles where the fuel has lain, but a wood fire is always full of quivering life, sparkle, motion, like the woods that made it. One feels in it, somehow, the very quiver of the sunshine, the thrilling of sap in the strong, old veins, the flutter of leaves, the song of birds, and the swinging of mighty storms through the branches. After all, this fire seems a fitting death for the trees. It doesn't hurt one as so many things one has to put up with in this world do."—*Virginia Townsend in Home Magazine.*

FOOD vs. SOMETHING TO EAT.

Considering the great similarity of human bodies, anatomically and physiologically, and that the same elements are necessary (in a greater or or less degree) to properly sustain, rebuild, and recuperate all bodies, it is strange what a variety of opinions exist concerning the subject of food, or what constitutes good living. Most people seem to think, however, that a good meal depends mainly on the amount of money expended in its preparation.

The Romans, it will be remembered, dined upon the brains of peacocks and the tongues of nightingales, at the cost of a handsome fortune at a dinner. Cleopatra, it is said, dissolved pearls in a draught and ground diamonds into powder, and thus ate and drank a million's worth at a meal. Of course, no one supposes that dissolved pearls or ground diamonds was a particularly palatable dish, or could, in the least, appease the cravings of hunger. Cleopatra, on this occasion (like many more modern women), was prompted by an unworthy ambition to excel in the costliness of her viands, and to show her utter disregard for expense.

Although we, in this money-loving age, do not drink pearls, nor make sandwitches of ten-pound notes, as did Jack Tar, many of our dietetic habits are almost equally absurd.

If the preparation of food was understood as a science (as it really is food proper), we would have something like a true standard of dietetic excellence, and a general agreement as to what constitutes *good* living. As it *is*, our so-called good livers generally live at the most starving rates; while the majority of cooks know not the meaning of the word *food*, and would laugh at the idea of turning the kitchen into a chemical laboratory. They know nothing of the relations that food sustains to the physical system, and are totally ignorant of the principles of chemistry; hence, they cannot comprehend the difference between *food* and something to eat.

We have seen women who prided themselves on being what they termed "good cooks," whose delight it was to beat, and stir, and batter eggs, and sugar, and butter, and spices together, making a compound that holds about the same relation to food as does dissolved pearls or bank notes, who could not bake a digestible loaf of bread, broil a steak properly, or make a dish of soup to save them. Such cooks always have a mania for hodgepodge receipts; nothing is too absurd for them to experiment with. The physician who relies mainly upon formulas and receipts in prescribing for his patients, is justly termed a quack in his profession—a term equally applicable to the cook whose ability and success depends upon the number and excellence of cooking receipts. Moreover, we earnestly believe that the most appropriate inscription that could be engraven upon one half of the tombstones that dot our thickly populated graveyards would be, "died of quackery in cooking." The great need of the day is educated, intelligent cooks.

We want cooks who know *why* we eat. To know that we *do* eat is not enough. We want cooks who can understand why a potato cooked in a certain way is soggy, unpalatable, and indigestible—when, cooked in another way, it is dry, mealy, palatable, and healthful. We want cooks who can comprehend why a beefsteak broiled over hot coals contains more juice and nutriment, and is more easily digested and appropriated by the system, than when fried over a slow fire in a pan of hog's lard. We want cooks who know why beef from which soup is to be made should be put to cook in cold water instead of boiling water. And last, though not least, we want cooks who know what the staff of life is, and how to prepare it, and can comprehend the difference between food and something to eat! Then would cooking rank high among the arts and sciences, and the professional cook be crowned with the highest honors.

UNTIDINESS.

All the Southern nations sin in this direction. Spaniards, Italians, French, all are dirty and untidy at home—horribly so; while when receiving friends or flourishing abroad dressed, so far as the women go, with a grace and elegance and taste unsurpassed by any, and not to be attained at all by us of the rougher Teutonic blood. A Spanish or Italian lady will dress her glorious-looking head, and drape her magnificent shoulders like a picture, and sit by her open window looking the perfection of loveliness. Her night-black hair, which soft lace shadows into yet more exquisite beauty, while a crimson flower relieves and yet brightens its depth; the dazzling jewels upon the rounded hand, that languidly waves a fan to and fro with a grace of motion unapproachable; the shawl half-revealing, half-concealing her beautiful shoulder—all are the very perfection of toilet. But, if she does not receive this night, and therefore is not in danger of being "caught," her skirts, her feet, her apartment—in fact, all that is not visible from the street, is simply disgusting. Giulia at night in society, or on the Corso, is divine; but Giulia in the morning, or at home, unseen by the world, is a mass of rags and disorder, through which even her beauty has some difficulty in making itself visible.

TO MAKE THE HANDS SOFT AND WHITE.

A correspondent desires a receipt for this purpose. Several things may be tried. Always keep on your washstand a cup of oatmeal or Indian meal, and after soaping your hands (using fine soap and tepid water), dip them into the meal, and rub gently and thoroughly with what adheres to the lather; then wash and wipe, and rub with glycerine. Do this every night before going to bed, and put on a pair of soft, loose kid gloves. Wear easy gloves as much as possible, and avoid exposing the hands to great heat or cold, either of which make them red. The preparation called Amandine, sold in little china cups, is an excellent thing to use, but it is much more expensive than glycerine, and not any better.

For Chapped Hands.—A wash of bran-water is very simple and good. Place about a quart of bran in a large basin; pour on it half a gallon of boiling rain-water; when lukewarm, or nearly so, soak the hands in it half an hour before going to bed, or when they will not immediately be exposed to external air. This must be repeated every alternate night.

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FRUIT AND FLOWER MODELLING IN GUTTA PERCHA.

Chapter I.

This addition to our modern accomplishments is certainly an effective means of copying the beauties of nature; when cleverly managed, it proves an excellent imitation of the costly Dresden ware.

I will endeavor to give the most minute rules for its execution, assuring my readers that there is nothing in the work to soil the fingers of the fairest hand.

Before proceeding to the first lesson, it is requisite to say that diagrams and paper patterns are not used in forming the fruits, flowers, and leaves in gutta percha, but it is necessary that the objects to be copied should be placed before the learner, if possible, fresh plucked from the tree or *parterre*, so that each should be in full beauty, so that their proper form may be well studied before beginning to model; or should this, from the season, be impossible, the best of those which are to be obtained from a French artificial florist should be procured.

After these first and most necessary articles have been placed on the table, we proceed to enumerate the others, which should be put in order before the learner, so that that most desirable thing, "neatness," may be preserved among the requisites for the work, and are as follows:

1. A small tin pannikin, similar to those used for keeping infants' food hot, with a spirit lamp at the bottom compartment; this is the receptacle for the gutta percha, which is to be placed in the cold water contained in this pannikin, and which gradually softens it into a state fit for use as the water becomes hot.

2. A beechwood board, about a foot in length, and half or a little better in width, on which is marked several lines lengthways; this is for ribbing the gutta percha intended for ornamentation in the way of ribbon or long grass; also, for other purposes, which are developed in the course of the work. On the other part of the board different shaped and sized leaves are engraved, the veins being deeply indented, which renders the process of leaf-modelling pleasing and easy.

3. A piece of fine wire, and the same (half a yard) of coarse net, such as used by milliners for bonnet shapes; a pair of small-pointed scissors; a good round-topped thimble; a long bodkin; pair of nippers, and a piece of gutta percha—the best that can be procured—above the size of a large apple, which is to be kept always in the hot water, as much depends on the material being in a good condition. The colors for this work are made in a peculiar way, as well as the varnish, which has the effect of producing that look of real china.

Having given these few preliminary observations, we now proceed to initiate the pupil into the mysteries of gutta-percha modelling—advising that a basin of tepid water be kept on the work-table, for the purpose of moistening the fingers, so as to keep the material used from adhering to them.

For the first and easiest lesson, we propose to ornament one of those pretty oval frames for mirrors of Dresden china, to be seen in some of the old curiosity shops.

Procure one of the frames of beechwood, about ten inches in length; this must be thickly coated with the white paint, and then left to dry, when it will be ready for the decoration. This we propose to do with fruit—raspberries and cherries, and their respective leaves, which are to be grouped at the sides and also at the bottom, where the two are to be commingled.

A bow in imitation of that called a "butterfly bow," ornaments the top of the frame, and is to fall gracefully toward the place where the fruit and leaves commence. For the moulding of the raspberry take a piece of the gutta percha about the size of a good, large nut, and, dipping the fingers in the water to prevent it from sticking, roll it in the palms of the hands into an elongated round—in fact, like the fruit it is intended to imitate. Now nip off, with the nippers, a piece of the wire about two inches or two and a half inches in length, making with the same instrument a hook at the top, which is to be inserted into the end of the piece of gutta percha prepared for the raspberry, and neatly closed round. This is to form the stalk.

Now hold the piece so prepared in the left hand, and having before cut the net into square pieces of about two inches in size, with the right place it on the top of the gutta-percha raspberry, and draw it down as closely as possible to the bottom; and having neatly finished it round the wire stalk, cut off that which remains, and it will be seen that the soft material has entirely received and hidden the net, which has pressed it through the holes of the same, leaving the most perfect representation of the raspberry. After it is so far finished, lay it to dry and harden, and in two or three days it will be found to resemble wood in its hardness.

Take care in repeating the process, that any little fault in the first raspberry is rectified when making the others; for a small-sized frame, from twelve to fourteen—some a little larger than the others—will be required. For the small leaves on the stalk under the fruit, take a little piece of the gutta percha, and form it, with the thumbs and fingers, into a round as large as a shilling; afterward, with the scissors, mark it into the pointed stalk leaves; they must then be carefully picked out into shape, and flattened and smoothed with the first finger into form; then, with the bodkin, make a hole in the middle of the gutta percha so prepared, and pass the raspberry stalk through it, close up to the fruit, where it must be again moistened, and then pressed gently on.

For the cherries, take a piece of the gutta percha rather larger—but not materially so—than that for the raspberry, moulding it, as before, into the round, full form requisite for the perfect imitation of the fruit. Nip off the wire, making an open hook at the top, which is to be passed into the gutta percha prepared for the cherry, and, as before, hiding the same by closing the material neatly round it, slightly flattening the top of the fruit. Then take the bodkin, and with the smaller end make a rather deep indentation on one side of the cherry from the top to the bottom, using the top of the little finger to make the slight hollow in that part where the stalk has been put, which must not be too perceptible. Care must be taken that the surface of the gutta percha so modelled must be perfectly smooth, as any imperfection would tend to spoil the effect of the work. Lay to dry.

About ten or twelve cherries will be sufficient for the frame, with the leaves for both fruit, which will require as much, or perhaps more, care than either in the modelling.

Take a piece of the gutta percha as large as a full-sized nut; first flatten it in the palms of the hands, afterward with the first fingers and thumbs, mould it into an elongated oval of an equal thinness at the sides, but rather thicker in the middle. Now lay it into the shape of the leaf on the board, gently pressing it with the first finger here and there, so as to take readily the proper form; look that it has been properly done, and then carefully pick it out, giving the leaf a slight turn with the fingers, to relieve it of any undue stiffness of appearance.

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Lay the leaf aside and take a piece of the wire, but thinner than the one used for the fruit, and after making it perfectly straight gently pass it into the leaf, up the middle, where the gutta percha has been left thicker, and when done place it again on the board, and pass the finger down it to smooth it; but, as the leaves will be under the fruit in the present instance, the wire will not be required to be used.

CONTESSA.

(*To be continued.*)

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING.

The bodice with basques is greatly in vogue for indoor dresses. Self-colored woollens and silks are made with short basques, two fingers deep, cut into six or eight elongated squares. The sleeves are coat-shaped, with trimming at the elbow; the skirt, gored and untrimmed, lies upon the floor a few inches at the back. Belt and bow with short ends. Black silk made in this way, trimmed with a bias band piped with velvet, and worn with linen collar and cuffs cut into battlemented points, or with a set of unbleached linen edged with lace, describes a lady-like toilet for afternoon wear. If it is desirable to have a more dressy bodice, cut the neck with revers, and turn back the basque in front, and at the side and back seams to form similar revers. This is especially pretty for the black alpacas so much worn again since the fabric has been perfected. Trim the revers with a plaited frill of alpaca, or with a band of gros grain edged with Tom Thumb fringe. Never use velvet or satin on alpaca, as they detract from the simple neatness at which it aims. The belt and sash for alpaca should be of gros grain. The best style for walking costume of this material is a close-fitting casaque amply draped behind, and a round skirt. A twelve-inch box-plaited flounce, headed by a bias band and standing box-plaited frill, trims the skirt. Narrower plaiting on the casaque. Indoor and outdoor dresses are so similar, that this costume will answer for both pur poses.

To add the effect of a basque to the round waists of last winter, dressmakers make a plaited belt or peplum of black velvet, or silk, to be worn with any dress instead of a sash. This is made of a bias strip ten inches deep behind, sloping much narrower in front. It is edged all round with narrow fringe or lace, and box-plaited upon a belt ribbon, an inch of it extending above the belt as a frill. This is effectively worn with dresses trimmed with black velvet.

Another dressy novelty to be worn over silks and poplins of solid color is a black velvet fichu, short on the shoulders and pointed to the belt back and front, with a deep postillion basque behind. A fringe of pear-shaped drops edges the garment, and the cape is buttoned from the throat to the belt. Worn over heart-shaped and Pompadour bodices, this stylish cape makes a high-necked costume, and gives variety to a limited wardrobe.

Overskirts have regained their popularity, and are more worn than ever. The most graceful style for upperskirts, with apron fronts, is to make them as long as the underskirt, and drape them in deep plaits on the hips, making them only short enough to show the trimming of the underskirt beneath. Scallops, or castellated points, or else flat bands, trim upperskirts better than frills that rumple easily.

Loose or Garibaldi bodices may be made from the patterns for tight bodices by merely omitting to seam up the darts, allowing the fulness to form gathers to be attached to a belt, or to remain close and unattached to a belt.

CLOAKS.

Cloaks and shawls are more sought after this season than they have been at any time since the advent of short costumes. For cloth garments, dark, invisible tints, olive green, navy blue, Egyptian brown, and maroon, are chosen, as they harmonize with many colors. Velvet cloaks are of a fine blue-black shade, made long enough to dispense with a tunic, requiring only a silk skirt to complete the costume.

The close-fitting casaque or basquine, with full skirt behind, remains the prevailing shape for dressy cloaks. The length is from thirty-six to forty inches. Broad folds gradually shortened toward the belt, or else a sort of double skirt at the back, are the most stylish ways of arranging the fulness behind. The only puffs seen are lengthwise and scant. Coat sleeves are wider at the wrist, and are no longer universally worn. The sabot sleeve, with a frill falling over the wrist, and the wide Oriental sleeve open from the elbow, are both in favor again. Sashes are short and bunchy, and find a rival in the postillion basque—a broad, double box-plait of the material, three eighths of a yard deep, attached to the belt. Few pelerines or hoods are seen on casaques. A separate piece, drooping from the back of the neck to the belt, is a pretty modification of the Watteau fold. All winter cloaks are high-necked, with standing, scalloped band. Heart-shaped necks and revers are reserved for outer garments of suits made to disclose a corsage of the material beneath. They do not answer for cloaks worn with dresses of different color. The trimming is sometimes arranged to simulate revers.

Circular garments, belted and draped behind, but with mantilla fronts, and falling over the arms like Oriental sleeves, are much worn. In velvet, cashmere, or fine French beaver, these wraps are most becoming to tall, slender figures, as they give the appearance of breadth. Half-fitting paletots without a belt, short, dressy basques, and the *negligé* sailor jackets, made double-breasted and longer than those worn in the summer, are favorite styles with young ladies, and are worn indiscriminately by slender and stout figures. Elderly ladies wear circulars and shawl-shaped mantles, square and long in front, and pointed behind with a broad Watteau fold.

FASHIONS FOR BABIES.

The newest christening robes measure but a yard from shoulder tips to the skirt edge, and are made of white Organdy over white silk slips. The low, full bodices, tiny sleeves, and tablier fronts are entirely of embroidery and wide Valenciennes insertion in lengthwise stripes. Box-plaited frills edged with lace surround the skirt, and curved frills descend from the belt at the sides, a ribbon rosette is in each curve, and the whole is effectively finished by a sash of wide, white, watered ribbon knotted at the right side. Under slips of blue, mauve, or pink silk display the lace on such robes to advantage, and are worn, except at the christening, for which occasion all white is as much *de rigueur* as for a wedding. Other dresses, less elaborate and far more durable, are of fine French nainsook, edged with fluted frills, headed by puffs and bands of cordlike tucks.

Infants' cloaks are changed in shape. The round upper cape is smaller than has been worn of late, measuring only five eighths behind, while the cloak proper is straight, with square corners, and is attached to a yoke with sleeves. White merino embroidered, and a satin quilling or fringe around the cape, describes the handsomest cloaks. The yokes and sleeves are wadded and lined with thin silk, also the

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cloak-piece, which is a yard and a half wide, and only a yard long. The cape is only lined. Sold with these cloaks, and embroidered to match, are little shoes of white silk and turbans for boy babies, or else cape-bonnets that are used either for boys or girls. Some mothers say that double cape circulars are more comfortable than yoke cloaks for infants, and are simpler of construction. These are of white or colored merino, braided or trimmed with bands of gros grain, velvet, or plush. Widely netted fringe surrounds the upper cape. The fine plaid flannels make pretty circulars for ordinary use. They should be lined with white flannel and trimmed with bands of notched cloth, or scalloped and bound with silk braid.

Soft, warm, cape-bonnets are in favor, made of cashmere with a quilled satin ruche around the edge.

Turbans are of uncut velvet or plush. New lace bibs to be worn over cloaks are square, like the Maria Theresa collars for ladies. Soft, quilled, muslin bibs, with embroidered edges and an initial or "Baby" in the centre, are also sold.

White is the prettiest dress for children all the year round. To be comfortably worn in winter, this requires warm under-clothing, such as zephyr-knit shirts for infants, and for larger children the woven under vest, which is more shapely, and less apt to shrink, than homemade garments of flannel. For children in their first short clothes, low bodices and full skirts of white muslin are made; also little slips with high-necked yokes, into which the full skirt and waist is gathered. A sash of the material tied behind confines the slip at the waist.

A pelisse of merino, with sleeves and a cape, is the best wrapping for a child just done with long clothes. If this is made ample every way, and long enough to barely escape the floor, it will serve from the time the child begins to walk until it is three years old. White Berlin wool drawers, with socks attached, are useful to cover the feet and limbs of children when carried out in their nurses' arms. For every-day wear, plaid flannel walking-coats are worn; also scarlet circulars, with little hoods to protect baby heads from cold when taking an airing.

HOW TO DRY SEAWEEDS.

After having collected a sufficient quantity, wash them well in fresh water, that there may be no sand or mud on the weeds; let them remain for about half an hour in the water. Put each piece on thick paper, either writing, cartridge, or printing card-board, according to the size of the weed; pour some clear water on the weed, but not so much that the alga floats on the paper. Take now a long-pointed pin, and arrange with this and the fingers. The weed must be placed on the paper with taste, and not too near the edge. If there are any superfluous branches or strange woods adhering, they should be cut off with small scissors. After the weed is mounted, soak up the water on the paper with a sponge, but care must be taken in doing so, as very often it disarranges the specimen. When all the weeds are mounted, lay them on blotting-paper, covering over with muslin, again place blotting-paper with weeds and muslin until all are covered. At the last put several sheets of blotting-paper, place all between two thick boards the size of the blotting-paper, laying something heavy on the top. After letting them be for about a day, renew the process with fresh blotting-paper and muslin, and press them again for a day. This must be repeated daily until the weeds are nearly dry (four or five days), when they may be put into books to finish drying. The blotting-paper and muslin may be used again after perfect drying.

CANARIES.

In choosing a Canary, recollect that yellow or white-bodied birds are considered the handsomest. The wings, tail, and head should be yellowish dun. As relates to song, those birds are the most valuable that have not only their own notes, but some of those of the nightingale and the woodlark.

Do not be entrapped into buying a female instead of a male. The female hardly sings at all. As a general rule, you may know the male bird by his being rather larger and higher in the shanks than the female. The male Canary is of a brighter color than the female, especially around the eye.

The usual length of the Canary should be about five inches, of which the tail may measure two and a quarter. The bill should be about five lines in length, strong, sharply pointed, and inclining to white. The feet, or shanks, as they are called, should be eight lines long (or high), and of flesh color.

The head of the male is rather thicker than that of the female, the body in general throughout more slender.

The best food is the summer rape seed, which is sown in spring, distinguished from the winter rape seed, which is sown in autumn, and is larger and blacker than the former. They should occasionally have intermixed some crushed hemp seed and Canary seed, especially in the spring. As a treat, they may have a mixture of summer cabbage seed, whole oats or oatmeal, with millet or Canary seed. Here, as in everything else, we strive to imitate nature. With this simple mode of treatment, I have reared numerous Canaries, and kept them healthy for many years; whereas others, who have attended theirs with the greatest labor and care, have incessantly complained of all kinds of vexatious and unfortunate casualties. At moulting time a rusty nail should be placed in their drinking-vessels.

WOOLLEN OVERSHOES.

These woollen overshoes are very simply made in crochet knitting, and sewn on to the ordinary worsted and cork sole. They are made as follows:

You form a shoe of ribbed crochet. The instep is made by beginning at the toe, and always increasing to the middle, and sometimes at the side, until it is large enough; this increasing in the middle makes the ribs form a series of right angles down the centre of the foot. At the outside edge of the right side, when the instep is worked, continue a straight piece the correct length to go round the foot, the height of an ordinary shoe. When this is long enough, crochet it to the other outer side of the instep; then your shoe is made. To make it a boot pick up the stitches at the top of the shoe on three needles, and work with four in purl knitting until it is high enough. The last dozen rows must be purled in white work, which will roll over; then cast off, and so form a heading to the boot; the last row of the colored work, at every fresh stitch you must make one, and knit two together, which will leave some holes through which a ribbon is run. There is no opening to these overboots—you slip the foot in as you would into a stocking; but if you want to tighten them round the ankle, you may tie the ribbon. They are an almost indispensable part of a lady's wardrobe if she goes to country balls, where you often have to walk up steps, or sometimes have a very long drive. If you wish to make them more ornamental, you may, with a worsted needle, work a few stitches of black on to the white, to imitate ermine.

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FURS.

Fur garments displayed for the winter are necessarily small, in order to be in keeping with the short costumes now in vogue. Otherwise there is but little change from last year's styles. A set consists of a collarette, or boa, with a muff—cuffs are only made to order. A collarette of graceful shape, called the Favorite, is shown in all the various furs. It is rounded behind, with long tails in front, sloping broader toward the belt, and finished with tail-tips. Passementerie buttons, with fringed ends and loops, fasten the front. The Marie Antoinette collar is similar to this, with narrow, straight tabs. Plain collars are slightly pointed back and front. Boas are especially popular with young ladies, and are all that is required for a wrap about the throat, since most cloaks are provided with collars. They are of two lengths—the short boa a yard long, finished with the head of the animal; and a more dressy boa, measuring two yards, to be fastened at the throat with fancy buttons, or else wound about the neck.

Round muffs are smaller than we have ever seen them. They are merely large enough to hold the hands, and will not serve as a receptacle for the parcels and pocket-book and card-case the ladies stow away in large muffs, thereby fraying and wearing out the most substantial lining. The most comfortable muffs are stuffed with eider down, making them soft, light, and warm. Soft Turk satin, of the color of the fur, is used for lining the muffs made for general use; bright colors and white lining are seen in fancy sets of ermine and white fox. Fur tassels, made of ample tail-tips, with a passementerie acorn for heading, trim rich sable and mink muffs. Flat, heavy tassels of passementerie are on plainer muffs. Ermine and Astrachan are edged with Angora fringe, or are drawn together by a cord finished with tassels of Angora and crimped fringe. The flat Canadian muffs are not dressy, and will only be used for skating and shopping. These have a small mirror at the back, and a pocket in front concealed by a flap, on which is the cunning-looking head of the animal. They are worn hanging to a cord passed around the neck.

Fur jackets are rather shorter and more curved in toward the figure than last year's garments. The length varies from twenty-four to thirty-one inches. Capes, mantillas, and large victorines are entirely out of fashion. Sealskin jackets are the choicest and most expensive fur cloaks; those of serviceable black Astrachan are most popularly worn.

JACKET FOR SICK PERSON.

The "Nightingale jacket" is so very simple that one would hardly require a pattern. I will endeavor to describe it. Take two yards (or if for a very stout person two yards and a quarter may be required) of scarlet flannel of the usual width, or any other color preferred; fold the length exactly in half, and cut it down about six inches. Bind the whole round, including the slit, with white or black sarsenet ribbon, black mohair braid, or, as tartans are now so fashionable, royal Stuart braid would look well and stand washing. Now measure eight inches from the top of the slit and fold it back on each side like a sailor's collar; this is caught together at the top with a bow or rosette of ribbon to form the back of the neck, and also finished with the same at the end of the slit; the corners may be kept back with a fancy button. The two back corners of the flannel are also turned up six inches and fastened, to form a place to slip the hands through, the point of the turn back being finished with a rosette. Strings may be put to tie under the chin.

WOOLLEN TIDY.

The following is an easy shell or feather pattern for tidies in wool, to be knitted with two wooden needles, No. 10 or 9. Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by 12, according to the width required. 1st row—knit 2 together twice, over, 1 plain, over, 1 plain, over, 1 plain. over, 1 plain, knit 2 together twice, repeat from the beginning. 2d row—Purl. 3d row—Plain. 4th row—Purl. Then commence again at the 1st row. This pattern looks well done in several shades of two contrasting colors, such as scarlet and gray, green and violet, &c. Commence with the darkest shade, and go on to the lightest, changing the color at each or every alternate repetition of the 1st or pattern row, according to the depth the stripe is wished to be, and the number of shades. Go back again gradually to the darkest shade, then join on the darkest shade of the contrasting color, and proceed as before.

MUFFATEES.

Set on 60 stitches, 20 on each pin; size of pins, 15. Knit 2, purl 2 for 18 rows of any color you wish to edge the mitten with, then knit 2 and purl 2 for 40 rows. For the thumb, put 4 stitches from one pin on to another, making 24 stitches on the pin for the thumb; knit 2 and purl 2 backward and forward for 25 rows, and then edge it with the same color you began with, 6 rows. Always knit one plain row on adding a fresh color. Cast off, and pick up each side of the thumb 12 stitches, and divide amongst the three pins, having 20 on each pin as at first. Knit 2 and purl 2 for 30 rows, and edge the hand with 6 rows of the edging color. Sew up the thumb.

KNITTED FRINGE.

The following is a very easy receipt for a fringe, knitted with the cotton or wool double: Cast on 12 stitches with wool or cotton wound double; 1st row, bring the thread forward, knit 2 together; repeat. Every row is the same. When a sufficient length has been knitted, cast off 6 stitches, and unravel the remainder for the fringe. It is best to try a small bit first, and if the loops are thought too long, cast off 8 stitches instead of 6, leaving only 4 to be unravelled. If done in wool, the knitting should be thoroughly damped and afterward dried before a fire. This will cause the wool to curl, and form a better fringe.

TRANSFER ON WOOD.

Dissolve salt in soft water; float your engraving on the surface, picture side up; let it remain about one hour. Your screen, box, or table should be of bird's-eye maple, or other light-colored hard wood; varnish with best copal or transfer varnish.

Take the picture from the water, dry a little between linen rags; then put the engraving, picture side down, on the varnished wood, and smooth it nicely. If the picture entirely covers the wood after the margin is cut off, so that no varnish be exposed, lay over it a thin board and heavy weight; leave it thus in press over night. If you wish but a small picture in the centre of your wood, apply the varnish only to a space the size of your picture. Dip your fore-finger in salt and water, and commence rubbing off the paper; the nearer you come to the engraving the more careful you must be, as a hole would spoil your work. Rub slowly and patiently till you have taken off every bit of the paper, and left only the black lines and touches of your picture on the wood, in an inverted direction. Finish up with two or three coats of copal varnish.

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KNITTED TIDY IN COTTON.

It is a leaf pattern in columns, with stripe and open work between. Wooden or bone needles No. 10, and cotton No. 8 or 10, three-thread. Each pattern requires 21 stitches, and five being sufficient for the width of an ordinary sized tidy, cast on 109 stitches, to allow of two edge stitches on each side, which are not included in the pattern. Commence with four plain rows and then begin the pattern. First row—1 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together from the back, 3 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 1 plain. 2d row—3 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, over twice, purl 2 together, 2 purl, 1 plain, 2 purl, purl 2 together, over, 1 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain. 3d row—1 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 2 plain, over, knit 2 together from the back, 1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 2 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 1 plain. 4th row—3 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 3 purl, over, purl 2 together, 1 plain, purl 2 together, over, 3 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain. 5th row—1 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 4 plain, over, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, over, 4 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 1 plain. 6th row—3 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 5 purl, 1 plain, 5 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain. Commence again at 1st row. Finish with four plain rows, as at the beginning before casting off. Trim with some one of the knitted edgings that have been given.

KNITTED SMOKING-CAP.

Materials required: 2 skeins each of black, white, and medium gray, 8 thread fleecy or double Berlin wool, and 2 needles No. 10. Wind a skein of each of the wools together and knit them as one. Cast on 21 stitches. 1st row—Slip 1, * purl 1, knit, repeat from *. Every row is alike, a purl stitch coming over a plain, and a plain over a purl. Knit 24 inches in this way; pass a thread through the top of the knitting, and draw it into 16 inches. Take an eighth of a yard of velvet, of any color preferred, cut cross way, 16 inches long, join it and gather it up closely at one edge, and stitch the other to the knitting. Line the crown with silk to suit the color of the wool. The lower edge of the knitting is to be turned up about two inches on the right side. The centre of crown to be finished either with a fancy button or a tassel.

New Publications.

The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition. By Frederic Henry Hedge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In this book the grandest and most momentous subjects are effectively treated by a clear thinker and a ripe scholar. The chapter, "Man in Paradise," concludes by saying:

"The evil that is in the world can be abolished only by supplanting it with good. The heavenly graces are gaining on the kingdom of error and sin, but only as the new-formed continent gains on the lessening deep. Slowly and reluctantly the hungry element retires; not years, but centuries, chronicle its ebb."

THE BRUTE CREATION.

"Man represents all animals in his composition, and every animal has sometning of man in his make. This is the Hindu view of creation, as opposed to the Hebrew, and this, I think, is the Christian view, sufficiently indicated by that saying of Jesus: 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father.'"

PARADISE LOST.

"Every man is an Adam, made in the likeness of God—sinning against that likeness, and suffering loss and pain, the unparadising of the heart by sin. Into every child's paradise the serpent comes—some insidious moral mischief, some noxious exhalation from the smooth abysses of its nature, some sinister thought suggested by occasion, some taint that steals over the soul, tarnishing its morning bloom, and deflowering its unconscious innocence."

The "Heritage of the Inner Life" closes eloquently:

"The possibilities of material nature we are fast ascertaining, and may hope one day to fully explore and comprehend. But the possibilities of the Spirit, of life as shaped by the Spirit, who can divine? 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.' We know not what the future has in store for the race. * * * God be thanked for the limitless longing, the unquenchable hope; for the unwritten leaves in the Book of Fate; for the unknown wealth and incalculable powers of the inner life!"

Great Mysteries and Little Plagues. By John Neal. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The richest collection of funny child-sayings that we know of. It is surprising what delicious humor the little innocents are capable of. Every young mother probably could add to this store of anecdotes something similar from her own experience; and it would be well worth while for her to jot down the queer speeches of the little ones—"the seedling cherubim"—just when they are made, for the amusement and edification of after years. It is told of Lamartine's mother, that she kept such a diary all through the youth of her children; not of queer speeches only, it is probable, but very likely erring on the side of wordiness. In such records brevity is the soul of wit.

A daintily poetic little fairy tale. "Goody Gracious! and the Forget-Me-Not," will form the attractive part of the book for children.

Luck and Pluck; or, John Oakley's Inheritance. By Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "Ragged Dick," "Fame and Fortune," &c. Boston: Loring. For sale by Turner Brothers, Philadelphia.

All the boys know Horatio Alger, and speak up eagerly in favor of his books, as if there could be no question about them. "Luck and Pluck" appears to us fully to sustain the characteristics that have made its author so popular.

Wives and Widows; or, The Broken Life. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Old Homestead," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

An interesting and high-wrought novel—more sensational than we like.

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The Prince of Darkness: A Romance of the Blue Ridge. By Mrs. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The most effective of Mrs. Southworth's novels.

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Aunt Margaret's Trouble: A Tale of Love, Selfishness, and Retribution. By Miss Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

An admirable story, in which the writer proves herself a genius in her own right; resting no portion of her claim to public favor upon her father's fame. With all its sparkle and heart-warmth, it is good fiction, too—that which will do good, as opposed to sensational, which is negatively useful as pastime, or positively harmful as passional excitement.

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Rena; or, The Snow-Bird. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

If we could particularize among the fascinating novels of Mrs. Hentz, we should say that the favorite of all was "Rena, or The Snow-Bird." Such treasuring up of the old, dilapidated copy, got by heart! Such longing that the precious pages could be bound together again! We shall make one young heart happy with a long-desired gift—a pet book, in a pretty, new dress.

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Marcus Warland; or, The Long Moss Spring. By Mrs Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena; or The Snow Bird," "Love After Marriage," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson & Brothers.

To understand how it is that this justly popular writer takes hold of the imagination, and moves the heart of the young, we have only to read the opening chapter of this book, introducing the noble boy, Marcus Warland, beautiful in his brave, filial goodness. In all the series contemplated there can hardly be a story more romantic and captivating than the volume before us.

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Hitherto: A Story of Yesterdays. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," &c., &c. Boston: Loring. For sale by Turner & Brothers, Philadelphia.

There is no need of commending the author of such books as we have quoted. She is already taken close to the hearts of so many for her sweet and precious words, that the mere announcement of a new work from her pen is enough to insure it a wide-spread and eager welcome. We have read "Hitherto" from beginning to end, and can heartily indorse the praise of the *Boston Transcript:*

"It is an American work, which, for depth and power, we may send forth with pride to our critical neighbors. It speaks well for the thought and inner life of a country, when books so spiritual, yet so philosophical, so genial, and so truly religious, are eagerly received and understandingly read by the masses.

"This story shows the noblest uses of life, the meanings which lie at the heart of things, and the greatness of that loving sympathy which is the highest result of the imagination. It opens with a sweet picture of a lonely child's life, full of delicate touches, and that perception of the pathos of things which is peculiar to Mrs. Whitney.

"She does not stand afar off and talk generalities, but comes down into the simplest lives, and shows their beauty and the glory they may attain. She does not trouble herself with a literary style, and therefore possesses a style wholly unique, an utterance noble, yet simple, but not always rhetorical, knowing that the deepest feeling suppresses far more than it expresses, and in its reserve forces itself to the plainest speech.

"The story is vital with clear perceptions of life at every stage—child-life, with its imagination and love of the beautiful for its own sake; youth, with its struggles after absolute truth, its self-consciousness, its sensitiveness; and true manhood, with its strong patience, its cherishing instinct, and its reserve. Many a life question finds here its full answer."

Such books as these make us thankful that we live in this day when women are writers. What treasures of thought and feeling would be lost to the world without their revelations! There is so much that a man cannot understand. In so far as he is a poet he can enter into the secrets of the whole human being; but to men, generally, the other half of humanity is a sealed book.

The tranquillizing influences of nature are beautifully told in

AN OUTLOOK.

"The sweet summer wind came through great linden-trees and over fresh-smelling grass and masses of flowers. The calm, restful hills lay green and round against the blue horizon, and little white clouds went floating by, far overhead. There was a glimpse of the river-dazzle out between the open fields, where it made its sharp western bend around the town. It is a great thing to look *away*. Between brick walls, sorrows pin one down, and grind and gnaw one's life. It is so natural, when things go wrong in-doors, to sit and look out of a window—if the window looks anywhere. You think that you are sulky or miserable—perhaps you mean to be at first; but presently you have gotten all over it. You have gone out from yourself, away off among tree-branches and cloud-islands, carrying your trouble with you, and there you give it the slip, and leave it to melt away."

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Illustrated Library of Wonders. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York. Each one volume, 12mo. Price per volume, $1.50. For sale by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Nothing could be better for gift-books to the young than such works as these. Very few fictions are as good entertainment as the wonders of science and the curiosities of history. That way lies a fair, pure field of research, not liable to the pitfalls of imagination. Specimen illustrations of "The Wonders of Optics," "Thunder and Lightning," "The Wonders of Heat," "The Intelligence of Animals," "Pompeii and the Pompeians," "Acoustics; or, The Wonders of Sound," "The Sublime in Nature," "Adventures on the Great Hunting-Grounds of the

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World," and "Egypt 3,300 Years Ago," give a captivating idea of the series.

The latter work, presenting to our view Egypt at its height of glory, in the time of Rameses the Great, has thirty-nine wood-cuts on the most interesting subjects, throwing light upon the history of those grand ruins that are the wonder of travellers along the valley of the Nile.

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The Old Franklin Almanac, for 1870, is published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut Street. Price 20 cents.

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Household Receipts: Comprising Two Hundred and Seventy-four Receipts for Cooking, Preserving, Pickling, &c., &c. By A. L. O. M. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead.

A small, compact, useful receipt-book.

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Christmas Day, The Night before Christmas, and *The Night after*. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co.

"The Night before Christmas," by Clement Moore, is well known, and very popular with the young folks; "Christmas Day" is by J. M. Watson; and "The Night after Christmas" a humorous but too dolefully true finale from Punch. In a gayly illuminated cover.

Receipts.

Cooking Beefsteak.—If the gridiron be not bright as silver, and clean between the bars, the meat will suffer. If the bars be not rubbed with suet, they will print themselves on the steak. If the fire be not bright and clear, there is no hope for the broiler. If the broil be hurried, it will be smoked or burnt. If the gridiron be overheated before the steak is put on it, it will scorch the steak. If the gridiron be cold, the part of the meat covered by the bars will not be done. If the gridiron be kept slanting, the constant flare and smoke from the fat streaming into the fire will spoil the steak. If no salt be sprinkled on the fire, the meat will very likely taste of brimstone, which the salt should exorcise.

Few people seem to know that rump steaks are not at their best except from October to April. It is only in the colder months that they can be taken from meat hung at least four days to make it tender. When fresh they are mere fibrous masses of unconquerable grisly fibre. A good steak, often turned to prevent burning, and to keep the gravy at the centre, takes ten minutes to broil.

Oyster Soup.—Take a quart of stock and a quart of milk; boil with them, for ten minutes, a blade of mace and a tablespoonful of essence of anchovy; then set it to cool. Take three dozen oysters, put them with their liquor and a little water, all cold, over the fire; scarcely let them boil; then drain them, taking care of the liquor; take off and throw away their beards. Take four tablespoonfuls of flour, mix in a paste, with two ounces of butter melted before the fire; add a little cold water, then a little of the soup; put it over the fire till it is thick, then strain it to the soup; throw in the oysters. The whole of the soup will now be nearly cold; let it boil up rapidly only once, and carefully scum it; then serve it hot as possible.

Chickens Stewed Whole.—Having trussed a pair of fine, fat young fowls or chickens (with the liver under one wing and the gizzard under the other), fill the inside with large oysters, secured from falling out by fastening tape round the bodies of the fowls. Put them into a tin butter-kettle with a close cover. Set the kettle into a larger pot or saucepan of boiling water (which must not reach quite to the top of the kettle), and place it over the fire. Keep it boiling till the fowls are well done, which they should be in about an hour after they begin to simmer. Occasionally take off the lid to remove the scum; and be sure to put it on again closely. As the water in the outside pot boils away, replenish it with more hot water from a teakettle that is kept boiling hard. When the fowls are stewed quite tender, remove them from the fire; take from them all the gravy that is about them, and put it into a small saucepan, covering closely the kettle in which they were stewed, and leaving the fowls in it to keep warm. Then add to the gravy two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour; two tablespoonfuls of chopped oysters; the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs minced fine; half a grated nutmeg; four blades of mace, and a small teacup of cream. Boil this gravy about five minutes. Put the fowls on a dish, and send them to table, accompanied by the gravy in a sauce-boat. This is an excellent way of cooking chickens.

Oyster Patties.—Scald the oysters in their own liquor; beard them, drain them perfectly dry, and flour and fry them lightly in butter. Take each oyster separately with a fork and put them into a stewpan; strain the liquor in which you have scalded the oysters into the butter and flour that remains in the frying-pan; stir well together, and season with a little pepper, salt, and a little juice of lemon; pour the whole on the oysters, and let them stew. When nearly done, thicken with a small quantity of butter rolled in flour, and fill your patties.

Irish Stew.—Take a piece of loin or backribs of mutton and cut it into chops. Put it in a stewpan with pared raw potatoes, sliced onions to taste, pepper, salt, and a little water. Put this on to stew slowly for an hour, covered very close, and shake it occasionally, to prevent it from sticking to the bottom.

Yorkshire Pudding, with Roast Beef.—Five tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one of salt, one pint of milk, and three well-beaten eggs. Butter a square pan, and put the batter in it; set it in the oven until it rises and is slightly crusted on top; then place it under your beef roasting before the fire, or in the oven, and baste it as you do your meat.

Croquettes.—Take a cold chicken, roast or broiled; mince it very fine, or it will not adhere; moisten it with a rich gravy; season with pepper, salt, and a little mace; make it up in small forms in a jelly glass, done over with egg and fine bread crumbs or ground cracker; fry slowly in lard or butter.

Vegetable Oyster Cakes.—Select good, large-sized oyster-plant roots, grate them, and add milk and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter, about a gill of grated oyster-plant, two eggs, one pint of milk, and flour to make the batter, and salt. Drop it by tablespoonfuls into hot lard. Bake till brown.

Sausage Cakes.—Chop a pound of good pork fine; add half a teaspoonful of pepper, half a spoonful of cloves, half a spoonful of coriander seed, and four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Mix all well together, form them into small cakes, and fry in a hot pan.

Baked Beans.—The small white beans are the best for baking. Pick out the bad ones, wash and

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soak over night in lukewarm water. Early the next morning set them where they will boil, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus. When partially done, take them out of the water with a skimmer, and put them in an earthen jar or crock, salting them at the same time. Gash about a pound of pork in narrow strips; put it with the beans in such a way that all the rind will be covered. Turn in water until you can just see it at the top. Bake the beans from two to five hours in a moderate oven. The beans, when done, should be of a nice, even brown over the top, the pork tender and the rind crispy.

Wild Ducks Hashed.—Cut up your duck as for eating, and put it in a pan with a spoonful of good gravy, the same quantity of red wine, and an onion sliced exceedingly thin. When it has boiled two or three minutes, lay the duck in a dish, pour the gravy over it, and add a teaspoonful of caper liquor.

Snow Fritters.—Take of light, new-fallen snow, three tablespoonfuls for every egg you would otherwise use—that is, if you would wish the quantity that three eggs would make in the usual way, take nine tablespoonfuls of snow, and stir in a quart of rich milk that has been setting in a very cold place, so that it will not melt the snow, and destroy its lightness; put in a teaspoonful of salt, and enough wheat flour to make a stiff batter; have ready a frying-pan with boiling lard, and drop a spoonful in a place, as with other fritters, and set the remainder in a cold place till the first are done. Eat them with wine sauce, or sugar, butter, and cream, or anything you fancy. Put in snow last.

Indian-Meal Doughnuts.—A teacupful and a half of boiling milk poured on two teacups of Indian meal. When it is cool, add two teacups of wheat flour, one teacup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of yeast, and two eggs, with a tablespoonful of cinnamon or a grated nutmeg. If not sufficiently stiff, add equal portions of wheat and Indian meal. Let it rise very light. Roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it into small, diamond-shaped cakes, and boil them in lard.

Indian Rusk.—Take a pint of milk; heat till boiling, and slowly stir in Indian meal until it is stiff as hasty pudding. Now put in half a teacup of molasses, a little ginger, and when cool enough, work in two tablespoons of butter or lard, and yeast to raise it, with flour to make it stiff as biscuit. When light, mould and cut. Let them stand and rise twenty minutes; then bake.

Florentines.—Roll puff paste to the thickness of the eighth of an inch, and lay it on a thin baking-tin. Spread over it a layer of greengage or any other preserve or jam, and bake it in a moderate oven. Take it out, and when partially cool, having whipped some whites of eggs with sugar, put the whip over the preserve, and strew some minced almonds all over the surface, finishing with sifted sugar. Put it once more into the oven until the whip is quite stiff. The florentines should be of a pale color, and a few minutes after the paste is finally removed from the oven it should be cut into diamonds and served up.

Mince Pies.—One pound finely chopped roast beef, one half pound suet do., one quarter peck apples do., one pound raisins, one quarter pound cleaned currants, one nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful ground cloves, the juice of two lemons and rinds grated, mace, one pound sugar, sweet cider to moisten it. Let this stand mixed, all night; when using, put in two ounces citron, cut in very thin strips.

Doughnuts.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one and a half pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wineglasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

Common Plum Pudding.—Beat together three quarters of a pound of flour, the same quantity of raisins, six ounces of beef suet, finely chopped, a small pinch of salt, some grated nutmeg, and three eggs, which have been throughly whisked and mixed with about a quarter of a pint of milk, or less than this, should the eggs be large. Pour the whole into a buttered dish, and bake an hour and a quarter.

Fruit Cake.—Two and a half cups dried apples stewed until soft; add one cup of sugar; stew a while longer, and chop the mixture, to which add one half cup of cold coffee, one of sugar, two eggs, a half cup of butter, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, and cinnamon and spices to taste.

Icing for Cake.—White of one egg, nine teaspoonfuls sugar, one of starch.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup butter, two of sugar, half cup milk (sour if you have it), one teaspoonful ginger, half teaspoonful soda.

Cookies.—One cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, four eggs, two and a third cups of milk, one teaspoonful saleratus; melt butter, put the sugar to it; do not beat the eggs.

An Excellent Remedy for Constipation.—Take wheat bran one pint, water one quart. Steep the bran in the hot water all night, and drink a tumblerful early in the morning.

Cure for Croup.—As soon as the first symptoms are discovered, apply cold water suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge, then lay a cloth wet with cold water on the chest, and cover closely with cotton-batting (nothing else will do as well), and the breath will be instantly relieved. Give the patient plenty of cold water to drink, and cover it warm in bed, and it will sleep sweetly. There is no danger of taking cold by the operation.

Warming Beds.—Take a long, stone quart bottle; let it be filled with boiling hot water, with a good cork; wrap it up in two or three folds of flannel or woollen cloth; this done, about half an hour before bedtime introduce it between the sheets at the foot of the bed. This mode of warming the interior of beds about the feet is far more pleasant and healthy than by coals in warming-pans, the effluvia of which is unhealthy. The water thus bottled (in a clean bottle) will be found to retain its heat till the next morning.

To Prevent Corns.—Wear easy shoes, frequently bathing the feet in warm water, with a little salt or potash dissolved in it. The corn itself may be completely destroyed by rubbing it daily with a little caustic solution of potash.

To Crimp the Hair.—Damp it well and brush it out; then take a small lock of it, and plait it tightly in and out and over both sides of a hair-pin; when you have plaited all the lock in, turn up the ends of the hair-pin, so as to secure the hair from escaping. The pin must be held upright whilst you are twisting the hair in and out. Another way is to damp the hair, divide a lock into three, leaving one piece much thinner than the other two. Plait it up simply, hold the thin piece in one hand, and with the other run the remaining two up to the top. But this latter

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process will not cause the hair to be so regularly crimped as the former. Elder-flower water makes a refreshing wash for the face; glycerine diluted with rose-water is also good, when the skin is rough or chapped; and, as for face-powder, we should think that white starch pounded very finely would be the most harmless one to use; we think, however, that no powder at all is better than any.

A Simple Pomatum.—Let two ounces of lard be melted in water and thoroughly cleansed from salt; while it is still hot, stir into it one ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and a few drops of essential oil of bitter almonds to give it a pleasant scent, and pour it into the jar before it cools.

To Remove Grease from Woollen Goods.—One ounce of pulverized borax, and half an ounce of gum camphor put into one quart of boiling water, and bottled for use, will be found invaluable for removing grease spots or dirt from all woollen goods. Try it.

To Restore the Color of Black Kid Boots.—Take a small quantity of good black ink, mix it with the white of an egg, and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

To Renovate Black Silk.—Rub the silk all over on the right side with a solution of ammonia and water (two teaspoonfuls of powdered ammonia to quarter of a pint of warm water), and smooth it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will regain a bright black appearance.

PATTERNS FOR FEBRUARY.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Little Girl's Frock,	40 cts.
Low, Square-neck Corsage,	25 "
Close-fitting House Jacket,	40 "
Sailor Paletot,	40 "
Double-breasted Paletot,	40 "

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress with a short train of sea-green moire antique, trimmed with black velvet. White chemisette and low corsage of black velvet, cut in front like a little Spanish jacket, and trimmed with lace.

Fig. 2.—A trained robe of striped rose and white silk. Tunic of rose-colored silk, puffed behind, and trimmed with a ruche and fringe. Corsage cut low and worn with a demi-fichu of white silk tulle.

Fig. 3.—A trained robe of yellow silk, and a puffed overskirt of white Chambery gauze, edged with a pinked ruche of the same. Corsage open in front, and two long-pointed basques, trimmed with a satin fold and with lace.

Fig. 4.—Promenade costume of black velvet; the short skirt trimmed with a ruche of the same. Basquine corsage, looped up at the sides with black ribbon, and trimmed with a wide ruffle of guipure; waist and sleeves with narrow guipure. Plaid sash arranged in a butterfly bow. Little round toque of black velvet, with a band of feathers, and a white aigrette.

Fig. 5.—Promenade toilet. Blue silk skirt with a deep flounce. Overdress of amaranth velvet, looped up at the sides, and forming a puff behind, and bordered with fringe. Double-breasted paletot of white cloth or cashmere with revers of black velvet. Little round hat of black velvet wound about with a long gauze veil, which also encircles the neck and floats behind.

General Remarks.

Judging of modern fashions from an artistic point of view, we cannot but approve of the great modification lately brought to our bonnets—in fact, of the almost total suppression of the bonnet altogether.

A head-gear of which wire and stiff net formed the most important part, never could be very graceful. For the last five-and-twenty years our *modistes* have vainly been endeavoring to turn the difficulty. Crowns and curtains have been varied in a thousand ways by their nimble fingers. Borders have undergone every variety of shape, sometimes high, and overloaded with flowers, fruits, and feathers; sometimes laid close to the forehead, like the edge of a saucer turned downward. We have had the Pamela and the Lamballe bonnet, the fanchon and the diadem—in fact, every combination, possible and impossible, has been tried, and tried unsatisfactorily. Something else was wanted.

The renovation commenced last winter with the capulet. It was easy to predict from the beginning the general success which this graceful model would ultimately obtain. Now, however, the veil forming the lace hood of the capulet is no longer made up beforehand, and ladies will, so to speak, have to fashion their bonnet upon their own head. This will, indeed, cause an emulation of elegance among the ladies, for, of course, there will be numerous different ways of wearing the coiffure. In Spain all ladies do not arrange the mantilla with equal grace; it will be the same here with the capulet. Each individual taste will become manifest in the arrangement of the flowers and veil. At present the capulet is composed of a velvet bandeau, put on as a diadem, or else a wreath of flowers just above the forehead; then over this bandeau or these flowers a large veil, artistically thrown over the head, like a sort of hood. This veil can be made of a net-work of fine silk chenille. This soft, shining, light, and velvety texture, trimmed with lace or guipure, loosely folded about the head, gives it a poetical, madonna-like appearance, and almost all ladies thus shrouded in soft chenille and lace will, for certain, look pretty. The capulet is, besides, an essentially comfortable coiffure; it is warm, and with it ladies can brave the coldest weather when driving out in a carriage.

The present town bonnet is not quite the capulet, but something very much like it; it has the velvet bandeau and the diadem of flowers or feathers. The strings are exchanged for a necklet of velvet, fastened at the side with a bow. The veil is thrown over the back of the head, and loosely tied round the neck.

Of hats there is a variety of eccentric models, among which the Tyrolese is perhaps the prettiest.

Then there is the mariniere, a flat, round hat with narrow brim, trimmed in front with an enormous bow of velvet, and a feather laid back over the crown.

And the casquette, quite the boy's cap, but higher in front, and with the visor coming down very much over the forehead, while the crown seems cut away at the back. A large rose is placed in front, with its buds and foliage, and a boa veil of black spotted net crossing over the visor, hanging down on the left side and loosely tied round the neck.

The Parisian *elegantes* order a China crepe bonnet to match each dress, as they are so becoming. Nothing can be softer next the face, and the long fringe falling on the hair produces a very happy effect. The coronet in front is always black velvet.

Everybody wears bows on one side of the hair in

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the daytime, even if they are not made up with lace, as is so much the fashion. The prettiest are of puce satin cut on the cross, and lined with stiff muslin; the loops are crossed with a piece of the satin plaited two or three times one way, and drawn very tight. Two ends, not cut in the swallow-tail form now so universally adopted, but slantingly, are arranged above the loops, so that when put on they stand up against the coil of hair, across the head, and have a most jaunty appearance. Being lined, they keep in better condition than ribbon. Dressmakers send bows home now with every dress; they are as much a part of the trimming as the sash.

In general, skirts are longer and tunics less looped up than they were in the summer, which renders the general appearance of a toilet much more becoming.

The paletot, such as is now worn, for it is not altogether discarded, is slit open either in the middle of the back, or at the sides. When of cloth or velvet, they are made rather longer than when of the same material as the dress.

Long tunics, fastened to the waist at the back only, and open in front, to show a Louis XIV. waistcoat with a long basque, are now very much taking the place of the tight-fitting paletots. These tunics are made either to match the dress, or of black cashmere, fine black cloth, or velvet, to wear with any dress.

Garibaldis for evening wear are either cut square or heart-shaped at the throat, or else trimmed to simulate the square cut. The usual way is to have a thick ruche formed of lace, muslin, and ribbon bows round the square-cut or heart-shaped opening; the sleeves scarcely fall below the elbow, and are of the old-fashioned bell shape; they are very pretty; there is nothing as becoming as lace, muslin, and bright-colored ribbons.

Some square-shaped chemisettes are made of rows of Valenciennes insertion and muslin insertion; but between each of these is a stripe of ribbon covered with a fulling of muslin, hemmed at both sides and edged with lace. To people who are narrow-chested —and it is generally such people who wear these things—they are most becoming, as they give breadth.

Velveteen dresses are made paletot fashion; these will be found very useful, as the paletot skirt can be worn over any jupon or short skirt, and a change of costume easily effected.

Tarlatan ball and evening dresses are made in white, with white fluting and ruches of the same material, or with colored tarlatan ruchings, or with satin trimming of every color, or with black lace; these last are more expensive, but are very effective.

Those of black silk tulle, one of the most useful materials for evening wear, are trimmed with colors, or with white, or with flounces, and not only look, but wear well.

Underskirts are generally of silk, which is not so liable to be torn during dancing as thinner materials. Above the silk, two or three upperskirts are generally worn, and are made of muslin, tulle, or similar materials. Lace is chiefly used for flounces. Satin or silk ribbons of the same color as the underskirt are much used as trimmings.

The embroidered silk net dresses are lovely. Imagine handfuls of bright flounces thrown on a rich black ground; some of these rich dresses are embroidered with gold. Opera-cloaks are arranged in various forms, and composed of varied material. Some quilted satin jackets, edged with swan's-down, look very fascinating in rose, in blue, in white, and in pink. The long black mantle, with its gay Indian trimming, is always effective; the opera-cape, which covers the arms without crushing delicately puffed sleeves; the Polish ermine jacket, so much used as a *sortie de l'opéra;* the Indian shawl, folded and trimmed in three special separate ways.

There is a new kind of reversible opera-cloak, that just now, for the cold weather, is popular. It is of the all-round shape, but very long, and without sleeves. On the one side it is red merino bound with fur, on the other a complete cloak of white fur; it is delightfully warm, and you have two cloaks instead of one.

The *Sachet* (scent-cushion) petticoat is made of a light sort of flannel, and lined with silk, pink, or green, blue, mauve, or cerise-colored, quilted, and scented with violet powder, exactly like a handkerchief or glove case. Morning gowns are also made in the same style; they are perfumed dresses.

A tasteful mourning-costume: Low black silk dress; crape ruches at the edge of skirt; upperskirt of crape, looped up with jet ornaments; jet parure and comb.

There is a new shade, the coral, in kid gloves, to match the delicate shade of coral silk. This shade is very beautiful in gaslight. The purple gloves wrought with white silk are pretty, and the seamless can be had in all colors. The advantage is, that there is never a rip at the sides.

The materials worn by our great-grandmothers are again coming into vogue; the manufacture formerly called the "Dauphine" is now eagerly sought after in Paris; it is a rich silken stuff, with bouquets brocaded upon it.

[Announcement.]

I have in my family a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine that has been in almost daily use for the past ten (10) years, and not a thing has ever been done to it in the way of repairing; not a screw loose, or any part of it out of order in all that time. It has been used in making coats, vests, and pants, of the thickest woollen goods, besides doing all kinds of family sewing, and is now, this day, the best machine for work I ever saw. GILBERT PRATT.

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[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—I have had in constant use in my family for the past *ten years* a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and have made on it the clothing of my children, besides doing the general sewing of a household. Its simplicity and durability, and the beautiful, strong, elastic stitch, which never breaks in washing, and stands until the material itself is worn out, besides the large range of ornamented embroidery, place it far ahead of any other machine for general household work.

269 *Ontario St., Chicago.* MRS. J. WADE.

[Announcement.]

A MILE OF CABINET ORGANS would seem a large number, yet if the instruments manufactured and sold by the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., during the *past year alone*, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than *three miles*, or if arranged three in a tier, would make a solid wall nine feet in height around the Boston Common.

We hardly know which is the more surprising, the demand now existing for these organs, or the improvement made in them the past few years; that which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument, becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs both in this country and in Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Cabinet Organ is fast taking its place as a favorite parlor instrument among all classes of society.—*Boston Traveller.*

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See Prospectus on last page of Cover.

Vol. VII. MARCH, 1870. No. 3.

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OF

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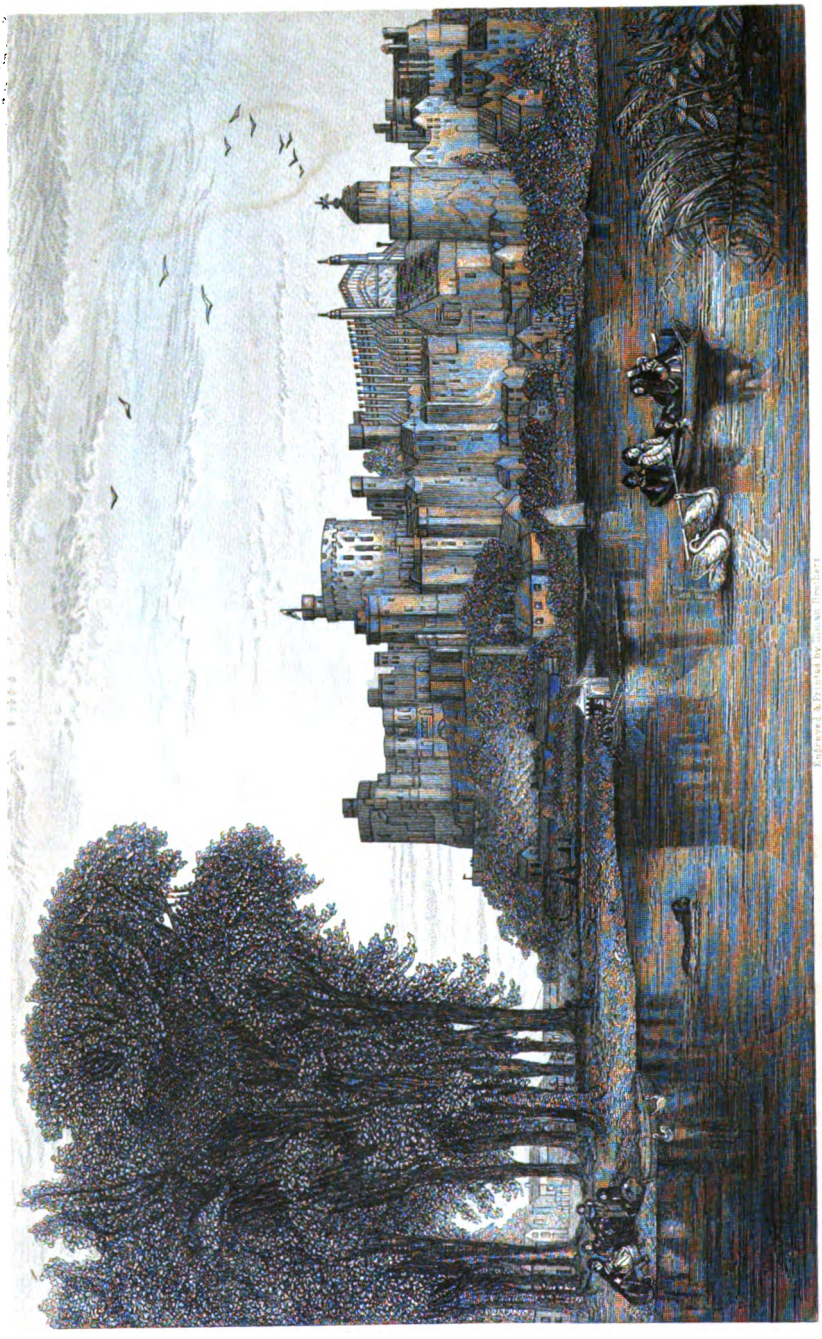

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THE SWALLOW'S NEST. (*See page* 207.)

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No. 1.—Walking-Toilet of dark-blue cloth. First skirt trimmed round the bottom with a gathered flounce, and a deep puffing ornamented on each side with a black satin fluting. Tunic forming two points at the back, trimmed with a satin fluting and a network fringe; sash with a large bow and fringed ends. Flounce put on as a cape, and coat sleeves. Toquet of black velvet, and bunch of blue feathers placed at the side.

No. 2.—The Chevalier Casaque, worn over a fully trimmed petticoat, either of the same material or a contrasting color.

The pattern consists of five pieces, which represent half of the casaque—front, back, panier, sleeve, and gauntlet. Our model is trimmed with lace and ruches. The trimming is laid on the bodice to simulate a square-cut one, the position being indicated by pricked marks, which extend also to the back. Similar marks will be found on the basque of the front, to show where the material is turned back to form a revers. The front joins to the back according to the notches at the edges of the paper. The panier is gathered into the back of the waist; the sides of the panier are likewise gathered, and the sides of the fronts wrap over the panier, and are fastened with either a bow or a gimp ornament. A waistband and short bunchy sash complete the casaque.

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No. 1. Reception Dress of Brown and Maroon Silk.—The first skirt is just touching the ground, and trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce, put on with a double scalloped heading. Brown tunic with long train surrounded with double scalloped bands, one in brown, the other in maroon. Bodice with basque in front and large puff behind, trimmed with a flounce and heading to match the skirt. Sleeves open to the elbow and edged with a flounce. Fanchon capeline of white cashmere pointed in front and trimmed on the top with a velvet bow.

No. 2. Costume for Mountain Excursions, Pedestrian Tours, &c.—Green cloth Zouave trousers, buttoned under the knee; buff gaiter and thick boots; cantiniere's skirt, buttoned all down the front, and trimmed behind with cross-cut bands of black velvet. Amazon jacket, with revers to the bodice, and basque waistcoat of the same material; stand-up collar and fancy cravat; elegant game-bag, fastened on the left side to the waistband; green felt hat with high crown, ornamented at the side with a tuft of cock's feathers.

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Riding-Jacket. Corsage with Basque.

Name for Marking.

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[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

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CARL FAUST. Op. 94.

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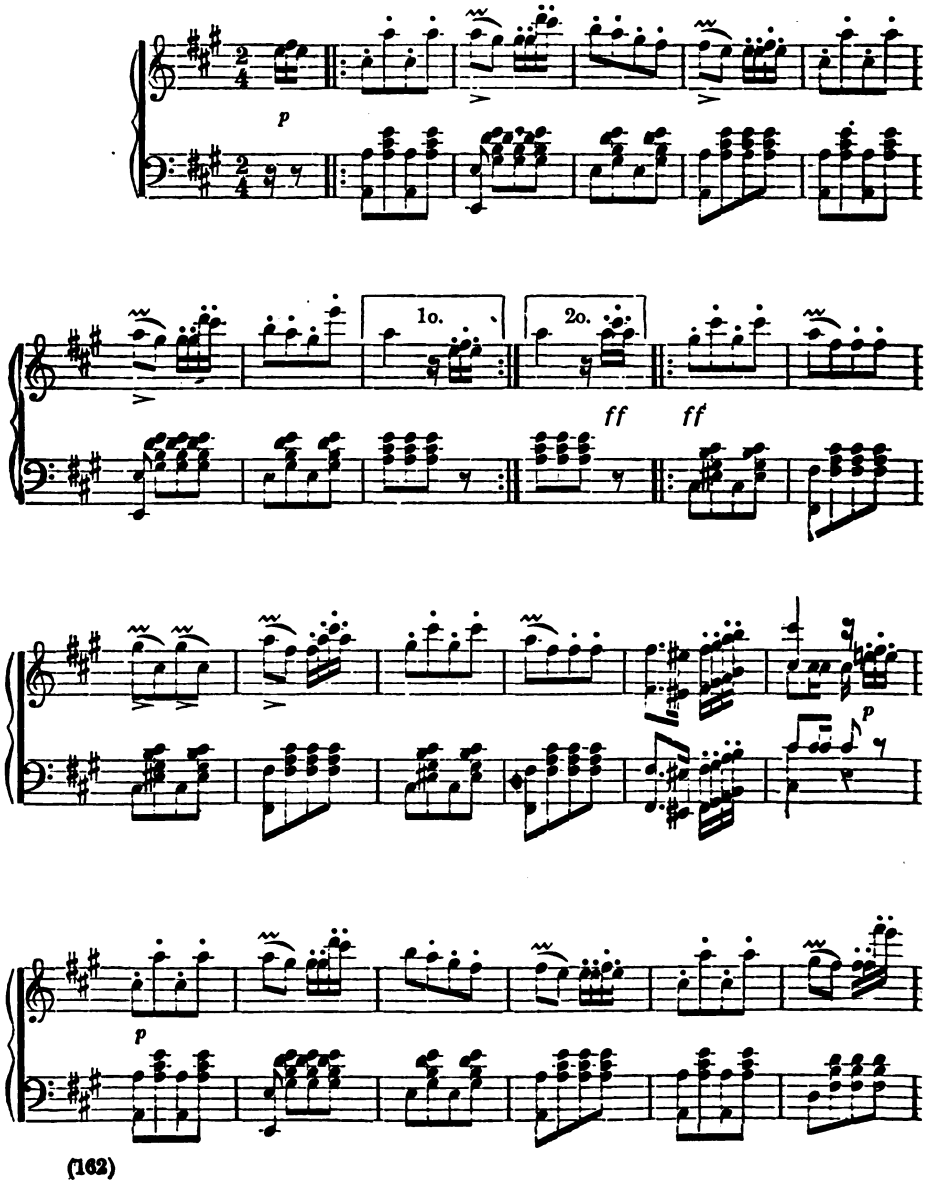

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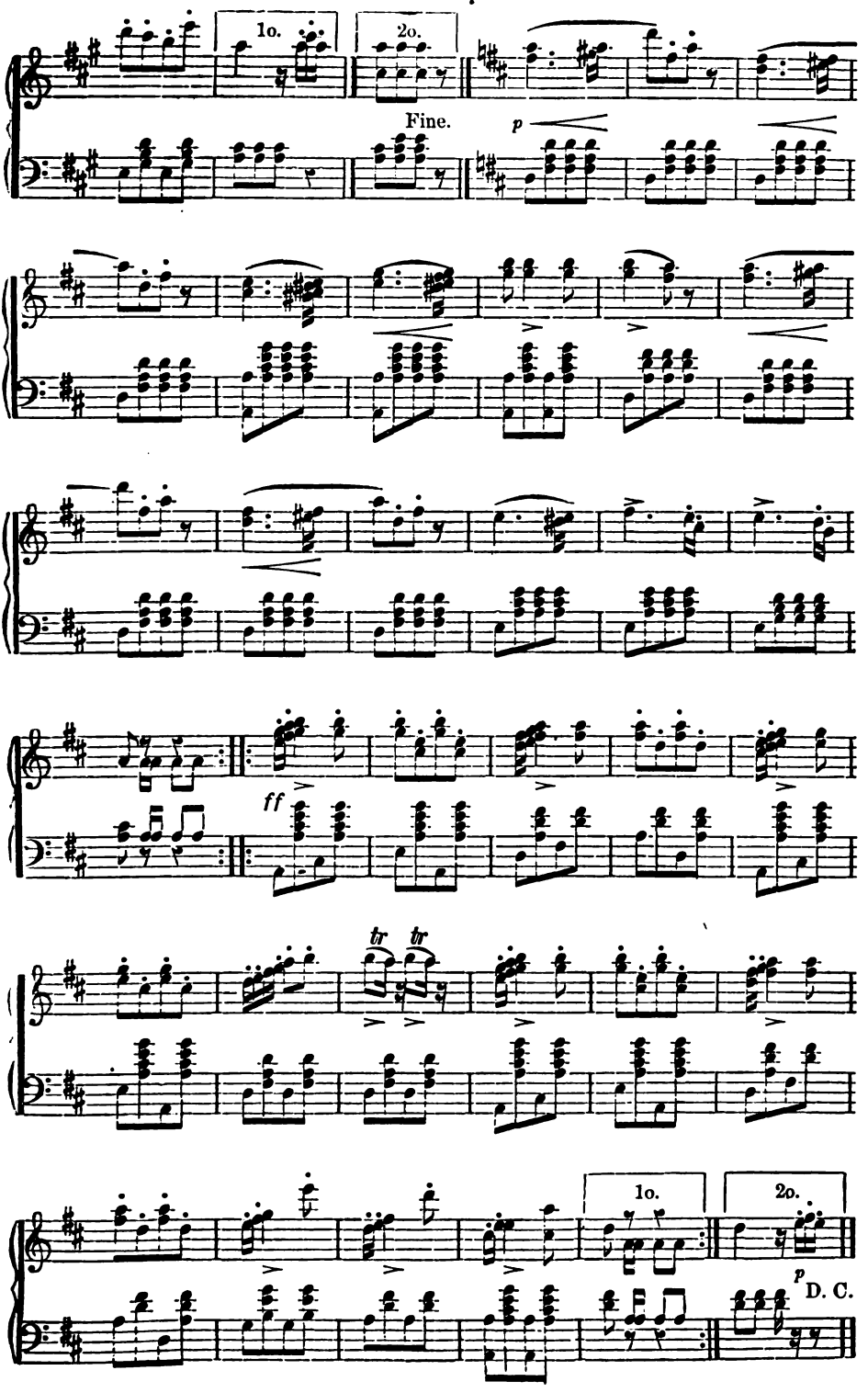

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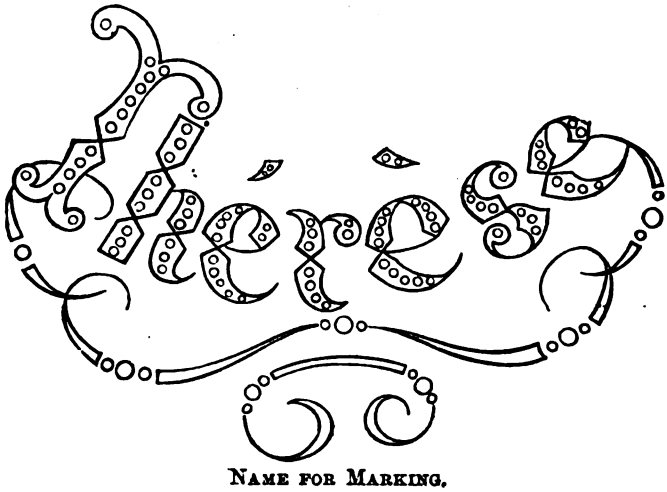

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1870. [No. 3.

DID HE FORGET HER?

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

(*Continued from page* 104.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS.

Dr. Lewis, on his next visit, found the case of Mr. Carlyle as baffling as ever. There had been no glimmer of recognition or consciousness—no slightest change which an unmedical eye could perceive; and if the doctor's keener insight detected any, he did not comment upon it. He brought with him the promised nurse, a middle-aged, responsible-looking woman, who took her place at once at the bedside, and kept it, as time went on, weary day after weary day.

There was a week during which there had been no change, except a gradual weakening of the pulses. Arria sat from morning till night—motionless as a woman carved out of stone—by her husband's bed, but inwardly she was torn by conflicting emotions. She had never felt toward him so tenderly as now. Forever she was haunted by the look on his face when he said to her—"And you never loved me—and never will!"

Could it have been that blow which had stricken him—brought him to this? Dr. Lewis said not. But did Dr. Lewis know? She thought if the choice were given her, she would gladly lay down her own life to see him well again, and to feel that she had not wrecked his happiness. And I believe that she would have done this; for to lay down one's life is a thing that one can well make up one's mind to do. Few causes are so unworthy that they cannot count their martyrs. But to live rightly is a hard thing to resolve on or to achieve. She hated herself intensely for even thinking of Sargent in those dark days; but, in spite alike of her remorse and her resolves, the idea of him beset her like a spirit tempting to evil.

She knew that he came daily to the house, though no one told her. When she heard the beats of his horse's hoofs coming up the avenue, it seemed to her as if her heart were between them and the ground. Then she would see Nell slip silently away, and go down to him for a moment. It was to answer his inquiries for Mr. Carlyle—and herself, she knew; yet sometimes, watching beside that death-bed, she was nearly frantic with remorse because she could not keep herself from wondering whether, in those daily interviews, those two, Sargent and Eleanor, grew any nearer to each other.

She need not have been troubled if she had known the truth. The shadow over the house was too awful for any thought of self-seeking to flourish in it. Nell had cared enough for her father's old friend to feel this doom which had overtaken him as a personal sorrow, and Sargent was too full of sympathizing anxiety to pay much heed to the sad, brown eyes under the tumbled, beautiful yellow hair, but received his daily bulletin very much as he would have done had the nurse gone down to him, instead of Nell, and then went away, pitying Carlyle, sad at heart for Arria, and with a brooding, desolate sense of the uncertainty of everything earthly. Still, perhaps unconsciously to himself, some sense of Nell's unselfish womanliness penetrated his perceptions, and helped to make up the

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image of her he was destined to carry in his heart through vacant years and spaces.

But Arria, poor, passionate, sad Arria, ready to die for her husband if she might, or to give all the world held for her to hear him speak her forgiveness, yet was tortured by the thought of Sargent, which haunted her against her will. Once, indeed, temptation went so far that she began to ask herself if it were possible that he was to be taken from her just as she seemed likely to be alone and free. Had not his love for her been such as he would not feel again? and if she were free soon, would he not—and then suddenly she realized, with an awful, shuddering agony of contrition, whither her thoughts were tending. She bowed her head, and a sense of shame and sin swept over her, and shook her like a reed. She went away to her own room, and fell there upon her knees; and from the depths of her humiliation a cry went up to a hearing and answering God to save her from herself. I think help was given in answer to her prayer; for afterward Sargent came and went unheeded, no more to her than an errant wind, while she sat through two more slow days and silent nights by her husband's side, praying ceaselessly for his life, and watching, watching, watching, for some gleam of hope, some slightest sign which never came.

On the ninth morning after his attack, she opened her eyes with a start. She had been asleep in her chair for a few moments, exhausted by her long vigil, and in a dream she had forgotten all her trouble. Just at the last her husband had come into the dream, and she had fancied that he stood beside her again, and bent over her and kissed her, touching her hair, as he had that night of Mrs. Saltonstall's party, which seemed so long ago now, and saying, as he said then—"God bless you, dear. Do not think I blame you, or that I do not know you have tried to make me happy."

She awoke with a sudden start in the gray dawning, and it seemed to her that he was just taking his fingers from her hair; and then she seemed aware of a presence, vague, and cold, and awful, filling all the room. She started to her feet. The nurse was bending over Mr. Carlyle, and turned to speak to her.

"He's gone," she said; "just like blowing out a candle. I thought his face looked different, and I got up to see, and as I looked it was all over."

"And didn't he speak, or seem to look round for any one?"

"No, dear heart, no. I knew how it would be from the first time I set eyes on him. I've seen so many such cases, you know."

"But the doctor gave us hope. He said they did recover sometimes, when they had had no shocks before; and I thought he might."

"They don't recover when they're taken as hard as he was, and not very often when they are so old. His years were ripe, and the Lord had need of him," she added, piously, feeling that some such utterance belonged to her professional duty, and being better satisfied with herself after she had made it.

Arria felt as if her eyeballs were coals of fire; but she could not cry. She tried to stand on her feet, and came near falling, her limbs were so unsteady. The nurse said afterward that she was frightened, Mrs. Carlyle looked so dazed. She made her lean upon her shoulder, speaking to her with kind authority, as she would have spoken to a child.

"You must let me take you to bed now," she said, leading her from the room.

Arria went on obediently, until she came in front of Nell's door. There she stopped.

"Ask her to take me in," she said piteously. "I am afraid to be all alone."

And Nell opened her arms, and took the poor, shivering creature close to her heart. They seemed to have changed places now. Nell became protector and counsellor for the time, though all her counsel was that Mrs. Carlyle should try to go to sleep. Sleep was long delayed; but when it came at last, heavy and troubled, Nell slipped the stricken head from her arm to the pillow, and rose and dressed herself hurriedly.

It was late in the morning, and she was expecting her father, to whom she had written an account of his old friend's state. The ten o'clock train was the earliest by which he could arrive after reading her letter, and she felt persuaded that it would bring him. She watched eagerly from the window. She had experienced so much, felt so much, since she saw him, that the weeks seemed to her like as many years. She almost fancied they must have changed him as much as they had changed her; and she looked with surprise at his serene, unaltered face when she saw him coming up the avenue. In a moment she was in his arms, finding in them rest, comfort, strength. Of course, just like a woman, she began to cry; and, being a wise man, he understood the good it did her, and held her

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gently until the paroxysm was over, and she was ready to tell him her story.

Mrs. Carlyle slept the long sleep of utter exhaustion, and when she came down-stairs at nightfall, was inexpressibly comforted by the presence of her husband's old friend. Sargent had been out during the day, as usual, and together the two had made all the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

Then more sad days came and went. Job Carlyle was gathered to his fathers; and Arria, in her close widow's weeds, looked like the meekest and saddest of nuns. And then, after a few more days had passed, Mr. Revere began to talk of taking Eleanor home.

Mrs. Carlyle had been dreading this departure from the first, but she felt too hopeless and despairing to try to prevent it. It seemed to her that she should go mad when the time came for her to be left alone, with only a silent old aunt of her dead husband's for company. Still, she thought that the tie between herself and Nell was not close enough to justify her in asking the young girl to linger on in the lonely house, where now no one came save Sargent to make his brief calls of inquiry, or now and then some visitor of condolence, with face disciplined to just the proper and polite expression of sadness. If she had but hinted a wish, Nell, who had loved her so well from the first, and now in her sorrow found her doubly dear, would have stayed gladly. But no such desire was expressed, and the day of departure came.

Sargent chanced to be there when they went away, and, while he and Eleanor stood a little apart from the others, he spoke his good-by.

"I shall not forget you," he said, holding Nell's hand. "I think while life lasts I shall now and then be haunted by a vision of a girl, very young, and sweet, and fair, in a peach-blossom dress, standing patiently under a gas-burner, waiting for my verdict. Well, God bless you, child, if you think I'm good enough to say so."

But he did not speak, had not spoken, one word of love; and there was nothing loverlike in his manner. Nell thought she should never see him again. He had loved Arria once, and doubtless when her days of widowhood were over, he would go back to his old faith. And who could blame him? Who was there in the wide world so peerless as Arria?

Just then Arria came up to her, and Sargent moved away.

"Will you come to see me again, sometime?" Mrs. Carlyle asked, with that slow, pathetic voice of hers, that wonderful voice, which fell always with excitement into lower and lower cadences.

"I shall be glad to. I feel as if I were leaving my own sister."

"I wish you were my sister," Arria answered fervently, "and then I should have some real claim on you, and could keep you with me. You came to see a stranger; but when you come again I shall know it is because you like me enough to care to be my friend."

"He who loved you best of all wanted we should be friends," Nell said timidly. "That day of Mrs. Saltonstall's party he told me, how far off it seems now! that he should not be with you long, and after he was gone you would be very lonely, and he wanted me to be to you all that I could."

These words were like a voice from the dead to Arria Carlyle—a voice speaking peace. So, after all, after he knew she did not love him, and never could, he had not only forgiven her, but taken thought for her lonely hours to come, when he could never do anything to brighten them again. She took one solemn conviction just then into her heart—that no man ever would or could love her as that dead man had—a conviction which never left her in all her after life. Perhaps to live thus in her memory Job Carlyle would have been willing enough to die.

So Eleanor went away. The pretty little winter comedy she came to play had turned into a tragedy, and ended with a death. And all her gay days were over, and her butterfly robes were packed, and she was going back to Hampshire. Poor, pretty Nell.

CHAPTER VIII.

"IN HER SPRING ON THAT SPRING DAY."

If one is to speak as on the witness stand, one must confess that Miss Revere found Hampshire not quite what it used to be. She thought, at first, that she was glad to go back to its peace and its rest; but soon she felt them palling upon her. She loved her father still as dearly as of old. A little of Miss Titus's ice had thawed during her absence; and she found that severe spinster had learned, through missing her, her due value. But she had tested the world's hasheesh, and how should other things but be savorless?

By the last of February, she had begun to say to herself, that if spring did not come soon she

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should be desperate. She was tired of the cold, gray skies, of the white, whirling storm, and the great drifts that shut in the valleys. Early in March a warm rain came, a thaw which lasted more than a week, and set free the brooks, melted the drifts, and made the beechen buds begin to swell. It seemed the promise of summer, and comforted her like the return of an old friend. She saw the tremulous, spring-foreboding haze in the air. The bare trees looked softer against the background of deep-toned sky.

She caught herself singing as she turned from the window, and read over Mrs. Carlyle's last note. She did not hear at all from any one she had left behind her save through these black-edged notes of Arria's, seldom and brief. They were little more than greetings and farewells, for Mrs. Carlyle was not one of the women to whom it is given to write letters. But they were a link with the past, to which Nell clung gladly. In this last one occurred a sentence which she read over more than once:

"I see Sargent often, and he always speaks of you. He desires me to give his remembrances."

Sargent saw Arria often; but also Sargent always spoke of her. Turn it over and over as she might, it was just that—no more. Mrs. Carlyle rarely betrayed herself by mouth or pen—she was too chary of her words. But something had anointed Eleanor's eyes to behold new beauty in the white clouds that were swimming over the deep, lustrous blue of heaven; and she put on cloak and hat and started through the March mud for a constitutional. She went where the long thaw had opened paths for her, and found two or three delicate, pale hepaticas, which had pushed up through the half frozen earth to welcome her; and then she stopped where there was a little opening in the woods, and among the nut-trees, and oaks, and birches a high pine rose. She sat down on the moss and pine needles, which made a soft couch above its roots. There, presently, a subtly sweet odor surprised her, and pulling away leaves and sticks with eager hands, she gathered the loveliest token of spring's victory over winter, a half-blown May flower. Just then an adventurous bird, a runaway from some sheltered nest, an explorer *en voyage*, paused on his way, as if he, too, had seen the flower and understood its language, and dropped down through the clear air one single note of triumph. Eleanor's heart beat quickly, and some dew of ecstasy, which felt like tears, suffused her happy eyes. It was spring with her still, as with the year, and spring is good.

She went home blown into disorder by the north wind, and thorougly tired, but with a glow on her cheeks and a light in her eyes which it rejoiced Miss Titus's heart to see when she met her at the door.

"There is a visitor for you in the parlor," she said softly. "Your father is with him, but he asked for you both."

Nell sped up-stairs on feet that forgot their weariness. Of course, it was Sargent. Of course, it could be no other. He had remembered her to some purpose, after all. She had been able to think of the probability of his loving and marrying Mrs. Carlyle with a good degree of composure. If it caused her any pain, she had never acknowledged it to herself, or wavered because of it in her love for Arria; but her heart fluttered strangely now as she brushed out her yellow hair.

She made herself pretty for her visitor in a trice—worked some miracle of loveliness with the sunny tresses, put on a soft, dove-colored dress, and pinned a peach-blossom ribbon at her throat for auld lang syne. Her cheeks were flower o' the peach, too, as well as her ribbon, and her tender, brown eyes beamed welcome. She went down-stairs, and across the hall, opened the door, and a youth, handsome as Adonis, rose to meet her. She drew one breath of wonder, then she said—"What a charming surprise, Mr. Saltonstall!"

"If you will tell me that it is a pleasant one, I shall be paid several times over for all the pains I've taken to find out your abiding place, and come after my welcome."

So, after all, it was Saltonstall and not Sargent who had borne her in faithful remembrance. Sargent could sit in Arria's morning-room and send her messages; but the other had really cared to see her again. She was too bewildered to talk, so she sat and listened and looked at her visitor. He was on the best of terms with her father already. It appeared that his own father and Mr. Revere had been old friends; and friendships, like curses, have a way of descending to the second and third generation.

Nell thought she had never quite realized before how very handsome Saltonstall was, how graceful and agreeable he could make himself. She was too thorough a woman in her intuitions not to understand at once the meaning of his visit to Hampshire, and all that was within her reach if she chose to take it. What should she

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do? She was thankful to hear him say that he meant to spend two or three weeks in the neighborhood. She trusted that he would not ask her his question to-day or to-morrow, and she need not be hurried in her decision.

As one day after another passed on, she thought of him more and more kindly. She was touched by his faithful remembrance of her. With her girlish self-depreciation, she regarded his love for her as a great merit on his part. Where should she ever find such a heart again? Not in Sargent, surely; for on the first day of Saltonstall's visit she had asked him if he saw Mrs. Carlyle often, and he had answered—"Not often, though I went to see her to find where you were. Sargent is out there several times a week; and report has already betrothed them, with how good reason I do not know."

"Could they not wait till the first grass had grown on the dead man's grave?" Nell thought bitterly to herself; and then she smiled very sweetly on Saltonstall the constant.

Nothing could be more suitable than a marriage between these two. They were both young and handsome, well-born and well-bred. Saltonstall was rich enough not to care for money, and Nell would not be portionless. His mother liked her, and was ready to welcome her with wide-opened arms. Her father was well pleased with Ralph. For once not a pebble obstructed the course of true love—if only it were true love, that is.

For that was the question Nell spent more than a week in trying to solve. Certainly no other man was anything to her—she made this affirmation to herself with the persistent pride which belongs to refined womanhood. But she was constantly thinking that Ralph would be perfect, if only he were different. If he were not quite so boyish, so undignified, and open! If he but had some cool depths of reserve! If he were more speculative, more analytic, more like a man!

The truth was, that she had in her mind a very dangerous standard of comparison, to which, unconsciously to herself, she was continually submitting her lover.

His young impulsiveness would have seemed to most people far more attractive than Howard Sargent's self control and cynicism—only Nell did not find it so. Sugar-plums are, doubtless, sweeter than olives; but some people love olives who have no tooth for confections.

Fifty miles away, on one of those same March days, Howard Sargent and Mrs. Carlyle sat in a leaf-green room, playing together an interminable game of chess. Lifting in her hand the queen of the red chessmen, and pausing for a long survey of the board before she set the scarlet lady down again, Mrs. Carlyle said—

"I should not be surprised if we were soon to have Miss Revere among us again."

The quick interest which flashed into Sargent's eyes did not escape the other eyes which were regarding him from under their veiling, jetty lashes.

"You have invited her?"

"No; but I think some one else has gone to save me the trouble. Young Saltonstall was out here last week to find out her local habitation, and, perceiving that I was kindly disposed toward him, his secret overflowed from his boyish lips. He has cared for her from the first, it seems; and I suppose by this time he is sighing like a furnace at her feet."

"And you think he will succeed?" Sargent asked, with an eagerness of interest which he failed to conceal.

"I think so. Why not? She is of his age, and of his kind. I do not see how a match could be more suitable."

Sargent played on in silence for awhile. At last he looked up, and met Arria's eyes. Some impulse moved him just then to tell her the truth.

"I came very near to loving that girl, myself. I believe nothing restrained me from throwing myself quite overboard except a chronic notion that a woman's faith was a very insufficient life-preserver. Saltonstall has the rashness of youth, you see. I had it once. Your influence went far toward educating me, Arria. I have to thank you for caution, and reserve, and many another good quality besides."

Mrs. Carlyle swept the chessmen from the board and pushed it away.

"I am content to lose the game to you," she said. "My head is not clear enough to play."

"It is your turn to lose the game," he retorted, with a look which pointed his meaning.

Then they sat awhile in silence. From the flowers in the bay window came an odor as of summer gardens. A mocking-bird in a cage thought it was summer, and began to sing, and both Arria and Sargent seemed to listen to him idly, and neither spoke until he was silent again. Then, through the warm, flower-laden air, Arria's voice fell softly—her low, low voice, with the minor chord trembling through it.

"You taunt me with the past, and yet I have told you once that I acted then more for your

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sake than my own. From the first you did me injustice; but if it had been all my fault, do you think I have suffered no punishment? The wrong I did to you was light compared to that I wrought to my own soul, or to the good man whom I married without loving him. Do you think I have no conscience, that I could receive all he gave me and not be tortured by it? Do you think I bore no cross, trying always to do my duty, and finding myself so weak?"

There had been a time, in the dead years, when that voice through which the pathos quivered, those passionate, troubled eyes of hers, would have swayed Sargent's very soul as a leaf is blown by the wind. Now, with the coolness of a man who loved no longer, he waited quietly for her gust of emotion to be over. She buried her face in her hands, and he saw her clasped fingers tremble; but he did not try to soothe her. He was an unforgiving man. He had, indeed, his own good qualities, and a charm which most women felt; but he was not quite the hero, at once knightly and gentle, whom Eleanor liked to fancy him. Arria, who had loved him first, knew him best, and loved him still in spite of knowing him. To-day, with that steely glitter in his blue eyes, she felt him pitiless as fate. She struggled with her own emotion, and subdued it.

But if she wanted her revenge, she had it. He went away from Longwood thoroughly ill at ease. Till this day he had never quite known how much Nell was to him. He had thought often enough that he *could* love her if he were a man given to sentiment. Now he knew that he *had* loved her already; that this young girl, to whom Saltonstall had gone wooing, would be for him the chief prize the world held. But he took the matter quietly. He was not one to enter the lists with others. If Saltonstall could succeed—and, doubtless, he could—why, let him. He plunged into business for distraction, went deep into the mysteries of an important case, and showed a little of the power which was in him; a power which the circumstances of his too easy life kept perdu for the most part, but which might well have made him a king among men.

Saltonstall, meanwhile, was lingering through lengthening days at Nell's side, taking things very happily for granted. Let what would come afterward, those days were pleasant ones, and though he might some time be the sadder, he would never be the worse for them. In his eyes Nell wanted nothing of perfection. There might come other springs when the memories of these hours and days would be, each one, a separate pain; when every shrill note of early bird which pierced the air would pierce his heart, as well; when he would turn away from bursting bud and early flower with sad eyes—but his to-morrows were far away, and to-day was good.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH HIM?

At last Nell began to long to have it all settled. Something—she thought it was delay—wore on her. She loved no one but Saltonstall; this proud fact she kept constantly in sight. And he was so well suited to her that, surely, she ought to be entirely happy in his company. She wondered why her days tired her, and her nights failed to rest her—why she was so feverish in the morning, so exhausted at bedtime.

In the midst of it all he was telegraphed for to Boston. His mother had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. The despatch reached him in the morning, and he had to catch a train, which gave him no time for even a good-by to Nell. He left her a note—a whiff of honeyed sweetness—as lover-like as he who had never in so many words told his love dared to make it. He should be with her again, he wrote, at the earliest possible moment. Where she was, and only there, he was happy; he understood the meaning of life.

Singularly enough, Nell found herself much more in love with him when he was gone. She began to think her feverish unrest had been purely physical, a malady of the season, from which already she was recovering. She had certainly been ill. Her hands had been dry, her head hot, her pulse feverish. That, doubtless, had been why she had cared so little for her kingdom of love, and the glory of it. Now she was getting well. The quiet of the long spring days rested her. She was glad to receive Saltonstall's letters—not love-letters, but yet letters through which love breathed like an atmosphere. His mother was better than the telegram had led him to fear—he would be back in a week. She thought she should be glad to see him; then, probably, he would ask his question, and she should answer it, and, like the people in the fairy tales, they would be happy forever afterward. She smiled to think how quietly she took it, how at ease she felt about it. After all, how unlike love in real life was to

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all that poets had sung and romancers had dreamed.

Her father watched her with secret uneasiness. He liked Saltonstall, and wished him well—would give him Nell willingly, if Nell cared to be given. But this girl was the life of his life, her happiness the end for which his suns rose and set; and he had thought that, for her, happiness would mean something quite other than the placid content with which he saw her read and lay down Saltonstall's letters.

It was the nightfall of a fitful April day on which the young Adonis came back again. Strange, electrical currents had seemed to be in the air. They had affected Nell's mood, clarified her intuitions, perhaps. Saltonstall met her eagerly. She was at her best estate—brown, tender eyes, bright as with something unconfessed; yellow hair, soft and full, in which a shy rosebud seemed at home; dress of some clinging, delicate fabric, which fell into folds, like the drapery on a classic statue, and rustled never. A rosebud of women, indeed—his rosebud, which he longed to gather.

But there was in her manner a certain withdrawal which was not reserve—something subtle and undefined which made him feel that she dwelt in her own world, and it must be of her free grace if ever he entered it.

She inquired with cordial interest about his mother. Mrs. Saltonstall was better, he said, but still delicate. It had been recommended to her to go abroad, and it seemed expedient that he, the only son of her widowhood, should go with her. Then he stopped a moment, as if to choose his words, and after all chose them ill, and went on very haltingly.

"If you would—if you could—if it were not too sudden. Nell, you know, you must have known all this time, why I am here—that I love you more than anything else in the world. If you can love me, I do believe I can make you happy. May I try? Do not send me away over seas without you, dear, darling Nell."

I said that something in the air had brought clearness to Eleanor's intuitions. The whole matter seemed to set itself in order before her. She no longer said to herself that she loved no one but Saltonstall. She balanced pros and cons in the exact scales of spiritual justice. Ralph Saltonstall loved her, he and no other, was the manner in which she phrased it now. There was every correspondence of age and taste, and circumstance to make their marriage suitable. That it would please her father well, she knew. Her suitor was generous and bright, and sunny-tempered, and unselfish. To sail with him over summer seas, through summer days—to go down the Rhine and up the Alps—to stand among all the wonders and glories of art at his side—what a dream of delight it might be. If only after dreams there came no waking, and if life were but a summer sail over summer seas! Nothing half so good as this would ever be offered to her again; but how if she had no right to it all? If he gave her all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, surely in the kingdom of her heart he would claim to be absolute monarch.

She spoke at last—when all sides of the question had passed in swift review before her—slowly and sadly, suffering herself all the pain which she gave, and knowing all the good which she resigned.

"I did know what you meant, and I thought until this moment that I meant it, too; but you are worthy of more than I can give you. You want my love, and I—I would rather have you for my brother than my husband. If you cared for me less, and were less true and generous, I might marry you, perhaps; but I cannot take so much and give so little."

"Don't you like me?"

The words came very, very sadly.

"Yes, I like you so much, as my friend; and I would so gladly love you if I could. I am more grateful for your love than if I could pay it back again; but the only man I really care for is one who does not care for me."

Saltonstall was noble enough to be touched to the heart by the generosity of this confession. He understood well at what cost she had made it, striving so to put an end at once to his hope and his regret; but he had set his whole, strong, tenacious young heart upon her, and he clung desperately to this first love of his life.

"If he does not care for you, and I do, as God knows I do, with all my soul, will not you turn to me in time? I could wait for you very patiently."

She looked at him, and felt his great love calling to her through eyes and lips. She knew it was in her power to make this one human being entirely glad, entirely happy. For a moment she was tempted to let all other thoughts, or hopes, or dreams fade away. She put out her hands to him, in the gathering twilight. Then she drew them back again. She must be faithful to the absolute truth, and save her soul alive out of whatever fires of temptation.

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"Oh! I wish I could say, yes," she said, struggling with the tears that would come. "Don't you see how good it would be for me? and I do like you, oh! so much, and want to make you happy, only it isn't love. I should turn away from you at the very church door if he called me."

She had been so earnest to make him understand that there was no hope, that she had not realized how she was paining him, and he was too generous to show her. He took her cold little hands into his for a moment, and then bent down and kissed her forehead, gravely and gently, as a brother might.

"No one will ever love you better than I," he said, "and do not think I shall ever be sorry that I *have* loved you. I am glad, in spite of the pain. Good-by, Nell."

She tried to answer him, but the words would not come. He looked back from the door, and saw her standing there in the tender spring twilight as one glorified—sweetest pity shining from her dewy eyes, her cheeks pale, her lips quivering—his rosebud of women, in whose full blossoming another, not he, might be glad.

At the gate he met Mr. Revere, coming in from a walk.

"You are going early?" Mr. Revere said, a little anxiously.

"Yes, and this time it is good-by as well as good-night. Miss Revere has sent me away."

"I am sorry—heartily sorry. I shall not meet any one else I would be so glad to call my son."

Saltonstall, with his twenty-one years, and his handsome face, and his honest heart, was only a boy, and the genuine feeling in Mr. Revere's voice quite broke down his defences. Before Nell he had borne himself manfully; but now his young, soft heart overflowed his eyes with tears, and shook his voice with passionate, unavailing sobs.

"Oh! I loved her so," he said. "I think I should have made her happy if she would have let me try, for I would have given my very life for her."

Mr. Revere had learned out of the depths of his own suffering how to understand another's. How much Saltonstall was in earnest he felt and knew, and his heart warmed toward this boy who had loved his girl with such a strong, honest, yet generous passion.

"I wish I could comfort you," he said; "but I wish yet more that she could have loved you, so you would need no comfort. If you still care for her, she may learn, sometime, how to value you."

"She values me, I fear, at my true worth now," Saltonstall answered, with a touch of bitterness in his self-depreciation; but he never hinted at Nell's secret. "No, I think there is no hope, and I may as well take myself and my melancholy out of your way. Good-by, Mr. Revere, and many thanks for your kindness."

But still Nell's father held fast to the young hands he had taken. He had one thing to say, and anything like religious cant was so foreign to him that he hesitated for a moment before the fitting words came. At last he said them.

"Don't let this thing make you bitter. Bitterness is unworthy of a man living in God's world, under God's loving law. The things He takes from us He takes in love. I know, for I have suffered."

Ralph Saltonstall grasped the hands which had detained him in a fervent clasp, and then turned away silently. But the words went with him. He remembered what Nell had said of her mother, and he knew that this old man had learned that God is love out of the very depths of bereavement and of anguish. Walking through the falling dusk, he seemed to hear the low, tremulous voice say, over and over again—"The things He takes from us He takes in love."

It was the beginning of a knowledge which must work, at last, in every man's soul into which it enters, a peace which no storms can ruffle—a blessedness which is better than any happiness.

Mr. Revere went in, and sat alone for a half hour before Nell came to him. At last she came and sat on a little stool at his knee, her head leaning against him like a weary child's who comes to a mother to be comforted. It was a long time before she spoke, but she felt an influx of strength and soothing from the loving hand which rested on her hair.

"Did you know that he is gone?" she asked after awhile.

"Yes, he talked with me at the gate. He loved you very dearly, Nell; are you quite sure that you were right?"

"Quite sure, papa—for I know what love is. If Mr. Sargent had cared for me as poor Ralph does, I should be a happier girl."

Mr. Revere stooped down and drew his darling close into his arms, against the fatherly heart which had cherished her so tenderly all her life, which had beaten so passionately for

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her mother. Thank God that he understood the true nobleness and dignity of love, and did not try to preach down his daughter's heart with "petty maxims." To this loyal, tender gentleman her reason was as sacred as it was conclusive.

"It is hard for Ralph," he said, after a long silence, more sympathetic than words; "but you were right, my darling—quite right."

And she was. If, as I believe, the power to love truly is one of God's rarest and most precious gifts, shall those to whom it has been given dare to trifle with it?

(*To be continued.*)

"HE CARETH FOR ALL!"

BY SARAH DYER HOBART.

A boat swept over the lonely lake,
—Golden moonlight, and silver star,—
A little bird sang in the green, green brake,
But the nightingale moaned in the wood afar.

"The day is dead!" the nightingale moaned,
—Golden moonlight, and silver star,—
"It is dark—so dark!" the fisherman groaned,
But the little bird sang in the brake afar.

"It will never be morn!" the nightingale cried,
—Golden moonlight, and silver star,—
"I shall never know peace!" the fisherman sighed,
Still the little bird sang in the brake afar.

"The morning will dawn!" the little one sang,
—Golden moonlight, and silver star,—
Over the waters the glad notes rang,
And the nightingale hushed it's moan afar.

"God watcheth above us," the little one cried,
—Golden moonlight, and silver star,—
"Nay, God hath forgotten," the nightingale sighed,
"He heedeth us not, in His heaven afar."

"He careth for all!" the little one plead.
—Golden moonlight, and silver star,—
The lonely fisherman raised his head,
"He careth for all in His heaven afar."

"It is true! it is true!" cried the fisherman glad,
"O'er the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea,
The dear Lord watcheth, O nightingale sad!
He will care for thee—He will care for me!"

LOVE'S PROPHECY.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

Down on the beach when the tide was low,
We walked together at eventide—
And watched the sunset's amber glow
Adown the white-winged breakers glide.

Crimson and purple, and green and gold,
And foaming billows of ruby wine,
In glancing, shimmering shades untold,
Far over the waves' slow-swelling line.

We clasped our hands and listened long,
To the passionate heart-throbs of the sea,
And breathed the salt air, fresh and strong,
That drifted past us down the lea.

"Listen," he said, "for you little know
How much—how madly I love you, child,
And the still, sweet years that come and go—
Shall only deepen my passion wild."

Then he stooped and gathered a pearly shell,
And threw it far out in the amber sea,
Then softly said, "My love's sweet spell
Shall die when that shell comes back to thee."

Then he folded me close to his sheltering breast,
And laid on my lips a lingering kiss—
While my soul lay tranced in infinite rest,
And a sense of perfect, bewildering bliss.

Again on the beach, when the tide is low—
I walk *alone* at the eventide—
For more than a half a year ago
A fairer woman became his bride.

And I gaze with a wistful, tear-dimmed eye,
Far out o'er the amber-tinted sea,
"His love is dead," I moaning cry,
"But his shell comes back no more to me."

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THE PRESCRIPTION.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"I wish you would tell James, when he comes in, to turn the cows in the lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell him I have concluded to take those sheep. I want the Merinoes. And while I am getting ready, please take my memorandum-book and note down four harness snaps, five pounds of nails, a gimlet, half a pound of rosin, a jockey-strap, and—and—yes, I believe that is all. I forgot them when I made out the items this morning."

Mrs. Streeter rose wearily, laid her sleeping babe carefully in his crib, and proceeded to record the articles named. She was young—not over twenty-five, but the blonde complexion was sadly faded, the brown hair thin and lustreless, and faint lines were already marking the white forehead, while the tired eyes told of care, and hinted strongly of an unsatisfied heart.

And this thin-cheeked, pink-lipped woman had been called a beauty only seven little years before. She had been admired and petted, but not spoiled. And when she gave her hand to Newton Streeter, she could say, what so few girls of even eighteen can, "I married my first love."

Judge Streeter, the father, was supposed to be wealthy. But soon after his son's marriage, a financial crisis came, and his thousands dwindled to hundreds.

It was a false pride, perhaps, but the young man shrank from a position under those who had once looked up to him. And his thoughts turned wistfully toward the western prairies, where the small sum he could now call his own would render him independent of others, at least. He expected objections from his young and accomplished wife. But she saw with his eyes, and was not only *willing*, but eager to go and help him make a home that should be all their own. The purchasing of eighty acres of prairie, a team, some farming implements, and the expense of building a small house, exhausted his entire capital. And the young couple began their married life as many others had done who had not been blessed with their advantages. A hired man seemed necessary on the farm, but a girl could be dispensed with. Indeed, the small dwelling contained but three sleeping-apartments, and that fact, added to their uncertain income, induced Mrs. Streeter to take upon herself the entire care of the household.

She was a systematic housekeeper, abhorred dirt in all its phases; and the rich, alluvial soil seemed ever haunting her, like a taunting spirit of labor that would not be appeased. In dry weather, it was a fine, black dust that found its way everywhere; and in wet, it became a smutch that was hardly less aggravating.

Two children had come in the seven years to nestle in her bosom. But one, a fairy girl of three summers, had slid away from her, and was now sleeping beneath the flowers of the prairie. And the tired wife had sighed as she looked on the cold, folded hands.

"She will never toil as I have done—but, oh! I wanted her so much!" the loving mother sobbed forth.

Mr. Streeter was now considered a wealthy farmer. His acres had broadened, his stock had increased, the little village, a mile away, had put on city airs, and the steam horse waited respectfully at its depot.

Still, the thrifty farmer confined himself closely to labor, hardly taking time for needful rest. The love of getting had increased with his gains, and he was constantly scheming and planning to add to his already many acres. Physically and mentally strong, he had grappled with toil, and it had hardly left a mark on his splendid physique—bronzed a little, and with harder hands, that was all. A pleasant home, with a gentle, loving wife ever studying his tastes and wishes, why should he wear fast?

But of her? Naturally frail, she had bent like a willow beneath the burden voluntarily taken up. With the exception of an inefficient girl for a few weeks when each of her children came, and when little Mary died, she had performed all the labor required in the house since she became its mistress.

As a girl, she was a great reader, and extravagantly fond of music. But there was no room in the small dwelling for her piano, and it still remained back in the old home; and books only added to her labor by accumulating dust; for where was the time to read them?

I know this is a dreary picture for a farmer's wife, but perhaps there is another side.

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Newton Streeter took the memorandum, glanced hastily at the neatly written items, and then said: "One thing more, Mary, and then I am off. Please sew this button a little closer."

The loose button was confined to its place, and then Mary Streeter watched her husband as he stepped into the light buggy, and drove rapidly away.

But not for long might she linger, for the sponge was waiting in the kitchen to be kneaded, and baby's naps were like angel's visits. And before her task was well over, his bugle note called to arms, and the fretful child was taken up, and caressed, and soothed to quietness. But he would not go down again, and back and forth from the hot kitchen she carried him as she watched the loaves browning in the oven.

She was aware of a strange dizziness when she arose from a stooping position; her head was aching miserably, and her eyes seemed burning. What was coming over her? She must not be ill! Oh! no—she had no time for that! And then her thoughts drifted away to the dear old home of her girlhood, and she asked herself, for the first time, if she had done wisely in leaving it for this life of toil and care?

It was a dangerous question for a wife and mother, and she clasped her child more closely, to suppress in her heart the disloyal answer.

She heard James, the hired man, come in, and recalling the message for him, arose, when that unaccountable giddiness seized her, and she sank back utterly powerless.

When Mr. Streeter returned, exultant over the thousand dollars he had deposited in bank—and with which he hoped to purchase another parcel of land—he found no supper prepared, and his wife helpless upon the bed, with her cheeks flushed with fever, and the wailing child distracting her with demands for care.

A physician and nurse were soon summoned from the city, and the weary wife enjoyed the luxury of being ill.

But convalescence soon followed, and before leaving his patient, the old doctor, a close observer and deep thinker, took the husband aside and asked: "Do you know what brought this fever on your wife, Mr. Streeter?"

"No," in a surprised tone.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Certainly. I am anxious to know."

"You have worked her nearly to death."

The red flushed out beneath the tan. "You use singular language, Dr. Meeker. You are speaking of my wife, not my horse."

"Granted; and I say again, you are working her to death."

"Really, doctor, such language is unpardonable!"

"And yet you will pardon it. And, furthermore, by your great love for the self-sacrificing woman we have just left, I shall perform an operation on your eyes, that you may see, even as I see."

And then, in his own peculiarly abrupt manner, he placed the hard, cold facts before him from the time she came, a bride, beautiful and accomplished, to the village, up to the date of her present illness—an illness in which domestic cares only had haunted her feverish dreams. And in conclusion he added: "I truly believe, if she takes up her old burden at once, that before a year has passed, the grave or an insane-asylum will receive her."

The strong man shuddered. "As heaven is my witness, sir, I have only permitted, not exacted this sacrifice. She voluntarily took her place by my side, and has uncomplainingly kept step with me."

"No, she has not kept step, to follow out your own figure. Unable to keep up with your long, rapid strides, she has fallen, faint and footsore, by the way. And now, you have but to go back and take her in your strong arms, and carry her awhile. I tell you she must have rest for mind and body, or I will not answer for the result. And it would be better if found away from here."

"Yes, I begin to comprehend. And it can be found away. And"— offering his hand—"I'll take care, doctor, that you do not get a chance to administer another such a dose to me."

"Then see that you do not need it," he replied dryly, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

Mr. Streeter went back to the room where his wife was sitting propped by pillows, and a gush of unutterable tenderness welled in his heart as he glanced at her pale face and almost transparent hands. He sat down beside her and said softly, "You do not know how glad I am that you are better."

"Thank you. Yes, I am almost well now—shall soon be able to be in the kitchen. And I am sure I must be sadly needed there by this time."

"No, you are not needed there. By the way, how would you like to have me put the farm to rent this summer, and you take the boy and go back and rest among the old granite hills."

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"Oh! could you? May I go?" and the voice quivered with excitement; then wistfully—"But the expense, Newton. It would put you back so much."

"Yes, there it is; the old doctor was right." And then aloud—"Do you know what I went to the city for the day you were taken ill?"

"To deposit some money for more land, I think you said," she replied wearily.

"Yes, but I do not need that land. I have far more now than I can cultivate. And you shall have that money—or, at least, all you want of it—and go home and stay this summer, and try and get some of your bloom back."

"And you?"

"Never fear for me. Only hurry and get well enough to travel, and I will either go with you or place you in the care of kind friends, and you shall be sheltered in the old home nest this summer. I shall write to-day that you are coming."

Mrs. Streeter could hardly believe it was not one of her feverish dreams. But it all came about in good time, and she arrived safely at home, where she was petted, caressed, and cared for to her heart's content.

"You are all trying to spoil me," she would expostulate. "I shall never be fit for a farmer's wife any more."

"And why not, pray?" asked a younger sister as she tangled a spray of apple blossoms among her curls. "There, if you ever put your hair back in that ugly knot you wore when you came home, farmer's wife or president's wife, I'll—I'll——"

"Pinch the baby," suggested Fred.

"No, he shall never suffer for the sins of his parents," and she ran off with the household pet, as was her wont, to relieve the mother of all care.

And thus, among loving friends, riding, walking, and when at home, reading, music, and writing long letters to her husband, the summer passed swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days that must elapse ere she should look upon his face and be clasped to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had returned, and not for an instant did she shrink from the old life.

And when her husband came, and saw the wonder one summer had wrought, he again told himself the old doctor was right.

A few days were given to old friends—Judge Streeter had recovered his equipoise in the financial world—and then they turned their faces toward their western home.

It was evening when they arrived, and the wife looked with woful bewilderment on the change. It was not her home, and yet it should be. A handsome front had been added to the old dwelling. And before she had time to question, she was ushered into a parlor newly furnished and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception, and on it lay a card with the initials of Judge Streeter, and the words, "To my daughter." She turned toward her husband, to assure herself that he, too, had not changed into something or somebody else. But the merry twinkle in his eyes told how he was enjoying her surprise, and slowly she began to realize the entire situation. Yes, now she understood his strange reticence as to what he was doing, and his willingness to have her remain, even after she expressed anxiety to return.

"Come, I have more to show you," and he led her into a large, commodious room, furnished from her old sleeping apartment, even to baby's crib. "This is for *you*. And now lay aside your dusty garments and prepare for tea. It must have been ready an hour ago. I will go and see."

When he returned, he found his wife sitting in her little rocker and weeping silently.

"Have I wounded where I wished to heal?" he asked a little reproachfully.

"Forgive me," she replied, smiling; "I am a goose; but a tired-winged one, you know. And I am so happy to be home, and in *such* a home, that I have no words in which to tell my happiness."

He stooped to kiss the offered lips, and then went out, leaving her to prepare for the evening meal.

At the table she found a neat, tidy girl in waiting, who took charge of the child. And thus the new life began. And what a different life it was! Busy, but not burdened. Time for the wants of the mind, as well as the body. Good help in the kitchen all the time, a sewing-machine in the sitting-room, piano in the parlor, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The farm is an unfailing source of income, fully defraying all expenses each year, and showing a balance in favor.

"Been improving, I see?" said Dr. Meeker, as he reined his light carriage up to the neat fence, behind which Mr. Streeter was preparing a bed for tulips.

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"Yes, doctor; come in?"

"Professionally or socially?"

"Socially. I want to show you *all* the improvements. Here, Mary, the doctor wishes to see you."

And as she came to greet him, rosy with health and happiness, he nodded his head at the husband. "Yes, that will do." And then, glancing at the open piano, "I am going to stay just long enough to hear one piece played. Will you favor me?" and with the old-school gallantry that fitted so awkwardly to his brusque manners, he led her to the instrument, and stood, hat in hand, while she played. "There, thank you. I have cut off my own supplies. No more fees for me here, I see. Just my luck! I never did know enough to secure my own bread and butter. Good-by, Mrs. Streeter;" and again nodding to the husband, he trotted out to his vehicle and went on his way, his cheery voice humming—to his horse, perhaps—the tune he had just heard.

LAND-LOCKED.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY.

Like prison walls the gloomy mountain sides
  And heavy sky encompass me;
My bonds the river scornfully derides,
As swiftly southward to the sea it slides,
  Smiling triumphantly.

From restless world that lies beyond, shut in,
  The sluggish, enervating air
Is stirred but by some echo of the din
And clash of busy life on life worn thin
  By toil and dull despair.

No salt, sweet breath of wandering sea-breeze
  Floats with a fine, fantastic charm,
Through gorge and valley and the towering trees,
To break, with its capricious melodies,
  The dreary, maddening calm.

I long for sibilant surf, and white-capped wave,
  And susurrus of ocean grand;
For depths chatoyant, where the sea-gods lave
Strong limbs, and coral nave and architrave
  Spring living from the sand!

Ah! not alone I chafe beneath a chain
  From circumstance and duty ground—
Since thousands thirst for life's high seas, and fain
Would burst the cruel shackles that restrain
  Their souls from outward bound!

And still we tread the galling, weary way
  That stretches out before our eyes
So narrow and so vain; but wild thoughts stray
With passion, far beyond this fading day—
  This day that fades and dies.

ROW ME OVER!

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh! the golden Sunset Ferry,
  How I long to cross its tide,
To that fair and stately city,
  Where my dearest ones abide.
Hasten, Boatman, ere the twilight
  Falls across the light of day;
Row me o'er the Sunset Ferry
  To the city far away.

Row me over to the glory
  Of a day that knows no night;
To the sunshine of a summer
  That is full of strange delight;
To the meadow-lands of Heaven,
  Where the fadeless lilies blow,
And uplift their balmy incense
  In their censer-cups of snow;

To the hills where I may wander,
  Hand in hand, with those I love,
In the peace that never endeth,
  That is only known above.
Hasten, Boatman, I am weary,
  I would leave this earthly shore
For the shining shores of Heaven—
  Hasten, Boatman, row me o'er.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 134.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

[*Gerard to Lancelot.*]

DEAR LANCE: Had that letter been written by anyone but yourself, I should have been inclined to be slightly indignant; but you are at all times a sceptic in affairs of the heart, and you never did give me credit for stability in anything. I mean to disappoint you this time, and make you cry shame on yourself for your want of faith in me.

I hope you *will* contrive to happen along here about the time that the aunt shall arrive, for you always do make yourself charming to those ancient parties, and a rich maiden aunt is a Cerberus who requires many sops. They had a letter from her to-day, and I should judge from it that she is rather a genial old soul. As it speaks of my affairs, I will give you a copy of it, trusting that boredom will not cause the "wing of friendship to moult a feather." Here it is:

"DEAR BESS: How could you go and get engaged without consulting your old auntie?—Young women are so apt to consult old aunts.—How do I know that he is worthy of your Serene Highness? Of course, he is, just now, an 'angel in top-boots,' to all outward seeming, but—well, time will show, as the old women say. Certainly, I *shall* go on, directly, to see what he is like, how he carries himself—I think so much of a man's bearing—and if he has 'as much wit as hair,' since those 'thick, shining, waving' locks seem to have made so strong an impression on your fancy. I hope you are not bringing an *Absalom* into the family. I never liked the character of that young man.

"Do you recollect how *Mrs. Boffin adopted an orphan?* I have been and made a Mrs. Boffin of myself, and the 'orphan's' name is Leslie Tilden. Such a handsome creature! I hope you will all like your new cousin. I shall explain all the circumstances when I come, and if you have no objection, shall bring the 'orphan' with me. Isn't it odd that the Christian name should be that of your grandmother's family?—and I can't help thinking that there is some resemblance, although I know of no connection."

This is all that it is necessary to quote. The girls were quite excited by the reception of this letter, and the fact that "Auntie Zoll" had adopted a real, live orphan.

"I wonder how old it is?" said Rosamond.

"It is indeed an *it*," said Madge. "She doesn't say if it's boy or girl, and one can't tell by the name."

"It's a pretty name, though—Leslie. I wonder why mamma didn't name one of the boys Leslie," said Rosamond.

"I don't like surnames for Christian names," sniffed Madge; "they're vulgar."

"One always sees them in novels," said Rosamond.

"Isn't it funny to think of Auntie Zoll as a mamma?" queried Madge.

"I hope she'll beat it—a nasty thing!" Miss "Luip" burst out.

"I'm sure that Winny and Ethel will, if it's a *stuck up* 'orphan.' They can't endure *airs*."

"It may be an *heiress*," suggested Rosamond, and had her ears boxed by Madge.

"What a world this is!" moralized Rosamond. "When one is at peace on Monday, and on Tuesday hears of intrusive orphans, whom nobody cares to see, and who are showered upon one in spite of everything. If Auntie Zoll loves her 'orphan' more than she does me, I'll smash he, she, or it."

"What grammar!" cried Madge.

"What *want* of grammar!" said I.

"I knew, as soon as I heard of the 'orphan,' that Rosamond would be jealous," said Madge.

"I am not jealous. Orphans must live, I suppose, and they can't live if they don't have something to eat, and they can't have things to eat if they have no father nor mother, so somebody must be bled for them."

"O Rosamond!" said Elizabeth.

"Rosa thinks of Auntie Zoll as a pelican, opening her veins for the greedy 'orphan,'" said Madge.

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"All orphans are not greedy—Auntie Zoll is an orphan."

I couldn't help laughing. A pretty venerable orphan, I should judge.

"Rosa is defending him, her, or it!" cried Madge. "Should it be a young man, she will fall in love with it."

"I am not like you, Madge—always falling in love!"

"No; you are superior to my small weaknesses."

"If you thought you had any, you would not mention them."

"This is getting personal," interrupted Elizabeth. "Pray confine yourselves to the 'orphan.'"

"Perhaps it will fall into the brook," said Rosamond, "and no one may be there to pull it out."

"You shall be appointed guardian, Luip," said Madge. "The 'orphan' shall have a blue ribbon tied around its waist, and you shall walk behind it, holding the ends."

"Play horse with it! But if it should be a donkey?"

"Then you would be a pair."

"And we should *appall* you," said Rosamond laughing. "Fancy the 'orphan' carrying panniers."

"Or drawing a donkey-cart."

"I hope it would draw it better than you drew the ruins of Cotherstone Abbey."

"Luip has hit back," said Madge. "I *rue* those *ruins*, to this day."

"You took that dreadful cold there, and couldn't——"

"Never mind what I couldn't do. I have hated all abbeys, French or English, ever since. Had I been Madame Whats-her-name, I would never have let an Abbe come near me."

"Winny was talking about *Mrs. Ram—bully*, the next morning—and when I explained, Ethel said that Rambouillet meant nothing but *sheep-soup*."

"Oh! those boys," said I.

"Won't they lick the 'orphan!'" said Miss Rosamond.

I gave your kiss to the young woman, and had my ears boxed. She was really quite furious, and said that I must wait until I was married to her sister, before I should presume to kiss *her*. She showed a good deal of temper about it. You can tell nothing about these women, young or old. I had thought her so childish and free, that she would not resent a little salute from her brother-that-is-to-be.

Dear Lance, come when you can. You will always be sure of a welcome for the sake of your friend, GERARD.

[*Gerard to Lancelot.*]

DEAR LANCE: You will have to "hurry up your boots," as the boys say, if you mean to follow on the footsteps of our aunt, who is daily expected, together with her "orphan" charge, for whom the girls have been making preparations. Rosamond has procured a handkerchief of proportions obsoletely immense, and this is to receive the "orphan's" tears; Margaret has brought out an ancient coral-and-bells that is to divert the "orphan's" attention from its woes, and Lily has contributed a toy pincushion, that Elizabeth says is to receive the *mental* pins that Rosamond will insinuate into the tender susceptibilities of that young person.

"I wouldn't be that 'orphan,' for all your aunt's fortune," said Mr. Cascannon the other day. "Rosamond, alone, would be enough to bring it to an early grave."

"It had better not have been adopted, then," said Rosamond.

"It had better not have been born," said her father.

Would half the inhabitants of the world be born if they could help themselves? That they would not, is one of your favorite theories, I know. And yet, never to have been—did you ever think of that? Never to have existed, even if to exist is to suffer—I am not fond of suffering of any kind, but I think I would rather be a slave in the diamond mines, and thus secure a *being*, than to still remain an atom of my parent earth, were it even the gayest mote that dances in the sunbeams. Isn't it strange to think that this *Me* might never have existed, might never have held a place in the creation, that, however unimportant it may seem in the great plan, is still *my* place, and could have been filled by none other than myself? Or, suppose some one else had been *Me*, that is, my father's eldest son—don't laugh, and begin to talk about bulls—would my soul have been destined to animate some other body? I know you are laughing, and I feel that I am getting confused, but I know what I mean if I *am* unable to express my meaning with sufficient plainness for the comprehension of material minds.

I think I shall put this letter aside until the arrival of the aunt, that I may send a description of my reception by this autocrat in petticoats.

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Thursday.

Elizabeth and I had just come into the grounds from our walk, when Rosamond came to meet us, looking so demure, and moving with so much decorum, that I felt sure that something had happened; and, as soon as she was near enough, asked her what was the matter, that she should appear so like any respectable young woman.

"Could aught but the fell presence of a demon aunt cast such a spell?" was the reply of this young woman, who is somewhat given to the perusal of poems of the Byronic school.

"She's here, then?" I said.

"'*She's here, then!*' indeed! The dread sorceress has arrived, enthroned on lofty chariot, and drawn by dragons dire. The mandate's issued. Bring to me the youth who seeks the enchantress's niece, that I may him devour, or raise to seat of power, as chance may be. O Elizabeth!"—with a sudden transition of tone—"she's more ferocious than ever!"

Now, if there's anything that I detest, it's a giggle; and Elizabeth, my sensible, self-possessed Elizabeth, exploded—pardon the word, but that was just it—*exploded* in a regularly senseless, nervous, school-girl giggle at Rosamond's words. I would not look around, for I was afraid that I should look disgusted, but said to Rosamond, "Lead on!" with as tragic an air as I could assume, and Rosamond preceded us with the mien of a nun telling her beads, her face Puritanically demure between all those riotous curls, that are as outrageously defiant of all order in every kink and tendril as the twisted love-lock of any old cavalier. I could still feel Elizabeth shaking with suppressed laughter, with that nervousness that is the very antipodes of her unvarying calm, and thought that Rosamond's manner must be the cause.

"You must not be *uppish* with her, Jerry," said Rosamond, stopping me on the threshold of the hall door. "You know that she has been always used to having her own way; and then she is tired with her journey."

"I always endeavor to be considerate of old people's feelings," I said; and then Elizabeth went off with another burst, and I began to feel provoked.

My goddess was stepping from her pedestal, and I did not like to have even Rosamond think that it might be necessary for me to humble myself to any old aunt in creation, or that I should be likely to do so. I felt rather sulky by the time I reached the door that only intervened between this feminine dragon and myself. It opened, and Rosamond said—"Mr. Sunderland, Miss Zollicoffer, Miss Tilden."

CHAPTER IV.

I bowed, and then raised my eyes. Sold, by Jove! No ancient, withered witch, or sharp-visaged, ancient maiden, stood before me, but a magnificent woman, of any age suitable to a goddess, and who, dazzlingly fair as she is, shows her relationship to the creamy-skinned, dark-eyed, crisping-haired Mrs. Cascannon. By her side stood a child, who might be any age from ten to fifteen, with great, black eyes, and hair curling like Rosamond's, whose face dimpled as she bent in response to my bow, and who returned my greeting with wonderful grace and ease. As I took a chair near my wonderful aunt, the little girl said—"Where is Elizabeth? I must see Elizabeth." And, looking around, I saw that Elizabeth was not in the room. "Excuse me a moment," she said, with such an assumption of womanliness that I could hardly help smiling, and flew out of the room.

"She is a pretty little thing," I said. "We have all been wondering if the 'orphan' were girl or boy."

The large, topaz-tinted eyes, which had been widely opened when I began, flashed intelligently.

"Then the letter said nothing?" she asked, in a voice that was her beauty rendered into sound.

"You wrote only that you had adopted an orphan, and the name—Leslie. The girls have had a great deal of fun about the expected 'orphan.'"

"An orphan is a very funny object," she said, the large eyes glooming over, and a covert sneer in the musical tones.

Here is the temper, plainly enough, I thought, while she pulled at a tassel on the chair, with her beautiful face becoming more clouded every instant. Suddenly she looked up, a sunny smile dispersing the clouds, and said—"You are Elizabeth's lover?"

"And yours also."

"But you could not give the kind of love you give to Elizabeth to Elizabeth's aunt?"

"I should not find it so very difficult."

She looked up into my eyes, and her own fell. Such great, white lids, creamily fair as Calla-petals, with long, long lashes, golden-brown, and curving up at the tips! I contemplated them in silence for awhile, and then I said—"But you received me very distantly for an affec-

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tionate aunt." I bent forward, my eyes on her lips. She raised hers and looked at me—such a look! I swear I felt as if under the influence of enchantment. Those eyes, narrowing between their lids seemed to draw me, and I bent nearer and nearer to her face. She spoke and broke the spell—"*This* time you may kiss my hand," she said. I was about to stoop my lips to the hand so majestically tendered, when Lily ran in, and, dropping a note on Miss Zollicoffer's lap, ran out again.

"Excuse me," she said, opened, read it, folded it again, and let it fall on her lap. Again a cloud shadowed her white forehead for an instant, and then passed away.

"Now—your hand," I said. The hand was again extended, and I kissed it devoutly.

"Are you always as devoted to your aunts?"

"By no means."

"Then I suppose your devotion is peculiar to Elizabeth's aunts?"

"Has she more than one?"

"I—don't know. I presume so."

I thought this strange, and I sat looking at my companion, who was silently turning one of her bracelets around her wrist—massive bracelets they were, seeming to indent the soft flesh with their golden weight. I felt myself wishing that I were one of those bracelets, so to encircle the rounded wrist, to fall upon the perfumed hand by my own weight of richness, to feel the lace of her sleeve, the soft pressure of her silken lap, for she was dressed for dinner, and must have been in the house some hours.

"What do you think of my bracelets?" she said suddenly.

I started. As if she could read my thoughts! "They are almost worthy of your arms," I said.

"Were my arms made for fetters, then?" she said, looking in my face with an almost troubled gaze, as if asking a serious question. "But then I have always worn them," she added, unclasping the bracelets, and letting them fall upon her lap. She held up her arms, bare of any ornament. "I like them better so—as God made them. But then, He makes slaves."

Could she be mad? "*You* can be no slave," I said. "Young, beautiful, and rich—the world is your own."

"Riches are a hard master," was her reply, and I looked at her in astonishment. With all her gifts, could she be discontented?

"One can do so much good," I suggested, "and I have heard that you——"

"You have heard—I—I beg your pardon."

Mad, certainly!—or, am I conversing with one of those "beautiful murderesses," who are constantly tortured by a sense of the crimes they will as constantly commit? She shaded her face with one of her beautiful hands, and with the other clanked her bracelets as a felon might clank his fetters, the cloud lowering darker and more darkly on her face.

"I think, with all your blessings, you are wrong to be unhappy," I said boldly.

"So they all tell me, but still I *am* unhappy."

The door opened. "Here she is, papa!" said Rosamond.

Mr. Cascannon came in, and up to the lowering beauty. Again her face cleared, as if by magic. "I am glad to see you, my dear," he said. He seemed doubtful if to kiss her, but she held up her cheek. Heavens! how I envied him! Where is your mother, Rosamond?" he asked.

"Gone to bed, with 'one of her headaches,' papa."

"Oh!" The "oh!" had a very dissatisfied sound, but he turned to Miss Zollicoffer, and seemed to forget his dissatisfaction in gazing at her loveliness.

Dinner was announced almost immediately, and Mr. Cascannon giving his arm to Miss Zollicoffer, I followed with Rosamond. I offered her my arm, but she drew back, with a pettish gesture, looking askant at me from under her lashes. I saw she was in one of her moods, but would not appear to remark it, so I let my arm fall by my side, and said—"I am sorry that your mother is not well."

"Mamma always has a headache when Auntie Zoll comes."

"I should think her more likely to give any one the *heart*ache.

"Does *your* heart ache? You were close enough to catch it," and she looked up impishly into my face.

I hope I didn't color, but I said as calmly as I could—"It isn't polite to sit a mile off, and shout at a person.

"Unless a person is old and ugly," said Rosamond, then added graciously, "I never care to get as near to old Mr. Jocelyn as to yourself."

"Thank you, dear," I began, when she interrupted with—"Because he smells of snuff, and you smell of eau-de something or other. I like a man to smell good, though Eth does call you Mr. Civet-cat."

"Does he?"

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"And Win says you do up your hair in papers—but it don't curl a bit that way."

I was a donkey to feel unpleasantly, but I did. Rosamond never is in the habit of saying disagreeable things to me.

"What a long tail she has!" said Rosamond suddenly, referring, I knew, to Miss Zollicoffer's sweeping robe.

"What?" I asked, pretending to misunderstand, and looking around, as if for a stray cat.

"*Her*," said Rosamond, ungrammatical as usual.

"Your aunt?"

"There are only two *shes* here, that one and me. I don't speak of myself as *she*—I am more than two years old."

"I should hardly think it."

"I may seem young to you. You are twenty-five and so is she. One is an old maid at twenty-five."

"You evidently don't like your aunt."

"Wait until I tell you so."

"My dear, you are savage to-night."

"If I were *a* savage, I know whose scalp would hang at my belt."

"Your aunt's?"

"Oh! hers would come off without cutting. She wears a tail on her head as long as the tail of her skirt."

"Does she?" I looked at the luxuriant braids crowning the graceful head.

"*Elizabeth's* hair grows on her head."

I had the key to Rosamond's behavior now. She was jealous for Elizabeth. I felt guilty. I had not thought of Elizabeth for the last hour.

"Where is Elizabeth?" I said.

"In her skin. Oh! doesn't that smell good? We always have things extra nice when Auntie Zoll is here."

We found the rest of the family assembled in the dining-room. Elizabeth came forward and spoke to Miss Zollicoffer, then seated herself by the "orphan," who was sandwiched between Madge and herself. Such a circle of laughing faces as I encountered when glancing around the table! The "orphan," who has a regularly "laughing face," fairly radiated smiles as she met my glance; the two boys were on the broad grin; Lily was looking as if she had a good joke she was determined to keep to herself; Madge was laughing at pretty frequent intervals; Elizabeth's lips curved continually; Rosamond looked more like a Puck than ever, and Mr. Cascannon himself was smiling. Miss Zollicoffer was the only one who looked grave, and I thought her gravity became her. Who would wish to see a grinning Zenobia? If she felt no mirth, she certainly seemed to have brought it, and the "orphan" fairly scintillated laughter. She is one of those children with old heads, who say the most surprisingly sharp things—a Mephistopheles speaking with the mouth of a cherub. She has a really cherubic face, soft and round, with a small, pouting-lipped mouth, a straight little nose, and big, round eyes, always laughing. She is certainly the most jovial orphan I have ever seen. The boys were especially delighted with her and her "speeches," and *roared* every time that she opened her mouth. I was sitting next to Winny, and asked him if he wasn't pleased to find such a playmate as little Leslie. The young gentleman was drinking water when I spoke, and the question seeming to strike him as very funny, a laugh came into conjunction with the water, and caused a direful choking. The "orphan" flew out of her chair and up to him, beat him on the back, loosened his cravat, and wiped his eyes, performing all these offices with the most motherly air imaginable. Her hands, which are of the very tiniest, seem wonderfully dexterous, and I should imagine her to have been one of many small children in some poor household, where the care of the family often devolves on some such feminine mite while the mother is absent at her daily work.

When we returned to the drawing-room after dinner, the "orphan" did not make her appearance for some time; neither did Elizabeth. Rosamond followed us, with rather a defiant air, I thought, and seated herself quite near Miss Zollicoffer on a low seat, where she leaned her head on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, her curls dropping over her face, but her eyes shining through them vigilantly. I was half provoked with the little, suspicious thing. Am I to be allowed to admire no other woman because I happen to be engaged to Elizabeth? You can't think how lovely she looked in the soft lamplight—Zenobia, I mean. How her hair glittered! how soft were the tints of cheek and lip! how dark her eyes! She has the most exquisite hands and arms imaginable—and such poses as she unconsciously assumes! They are absolutely classic; and yet no statue could possess that undulating shape, that complexion of inconceivable delicacy. I wish you could see her—no, I don't. What am I saying? I am Elizabeth's betrothed lover. I love her dearly, and wish her to be my wife, but I am bewitched

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by this exquisite aunt of hers. I would marry into the family for no other reason than to be connected with her.

Good-night, old boy. I wonder what dreams will visit your friend, GERARD.

CHAPTER V.

[*Lancelot to Gerard.*]

DEAR GERARD: I agree with Miss Rosamond. You *do* need watching. What did I say? That the next charming woman with whom you should come in contact would banish your Elizabeth from your fickle *fancy*. I don't think there is any *heart* about it. I think it is well that you should remember, as you did at the end of your letter, that you are promised to the girl whose aunt you are raving about. Honestly, I *don't like that aunt*. What business has she to be *looking into your eyes* on such short acquaintance? As for you—well, it is just like you to propose to kiss a handsome woman whom you have known five minutes. You were always ready to jump into a bog to follow a will-o'-the-wisp. Had she assented, my opinion of her would be worse than it is at present.

I think that you are much more in need of my services, now that you have found the aunt to be young and beautiful, than if she had been the "witch of eld" you anticipated, though I expect, by the time I reach you, to find some one else reigning paramount over what you call your *affections*.

Rosamond I thoroughly like. A girl who will stand up for her sister is always sound at heart, and, if *vice versa*, you may be sure that something's wrong. Commend me to her. I wish she were five years older. As for the "orphan," I am thankful she isn't a solemn young one. I don't like your *interesting* children, and a healthy child will always bask in the sunshine of the present, though the clouds may lower at times. I think it must be a very nice family, minus the mother and the aunt, who are "tarred with the same stick," as an American friend of mine used to say—Cabot—you remember him?

Don't make more of a fool of yourself than is absolutely necessary, and, at the first convenient opportunity, look for your friend,

LANCE.

I should know that the woman had handsome arms if you had not told me so. That was the cause of the allusion to the "fetters," and the tragic waving of them (the arms) in the air. She was *brandishing her arms*, old fellow. You and she must have enacted a very pretty tragicomedy between you. I presume it would have been all *comedy* to a spectator, particularly if that spectator had been your friend, L.

She's "*Zenobia!*" Oh! you—you—you!!!!!

[*Gerard to Lancelot.*]

DEAR LANCE: I take up this letter where I left off the other one, recollecting that you once said that you thought a journal of every-day occurrences more interesting than a merely formal letter. So, as I should in a journal, I begin with the day succeeding the arrival of the Cascannons' aunt.

Mrs. Cascannon did not appear at the breakfast-table the next morning, and, upon inquiring for her, Rosamond said, with a shrug of the shoulders worthy of a Frenchwoman, that mamma had concluded to have her headache last this time, and had shut herself up in her room, saying that she would see no one but the woman who waits upon her.

"Not even your aunt?" I asked, for I had arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Cascannon liked her sister no better than Rosamond did, and was ill that she might avoid seeing her.

"Not even my aunt," said Rosamond, turning upon her heel and walking away.

The door of the family sitting-room being open, I went in there, and found that orphaned mite seated in a low chair, tending the baby, who was cooing in answer to her caresses, and looking more at its ease than I had ever seen it when in its mother's arms. I was confirmed in my belief in the mite's large experience, for she seemed an adept in baby-talk, and ran through the whole gamut of those inarticulate musical sounds supposed to be especially agreeable to infant ears. I looked around, as I entered, to see if any one else were in the room, then approached the "orphan," and poked my finger at the baby, causing that juvenile specimen of the lords of creation to exhibit a shifting panorama of fat, kicking legs, pink shoes, diminutive fists, and dimpled arms.

"A bessed baby!" said the orphan. "Did oo sink big man tum to eat oo? Arny kill he wiz ze poker—knock he down, and top he head off."

"Where is Miss—Cascannon?" I asked at the termination of this address to King Baby.

"Miss—Cascannon is acting as housekeeper, as usual, this morning, and the other one has

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retired to her own apartment. Baby disturbed her." And the cherub face regarded me with Mephistophelean sharpness. Could Rosamond have been making a confidante of her?

"Baby does not seem to disturb *you*," I said.

"Baby and I are great friends. But he want he beckus. Will you hold him a minute?"

Cool! She didn't wait for my reply, but tossed the little bundle into my arms, jumped up, and ran into an adjoining apartment. I hoped she would not be gone long. I tried to set the small object upright, but he didn't seem to have any hinges in the right place, for he would erect himself stiffly every time that I tried to bend him, and plant his feet in the vicinity of my shirt-front. At last he contrived to attach himself to my mustaches, to which he clung with vice-like tenacity, and manifested a disposition to swing himself loose while still grasping them. How the little wretch tugged! The water came into my eyes, and I began to feel as if I were being scalped in the wrong place. I could hear no one moving in the next room. Had I been left to the mercy of this brat? He tugged harder, and began a kind of war-dance upon my white waistcoat, accompanied by a crooning sound that rang in my ears like the war-whoop. I had heard mammas say that much motion was bad for a baby. Suppose it should make his food disagree with him! I looked wildly around for a pair of scissors, resolving even to sacrifice my mustaches to get rid of the little monster, when the "orphan" came in.

"Oh! you are doing nicely," she said. "It had to be warmed, and I was afraid that baby might not like to stay with you."

Indeed! The shoe was on the wrong foot in this case. The baby at first refused to be detached, but the sight of "It," which was made to gurgle in his ears, induced a relaxation of his deadly grasp, and he stretched out his arms toward his nurse.

"Let me seat myself comfortably first," she said; and, after any amount of settling of refractory cambric, and smoothing down of a large bib apron, she pronounced herself ready, and I dropped Baby into her lap, then starting to leave the room—

"Don't go yet," she said. "You can't see Elizabeth, and the other one won't be out of her room all the morning. Then I want you to wait on me, or rather on Baby. As his mother is ill, and you are to be one of the family, you should try to make yourself useful."

I was so quelled by this audacity, that I actually paused and turned back, to place myself at her commands.

"Besides, I want to talk to you," she added. "Please go into the next room and bring me a towel to tuck under his chin; his pretty, white dress will be all in a muss. That's right, and thank you. Now you may wait to take this when he has done eating, for I mean to put him to sleep then."

I seated myself obediently.

"You will make a good husband," she went on. "I shall tell Elizabeth so."

"Why do you call her Elizabeth?"

"Because she is my relation. Have you any objection?"

"None, personally; but you are a little girl——"

"And she is a big one. So they made you think that the Cascannons' aunt was an old woman?"

"They deceived me entirely. I expected to find a witch, and found a goddess."

"You have rightly called her a goddess. No goddess carved in stone could be more cold or unapproachable than she."

I stared at the child in astonishment. She began to laugh, looking up at me with sparkling eyes. "You are puzzled. You think—— Tell me how old you think I am."

"Ten, I should judge from your size—forty, from your wit."

"Thank you. Women are always supposed to reach their fullest mental development at forty. I am not forty, however, although I am more than ten."

"May I ask how old you are?"

"Old enough to fear that our coming here has endangered Elizabeth's happiness. I had thought her engaged to a *man*."

"Pray, what else am I?"

"A boy in fickleness—an infant in want of perspicacity."

"I don't know what right you have to say this. Has Elizabeth——"

"Elizabeth is as blind as yourself."

"Then Rosamond——"

"Yes, Rosamond is not in love. Your very inquiry proves you conscious of wrong committed, for Rosamond is the only one who has seen you together."

I felt the blood rush into my face. "You are very strange, and Rosamond is very impertinent."

"Rosamond loves her sister. Is this anger the wrath of guilt or of insulted innocence?"

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"Miss Tilden, your doubts and your language are equally insulting."

"I am not easily moved; in the cause of a friend, I *will* speak. You can answer me or not, as you please, but to me your silence will be conviction. Do you love Elizabeth better than any other woman?"

"You have no right to ask such a question."

"Do you intend to marry Elizabeth?"

"That implies a doubt that is an insult."

"I am convinced," she said, with a look and accent so very haughty that it could not have been more effective had she been ten feet high.

"Elizabeth is the only one who should ask me such questions," I cried in desperation.

"Does a modest woman ask the man she loves such questions?"

"I hope you don't intend to make trouble between us?"

"My lips are sealed until Elizabeth shall speak. *Go.*" She rose and stood before me, the baby in her arms, her lips curling, a deadly light in her eye, all her small figure seeming to dilate. I would have liked to shake her. What business had she to speak to me, any way? Why did that imp, Rosamond, confide in an utter stranger? Why did I so trammel myself that every woman thinks she has a right to fly at me if I look at any other than my betrothed? But I love Elizabeth, and she loves me, and proves it by trusting me. Until she speaks, I am doing no wrong—there can be no appearance of wrong, and Rosamond was jealous for nothing, for she could have seen nothing, and it is nothing to kiss a woman's hand. I won't be beaten off the field by a pair of imps. Elizabeth expects me to stay, just so long, she wishes me to see her aunt, and become acquainted with her. I am doing as she wishes, and confound all feminine mar-plots, from Beatrice downward. It isn't the first time there has been "Much Ado About Nothing."

The more I thought how I had been questioned, and then sent off, like a naughty little boy who refuses to answer, the more indignant I became. I snatched up my hat, and went out of the house to cool off my anger a little, which continuing to grow hotter and hotter, I relieved myself by striding up and down by the brook, indulging in a considerable amount of gesticulation, and some fragmentary speech, as you know is my wont when very much excited, and in which manner I contrive to work off a rage. I was beginning to feel very much relieved, when I was startled by a loud burst of laughter in my vicinity. I looked around, rather hastily, as you may imagine, as I had no desire for witnesses of my extravagance, but could see no one—neither could I hear any rustling among the willows and low bushes which bordered the farther side of the brook, as of some one concealed in their recesses. A long, low giggle followed, and looking up in the direction of the sound, there was Miss Rosamond perched on the branch of a large tree that bent over the water, and stretched its arms half across the stream. The child sat as if on a side-saddle, and as I raised my eyes, *teetered* on her airy seat, and laughed and chuckled like a very Puck.

"I could wish that you might fall into the water, to teach you a lesson," I said, covering my confusion to the best of my ability.

"There would be *one* pair of eyes disposed of," she replied, "very convenient."

"We couldn't afford to lose such lovely eyes."

"Do you think them lovely? They're not yellow."

"I'd knock any one down who should say that they are."

"Is that what you were practising for? 'Twas as good as the strollers. I wish I hadn't laughed."

"I don't. I like to hear you laugh."

"Oh! *yes*," said the young imp, with a very slang manner.

"Won't you come down and walk with me? I think that would be preferable to gymnastics?"

"Thank you. I had rather sit here."

"If I weren't afraid of tearing my clothes, I would join you."

"I should think any one who is so good at *gymnastics*, could do that without tearing himself."

I couldn't pull the wool over her eyes that way, confound her!

"What was it made you so mad, Jerry, dear?"

"I am not mad, Rosy, dear. If I were, I should begin to bark and bite."

"If you hadn't been, you wouldn't have been slinging around so."

"I don't know what you mean by *slinging around*."

"Don't you? If I weren't way up here, I'd show you, but I don't mean to risk falling into the brook to instruct your ignorance."

I put my hands into my pockets, and began to whistle. Miss Rosamond imitated me, with her hands in the pockets of her sacque.

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"You won't come down, then?"

"You won't come up, then?"

"If wishes were all"—I began, desirous to conciliate her.

"It takes *legs*. Oh! how sleepy I feel. This bough just *rocks* once in a while—it's *so* nice."

"Don't fall asleep, and fall off, my darling," I said sweetly, preparing to leave her neighborhood.

"Jerry!"

"Well, pet?"

"*Don't*—you hope I—won't tell?"

"It wouldn't be exactly *fair*, Rosamond."

"No, it would be quite *dark* if *I* did it."

"I shan't love my little sister as well if she does that."

"Pooh! I don't care for your old *love*. 'Tisn't worth much."

"You will displease me greatly, Rosamond."

Rosamond, who had been swinging on her perch with half-closed eyes, now roused up and looked very wide awake. "I won't do this to please you, Jerry, if you will do something to please me."

"What is it?"

"Yellow Eyes is coming—(I looked around with a start, and saw Miss Zollicoffer coming in the distance, something etherially blue floating around her, and a large hat shading her bright hair and brighter skin from the sun)—"Jerry!"

"Well?"

"If you'll go off, I won't tell."

"Go off! What do you mean?"

"Go off, when Yellow Eyes comes up."

"Do you mean Miss Zollicoffer?"

"I mean Yellow Eyes. If you don't, I'll tell her right before you."

"I shall say good-morning to her."

"Well, you may say good-morning, but that's all."

Miss Zollicoffer came up as she finished speaking. She held out her hand to me as she said—"It's a *perfect* morning."

"*Something* is perfect, it may be the morning," I replied.

She smiled and looked down at the rose she held in her hand.

"I wish you would give me that rose," I said, feeling an intense desire to spite Rosamond.

"Do you?" she said, playing with the flower. "Are you fond of tea-roses?"

"I don't care for the variety. If 'twere a hollyhock, I should covet it."

"Jerry!" said Rosamond sharply—(Miss Zollicoffer started and looked up)—"you know what you said?"

"Excuse me, I have promised to do something for this young lady."

Miss Zollicoffer bit her lip and colored, as she looked at me and said—"I am sure *I* have no wish to detain you."

"Good boy!" shouted Rosamond after me.

(*To be continued.*)

WAITING FOR SPRING.

Somewhere there's a crocus as white as the snow,
Just ready to rouse from its slumber, I know:
O wild breath of summer! blow over the sea—
Come, find the dear blossom, and wake it for me.

In some far distant southland, a sweet bird I know,
Is singing, who sang to me summers ago;
O bountiful Nature! pour warmth from your store
And bring back the blue-bird to sing at my door.

O Fairies! with fingers that never are still,
Unfold the green moss on the marge of the rill:
Go fashion the needles of new-budding pines,
And spin the green tendrils of quickening vines.

Coin gold for the cowslips in the meadowlands low:
Paint purple the pansies before they shall blow;
In the bud shape the columbine's chalice, and see
That you do not forget a sweet drop for the bee.

Ply the looms for the lilies, deep under the mould,
Weave the petals pure white, and the stamens rich gold,
Mould sweet snow for the May flower with tinge of the dawn,
Pure light for the daisy-stars, green for the lawn.

O south wind! come blowing and melting the rime,
For now is the snow-drop's and crocus's time;
Bring rain for the vales, and, from radiant shore,
Bring once more the blue-bird to sing at my door.

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RUTH BROWN.

A NARRATIVE WITHOUT A STORY.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Ruth Brown was beautiful. I would not tell it if I could possibly avoid it, for I am tired of reading of so many, and seeing so few beautiful women, and I am sure you are. One would suppose, from the magazine literature of the day, that plain faces and commonplace forms were things of the past, if they ever were at all. And only alabaster brows, and spotless, rose-leaved complexions, and melting orbs, and sylph-like shapes, and golden locks, were to be found from the hut to the palace.

And in the hearts of beautiful heroines only are beautiful virtues supposed to dwell. Plain and unattractive women are not supposed to be capable, at least by the writers of the present day, of refined sentiments, tender sympathies, and pure, unselfish, passionate loves. Indeed, in one word, physical and mental beauty are supposed to go hand in hand.

But, my friend, just look around in your own immediate sphere, and see whether the "sculptured beauties" of your acquaintance are like the magazine heroines! Are they not, on the whole, silly, shallow, vapid, selfish? And does not some commonplace acquaintance, whom no stranger would turn to look again at, possess more of those sweet, tender, yet, if need be, *mighty* womanly qualities? Does not her heart hold more of that womanly gentleness and Christly sentiment which prompts her to be careful of the feeling of others, even of her enemies? Of that womanly sympathy which goes out alike to friend and foe in distress?—which, if not by word or deed, will, by eye or tone, reveal itself, if it dwells in the heart at all? Of that womanly love, which is mighty as rush of many waters, and will cling to its object through trial and tribulation, and go with him even through the valley of the shadow of death? Is not the plain girl more capable of all this than the beauty and belle, whom all men praise? There are many exceptions to both, but I have found it so in most cases.

But Ruth Brown was beautiful. A dark, glorious brunette. Now, no doubt, you, with all the rest of the world, are crazy over blondes—even a bleached, artificial blonde you admire, because *Fashion* has decreed pale locks and eyes to be "the style." Just think how absurd in this enlightened age—a *fashion* for the hue of the hair and eyes that God gave us! And as for me, I cannot see what there is in china-blue eyes, and pinky faces, and washed-out looking hair, to admire. I know some very pretty, winsome blondes, that I like and fancy; but as for admiring their style, I never can. But then I am a woman, and not a blonde! Neither am I a brunette, however, and I *do* admire brunettes. So, it cannot be envy for blondes which blinds my sight.

But, after all, it is the *expression*, more than the hues or features, which makes a face. I used to hear this said, and did not believe it. I do now, more than most people. Every thought, every feeling, leaves its little mark on the face. It is not visible at first, but day by day the marks and lines deepen and broaden, your *heart* is stamped upon your face, and one who studies faces can tell just what you are. Some faces express more, and plainer than others, but all do, more or less. So watch your heart, my friend, and be careful who you let dwell in its mansions. If Envy, Malice, Revenge, Deceit, and Selfishness, are its tenants, remember they are moulding your features day by day, leaving the indelible impress of their hands upon your face for all to see. And so, if you want to be beautiful, let Gentleness, Unselfishness, Charity, Cheerfulness, Self-denial, and Love, be your workmen. If the others have found a home in your heart, it may be a long and hard struggle to get them out, for they are sturdy foes to contend with. But put them out, bag and baggage, install the others, and they will build up your face so beautiful that all will love who look. But guard against the former tenants, for they are crafty sprites, and if by chance they slip in at the door of your heart, they will speedily undo all that has been done. And you must admit Patience and Perseverance, and keep them at work in your heart constantly, for without them you can do nothing.

Come to think about it, it was the *expression* of Ruth Brown's face that was so beautiful.

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A connoisseur of beauty would have called her lips a trifle too full, perhaps, her nose a trifle too large, her complexion rather dark. But it was a speaking face, one that said a volume of beautiful things, though the lips were silent. And the great, deep, mournful brown eyes, that were always looking, hunting, afar in the future; the dark glossy hair hanging loosely in curls, down to her shoulders, thick, waving, glorious hair;—these made the expressive face so beautiful that you would have noticed it among a thousand. But if she was beautiful, she was not as other heroines, the descendant of nobility, not rich, not "my lady," I am thankful to say.

If there is a word in our language that I detest, it is *lady*. Who knows what it means, or what it does *not* mean? Mrs. Spriggins, who cannot read or write, and never had a desire to, tells you she is going to bring her daughter up a "*lady*;" "not a stitch of work shall she ever do." Somebody tells you that Mrs. So-and-so's daughter has come from boarding-school a "perfect lady;" she can speak three languages, and play the piano, and dance, and draw beautifully. Another is called "my lady" because her ancestors were supposed to be "nobles." The blood in their veins was a little different color from ordinary mortals, and went an entirely different route to and from the heart.

Some worthy soul calls a neighbor's or friend's daughter, sister, or wife a "lady in every respect." She is so gentle, yet dignified; cheerful, yet sympathetic, kind, friendly, unselfish.

Why, my friend, *she* is the true *woman*. "A woman in every respect," you should have said. Not that hateful, obnoxious word of many meanings—lady. Ah! that blessed word, woman. If we only tried to be true women, instead of *ladies*, we would do much better.

Ruth Brown was the daughter of a village physician. She was not highly educated; only in the common branches was she learned at all, and she had few accomplishments. But her mother was a true woman before her, and Ruth's heart was educated right from childhood. So she grew up an unselfish, warm-hearted, affectionate woman. It was in her eighteenth year she met Ralph Conover. He came to study medicine under her father's roof. He was a handsome man, this Ralph Conover, about medium height—I for one do not like very tall men, as most women do—with a face like sculptured marble, and a splendidly knit frame—an educated, polished man, who was "all things unto all men." He fell in with all the likes and dislikes of the family in which he dwelt, and he loved little Ruth for her beautiful face, and won her heart; and she, believing him to be what he seemed, promised to be his wife when he was settled in business.

And so the time flowed on till Ruth was twenty, and then came the trial of her life. Her mother died, and her father met with an accident which crippled him for life. So it proved; but they did not know it until every cent they possessed in the world had been expended for medical aid. Something must be done. Ruth could only teach the common branches, and that would bring but a miserable pittance. And so she went out to service, to earn enough to support herself and her invalid father. Her lover was aghast at her proposal. He was not in a position to give them any aid, but he begged her to do *something* besides this degrading servitude. And so, after Ruth had reasoned, and wept, and told him their situation again and again, all to no avail, she turned upon him with all her woman's pride and dignity in her face.

"I see," she said, "you do not want a wife who has ever been out to service. And so I release you now and forever. Good-night."

And the mean coward made no opposition, said no word of regret, but took his release with a lightened heart, and went his way.

And so, with this new pain at her heart, Ruth went out to service in a wealthy family, where the servants were well paid and well treated. But it was a hard life, and but for the thought of her invalid father, she could not have borne it. Her beauty was a curse now; for rude men stared at her, and sometimes said things that made her cringe with wounded delicacy and dignity. But she did not mix with the servant class when she could avoid it, and after awhile she was not molested.

Many old friends dropped off one by one, and some tried and true ones clung to her. One, her dearest friend, Mary Howard, was her dearest through it all. She had been at service a year, when Mary called one evening.

"I am going to be married," she said, "and I want you to be bridesmaid. I will not take no."

"Married!" said Ruth. "Who to?"

"Ralph Conover; he is an old acquaintance of yours, I believe? You know he got into practice nearly a year ago, and he is prospering finely. We have been engaged but three months. I spoke about you for bridesmaid, and he was quite eager. It is to be a very simple affair, so you can have no excuse for denying me."

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And so Ruth listened and promised as one in a dream. Her engagement with Ralph had never been made public, and she knew that Mary was unconscious of the pain she inflicted. But he, Ralph Conover, she said he was eager! Ah! he was trying her—he was trying her to see if the old love still burned. And did it? Well, such women as Ruth Brown love very passionately. Still, when the idol proves but clay, the love will die out. But it takes time, and she was *not* all done worshipping the golden idol yet. She feared a sight of that beautiful, shallowly beautiful face that she had once loved so, would bring back all the old passion. And yet if she refused he would know the reason. And so she promised. And I think Mutius Scævola, who laid his hand in the fire to show that he feared neither pain nor death, did not do a more heroic act than this Ruth Brown, when she made that promise.

But when she saw him standing by Mary Howard's side, and when she heard him repeat the solemn vows, and knew in her heart he did *not* love the woman he promised to love, cherish, and protect—well, a revulsion took place in Ruth Brown's heart, and she cast him out forever. And so she went back to service with a lighter and a freer heart. And she put by this dream of her life as in her childhood she had put by a broken toy.

An awful cry rang through the village one morning—a cry of "Small-pox;" and people fled in affright, and servants left without warning, and there was sickness, and terror, and death on every hand. Ruth Brown alone remained of the servant class in Jacob White's mansion. Death had claimed one member of the household, and stood at the bedside of two others. And backward and forward, and up and down went the tireless feet of Ruth Brown. And through the skill of Dr. Young, and Ruth's faithful watching and care, the two who had almost stepped over the mystical portal, came back to wait a little longer. And then Ruth went to other bedsides, into deserted mansions where desolation and death reigned supreme.

And then came the severest burden of all. Her invalid father, whom she deemed secure from the deadly disease, fell a victim, and all her care and nursing, and Dr. Young's skill were unavailing. He died. And poor Ruth, weary and sick, heart and soul, was the next victim of the thirsty demon "small-pox." She had done all she could. The terror and danger in the village were abating, and many a mortal owed his lease of life to her. And now when her work was done she lay down, as it seemed, to die.

Night and day Dr. Young stood by the bedside of the brave, beautiful girl, who had grown dearer than his life through their long hours of weary watching with the dead and dying.

At last he brought her out of the shadow of death, and knew that she would live. Ah my beautiful Ruth! but beautiful no longer. For the smooth brunette complexion is scarred and blemished forever. And the glorious hair will never be rich and glossy again. And the poor eyes have lost their wonderful brilliancy, and will never see very well again.

"Oh! what will become of me?" she cried, starting one day from her convalescent couch. "I shall not be able to work for so long, and never as I have done; I have no home, no relatives, and oh! what shall I do?"

"I will suggest a plan," said the voice of Dr. Young; "become my wife. I have loved you from the hour we met."

"Ah! but I did not look like *this*, Dr. Young: see these deep, red scars, and these dim eyes—and—" here Ruth fell to sobbing, but it was on Dr. Young's breast. "To be sure," he said soothingly, "it was your beautiful face that first attracted me. But I soon learned to love your beautiful heart, and your bravery and self-denial, better than your face. They are not scarred or blemished. And I love you to-day better than any other woman who walks the earth."

So it came to pass that Dr. Young, the leading physician of the village and county, he whom young ladies pronounced "perfectly splendid," married a servant girl with a scarred face.

I know this is not much of a story as stories go now-a-days, but I wanted to tell about my brave Ruth, and I have done it. No doubt, some fair reader will pronounce me a "homely old maid," who "envies a pretty face." If the former is true, the latter is not. Few people are more susceptible to beautiful faces than I. But if God made features beautiful, the fortunate possessor should keep them so, and add to their beauty by watching the heart. And if you are not a born beauty, then grow to be one; I like to see faces that have something in them—some expression beside satisfied prettiness—something that will last, after the locks are gray and the eyes dim. It lies in your power, reader, to obtain this beauty. May Patience and Perseverance attend you.

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A BUNCH OF CLOVER.

BY A. M. DANA.

It was three o'clock of an August afternoon. The thermometer stood at ninety-six in the shade, and all nature lay sweltering under the fervid heat of a summer sun. There had been no rain for weeks, and all along the brown highway, which wound like a ribbon among the hills, the trees were white with dust. The grass crackled under one's feet like cinders, and the corn-blades hung crinkled and listless. But Widow Pinhorn's sunflowers held their proud heads loyally toward their king, and the bed of portulaccas in the minister's garden was flaming and blazing like an altar. Every village dog lay panting under the shade of some friendly bush, the cattle stood knee-deep in the meadow brooks, and the very chickens had made hollows in the earth to cool their heated breasts.

Mrs. Brooks, wife of the innkeeper, busy with her Friday's baking, declared that she would melt down into a grease-spot—a pretty sizeable oleaginous pool it would have been—and all the babies, far and near, seemed by common consent to have united in a grand chorus of crying—a fact most trying to the nerves of Nathan Steritt, the bachelor schoolmaster, who thanked his stars for the thousandth time that he hadn't them to nurse. Perhaps it was to this self-congratulation that the hot little urchins under his care owed their unusually long recess, from which they came in puffing like miniature steam-engines; or, perhaps, as the children slyly whispered, "Nathan had been asleep."

If there was a cool spot anywhere that August day, Irma Lisle had found it. Far up in the organ-loft of the old stone church, with the door open into the belfry-tower, and the little flecks of sunlight which wandered in slowly filtering through the umbrageous shade of gigantic elms, she sat before the quaint old organ, her white shoulders gleaming through her sheer muslin dress, and her broad-brimmed sundown lying at her feet.

Not playing much. Merely letting little ripples of melody trickle from her white fingers, while her eyes were raised in dreamy revery far above the parched earth and ripening orchards to the cloudless azure of the summer sky.

In the aureole of short, golden curls clustering around her brow, her snowy robe, and almost heavenly music, there was something suggestive of a higher world. And yet she was only a professional musician, come to the quiet country village for summer rest. But Roger Carroll, coming slowly up the gallery stairs, saw in her only the angel, and he almost hesitated to break the holy calm by his presence.

"What region of fairy-land is this?" he asked, coming round to her side, throwing himself into the choir-leader's great chair, and lifting the broad Panama from his heated brow. "Is it Arcadia?"

She looked round smiling. "I guess not. Where are the sheep and shepherdesses?"

"I dare not say that you are a shepherdess, lest you return the compliment by calling me a sheep," he answered, laughing; "but there is certainly some magic in it. There, that is delightful"—as a balmy zephyr lifted the moist hair from his forehead—"I assure you there's nothing like it down on the earth. What a queen you are up here among the breezes and bird-songs! Titania to the life! What was that you were playing as I came up?"

"Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. Do you like it?"

"Yes. Play it over again, won't you?"

She obeyed him willingly, going through the grand measure and difficult passages as easily as the robin trills forth his simple repertoire.

"Anything more, monsieur?" she asked playfully, as the last notes died away.

"No. Turn round now and talk to me. Where did you get this?" As he spoke, he lifted a little bunch of crimson clover from the music-stand beside her.

"I gathered it in Pinhorn's meadow as I came along. Do you notice how much darker it is than the early clover? It seems as if all the glory and color of the year were concentrated in the autumn. The very wild-flowers don the gold and purple of royalty. It has always been my favorite season."

"And mine. But this year it will be dull, unless——" He hesitated, and after a moment added irrelevantly: "Our long-talked-of picnic to Chestnut Grove comes off next week. Did you know of it?"

"No. I hope you may have a good time."

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"Why don't you say *we?*"

"Because it won't be we. By that time I shall be far away. I leave next Monday."

He faced round suddenly—an expression of almost incredulous surprise on his face. "You don't mean it?" he said. "I thought you were to stay till autumn."

"So I thought and hoped," she replied with a little undertone of sadness in her voice; "but I've been sent for to assist at a concert at Saratoga, and I cannot refuse. One must not quarrel with one's bread and butter, you know."

The half-smile accompanying her words was more sad than mirthful, and he rejoined rather fiercely—"Who are these people who dare to summon you against your will? Let them procure a substitute. I thought there were no summer engagements?"

"Ah! you do not understand," she answered. "It is the musical set to which I belong. We are all bound together by ties of self-interest. Once I thought it a nobler band, but I am growing sceptical of late; and as for the engagements, a professional musician's vacation always includes more or less starring at the watering-places. As a general thing, this is pleasant enough, only this year I somehow grew tired of it all. This is why I came here alone."

As she ceased speaking, she turned wearily toward the organ, touching a quivering note here and there, while he, springing up with nervous energy, walked over to the great window opening to the west. A moment or two he stood there, apparently debating some point with himself, but when he turned again his manner was that of one who is calmly resolved.

"Irma," he said, advancing to the organ, bending over her, and taking the little hand wandering aimlessly over the key-board, "don't go. Let the old life pass. I love you truly, devotedly, and, as my wife, I think I can make you happy. Do not think my proposal premature," he added. "I have not known you long, it is true, but love is immortal and knows no age, and I meant to say this before you left." And bending closer, he whispered—"What is my answer, darling?"

For an instant her eloquent eyes were raised to his, while love's lambent flame flushed her cheeks to scarlet; but it was the despairing flicker of a flame that is doomed to extinction, and her voice was inexpressibly mournful as she answered—"Oh! I am so sorry that you have said this, for what you wish can never, never be. I will not thus take advantage of your unselfish kindness. But from my heart I wish I had never come here." And, stooping, she lifted her hat as though she were going.

"Wait, Irma," said the young man, arresting her. "I think we do not understand each other. You speak as though I were making this proposal from pity, and say that you will not take advantage of my kindness; when it is the plea of one who is starving for your love, to whom *your* greatest kindness would be that of granting his heart's desire."

"No—it would not. It would be the greatest wickedness!" she interrupted, as with tightly clasped hands she forced the words from her lips. "I would not be a fitting wife for such as you. Our ways lie too far asunder"—adding bitterly—"Oh! if you knew what my life has been, you would understand——"

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?" he cried passionately, grasping her arm in his excitement. "Beware how you trifle with me! What has there been in your past life which forbids your becoming the wife of an honest man?"

The hot blood rushed to her neck and brow as, springing to her feet, and shaking off his hand as if it contaminated her, she answered proudly—"No act of which you and all the world may not know. What I alluded to was the whole tenor of my life—so different from the proprieties of this country village; but"—with a sigh that was almost a sob—"I have never before been insulted. I did not expect it from you."

"Forgive me, dearest," he said with emotion. "It was a slip of the tongue, but your words were so ambiguous, and I was so startled. Say you will forgive me."

"Yes," she answered gently. "I dare say it was my fault. I should have expressed myself more clearly. What I meant was, that your life-long habits of respectability and my lawless Bohemian manners could never coincide. It would be a union of clouds and sunshine."

"Clouds and sunshine sometimes form a rainbow," he interrupted, taking her hand again persuasively.

She smiled faintly. "Not in this case, I fear. You see I have grown up among this class of people. I have known nothing else, and, sooner or later, I should bring distress and calamity upon you. I know I should. How you and your mother, with your conventional ideas, would shudder at the midnight suppers and musical treats which have made part of my life!

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Yet the things were not inherently wrong in themselves, and I am not sure that I wish to give them up entirely. This summer I was tired, but perhaps when winter comes I may enter into the old life with as much spirit as ever."

"No, you will not—you cannot!" he said tenderly; "for you will have left your heart behind you. O my darling! you cannot deceive me, for your eyes have told the story that your lips refuse to speak. You are a true woman, and you *must* find your happiness in domestic affection. It cannot be otherwise. Come and let me show you something I saw in the elm there. It is a parable for you."

Half willing, half reluctant, she allowed him to lead her to the window, where, parting the leafy boughs which grew close up to the wall, he revealed a tiny nest, wherein sat a wee brown wren, her mate chirping and twittering upon the branch beside her.

"Do you think she longs for the giddy life of a humming-bird, or envies the tuneful mocking-bird there below her?" he asked, slipping his arm around her waist. "Will you not accept the emblem, and, following the leading of your heart, trust to finding your joy in the quiet sphere of home and love? Fame can never gratify your soul." His pleading eyes were fastened upon hers, his dark hair almost touching her cheek as he bent eagerly over her.

"Wait," she said, gently extricating herself from his embrace. "Wait till I tell you all, and then you shall yourself decide. If I loved you less, I would probably make less objection; but it is of you and your happiness that I am thinking. The other evening as I was passing, I looked into your house, saw you busy with your drawings and designs, your calm, beautiful, old mother sitting with the open Bible upon her knee, and the whole room pervaded by a quiet, passionless repose. As I stood without, among the honeysuckles, viewing the tranquil scene, I felt something like a Peri gazing into a forbidden Paradise. Yet—as Mr. Sewell said there in the pulpit last Sunday, in allusion to sinners and heaven—I fear that I realized that I could not be happy even *in Paradise*. Now," she added, "I have told you truly why I dread to become your wife. As I said before, I am not sure of myself. I do not know whether this dislike for old associations and longing for something better, which has overtaken me this summer, is a radical change in my sentiments, or merely a transient feeling; but, at all events, I have dealt honestly with you. Do not forget this, should you accept the risk, and some time in the future have cause to regret it. But, oh! do not decide hastily. Better for us both would be a keen heartache now, than the slow, dull pain of uncongenial years."

As she finished speaking, she withdrew a little farther from him, as if to remove the influence of her presence, and he, awed and solemnized by her words, paused to consider. But it was only for a moment. Again he advanced to her side, stooping as he went to pick up the bunch of clover which had fallen, forgotten, on the floor.

"Irma, darling," he said, "we will make this little nosegay the criterion, the pledge, the witness between us. I accept it as a proof of your simple, unartificial nature—of your pure tastes, which, under kindly culture, will develop into the noblest virtues; and let what may come in the future, I will take the responsibility. Now," he added gayly, "that we have settled this matter, we will allow no more bugbears to separate us." And as he spoke he drew her tenderly toward him.

With a smile of restful content, she allowed her head to droop upon his shoulder, but scarcely had she done so, when a clap of thunder, most terrific in its violence, shook the church, almost causing the old walls to rock and reel under the shock, and blanching the girl's cheeks to a deathly pallor. So absorbed had they been in their conversation, and so shut in by the interlacing branches of the elm, that they had not noticed the approaching tempest; but now, when they hurried to the tall window in the belfry, they observed that the whole heaven was enveloped in a shroud of blackness, whence shot fiery tongues of flame, and whence began to descend heavy torrents of rain.

"Here is a nice situation," said Irma with a nervous little laugh. "Whatever shall we do?"

"Do? Why, stay here till it's over, of course! There's nothing very terrible in that, is there?" and as another and yet more severe shock reverberated over their heads, he folded the shuddering girl close to his breast. "So I will shelter you from all life's storms, dearest," he whispered.

She had always been one of the most consummate cowards in thunder-storms, but now she found it very sweet to rest thus in the embrace of a good man while the fierce elements raged around her. From this loving human support she seemed to catch a glimpse of the

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Almighty Arm and All-powerful Shelter. Especially was this the case when a stroke more fearful than any seemed to tear the very ground from under their feet, splitting the giant elm by their side from crown to base, and when Roger, in a tone of awed but serene confidence repeated the old German lines,

"My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm
Spans earth and sky, and shields his child from harm,"

instinctively she clung closer, that she might share this divine protection.

But the storm was over at last. The winds sighed themselves to rest, and a low, subdued dripping from the leaves was all that remained of nature's passionate outburst. It was too late for a rainbow, but here and there a tiny star peeped forth from behind the tattered curtains of cloud, like an inquisitive child, wishing to view the devastation, while from freshening flower and springing grass arose a grateful incense on the dewy air.

Together, the two brought so closely together within the last hour arose for departure. It was getting so dark in the tower, that he was obliged to take her hand in going down the steps. On the landing she paused. "We must see how our little friends—the wrens—have weathered the storm," she said, going over to the window by the elm. It was almost too dark to see anything; but the white wood of the cleft trunk was visible, and as he parted the branches, and she leaned eagerly forward, they were informed more by a fluttering and twittering than by actual sight, that the tiny nest and its inhabitants were still safe—that He who careth for the sparrow had not forgotten His promise.

"You see how it is," observed Mr. Carroll, as she drew in her head shining with a coronet of raindrops—"True love always outrides the storm. Let us take it as an omen." And drawing her hand within his arm, he led her forth into the balmy fragrance of the summer night.

How delightful was that walk over the cold, moist earth, with her white drapery gathered around her, and the merry avoidance of puddles! How warm and loving the welcome in his home, where he insisted upon her stopping to see his mother! She hesitated at the gate, under the honeysuckles, where she had stood that other night, longing, yet dreading to enter—but a few encouraging words helped her, and the worst was over in a few moments. The kindly, silver-haired old lady had been uneasy about her son, had kept the tea-table standing for him—and after the situation had been explained to her—and after she had kissed and almost wept over the blushing girl, she insisted upon her too remaining.

"Sit here, daughter," she said, laying her hand gently upon the bright curls. "Sit here and pour out. It will seem to my old eyes like a vision of my own early days," and Irma, for whom the dreaded lions of respectability had been transformed into the most docile lambs, gladly complied.

She found it very pleasant sitting thus, though her anticipatory honors stained her cheeks with vivid blushes. Her hands fluttered a little at first among the quaint china and old-fashioned silver, but both mother and son strove to make her feel at ease—an effort which was finally successful. Her merry laugh rang out gayly, and when later, previous to escorting her home, Mr. Carroll led her to the library, and placing pen and paper before her, playfully desired her to write her letter of refusal to her musical companions, she obeyed with willing alacrity, feeling, as she folded and enclosed the snowy sheet, that it was a glad renunciation—that the old, careless life was as completely folded away from her affections.

It was with a heart filled with serene happiness that she bade good-night to the dear, motherly old lady, and walked homeward with her betrothed; and if, when alone in her tiny chamber in the inn, she was troubled by vague misgivings—by a haunting feeling that she had been acting as one in a dream—she banished all such annoying fancies with firm determination. Nor had she much time afterward to encourage their recurrence, for Mr. Carroll, who was one of the most ardent of lovers, would hear of no unneccessary delay, and ere the blazing sumac-torches were quenched in early snow, sweet Irma Lisle had gone to the old homestead as a bride.

At first, while the soft love-light of the honeymoon illumined everything, the calm repose of the gray old mansion had seemed all that could be desired. But later, when her husband, who—though living upon the farm of his ancestors was by choice and education an architect—had again become absorbed in his plans; when the monotonous clicking of Mrs. Carroll's knitting-needles was the only sound breaking the placid silence of the lonely house; and when, for miles around, over hill and valley was only a cruel stretch of snow, sparkling like diamond-dust at morning, or flushing to rosy amethyst at sunset—the calm grew sadly oppressive. She

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had never before passed a winter in the country. Hitherto the word had merely meant a pleasant place for summer sojourn, suggestive of sunshine, flowers, and bird-songs, and now the contrast struck her with pained surprise. The wide, sparkling expanse of winter sky, the leafless trees lifting their gaunt arms to heaven, and the weird, death-like repose of nature, were to her something grandly terrible.

In sheer self-defence she fell back upon her music for amusement, spending whole evenings, sometimes whole days, alone in the parlor at the grand piano. For neither Mr. Carroll nor his mother were persons who cared enough for music to have it brought into hourly contact with their lives, and at times the contrast with the past grew painfully vivid. Not that she regretted her marriage. Far from it. She loved her husband dearly, and he spared nothing that he thought could add to her happiness—this piano, one of the most complete instruments that money could obtain—was one of the many proofs of his unselfish affection; but none the less could she blind her eyes to the fact that in tastes and desires they were as widely separated as the poles.

Occasionally, as sitting alone, she conquered a difficult passage in some grand opera, she thought of her old companions, of what they were now doing, and of how clearly they could have comprehended her achievement, till an intense longing for appreciation and sympathy took possession of her.

There were times, it is true, when she banished this unfortunate infatuation, strove to interest herself in her husband's business, or sitting at the feet of her kindly mother-in-law, begged for legends of the past, gathering pearls of wisdom as they fell from her gentle lips.

Between this young girl—so long orphaned that she scarcely knew the meaning of the name of mother—and the soft, silver-haired old lady, there came to be a friendship almost stronger than that of consanguinity. To her, even more frankly than to her husband, Irma expressed her doubts of her own stability, her conscious weakness, receiving in return the warm encouragement and patient forbearance which only holy old age can render to the young. What lessons of meek endurance and unassuming charity she learned from this simple, child-like old woman, upon whose brow was already beginning to gleam the halo of eternal youth. This sweet charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, was her distinguishing grace. No creature was too debased for her holy compassion—too sinful for her loving, Christian sympathy. It is ever thus. Those who are nearest to God are also nearest to erring humanity. It was from a night spent on the Mount of Olives that Jesus passed to the Temple-court, and spake these immortal words: "Neither do I condemn thee."

Well had it been for the young, inexperienced bride could these loving counsels have been continued. But such was not to be the case. When the early spring sunshine was coaxing the starry blood-root and blue-eyed violets from their winter sleep, she gently passed into a fuller, better spring-time to gather the unfading amaranth and asphodel by the river of life—leaving the hearts behind her dark and void, like a room from which the light has been removed.

Her death was followed by great changes. Mr. Carroll, who had only resided at the homestead for his mother's sake, now desired to remove to the city; and Irma, with the memory of her gloomy winter fresh in her mind, said nothing to deter him.

"We will not leave, however, during the summer," he said in allusion to their plans. "We will have one more holiday ere life begins in earnest."

But the bright months of flowers and sushine soon slipped past, and early autumn found them well established in their new home. Once there, Irma soon drew from the society around her a circle of kindred spirits. There were no more lonely evenings or cheerless days. Her home became a gathering-place for the most brilliant musical genius in the city, and under the seductive influence of melody her life regained all its old gayety and abandon. Occasionally, in the midst of her absorbing pursuit, she was seized by a fit of remorse for thus neglecting her husband's company, wherein, excusing herself from concert or reunion, she passed the evening by his side in the dull library, where he, apparently almost unconscious of her presence, was buried in specifications of tower or superstructure. But as her efforts did not seem to be appreciated, she as often returned with renewed relish to her gay, insouciant companions, and pleasant, artistic life.

The truth was, that Mr. Carroll, who had hitherto been little more than an amateur in his profession, now felt that, as a family man, he must devote himself to it with the zeal and

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energy of a bread-winner. It was this unselfish toiling for her sake, that he might be able to furnish her with every comfort, rather than any coldness on his part, that occupied all his time, leaving her free and untrammelled to seek the society most congenial to her.

But this she did not know. Nor could she realize that this complete freedom was the highest proof of his confidence in her wifely prudence and integrity. It looked like indifference, and there came to be a bitter recklessness in her manner as she pressed the Marah-like draught of pleasure to her feverish lips.

Among her present companions was one Carl Berger—an old friend, as she told her husband—a professional singer, and one of the handsomest men in the city. Had she said an old lover, she would have been more accurate, for in that renunciation of the past which she had made, was included the renunciation of his love. True, she had never cared particularly for him, but now—rendered morbidly sensitive by what she considered as her husband's neglect—his respectful devotion became very sweet by contrast, and she repaid with deepest gratitude his unspoken sympathy. Of all her visitors he was the most constant. No day was too stormy, or night too dark, to find him at her side, their united voices filling the whole house with melody.

It was at the close of one of these interviews, whereof Mr. Carroll had been a seemingly unconcerned, though really deeply interested witness, and when the bland musician had taken his departure with low words of great empressement to his hostess, and a careless, cavalier good-night to his host, that the suppressed indignation of weeks burst forth.

"Thank Heaven! that puppy has gone at last! Irma, how can you tolerate him?"

Mrs. Carroll, thus rudely recalled from her realm of harmony, whirled quickly round upon her piano-stool, her face flaming. "It is of an old friend of mine you are speaking," she began; but he interrupted.

"Yes, and a friend who presumes a great deal too much. He invariably calls you by your Christian name, and to-night I saw him smooth the hair back from your brow—the insolent cur!"

"You are very choice in your epithets, Mr. Carroll," she replied with a mocking laugh. "I didn't suppose you would care. But if you choose to be jealous of my old music-teacher, I cannot help it. Why, the man taught me singing ages ago."

This was true, but it was not ages ago, nor did she tell of the desultory manner of the teaching, interspersed as it had been with tender passages and whispered words of love.

"I care not what he has been, or what he has taught you," exclaimed her husband in what she chose to regard as a burst of insane passion; "but he shall no longer disgrace my house by his unworthy presence. I have not been so blind as you may have imagined, and I now positively command you to close your intimacy with one whose acquaintance is so dishonoring both to you and to myself."

He was an angry man, and, like all angry men, he said more than he intended. The white face of his wife, as she rose and stood before him, aroused him to his senses.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a tone of constrained calmness. "Of what are you accusing me?"

"I accuse you of nothing—at least of nothing more than thoughtlessness. God forbid that I should! But what I mean is this: that that man shall no longer be received on terms of intimacy in this house. This is my expressed wish, and, as a wife, it is your duty to obey it."

"Certainly," she replied with cutting irony. "Your unfailing attention, for some time past, demands my unquestioning obedience. But, understand—I will not throw aside my old friend without a reason. He shall know the real cause of my conduct, and whether your cherished self-respect will be augmented by this process, I leave you to determine."

"You will do nothing of the kind," he cried, grasping her arm almost violently in his vehemence. "He is just the kind of a man to exult in the knowledge that he has destroyed the peace of an innocent family. No—you must withdraw your favor gradually. Surely you could show, by your manner, that his acquaintance was distasteful to you."

"Yes—I suppose I could," she answered carelessly. "But you see the trouble is—I won't. I have not grown sufficiently familiar with the refined cruelties of respectable life, and we of Bohemia do not so lightly throw aside our friendships. Of course, if you forbid my seeing him, I will obey you. But you may rest assured that I will find means to inform him of the cause of my behavior."

What was to be done with this wife, who positively refused to discourage an acquaintance of

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whom he disapproved?—who threatened to correspond if she were deprived of the privilege of seeing him? Would not the correspondence be infinitely worse than the unconstrained freedom of the present? Mr. Carroll was terribly perplexed. He walked the floor in an agony of excitement, fearing to aggravate his wife farther, and yet scarcely able to restrain the storm of indignant passion raging within him. He left the room abruptly at last, without, however, giving any definite command, and Irma, left alone, sank upon the sofa in a fit of nervous weeping. Had he spoken one word of love—had he but whispered, "for my sake, dearest"—how truly she would have repented of her unkindness—how gladly promised all that he desired! But the tender word was withheld, and she was hardened. She did not know that during that long night—wherein she could hear his ceaseless footsteps echoing over the library floor—he was battling less with jealous fancies than with remorse for having grieved her by an unjust suspicion, or that when, as a Christian man, he carried his sorrow where only sorrows can be lightened, he plead for her as a tender mother pleads for a weak but loving child.

The following day—though her husband had given no direct order to that effect—she was sufficiently observant of his wishes to excuse herself when Mr. Berger called. The same upon the second. But the third day he surprised her in the parlor, with the traces of recent tears upon her cheek.

"Why, Irma! dear little Irma, what is the matter?" he asked with the familiarity of an old friend, sitting down beside her and taking her trembling hand tenderly in his own. "Is it the old story of the princess who spun gold, but it made her thumb broad? Has the bright, free bird of the sunshine grown sad in its gilded cage? Don't be startled, dear child, I have noticed your evident unhappiness for some time—noticed it with such feelings as I dare not tell you. As—

'The gentle lady faded in those old ancestral halls,'

I have seen your cheeks growing paler in the stiff Puritanical mansion, and my heart has ached at the sight. There! do not be offended," as she attempted to rise—"I know how your conscientious little heart strives to conform to your present circumstances—to conquer that longing for the vanished past which overtakes you sometimes—but it is a striving against nature. How do you suppose a warm-hued, tropical flower would flourish if transplanted upon an iceberg? And yet that would be congenial compared to the freezing atmosphere of conventionality by which you are surrounded. Ah! it was a mistake—a great mistake. But, Irma," in a low voice, bending tenderly over her—"has it never occurred to you that mistakes may be rectified?"

"Carl! Mr. Berger! How *can* you speak to me thus?" she cried, springing to her feet, her face crimson. "I dare not even conjecture what you mean!"

"Ah! forgive me, forgive me!" he said pleadingly. "It is so hard to remember the changes which have come since that bright summer, when we sang together by the whispering sea. Do you remember the quaint little beach, Irma—far removed from fashionable resorts—where for a few weeks a chosen circle of friends forgot the world? How the wind used to murmur in the pines as we sat upon the brown carpet beneath them! How the white-haired ocean joined his deep-toned bass to our weak melodies, as we sang while the stars were paling! Ah Irma! that was the life that suited you. Is it any wonder that I call this a mistake? Listen while I tell you a story. It will hold a moral."

Half unconsciously, she allowed herself to be reseated beside him, while in his deepest, richest voice he began—"Many years ago, in a country far toward the sunrise, a little lamb straying from the fold was decoyed into the den of a wolf. The wolf was not at all ravenous—at least he did not show himself so as yet—and for a time the poor little lamb was quite delighted with the novelty. But by and by it began to think of its old companions, the crisp, dewy daisies, and the melodious tinkling of the soft sheep-bell. Never had it sounded so sweet as now in memory. But the little lamb was good. It argued that as it had gone voluntarily, it must remain, whatever might be its secret longings. And though bondage took the spring from its step and the light from its eye, it bore all with gentle patience. At length, however, came one of its old companions who had loved it in the past. He lingered around the den with wooing words and tender encouragement, until finally the poor little prisoner, bursting through all restraint, bounded away with him through the glad sunshine and air of God's free earth. Oh! what joy there was in the sheep-fold when the little wanderer returned to the green pastures and still waters of its early days! Are you tracing the analogy, Irma? The old place is

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waiting to receive you. The old love is longing to welcome you back."

As he spoke, he essayed to pass his arm around her as if to draw her toward him, and his voice was the very key-note of passionate love.

But she sprang from him indignantly. Yet her voice was more sorrowful than indignant as she cried—"O Carl Berger! to think that you should speak to me thus! That you, who were such a kind friend to me when I was a poor orphan musician, should become such a traitor, now that I am the wife of an honest man! Oh! I cannot believe it—I cannot! But you will find your vile effort vain. I may be weak, but, God helping me, I will not be wicked. You say that my present life is stiff and Puritanical, and it may be; but in it I have learned that those green pastures and still waters of which you dare to speak are only to be found in the path of duty. Instead of your fable of a rejoicing sheep-fold, I have heard of joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repenteth. The rejoicing *you* mention is the rejoicing of hell! Go now; I can bear no more. Go before I hate you!"

Most bravely did she meet this bold advance of evil. It is usually so. There seems to be something in mankind—perhaps a trace of his original purity—which instinctively recoils from sin when presented in its full enormity. The indignant exclamation of the ancient king—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is still the cry of startled humanity when brought face to face with extreme guilt. It is the repeated, insidious coaxings of the tempter which are at last successful.

Had Roger Carroll entered when his wife, having dismissed her offensive guest, sank weeping with shame and remorse upon the hearth-rug, it is most likely that she would have thrown her arms around him and sobbed forth the story of her sorrow and her penitence. Then the danger would have been over. But he was away in a distant city, superintending the planning of a cathedral, and ere his return a humble note from her lover, pleading for forgiveness, had somewhat softened her feelings toward him. Time, too, added to this effect. We all know the process—how we first condemn, then pity, then embrace. Besides, it is not in the nature of woman to be vindictive to the man who loves her.

Gradually, Berger came to be reinstated in his old place. Yet not the old, for to neither could ever come again the unthinking innocency of the past. That guilty secret which they held in common was as a band of adamant.

So another summer passed away. The constant, brooding shadow of sorrow upon her husband's brow Irma mistook for anger, and, growing reckless, she allowed herself to drift with the tide, careless of whither it wafted her. There were no soft baby-fingers to restrain her; the gentle, old, Christian mother had gone home to God; and everything seemed to conspire to hasten her upon her downward course.

At last came the crisis. It always does come. Sometime in every life the proposition made to Baal's prophet—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"— must be answered by every soul. Well is it for that soul if a loved one's prayers are influencing the decision.

Warned by his former failure through undue precipitancy, Berger had been very wary, wooing more by delicate attentions and loving glances than by uttered words. At last, however, he spoke again, and this time to more purpose.

"Under the blue skies of Italy, dearest, we will forget this wretched old life," he murmured, when, at length—rather exasperated by her husband's coldness than won by his lawless passion—she had given her reluctant consent to an elopement. Mr. Carroll was absent on business, but expected home at midnight, and Berger, too cautious to risk delay or embarrassment, having telegraphed to New York securing passage on a steamer advertised to sail at sunrise, arranged with Irma to leave in the 11.30 train that night.

"He will find an empty nest," he said gayly, alluding to Mr. Carroll's return. "The nightingale he sought to cage will have flown to love and freedom once more."

"Don't," she said, raising her hand imploringly. That allusion to a nest was too suggestive of a summer day lying back in the innocence of the past. "Go now, please," she added, "I have preparations to make."

"You will not fail me?" he whispered at parting. "You know the time and place. Remember, eleven precisely. Just one bold plunge, darling, and then a life of unclouded sunshine."

It was almost evening, now, and she had spoken of preparations, but she made no attempt to perform them. The glorious autumn sunset faded from crimsom to rose, from rose to amber, while she stood spell-bound by the window.

"Something's the matter with missus. I wouldn't wonder if she's seen master's double,"

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said the tidy little English parlor-maid with a frightened face, when she returned from summoning her lady to tea.

"She'd rather see his double than his single any day, I'll bet," answered the sharp-tongued but observant cook—an unlucky speech, which Irma, pausing in the doorway to say that they might clear the table, could not help but hear. It stung her like an arrow, and she fled to her room as if pursued by an avenging spirit. But here it was no better. Old memories and tender associations haunted every corner, and she walked the floor in an agony of conscience most terrible to endure. Once she lifted the curtain and looked out on the night. A white autumn fog had crept up from the river enveloping everything in its fleecy folds. "The burial shroud of the summer," she sighed. "Who will care for me when I am wrapped in mine?" With a shudder, she dropped the heavy brocatelle and turned away.

Swiftly passed the hours, and yet she made no attempt at packing. "If it were only for a time," she thought, but the eternal separation she was meditating seemed to frighten her. Eight, nine, ten echoed up from the clock in the hall. Then she sprang to her task with nervous haste, not allowing herself time for thought, gathering together the few garments she designed taking, and the little trinkets and souvenirs of her girlhood. Then an unconquerable desire to take with her some memento of this despised life took possession of her. "*He* need never see it," she argued, thinking of him whose anger might be kindled at what he would consider a childish weakness, whose jealousy would, she instinctively felt, be a more terrible thing than that of him from whom she was fleeing.

There was a miniature of her husband, a poor little affair, taken by a travelling artist that bright autumn just before they were married. This she resolved to carry with her. Hastily opening a box, in which she knew Mr. Carroll kept such things, she began her search. First came her own picture—a fair, girlish face with its aureole curls. This she tossed angrily into the grate. "I am only saving him the trouble," she murmured bitterly. "Of course, it was only kept as a form," and hardening her heart, she again turned to the box.

Here were yellow letters, and keepsakes of schoolboy friendships, and something which she touched with a shudder—a spectacle-case and a lock of soft, gray hair. Ah! what would have been the feelings of that fond old mother in glory could she have witnessed that scene? Irma laid them aside reverently, yet resolutely, and was about closing the box, disappointed, when something in the bottom caught her attention. What was it which could thus make her start, tremble, and with the wild cry—"O Christ! help me," throw herself upon her knees in the abandonment of despair? Only a little bunch of withered clover. Yet in what trumpet-tones it spoke of that bright summer day of her betrothal, of the sublime trust placed in her then, and of her traitorous falsity to her vows! The full enormity of her sin burst upon her, and, burying her face, she groaned in the bitterest anguish of remorse. Eleven o'clock, the hour of her guilty appointment, passed unheeded, nor was she conscious of anything around till a ringing at the hall door aroused her. Could it be that he had ventured all, and called for her? But no, that clear, ringing footstep was that of her husband, not the silken, cat-like tread of her soul's enemy. Her heart gave one glad throb of thankfulness; then, fearing to hesitate, with trembling frame, and a despairing cry for divine assistance, she descended to the library, whither he had gone upon his entrance, and falling upon her knees before him, burst into a flood of tears.

"Why, Irma—little wife! What does this mean? Is this your welcome?" he said, attempting to raise her.

His kindness, so like that of the past, but added to her remorse, and holding out the withered nosegay, she exclaimed—"Roger, once you said that this should be a pledge and witness between us. Will you let it also be an advocate? O my husband! I have sinned ——"

"There, there!" he interrupted. "I know how it is. You and I have not understood each other of late, but, Irma, darling, let us rather remedy than grieve over the past. You, too, have much to forgive if we go into that."

Gently he strove to hush her sobbing utterance, but she would not be put off. Duplicity was not one of her faults, and nothing short of a full and unreserved confession could satisfy her conscience.

What Roger Carroll endured during his wife's recital of her temptation and wandering, none but his Maker could know. But at its close he gathered her close to his breast, and whispering of a forgiveness greater than his, urged her to forget the sad past in a life of Christian

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strength and devotion. "You have called our little withered bouquet an advocate, darling," he said in conclusion. "Let me read to you of a better one," and opening the Bible before him, he read—"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." This was what the tempest-tossed wanderer needed. Her husband's magnanimous forbearance taught her something of the eternal goodness, and humbly, but earnestly, with him she sought the strength which is everlasting.

Years brought cares and changes—joy over the cradle, and mourning over the grave, but through all, the influence of that family altar, thus erected, was a light cheering their pathway with mutual trust and devotion—never flickering, but ever growing brighter and brighter, till they with it passed into the perfect day.

THE RAIN ARMY.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

I know an army great and strong,
All countless as the buried brave,
That warreth not to quench the wrong,
That fighteth not to free the slave;
Nor poet e'er hath told in song
Of priest or prince it came to save,
Nor through unnumbered ages long,
Hath in its course been found a grave.

In dusky tents of fleecy cloud
Wide scattered o'er an azure field,
This army campeth, well endowed
With shining sword and silver shield.
I s royal leader, brave and proud,
Is he that maketh morn revealed
When, like the prophet fiery-browed,
His glory may not be concealed.

And oft returning from the fight
The mountains o'er, the valleys through,
He biddeth all his men of might
The pledge of Peace on Earth renew.
Then, fair to see, all broad and bright,
Of sev'n-fold stripe and sev'n-fold hue,
Their flag unfurls to greet the light—
Their banner gleams against the blue!

This army fighteth oft and well,
Nor goeth forth in idle quest—
Nor song may sing, nor tongue may tell
Its mighty deeds o'er east and west.
Where e'er its course by hill or dell,
Gaunt Famine bares his bloody breast;
And where its battle-trumpets swell
Bold Pestilence doth droop his crest.

"War to the death with greedy Want!"
Hath ever been its battle-cry;
Nor fire nor flood hath power to daunt
When forth it sallies from the sky.
It seeketh oft the secret haunt
Where Death and Pain their horrors ply,
And marcheth where, all pale and gaunt,
The victims of those horrors lie.

O rushing, many-footed rain!
With clattering hoofs and stormy tread!
Your swift approach o'er hill and plain
We greet with welcome—not with dread.
Ye lay not low the golden grain,
Nor strew your footprints with the dead,
Ye bring no spoil—ye boast no slain—
Your own the blood full freely shed!

LA FLOR DEL SALVADOR.

The Daffodil sang: "Darling of the sun
Am I, am I, that wear
His color everywhere."

The Violet pleaded soft, in undertone:
"Am I less perfect made?
Or hidden in the shade
So close and deep, that heaven may not see
Its own fair hue in me?"

The Rose stood up, full-blown—
Right royal as a queen upon her throne:
"Nay, but I reign alone,"
She said, "with all hearts for my very own."

One whispered, with faint flush not far away:
"I am the eye of Day,
And all men love me;" and with drowsy sighs,
A Lotus, from the still pond where she lay,
Breathed: "I am precious balm for weary eyes."

Only the fair Field-Lily, slim and tall,
Spake not, for all;
Spake not, and did not stir,
Lapsed in some far and tender memory.
Softly I questioned her:
"And what of thee?"
And winds were lulled about the bended head,
And the warm sunlight swathed her as in flame,
While the awed answer came:
"Hath He not said?"

OVERLAND MAGAZINE.

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THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY HARRIE BOYER.

It was when I was a much younger man than I am now. I remember I had been hard worked all that day—a chilly, rainy day in the November of 1853. Arriving at home late at night, instead of entering my wife's room, and so disturbing her rest, I went to my office, pulled off my wet boots, donned dressing-gown and slippers, warmed myself at the cosey grate-fire, and then, throwing myself on a lounge utterly exhausted, was soon fast asleep.

I must have lain there about an hour, when I was awakened by the violent ringing of the door-bell. I rose slowly and unwillingly, and, raising the window, put my head out in the drenching rain, and said in no gentle accents—"What's wanted?"

The voice that answered sounded like that of a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age. He seemed very much affected, and said between sobbing gasps—"O doctor! for God's sake come at once; my mother is dying."

My sympathies were excited in an instant. I hastily donned boots and overcoat, and, seizing my umbrella and medicine-case, was soon fighting my way through the raging storm.

The lad, who walked by my side, seemed appeased or gratified by my haste, for his sobs ceased, and he talked quite quietly about different things—the length of our walk, the stormy night, etc. He gave me no particulars concerning his mother's illness; and after a little, much to my amazement, burst out into a lively whistle. However, I supposed that with the hopefulness of his age, seeing help so near at hand, he had nearly forgotten his former grief and fright.

We walked a long distance, and finally turned into St. John Street, a locality once famous for its wealth, and bearing, in its wide, well-built houses, some relics of former grandeur, but one which report now associated with various disreputable deeds.

We paused before one of the largest and dingiest of the houses, which the lad at my side informed me was his home, and I entered the wide, gloomy hall, and passed into the back room on the first floor without a single misgiving.

Once there, however, my heart fell, though I still believed myself to be in the presence of sickness and suffering which it was my sacred calling to relieve.

The room into which I was ushered was large and lofty, with bare floor, bare walls, and an indescribable look of dirt and vulgarity about it. Its only furniture consisted of half a dozen rush-bottomed chairs, an old-fashioned rocker, and a table, on which lay a pack of dirty cards, the traditional bottle of whiskey and attendant glasses, and two or three guttering candles. A low fire smouldered in the grate.

The occupant of the rocking-chair was an old woman of evident Milesian birth, with frilled cap, and a shawl pinned over her shoulders, who rocked backward and forward, crooning out a sort of agonized wail, as if suffering intense misery. Around her were grouped half a dozen of the tallest, fiercest, most blood-thirsty looking ruffians it has ever been my lot to meet. I cast a hasty look at them, and said, "Good-evening, gentlemen," which was answered by sullen nods, and then stepped up to the old woman and felt her pulse. An instantaneous professional touch and glance was sufficient to show me that the woman was in a state of as rude health as the ruffians by whom she was surrounded.

I took in the situation at a glance, and a thousand thoughts and schemes flashed into my mind with the rapidity of lightning. It was evident that I had been decoyed to this lonely, disreputable neighborhood for purposes of robbery and *murder*. I carried about me a valuable watch, the gift of a grateful patient, and had in an inner pocket a roll of bills, which I had that day collected, and which, in my weariness and haste I had forgotten to remove.

I never carried firearms; and utterly defenceless, in the dead of night, in a den of thieves, surrounded by a neighborhood where my cries for help, even should they not be stifled, would be disregarded, my chances of escape seemed utterly hopeless.

I thought of my wife lying asleep in her peaceful home, of her awakening, her suspense, her agony should I be found mutilated and dead. My heart went out to her in a yearning that threatened to stifle me. I lifted my

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thoughts to Heaven in a silent prayer for help. My brain cleared, my courage rallied; I prepared for instant action. Of course, all that I have told you passed through my mind like a flash. Had I hesitated an instant, or evinced the slightest suspicion, the signal for my death would have been hastened, and then Heaven help me! My course of action was soon marked out. I assumed a stern, professional air, and said severely—"This woman is very ill. Why was I not sent for before?"

The ruffians seemed slightly thrown off their guard, and eyed each other with looks of concern. I fancy the old hag was mother to one of them, and, in a certain wild, rude, ferocious fashion, friend to them all. Besides, the wicked are proverbially cowards; assassination, murder, death in a brawl, is what they naturally look forward to as the proper ending of guilty lives, but death by slow, insidious approaches, I have no doubt appears to them terrible.

From the woman's rum-tainted breath, I had no doubt that whatever I prescribed and gave to her in *whiskey* would be eagerly swallowed. I approached the table, and after pouring out a glassful of this vile liquid, I fumbled in my medicine-case, and taking therefrom a vial, proceeded to measure into the whiskey, as if with great care, a treble dose of a certain fluid known as *phlebane*. This possesses most of the burning qualities of aquafortis, and I knew that after swallowing it, the pretended patient must necessarily, from the intense agony, raise a great commotion. In this commotion lay my only chance of escape. The ruffians were already drawing closer together, as if from some preconcerted signal, and were only waiting for the woman to swallow her medicine to commence the attack.

I approached the old beldame and said softly—"You must swallow every drop of this, and at once."

The woman raised the glass to her lips, and drained it eagerly to the last drop, and then such a howl burst from her lips as I pray never to hear again. Poor thing! She must have felt as though she had swallowed molten lead.

There was no time for pity or remorse. The ruffians, startled for a minute out of all recollection of their murderous plan, gathered about her in fright and amazement.

Now was my time. I dashed through the door into the next room, from there into the hall, and out of the front door. That all these were unfastened seemed purely providential. I suppose that the wretches were so sure of their prey, that they forgot to take even the most ordinary precautions.

Once in the street, with the fresh air blowing in my face, I was infused with new courage. I ran what seemed to me miles and miles through the still drenching rain. I never paused until I arrived at my own door. After entering, and securely fastening this, I ascended to my office.

The gas, which, in my haste, I had forgotten to turn off, was brilliantly burning. The fire still sparkled warmly in the grate. I looked at my watch; it was only two o'clock. Had all that I had just passed through been only a fearful dream?

I went into my wife's room. By the glimmer of the night-lamp I could see her sweet, sleeping face. Drenched and dripping with rain and perspiration, I feared to waken her lest she should be alarmed at my agitation. I sank by the bedside and kissed her hand. I wept tears of thankfulness. I blessed Heaven for its kindness in sparing me to my darling. She hovered anxiously about me the next day, wondering at my unusual pallor. She only lived two years after that, but she never knew aught of that fearful experience.

I went to the chief of police the next day with my story, and he set an immediate watch on the house, but it was too late; the occupants had moved away at early daybreak.

I have had many sad and many funny incidents in my professional career: as when an Irishman made *puppy* soup instead of the *poppy* tea which I had ordered, and seasoned it with sugar, which I had told him would make the latter more palatable.

"Faix, dochther!" said he, "an' I think the pepper an' salt would 'ave been betther."

But I have never had another experience like that night of horror.

THOUGHTS OF MADAME SWETCHINE.

What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages: they have learned to understand and be understood by all.

We may say of many Christians, whose actions do not correspond with their words: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

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SKELETON LEAVES, OR PHANTOM BOUQUETS.

The following directions for the skeletonizing of leaves, which appeared in our magazine in 1867, are republished at the special request of new subscribers. These Phantom Bouquets are more beautiful than could be believed by those who have not seen them. Some exquisite specimens were exhibited at a fair held not long ago in Philadelphia. Some sprays of maiden-hair fern attracted our attention particularly. We had not thought that anything so dainty and airily graceful could be preserved in this way.

INTRODUCTORY.

Phantom bouquets will not fail of intense admiration on the part of all who can appreciate the chaste and beautiful in art. But recently introduced to the notice of the general public, they are, however, no new thing.

Many centuries ago, the art of preparing the fibrous skeletons of plants was understood and practised by the Chinese, and there are still to be found in some old-established shops reasonably perfect specimens of skeletonized leaves, usually painted and decorated with Oriental designs and mottoes. Whether the Chinamen have ever advanced so far as to group or arrange these delicate tissues into anything approaching a bouquet, we cannot say, as no evidences of their faculty for producing such combinations have reached us.

A recent critic, in commenting on the progress of the art, avers that leaf bleaching has been known traditionally from time immemorial in Europe and Asia, in families where botanical tastes have been hereditary. In Great Britain, on the Continent, and elsewhere, he says that among the quaint old curiosities to be found in the houses of retired sea-captains, specimens of skeleton leaves are to be found, covered with such pictures as only a Chinese artist could execute. The process was described in London publications of the seventeenth century, and was probably introduced into England from Italy during the reign of Elizabeth. The critic, an English writer, concludes his historical summary by stating that the fact so long known in Europe was circulated as a secret in Philadelphia in 1860.

But the Americans retort that greater secrets in the arts and sciences than the skeletonizing of a leaf, all exclusively of American origin, remain at this moment wholly unknown to the countrymen of the critic; while the particular art in question, when it had fairly attracted the notice of American taste and ingenuity, has in the brief period of five years received at American hands a more perfectly artistic development than all England was capable of accomplishing in two centuries, and that the specimens now produced in the States surpass, in richness, brilliancy, and faultless nicety of preparation and arrangement, all that have been prepared in other lands.

Many amateurs have experimented in this wonderful art by which the perishable leaves and blossoms of the forest and the garden were converted into durable illustrations of the complex structure of leaves or flowers. For these pioneers there were no published essays to which to refer for directions. Every step had to be studied and acquired by laborious and careful observation, and often whole seasons would be lost while ascertaining the peculiar properties of a single leaf, the process being too slow to allow of a second gathering before autumn had stripped the trees.

Thus, the first summer of the writer's experiments was lost in vain attempts, and bushels of carefully gathered leaves were wasted, for want of a few items of knowledge, which, to a careless operator, would seem of small importance. Five years of practice have now taught her many lessons indispensable to a successful prosecution of the art, such as can neither be understood nor appreciated by those who are just commencing the work. It is the object of these papers to furnish plain and practical directions for producing perfect Bouquets of Skeleton Flowers, together with a list of such plants as will repay the artist's labor.

One who has lately commented on this subject enthusiastically declares that the art is yet in its infancy, and expresses his belief that diligent experiment will lead to results much more wonderful than any that have yet been achieved. In the confident belief that such will be the case, we shall feel glad to have given our readers an impulse in the right direction, and can assure them that by closely following the rules here given, success will certainly reward their efforts. Those whom repeated failures may have so far discouraged as to induce them to abandon the pursuit, will be stimulated to renew their inter-

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esting labors. Others, whose entire ignorance of the process may have withheld them from even beginning, will be induced to make a trial. The probability is, that among the aspirants thus stimulated to enter the field, some superior genius will be found at whose animating touch this beautiful art will receive a brilliancy of development surpassing all that could have been imagined by those who have labored at pioneering it into public notice.

I.—ANATOMY OF A LEAF; GREEN AND DRIED LEAVES.

Fanciful, though expressive, is the appellation of "Phantom" or "Spiritual" Flowers; and it has become very general, and may now be understood and accepted as appropriate to the results of the art.

Referring to the process by which these flowers are prepared, a Christian friend of the author very beautifully described them as emblems of the Resurrection, and as illustrating the ideas—"Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body;" and, "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality."

The process through which the green and healthy leaves must pass, is literally one of corruption; for during the warm summer days, as the work goes slowly on, they become blackened and offensive, and often infested with insects; and yet these conditions are absolutely necessary to secure their final and perfect beauty. But when the work of corruption and decay is fully accomplished, there remains after all, in the midst of that very unattractive compound of offensive odors and green slime, the beautifully faultless framework of leaves and flowers, ready to be rescued and purified. On the conduct of this portion of the work, and the subsequent cleansing and bleaching of the delicate tissues, the whole thing depends. The operator may consider herself eminently successful if she is able to present, as finished specimens, one half the number of leaves originally gathered. Yet, if a single bouquet of perfect phantoms, white and clear of blemishes, should result from the summer's labor, she will feel herself abundantly compensated for her pains, and may delight her eyes for many years to come with this unfading remembrancer of the localities from which they may have been gathered, or of the friends who may have assisted in the pleasing occupation.

The substance of leaf-tissues is generally classed by botanists under two distinct heads—the vascular, or vein-work, and the cellular, or intermediate green matter which fills up the interstices and gives coherence and solidity to the leaf. In undertaking to produce these skeleton leaves, the great problem is how best to destroy and remove the cellular and more perishable portion, while we preserve intact the network of veins or nerves by which the whole is kept in shape, and which perform the same office in the leaf-structure as nerves and veins in the human body.

People differ in their ways of doing the same thing. While we shall describe that which is probably the more popular plan, we shall, nevertheless, give the preference to the slow but sure process which our own experience has proved to be the most reliable.

The traveller who visits localities that have been celebrated in history, or made immortal by the outpourings of the muse, desires to preserve some mementos of his pilgrimage to scenes so hallowed. The most simple, as well as the most usual keepsakes, are sprays of leaves or flowers, pressed between the pages of a book, for future preservation in the album or portfolio. But all green leaves, when thus pressed and dried, become very brittle, and will break upon the slightest attempt to fold or bend them. If placed in vases, they will soon curl and lose their color, compelling their early dismissal from the room. Not so after passing through the skeletonizing process. They then become strong and flexible, may be folded or bent in any way desired, and although appearing to be so frail and delicate, will, in most cases, bear a considerable amount of handling and pressure without tearing. Yet it will be seen by the directions which follow these preliminary remarks, that the greatest care is required to manipulate the fragile fabrics, as the slightest pull in the wrong way, or the neglect of precautions and rules, which to the learner may seem unimportant, may spoil the most promising attempts, and disappoint the hopes and expectations of an entire season.

This is especially true in regard to the bleaching process. During the first season of the writer's experiments, whole jars of perfect specimens were lost in passing through this stage of the preparation, in consequence of her ignorance of the true method, subsequently acquired by patient and careful study. But having ascertained the proper method of proceeding, it is a rare thing to lose a leaf, or even a spray of fern, the latter being, perhaps, the most difficult of preparation, because of its exquisite delicacy of

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structure, in both respects exceeding any in the list of plants that we shall give hereafter. The fern, however, is indispensable to the complete and graceful bouquet, and the difficulty must be got over by following certain rules, and by most careful manipulation.

II.—PREPARING THE LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

When spring has once more dressed both tree and shrub in their charming livery of green, the artist begins to look around her for the most suitable subjects for experiment. The influence of the new study on her mind becomes immediately apparent. The trees, which have heretofore appeared to her as presenting an unbroken uniformity of foliage, now display their leaves to her sharpened observation, with a wealth of capabilities before unknown to her, and she is surprised to learn how infinite a variety exists in the vegetable world—variety not only in size and outline, but in those other characteristics which are so important to her purpose—strength of fibre, and freedom from blemishes occasioned by the destructive ravages of insects. As observation is directed to the subject, so the mind becomes expanded under the influence of the new study. The surprising differences between the various leaves now first become apparent. They are seen to be serrated or entire, ovate, accuminate, cordate, or irregular. The magnificent lustre of the ivy and the magnolia now, for the first time, attracts attention, and secures for them a new admiration. As the season advances, the artist will be struck with the numerous changes to which the leaves are subject, before the chill winds of autumn strip them from the trees, thence depositing them in rustling piles upon the ground. Incidental to the pursuit, the habits of a multitude of insect depredators will be noticed, affording new subjects for surprise, and bringing fresh accessions of knowledge. Everywhere the wonders of the Divine Hand will be displayed under conditions hitherto strange, and many mysteries of nature unfolded.

Without some directions to guide her, the enthusiastic learner, in haste to begin the work, would probably gather indiscriminately from forest and garden, selecting leaves remarkable only for their ample size or pleasing shape, and would also place the whole diversified collection in the vessel prepared for the process of maceration. In ignorance of certain first principles, one is likely to overlook some of the most indispensable requisites to success, which, standing as they do at the very threshold of the undertaking, not only influence, but, when disregarded, render useless all subsequent steps in a process which, under any circumstances, is certainly tedious. We may suppose that, in natural impatience to commence collecting, an ample store of leaves has been gathered immediately on their attaining their full growth. It is true that in this early preparation the attacks of destructive insects have been anticipated, but the leaf was too immature to undergo the macerating process. The fibres will be found too succulent, and not sufficiently ligneous (woody) to sustain the pressure and handling always necessary to produce a perfectly skeletonized leaf. After probably two months of patient watchfulness, there is nothing for it but to throw away the choice collection, as it presents to the disappointed investigator a mass of pulp, in which exists neither stem nor fibre whereby to identify a single leaf.

Unfortunately, by the time that the unsatisfactory discovery has been made that the labor of leaves has been lost, the season has advanced, and the foliage of the trees has undergone important changes. Many of the leaves have lost their early succulency, and have assumed a strong ligneous character. In place of excessive pulpiness, an undue proportion of fibre now pervades the whole structure of the leaf. It has, in fact, become too mature, too old for maceration. In other cases the leaf has been either stung by an insect, and the channels through which the sap so mysteriously circulates having become obstructed by the poisonous infusion injected into them, its shape has become distorted, or its surface disfigured by blisters. Others have been attacked by a different tribe of enemies, who, by half devouring the leaf, as effectually destroy it for the artist. The latter catastrophe invariably overtakes the foliage of the elm, the magnolia, and the maple. These facts are verified in our own experience; for having been compelled to follow the study guideless, the resulting knowledge was, of course, acquired only through repeated and trying disappointments. And our practice has made evident the importance of knowing the exact time in the season at which each leaf is in proper condition for the artist's hand.

A usual error consists in placing in the macerating vessel many different sorts of leaves without a knowledge of their chemical properties. For instance, those of the oak, chestnut,

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walnut, and birch, contain so large a quantity of tannin as to render it almost impossible to macerate them in the usual way. If placed among other and more perishable leaves, the infusion of tannin thus created will act as a preservative, and entirely prevent their decomposition. The writer learned these facts, to her cost, during the first season's experiments. A few beautiful oak leaves were placed among a large number of other varieties which were in course of preparation, and not until after months of patient waiting, watchfulness, and handling, did she discover the true cause of her disappointment, and when it was too late in the season to repair the loss. The reader will at once perceive how important are these rules and cautions, thus placed in the beginning of our directions.

In this latitude, from the middle to the end of June, most of the desirable leaves will be found fully grown, and many of them are then old enough to gather. Elms, maples, pears, poplars, and sycamores may be selected; but none but the firmest and most perfect leaves should be taken. These kinds may be placed together in open vessels and covered with soft water, and then set in a warm or sunny place in the open air. A broad weight may be placed on the top, so as to insure continued immersion. A newspaper, doubled and laid over the top of the leaves, will answer the same purpose as a weight, and is perhaps better, as it keeps its place, while the weight sometimes falls to the bottom of the vessel. The best vessel for the purpose is a common earthen jar with a wide mouth, the size to be proportioned to the quantity of leaves to be macerated.

At the end of six weeks the paper may be removed, and a few of the leaves carefully taken out for examination, and placed in a basin of clean, warm water. To do this, the human hand is the best instrument; but, as many persons may object to thus dipping into what has now become an unpleasant mass of vegetable decomposition, a broad, wooden spoon may be substituted. Then, taking a leaf between the thumb and finger, immerse the hand in the warm water, and press and rub the leaf either gently or firmly, according to the strength of its texture. This rubbing process will remove the loose, green matter from the surface, and expose to view the fibrous network of the leaf. With those which are strongest, a brush will be needed to effectually clean them—a soft tooth-brush will answer best—but in using a brush, the leaf should be laid in the palm of the hand, on a plate, or on any other surface equally flat and smooth.

This constitutes the first washing, and a few of the leaves will now be found perfectly clear. But to some of them thus washed and but partially cleared, further care must be extended. It will, therefore, be necessary to have at hand a second vessel of water similar to the first, in which all such imperfectly skeletonized leaves may be placed, where they must remain until finished. They will probably have to remain two or three weeks longer.

We may suppose that the artist has made a beginning with the leaves already mentioned in this chapter. On taking them out of the macerating vessel, and washing them as directed, she will find the poplars perfectly clean, and they should then be placed in a basin of clean water, until all the contents of the macerating jar have been examined. A few of the maples will also be found perfectly prepared; but the majority of all contained in the jar will still be only partially ready.

In this half-way condition will be found the sycamores, the maples, the elms, and the pears. These must, consequently, be deposited in the second vessel, as before mentioned, to undergo still further maceration. Magnolias, if you have added these, will require another two or three months' soaking before the outer cuticle will become soft enough to remove; but, if more convenient, they may be placed in the same vessel with those last named. After covering these half-cleaned leaves with water, all in different stages of progress, they should be left in the same warm, sunny place for the process to go on. We may here remark, for the comfort of the learner who has persevered thus far in an operation which will be discovered to be decidedly unpleasant to her olfactory organs, that the most offensive portion of the labor is over, at least with this particular set of leaves, as after having received their first washing, they part with most of the odors which had before unsweetly pervaded the air in the vicinity of the macerating jar.

The clear and perfect leaves which were deposited in the clean water, awaiting a leisure hour to give them further attention, may now be deprived of their moisture by carefully pressing them between the folds of a soft towel until they are perfectly dry. On no account should they be laid on a table, or other hard surface, while in a wet state, as in drying they will adhere to it so closely as to be torn in the effort to remove

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them. The maple, being extremely delicate, will adhere, while wet, to the hand even, and great care must be exercised in removing its leaves to avoid tearing them. It will be noticed that many of the leaves lose their stems in passing through the process; and the mode by which this deficiency is to be supplied will be explained in its proper place hereafter. When dried, the leaves may be placed in boxes, ready, when the assortment has been completed, for bleaching.

We append a list of trees, shrubs, and climbers, which will prove invaluable to the learner; and as the art is yet in its infancy, and many useful little discoveries will be made by various followers of these instructions, we shall be glad to receive any suggestions, the result of practical labors, as well as happy to answer any queries which may occur to any in their work:

I. Hardy Deciduous Trees and Shrubs.—Maples—including European sycamore. Poplars—Lombardy, abele, and aspen. Lindens—American and European species. Magnolia—including *Magnolia grandiflora*. Willows—probably all the species. Beech—*Fagus sylvatica*, gathered early. Ash—probably several species. Chestnut—an open texture, difficult. Horse-chestnut—*Æsculus hippocastanum*. Elm. Pears—the fruit-bearing, and *Pyrus japonica*. Quince-tree—*Cydonia vulgaris*. Apricot, and probably the plum, with care. Pomegranate—the flowering garden-shrub. Rose—several species, by long maceration. Medlar—*Mespilas japonica*. Hazel—very desirable, gathered early. Laurestina.

II. Evergreens.—Holly—difficult to prepare, but desirable. Barberry—*Berberis aristata* and *purpurea*. Rhododendron. Box—leaves small, with attractive venation. Broom—*Ruscus hypophyllum*. Camellia Japonica—a universal favorite.

III. Vines and Creepers.—Ivy—*Hedeora helix*, various leaves. Bignonia—evergreen. Wistaria—*Glycena frutescens*. Green briers—*Smilax rotundifolia* and *hérbacea*.

IV. Seed-vessels, Modified Leaves, and Calyxes which have been used for the purposes of the Art, prepared chiefly by Maceration, or found naturally Skeletonized.—Thorn-apple—*Datura stramonium*. Poppy—the Levant heads, and cultivated garden-poppies. Mallows, several common species. Nicandra—*Nicandra physaloides*. Henbane—*Hyoscyamus niger*, English. Monk's-hood—*Atropa Belladona*, English. Wild Sage—calyx; various species of *Salvia*. Canterbury Bells—*Campanula medium*. Fig-wort—*Scrophularia nodosa*. Hydrangea—the calyx of the ornamental species. Ptelia—Wild Hop—*Ptelia trifoliata*. Pennyroyal—*Isanthus cœrulia*.

MY SAINT.

BY MARGUERITE HARP.

Upon a dark and narrow street,
Where smiling faces seldom meet,
Beneath a window blurred with smoke,
Ere yet the friendly morn has broke,
With anxious eyes and trembling hands,
Half hidden in the shadow, stands
My saint.

You'll know her by her shining hair,
Her patient face so paly fair,
Her large, brown eyes that unshed tears
Have saddened more than hopeless years;
By wan smiles trembling on her lips
Like sunshine struggling with eclipse—
My saint.

Lo, from that tarnished oaken door
A haggard throng begins to pour,
And she whose young heart love makes bold
Walks unprotected in the cold,
To guide yon shape, whose lips unclose
With oaths, whose hand deals brutal blows—
My saint.

Alas! that I may not from harm
Preserve that tender, outstretched arm.
Fain would I fold my mantle warm
Around her slender, shivering form,
And kneel before her as she stands
To chafe her little, freezing hands—
My saint.

Ah! woe, what bitterness is mine,
To see thee daily droop and pine,
To note how thin thy fingers are,
What cruel marks thy temples wear,
And feel the worthlessness of love
That cannot be thy shield, my dove—
My saint.

Some day thy hands will lie at rest,
Close folded on thy sinless breast;
And he who gave thee shame and pain
Will call thy name, and call in vain.
I, too, shall grieve that love divine
Still holds thy gentle life from mine,
My saint.

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THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

(*See Engraving.*)

One morning two swallows began to build their nest on a part of a nobleman's house in France. The male bird brought the wet clay in his beak, which the female kneaded, and, adding some chips of straw and hay, she built her little lodging with wonderful skill. As soon as the nest was finished, they went away to a neighboring wood, and did not return till the end of twelve or fifteen days.

Alas! changes had taken place during their absence. While the swallows were laboring with such care in building a house, two sparrows were perched at a short distance, quietly watching them. When the swallows went off for their country visit, the sparrows were at no pains to hide their odious scheme; they boldly took possession of the nest, which was empty, and without an owner to defend it, and settled themselves there as though they had been its builders. One of the robbers always stayed as sentinel, with his head placed at the opening which served for a door, and, with his large beak, like a weapon of iron, forbade the entrance of any other bird except his mate.

The swallows came back in due time to their nest, and their surprise may be fancied at finding the nest, on which they had bestowed so much care, seized by sparrows. The male bird, roused to anger, rushed upon the nest to chase away the usurpers, but he found himself met by the strong beak of the sparrow, who at that moment guarded the stolen property.

What could the slim beak of the swallow do against the pincers of the sparrow, armed with a double and sharpened point? Very soon the poor owner was beaten back, with his head covered with blood, and his neck nearly stripped of its feathers. He returned to the side of his mate, with whom he seemed for some minutes to hold counsel; after which they flew away into the air, and were quickly out of sight.

The female sparrow came back soon afterward: her mate told her all that had passed, and both seemed highly delighted. Presently the female went forth again, and collected in haste a much larger quantity of food than usual; and after having laid in the supplies for a siege, two pointed beaks, instead of one, guarded the entrance to the nest.

Cries, however, began to fill the air, and flocks of swallows gathered together on a neighboring roof. In a little while two hundred swallows had arrived at the scene of conflict.

While the little army was forming and planning, all at once a cry of distress came from a window near by. A young swallow, doubtless without much experience, instead of taking part in the counsels of his brethren, was chasing some flies which were buzzing about a bunch of castaway flowers before the window. Some boys had stretched a net there to catch sparrows, and one of the claws of the swallow was caught in it. At the cry which he made, a score of his brethren flew to his rescue, but all their efforts were in vain; the struggles which the prisoner made to free himself from the fatal trap only drew the ends tighter, and confined his foot more firmly.

Suddenly a group of them took wing, and retiring about a hundred paces, flew rapidly back, and, one by one, gave a peck at the snare, which each time, owing to the brisk manner of the attack, received a sharp twitch. Not one of the swallows missed its aim; so that, after half an hour of this steady and ingenious labor, the chafed string broke, and the captive, freed from the snare, went joyously to mingle again with his companions. Throughout this scene the sparrows made not the slightest movement, but, with their two large beaks, steadily guarded the narrow entrance to the nest.

The congress of swallows, while a certain number of them were succoring their young companion, had gone on gravely with their counsels. As soon as all were agreed, they took to flight, and it appeared as if they had given up the field, or rather the nest, to the robbers who seized it.

But in the course of a few seconds a crowd of two or three hundred swallows arrived, and, with the swiftness of thought, threw themselves before the nest, flung at it some mud which they had brought in their bills, and retired to give place to another company, which repeated the same manœuvre. They discharged it at two or three inches from the nest, thus preventing the sparrows from giving them any blows with their beaks.

The mud continued to thicken more and more on the nest, and although the sparrows made

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desperate efforts of self-defence, their enemies soon succeeded in perfectly closing up the nest, and making it a tomb.

But they had not yet done. They continued to carry up moist clay till they had built a *second* nest over the very opening of the besieged one. It was raised by a hundred beaks at once, and then made the home of the two wronged swallows.

The dishonest sparrows paid for their theft with their lives. A sudden and a wretched end was theirs, teaching even the selfish—if they will be taught by this true and curious story about birds—that honesty is always wisest, and safest, and best.

This true story was originally written by the famous naturalist, Baron Cuvier.

TRUST.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"I hate everybody," cried the woman.

"And why does thee hate everybody?"

The questioner had just taken some work in that little, faded room, and pitying the little, faded woman so wearily stitching, because she found her in tears, she had sat down to talk with, and try to comfort her.

"I'll tell you why: because I've been deceived all my life, from the time I was a child—nothing but deceit from the cradle, and I suppose it will be to the grave. Anyhow, I don't look for much else."

"Thee will find that I shall not deceive thee," said the other softly.

The woman turned to the face in the neat, gray bonnet, and scanned it for a moment.

"You'll be the first, I was about to say—the Lord forgive me. I believe my trouble has made me bitter somehow. There have been a few of your kind good to me—you're a Quaker, ain't you?"

"Yes, I belong to the Society of Friends," was the quiet reply. "But there are many outside our society who would be just as kind. Thee musn't lose faith in human nature entirely."

"You see I've been so cheated!" the woman wailed again—"at least it seems so. When I was a child I had a stepmother—yes, two—but the first was as kind as my own mother could possibly have been; the second—O my dear madam! it makes me shudder to think of her deceit, of her meanness, of her cruelty. My father suffered as well as myself for ten long years, and at the end of that time I was married. Everything promised well, then; my father gave us a house, and we were happy. But my husband, he, too, had deceived me, his habits were bad. For a time all went well; it was only gradually the truth leaked out, for my husband loved me, and tried to do his best by me, but the faults of his youth clung to him.

"The first time he came home drunk I was in agony. I prayed God to let me die, for I had never seen such a sight in all my life before. Well, I need hardly tell you how it went on; how year after year we grew poorer, until with five little children I found myself one day in a miserable tenement house, and something standing in the middle of the floor that I hope you may never see—a husband brought home dead.

"Ah! that was a dreadful time. My father had died, and my stepmother possessed herself of his property, so that I had scarcely a friend. Still, some of his relations buried him, for which I was very thankful, but they did little for me and the children.

"Oh! it was a struggle to live all those years; you would have thought so, and five little children to bring up. I couldn't give much time to them, and I was so hurried and driven by work that I couldn't bring them up properly. They mixed with bad company, and saw the worst examples, and I've often been thankful that my little Lottie died, and got out of the way of temptation. She was a beautiful child was my Lottie, too beautiful to grow up in poverty, and the Lord took her. She died when she was just ten years old, and I kept her in comfort if I half starved the rest," cried the woman with a laugh that was terrible to hear.

"Not a comfort did the darling want, not one. I begged—I believe I would have stolen," she added, with a hard look, "before she should have suffered. Her talk ought to have made Christians of us all, for I do think she saw the very angels of heaven, days and days before she died.

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"Dear little soul! she wasted away to a shadow," sobbed the woman, wiping her eyes on the coarse work she was busy on. "I see her every night, though it's fifteen years ago, lying like in that corner, her great, pitiful, blue eyes fixed on me, and masses of shining curls spread all over her pillow—for the disease made her hair grow—and I never saw such hair on anybody in my life as she had—like yellow gold almost.

"Ah! dear Lord—well, it's a comfort to think of her in heaven, and almost the only comfort I've got, too. I know she can't suffer, nor make me suffer," she added, with half savage energy.

"But what became of the rest of thy children?"

A bitter look crossed the careworn face.

"They grew up—two boys and two girls. Lottie said they'd be a comfort to me, but I've looked and looked for that, and not found it yet.

"Mary and Anne were handsome girls, but Mary did the same thing with her eyes open that I did ignorantly—she married a drunkard, and is living in New York in worse misery than I am. But I warned her, and I don't know as I'd help her if I could. Why did she put herself deliberately in the fire? She writes to me sometimes, but she's always worse off and worse off; and now there's a prospect of her going in a consumption. She has two little children, to live in misery, I suppose."

At that moment the postman tapped at the door. He brought a letter. The widow tore it open eagerly, read, and burst into tears.

"Well—oh! it's only more trouble. I've been expecting it. There's never good news comes to me," she cried defiantly. "They talk of God remembering all His children—no, no—He's clean forgotten me. He cares nothing for me."

"Oh! I cannot hear thee talk so," cried her visitor in a distressed voice.

"Of course not—because you know nothing of the misery that is killing me by inches, day after day. I dare say you have a pleasant home and everything to make you happy. What should you say if you held a letter in your hand telling you that your daughter writes from a sick-bed, that her husband died last week, and was buried by the town, and asking, in God's name, for a shelter with her mother, for herself, and two miserable children. I am in such beautiful circumstances, you see—barely earn bread for myself."

"Do try and trust God, my poor sister. He has sent me here, and I pledge thee my word I will do all I can to help thee and thy child. There, there!" she said soothingly, for the woman had relapsed into piteous weeping—more at the kind, sweet tones of sympathy than for her own trouble. She got so few of them, poor soul!

"I didn't tell you about my boys; one of them followed the ways of his father," she said after a short pause, "and is a wanderer I know not where. The other—my noble, my brave boy Benny—went into the army, and the last I heard of him was, that he died at Andersonville. Oh! that broke my heart! The poor boy went into the army to help me as well as to help his country; for work fell slack, and just before that we were getting along so nicely. Sometimes I lie awake nights, thinking of him, till I am near crazy. Oh! I would have gone in the midst of any danger, only to see him before he died; but the good Lord of heaven only knows whether he starved to death or went mad; they tell such horrible stories, you know. Then there's Anne—she left me because I would not let her have anything to do with a wild young man who wanted to keep her company. One day we had high words, and she said things no child should say to a mother. I told her to leave my house. Heaven knows they were thoughtless words, but she went. The next day she was nowhere to be found, nor have I heard from her from that day to this. Ah! that was a year of suffering! I travelled after her—I advertised—I wore myself sick—but she was gone!—lost, perhaps, in more terrible ways than that one of running from home.

"There! you have all my history—a poor, heart-broken woman's history; but you can't know, only from the words I speak. You never *could* know what awful anguish I have suffered; and that has turned my hair gray before I am an old woman. Would you believe that I am only forty-one, and every year of that life has known something of the bitterest anguish? Do you wonder that I say and feel that I have been deceived from my youth up?—that sometimes I have no faith in God?"

"But never, never lose faith in Him, my friend," said the visitor in tearful earnest. "Remember what He has of thine in keeping, and can thee not trust one who has taken to His own heaven thy good and pure child."

"You have given me comfort," murmured the pale seamstress. "Others have been so cold and mercenary, seeming to look upon me as if

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I were only a machine, little dreaming that I have known as well as themselves what it was to have some luxuries at my command, an elegant home, and a kind father. But I know it is wrong to mourn so—something tells me that I should be less rebellious, and so happier. You see, however, that one trouble comes crowding on another. Now in what way shall I bring my poor child home? and how support her and the children when they come?"

"Trust in God," whispered the other, with shining eyes in which tears glistened.

There was a thoughtful pause—then a fervent answer.

"I will try—I promise you, I will try."

Two days after that a letter came to the widow, enclosing sufficient money to pay for the removal of her daughter and the children.

On the same afternoon an expressman drove up at the door, inquired for the widow Clarke, and lifted from his wagon a large parcel, which he placed in the small, neat room. The widow declared that there was some mistake.

"There's the name," said the man bluntly, "and all charges paid," and off he went. A neighbor helped her unpack the box, and there, under all the wrappings, stood a beautiful sewing machine. A card lay on the shining plate, and the widow, stooping, read, with tear-dim eyes:

"*Trust in the Lord and do good. So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*"

"It is the first time I ever trusted Him," she sobbed; "my heart has been full of revengeful thoughts and accusations. Oh! from henceforth, will I not trust that Power I have so misjudged."

A plain, neat house was that in which Sarah Winchester lived. It was true, as the poor sewing-woman had said, friend Sarah had never known want, and in her life there had been few severe trials. She always seemed placidly content, and those who knew her best were well aware that most of her small income was spent in charity. She was alone—she had neither husband nor child—but she was never unhappy, and never idle.

"There's a splendid carriage driv up, Miss Sarah, and the lady's in the parlor this minute, asking to see you. It's a splendid carriage, Miss Sarah."

"The carriage seems to have impressed thy imagination," said Sarah Winchester, smiling at the girl's wide, bright eyes; "did you never see a splendid carriage before?"

"Never none so nice as this, Miss Sarah," replied the girl, as friend Sarah untied the strings of her black silk apron, preparatory to going into the parlor.

As she went down-stairs, she tried to conjecture who it was that had called upon her in such style, for she had few acquaintances of that sort.

The parlor was darkened a little, but she saw the outlines of a woman fashionably attired—a young woman, who arose from her seat as friend Sarah came forward.

"You will excuse me, I know," she said, in a quiet, low voice, "calling upon you so unceremoniously, but I was certain you would not know my name if I sent a card, as I am a stranger here.

"Yesterday I came to this city from New York, and I am searching for my mother. From what I have learned, I think you can help me find her."

"Thy mother, friend!" said placid friend Sarah, quite disturbed.

"Yes, a Mrs. Mary Clarke; I don't think she has lived here many years. When I left her"—her face flushed—"she was in Boston. I have searched for her in this city over a week, and had almost given up in despair, when I happened to overhear something about you in connection with a widow by the name of Clarke. Oh! if it should only be my poor mother!"

"Friend, I can take thee to thy mother," said Sarah, a glad light overspreading her gentle features. "She is comfortable now, but has been very needy."

"Yes, comfortable through your Christian efforts!" cried the young woman, the tears raining down her cheeks. "Oh! thank God, that I am able to repay your kindness. Will you go with me now? I have a carriage at the door."

To the astonishment of little Sue, the small maid in that small establishment, Miss Sarah Winchester drove off in splendid style with the stranger, and it was not twenty minutes after, that the equipage stopped in front of the dingy tenement-house.

"You must tell her—prepare her"—cried the latter tremulously—"say that I have brought home riches, and she shall never suffer more. When she is ready, just hold a handkerchief to the window, and I will come."

Friend Sarah went in with a beaming face. Mrs. Clarke sat sewing, or rather basting, with one of the little children on her knee, while

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near by another child, tidily dressed, was overlooking the beautiful machine with eyes full of wonder. Seated in a large, old rocking-chair across the room, was the mother of the two children, a sad serenity in her eyes.

The widow was pale; but her face looked like an illuminated picture as friend Sarah entered.

"I was just telling this little girl that a good angel sent grandmamma the machine," she said cheerfully, "and this is the good angel, my dear."

"If I am a good angel for doing thee this small service, I wonder what thee will think of the good angel waiting outside," said friend Sarah.

The widow looked up, puzzled, then setting the child down, peered through the window, seeing only some way off a splendid carriage, and a lady in soft garments.

"Friend, thee must be very calm," said Sarah, loosening her bonnet-strings, for she felt the blood rushing over her own face. "Some one wishes to see thee—who also asks thy forgiveness—who promises henceforth to care for thee the rest of thy life, and to surround thee and thine with blessings."

"Who *can* you mean?" cried the mother, with clasped hands. "There is but one who could ask my forgiveness, and she ——"

"Is here," cried a low, rich, trembling voice; for, unable to bear the suspense, the stranger had left the carriage, and entered the miserable house.

"Mother! Anne!" was the simultaneous cry, and mother and child were close clasped in each other's arms.

It did not take long to tell her story. She had left her home in anger, had fallen in with a family who were going to California, and had there married a rich man, and according to her glowing statement, as good as he was rich. Now she had returned to make her mother and her poor sister comfortable for the rest of their days. For the latter, it needed only to smooth her passage to the grave, for care and grief had done their work, and she was fast hastening where the hectic, and the cough, and the wearing fever are unknown.

And this was not the end.

Anne took her mother to New York, bought her a neat house, and furnished it. One day friend Sarah received a letter from the widow Clarke, from which I make the following extract:

"It seems as if from that moment I made up my mind to trust God, blessings multiplied. Anne is the kindest daughter that ever lived—she is everything to her poor, dying sister. The little ones are hers now—she has adopted them both, and is like a tender mother to them. But what else do you think I have to tell you? Benny has come home; he did not die in that horrible Andersonville prison. He has been very ill in hospitals at the South, and unable to get word to me; but here he is, at home, and rapidly becoming strong under my care. And I have heard from that other son—have learned that he is steady and industrious, and has given up all his wild habits.

"It was only a week ago that a carriage drove up, and as I went to the door in the twilight, something tall, thin, and covered with a monstrous beard, it seemed to me, caught me in his arms, crying out—'Mother, don't you know me?'

"Well, I had given him up, buried him long ago; and here he was, right out of the grave's mouth—my own brave boy—my own good son, with the signs upon him of getting strong and well. Do you know when I came to—for I fainted with great joy—it seemed to me that I could see sweet little Lottie, her hair hanging round her like a golden glory, and the lustre of a great joy shining in her beautiful eyes? The vision, if a vision it was—lasted but a moment—yet, oh! it was very sweet.

"I thought of the time when, before she died, she told me that my children would be blessings to me, and it appears now like a prophecy.

"You will not fail to come and see us, you who, under God, seem to have been the means of bringing us all these blessings, who first taught me the meaning of that word, 'TRUST.'"

A TURKISH PARABLE.

"Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder, and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what has been well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel on the left writes it down, and he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head, and exclaims—'Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

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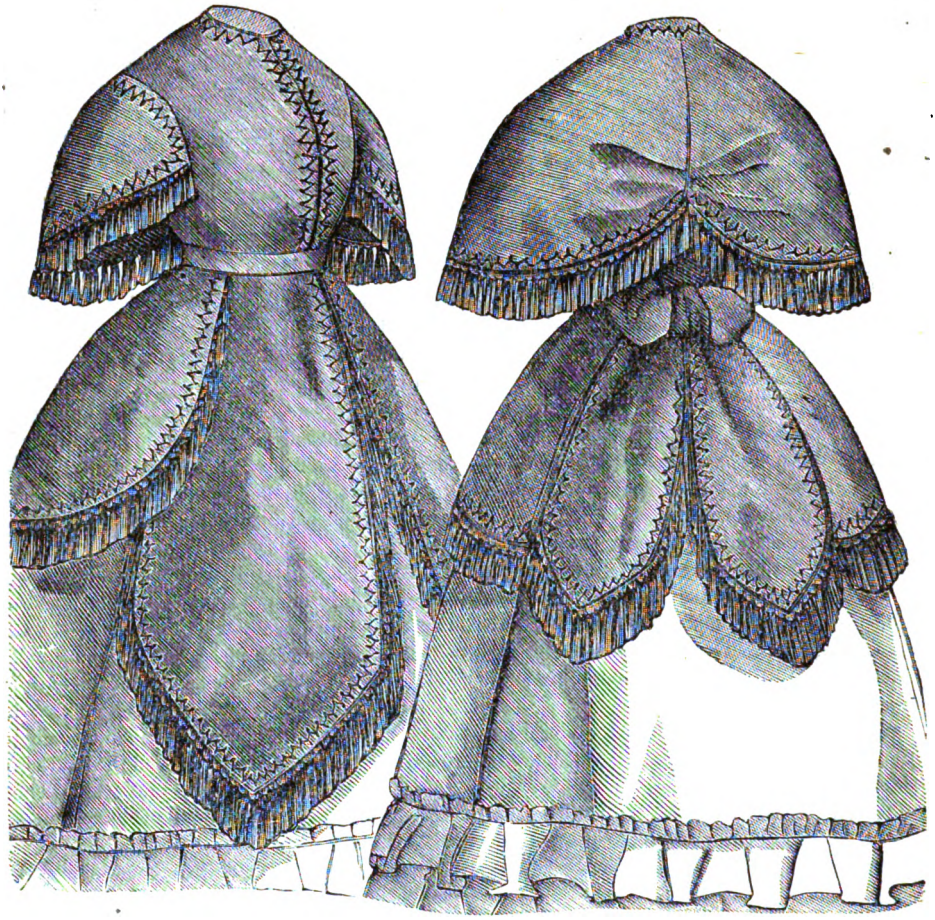
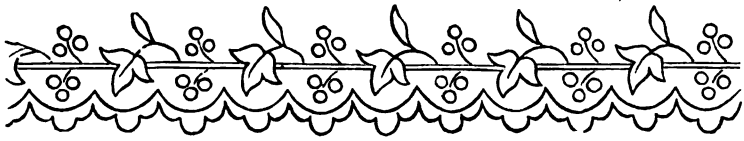


SPRING MANTELET (front and back view).—This may be made either of black silk or of the same material as the dress with which it is worn. For plaid dresses that are made for indoor wear and without a casaque, it will be found particularly useful.

The pattern consists of three pieces, and represents half of the mantelet, the front, back, and cape. All three pieces are notched on the shoulder, where they are all to be stitched together until the indentation of the cape is arrived at; the shoulder seam is continued with the front and back, and the remaining portion of the cape is carried round the front of the armhole. The front and back are joined together under the arm as far as the waist; the basque wraps slightly over the front. The waistband is worn on the outside, and there are loops and bows at the back according to the illustration. The mantelet fastens with one hook at the neck, and the waistband with two hooks under the bow at the back. The cape is slightly gathered up three inches in the centre of the back, and finished off with a tassel. The pointed ends of the front likewise terminate with tassels.



EDGING.

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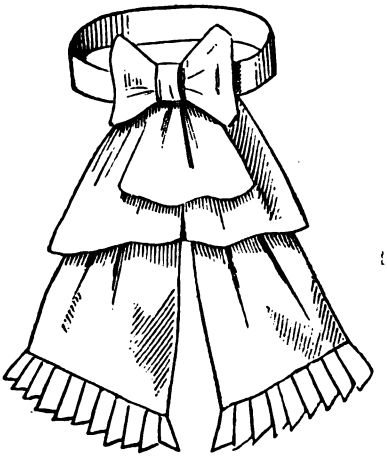
BRAIDED ROBE FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT OR TEN (front and back view).—This robe may be made either of cashmere, poplin, or satin cloth. The skirt is gored, and the pointed trimming of the same material, ornamented with silk braid, is laid on the skirt to simulate a tunic. There is a braiding decoration at the corner of the skirt, and the sash is likewise braided. Made of white cashmere braided with scarlet, it is very effective.

ORNAMENTAL LETTER.



SASH BOW.

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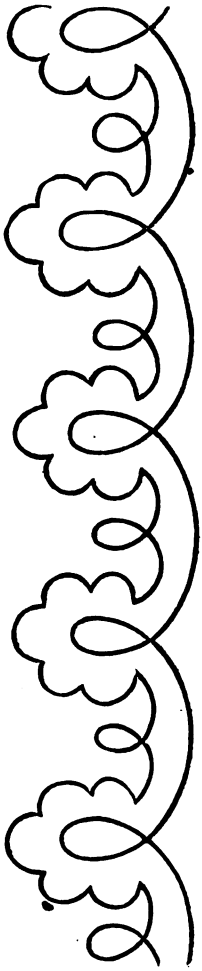
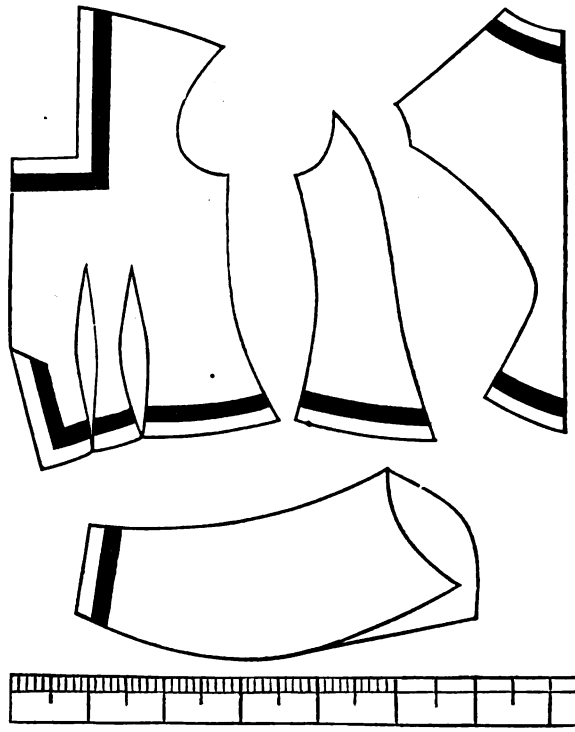
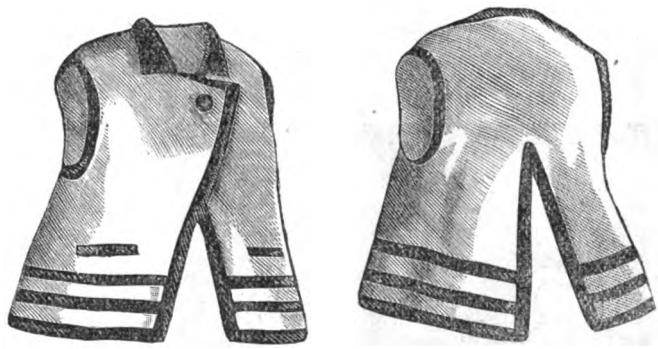


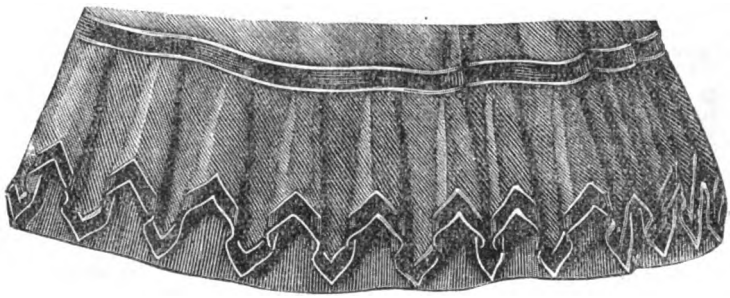
BRAIDING PATTERN.



REDUCED MODEL OF THE CORSAGE WITH BASQUE, IN FIG. 4, COLORED FASHIONS.



HOUSE JACKET WITHOUT SLEEVES, bound and trimmed with black velvet. This jacket has a velvet collar, crosses in front, and fastens on the left side.



SKIRT TRIMMING.

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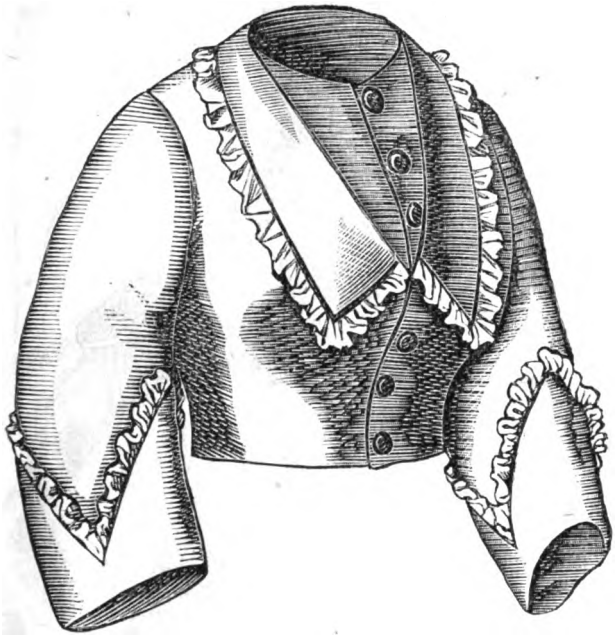
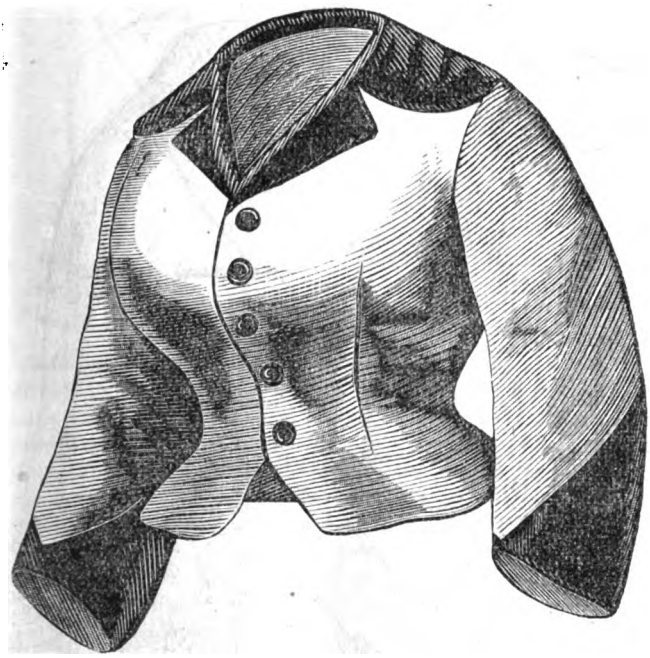
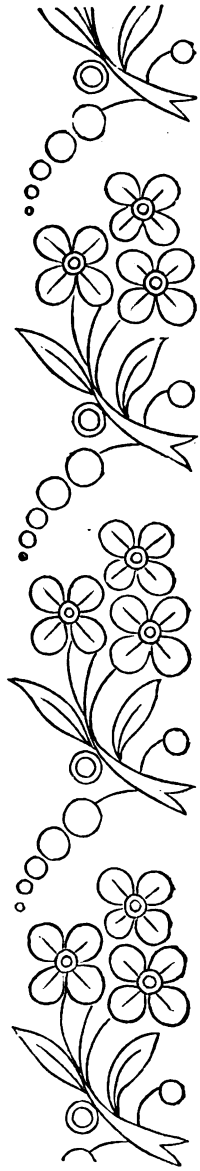


LADY'S CORSAGE.



HOUSE JACKET.



INSERTION.

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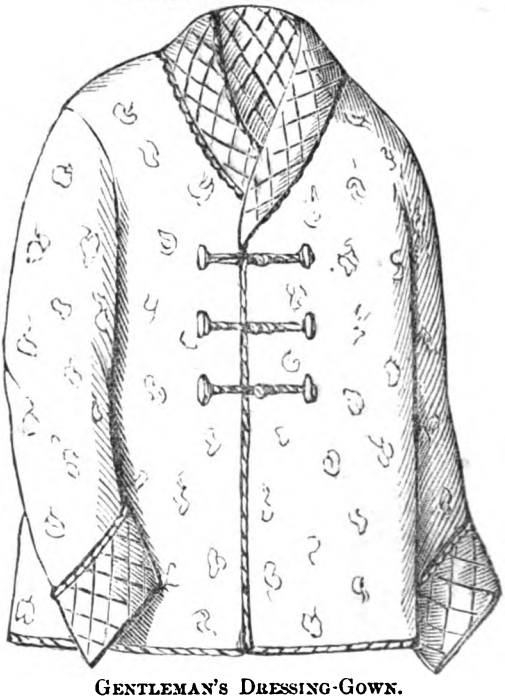
DESIGN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.

CORSAGE WITH REVERS.



GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.

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HAIRDRESSING, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

After carefully searching the picture records of fashion from the earliest ages that have left legend behind, and finding that such modes of hairdressing as are supposed to be the inventions of modern days flourished in classic or mediæval times, we close the last book that lies before us, and thank a curious nation, far distant over the sea, for supplying us with the model by which French and English belles have erected their coiffures for the last five years. The chignon is not a repetition of anything which has been seen in Europe before. It comes from Japan; and from a fashion-plate of that country, issued by an enterprising hairdresser at Nagasaki, we copy the drawings numbered 1 and 2 in the cut to prove our words. The chignon, as it is worn now, greatly differs from what it was originally. At first it was but a small knot of hair bound with a ribbon. It is difficult, however, with a simple arrangement of the hair, to conceal the ravages of time, or to add an artificial supply to make up for the scantiness of the natural growth. The children of fashion, always eager for change, soon wearied

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of the simple bow. The chignon gradually increased in size and altitude until it exactly resembled our Japanese design.

Not content with the limits of a Nagasaki coiffure, the tresses of English belles became daily more and more abundant and massive, with a rapidity of growth very remarkable to the uninitiated. It is sometimes arranged now in the size and shape of a pumpkin at the back of the head. There is a lady represented in one of the pictures of costume of the middle age, got up somewhat in that manner, but there is no other instance of such a coiffure, and the fashion seems to have had but few followers. But if that young lady could step out of the picture and live, as the ghostly heroes and heroines did in Walpole's story, she would not have to change so much as a hairpin or a ribbon, but could come forward at once, and promenade with the élite in Hyde Park. This figure (3), and another of a belle of the eighteenth century (4), are the only approaches to the chignon which we find in European records; and in the face of such a direct model as that which we have from the island in the China Sea, we say again, Japan deserves the honor of the chignon.

Whilst searching records of the modes of dress of other days, one finds much that is curious and interesting to observe. It strikes us as strange to see fashions recently familiar to us patronized by ladies five or six hundred years ago. The style known in common parlance as the "German way"—that is, hair about six or seven inches long combed smooth all round the head, and turned under at the tips—was worn during the thirteenth century; the head surmounted by a cap resembling what we call "the turban hat," but broader at the top. This cap was often of ermine or white fur, and sometimes had a velvet crown. It was frequently tied on with a broad band of fine linen under the chin, and sometimes a veil floated from it behind.

The old-maidish, melancholy looking bands of hair brought straight down each side of the face, and either twisted round the ear or fastened to the back, and the narrow fillet of velvet tied across the forehead and round the head, as if to keep these bands flat, made its appearance at the commencement of the sixteenth century. During the fifteenth century, some persons divided the hair simply on the forehead, and allowed it to hang on either side in one scanty, not very long curl—a mode of arrangement constantly displayed in engravings executed in the early part of the present century, and during the prevalence of gigot sleeves and half-high bodies. Some twenty years ago, little girls wore their hair plaited and looped across the back of the head. Sometimes it was also plaited and festooned on each side of the face. It was called a new fashion then, but there was nothing new in it. Ladies had so dressed their hair during the fourteenth century (Fig. 5). If the rumor be true that the existence of the chignon is threatened, and that the Empress of the French intends to introduce the custom of plaiting hair, and laying it in a net, the coiffure of this lady may offer a useful hint.

With very few exceptions, the women of all ages and countries have been proud of the length of their hair, and have taken great pains in its cultivation and arrangement. Princesses and ladies of rank, of all periods and nations, have apparently had more abundant hair than their inferiors, and have worn it more displayed, or the coiffures have been larger.

The Egyptians, the oldest nation of whom we have any familiar details, were careful in the arrangement of their hair, and, when necessary, did not disdain to make use of false locks or entire wigs. A wonderful wig of those days is yet preserved in the British Museum, and looks almost as fresh as when it was made. It is of an ordinary brown shade, and presents a profusion of small ringlets and little plaits.

A very usual arrangement with the Egyptian ladies was to crop the hair short across the forehead, so as to form a fringe on the brow, just as some ladies wear it now; but at the back it was simply twisted into innumerable fine plaits, which were fringed out at the ends and allowed to hang loose. The only ornament was a metal band, chased or figured, and having a lotus-flower in the centre.

An Egyptian headdress, worn only by great princesses, was supposed to resemble a peacock. A skull-cap, covered with feathers, surmounted the head, and represented the body of the bird. A small fan of feathers placed behind represented the tail. A wing rested on each side of the face, coming from the skull-cap or body of the bird. A small neck and head, quite as much like a snake's as a bird's, projected from the forehead. The neck had a graceful bend in it. This cap, or headdress, was made of gold or shining metal, embossed and chased to resemble feathers. Most of the Egyptians possessed black or very dark hair, but the beautiful Cleopatra is described as distinguished by her golden or auburn tresses. It is curious to think that as

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these Egyptian ladies dressed, so did the wives and daughters of the fathers of the tribes of Israel. After they settled in Egypt and received honors for Joseph's sake, it is probable that, like others of their sex, they were not long in asserting their social rank by conforming with the best fashions of the day. Indeed, a lady who presumes to dress herself differently, and especially in the matter of her coiffure, from the ladies of the land where she sojourns, is either looked upon with contempt or accepted as a model. She must do one of two things—set the fashion or follow it. The Jewish women entering Egypt must have been looked upon as country yeomen's wives would be in London society, in the matter of dress. Accordingly, they lost no time in procuring mirrors, and ornaments, and unguents, and braiding their abundant hair in the court mode.

An Assyrian beauty is represented with her hair very simply arranged, merely falling in natural, slightly waved curls round her throat. It grows short over the forehead, and the points turn under, but the fine, broad brow is not at all concealed. The hair graduates in length on each side of the face. It is not very long, nor yet very thick. The ornament is a new moon in metal worn on the top of the head; it seems to be placed through the hair over the brow, the horns only showing above.

Others of these ladies displayed great taste in the arrangement of their luxuriant locks. They wore coronets of the tiara form round their heads. Some cut the hair short over the forehead and wore it as a fringe, others curled it on the brow in the mass of small rings which we now distinguish as *à la chien*, but which has a great resemblance to Astrakan fur; others, again, turned it off the face in waving masses *à l'Impératrice*. The rest of the hair was curled in long ringlets, as abundant as the "waterfall" of 1868. These large Babylonian ringlets curled from the crown of the head quite to the waist, and were a beautiful adornment to their wearers.

The ancient Greek ladies resorted to endless varieties of fashions in hairdressing: none of these were out of good taste, and all have a general characteristic resemblance. The Roman ladies borrowed their fashions from the Greeks, as we do ours from the French; therefore, what we say of one nation in the matter of hairdressing, applies generally to the other. The earliest form of Greek hairdressing was a simple drawing together of the hair behind and twisting it in a knot, encircled by a band of gold, commonly ornamented with a grasshopper. The band of gold has been in fashion with us again, but the idea of a golden grasshopper might furnish a novelty to dealers in such wares. Sometimes the ends of the hair were drawn through the knot, and left projecting behind. The next variation in mode was turning the hair back on the forehead, in the style patronized by the French Empress, still retaining the knot at the back. This knot was afterward altered to a bunch of ringlets, the style of the celebrated statue of Venus de Medici, and affected by many English ladies twenty or thirty years ago. An illustration of a Greek headdress which we give (Fig. 6), is arranged with three rows of tiny curls across the forehead. A colored band is next tied round the head, and the hair at the sides of the face drawn back over it. The back is probably twisted into a knot and secured with a silver bodkin. Two long, waved ends at each side hang over the shoulders.

One Greek lady is represented with her hair loose, a net lined with silk or bright-colored stuff being placed like a skull-cap on the top of her head. Another has it merely drawn over the ears and wound into a knot at the back, secured by three large pins or bodkins each side, the heads of which only are to be seen. Bands of bright-colored woollen stuff—they had no ribbon in those days—are displayed round the head. A small piece of hair at each side of the cheeks, by the ears, falls in a little soft, short, natural curl. According to the representations of one or two other Greek ladies, they have cropped their hair on the forehead, and suffered it to fall in a few ringlets five inches long round the nape of the neck; the rest is gathered in gold meshes—not nets—under the control of a tiara of precious metal. Another style, something like that just described, is illustrated in Fig. 7.

Greek and Roman ladies used false hair and hair-dyes. Wigs were worn both to conceal baldness and to render it possible to change the color of the hair. It was the Roman ladies chiefly who had a fancy for assuming light wigs and light hair, because such colors were very rare amongst them, and consequently much esteemed. It was less uncommon among Greeks. Achilles had golden hair. The Roman ladies, like the Venetians of the fifteenth century—the golden age of Venice—the English ladies in the days of Elizabeth, and recently the Parisians and ourselves, have used chemical preparations to extract the color of dark hair and change it to the desired blonde. A soap was also manu-

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factured for the purpose. Very many foolish belles quite destroyed their hair in this way. False hair was immediately procured to make up the deficiency. The light shades coveted so much, and which still obtain the highest prices in the market, came then, as now, from Germany. In the days of Elizabeth Tudor, the English ladies, like the Romans of old, frequently wore flaxen wigs over their own brown locks. The young and beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was amongst the number of those who did so.

The Welsh peasant women, at the present day, still arrange their hair after the primitive Greek fashion. Beautiful shades of both flaxen and golden hair prevail amongst them, and many have features as faultless as those of a Greek statue. They wear no ornament in their hair, but cover it with their peculiar black straw bonnet, which shades the face and leaves the knot of golden hair displayed behind. On the crown of the bonnet they rest a pad, and on the pad a pitcher of water, which is often carried long distances from the well. In our illustration (Fig. 8) we have given the outline of a very small pitcher to save space; those usually carried are about two feet high, of red earthenware, and heavy. These peasants are of a different class, and apparently of a different race, from the wives and daughters of the farmers, who conceal their hair under broad-frilled, linen caps, over which a bright-colored cotton hankerchief is tied, and on the top of all the high beaver hat is worn (Fig. 9).

KATE'S VALENTINE.

BY M. E. BIGELOW.

Dainty Kate, by the glowing fire,
Softly musing with dreamy eyes;
In their shadowy, slumberous blue,
What a depth of feeling lies.
And though without the storm sobs on,
And the night shuts in, in gloom,
Within is peace and sweet content,
In this crimson-curtained room.

"Sweetest Kate" (so the valentine ran),
"My heart's own lovely queen,
Wilt thou listen to my tale,
Fairest maiden ever seen?
Let me, kneeling at thy feet,
All my offerings lay—
Love, and wealth, and honor, too;
Wilt thou love me—say?

"Listen, Katie, while I tell
My deathless love for thee—
Not toil, nor ill, no pain, no care,
Can turn my heart from thee.

O sweet, red lips! O tender eyes!
O true, pure heart of thine!
Do not doubt my deep heart-love,
My priceless 'valentine.'"

So, as the darkness settles down,
And the fire burns faint and low,
She thinks of a love, ever firm and true,
While the roses shall come and go.
A faithful heart, that, as death draws near,
And she stands on that narrow strand,
Shall reach across a chain of love
To that better, heavenly land.

In all the world you'll never find
A picture so sweet and fair
As this smiling little maiden,
Dreaming in her easy chair—
Dreaming over the valentine
That's opened love's golden gate;
May God's blessing rest upon her,
This winsome, dainty Kate.

THE WARM GROUND.

"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow."

"The cold ground?" said the child, shuddering again.

"No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."

DICKENS.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

We have received from the publisher, W. J. Holland, Springfield, Mass. (per Fisher, agent), advance sheets of a work, entitled "Personal Beauty, how to Cultivate and Preserve it in Accordance with the Laws of Health." The authors are Dr. D. G. Brinton, Editor of *The Medical and Surgical Reporter*, and Dr. George H. Napheys, chief of the Medical Clinic of the Jefferson Medical College, both of Philadelphia.

Our readers will remember the last named physician as author of "The Physical Life of Woman," which was noticed in a recent number of "*The Lady's Friend*" as the best work of the kind that had come under our notice. The volume before us is full of valuable information as to what may be done, and *what must not be done* by those who would be beautiful. Most cosmetics, hairdyes, &c., are injurious to health, in many instances, fatal. When so many of these are put forth and used, it is fitting that the public should be warned, and also told how to attain their end, when attainable, by harmless means. We make a few extracts:

"CUTTING THE HAIR.

"We shall commence our precepts with childhood. It is known that there is a feeble circulation in a hair. It is not dead, but living, and constantly draws nourishment from the fluids with which its root is surrounded. The longer it is, the more it demands from its root. Therefore, in children, while it is well always to give the root enough to do, it is not well to overwork it. Their hair should be kept at a medium length, say from three to six inches, by monthly clippings, until they are fourteen or fifteen years of age. Then it may be allowed to grow.

"In older persons the plan that should be adopted is different. Their hair should be examined, scissors in hand, once a month, but not with a view of curtailing its length. The plan suggested by that distinguished writer on Skin Diseases, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, though a tedious one, is undoubtedly superior to all others. The locks, he recommends, should be carefully scrutinized, and wherever a hair is found with a split, a twisted, a dead, or a discolored extremity, it should be cut off down to the healthy portion. All others should be left undisturbed. By this simple procedure, the hair is sure to be maintained in full vigor, and will constantly increase in length. It may be somewhat tedious, but what woman who sets much store by her flowing locks would not be willing to devote say two or three hours a month to this procedure? We positively state that this is the only kind of hair-cutting which one with healthy hair should submit to under ordinary circumstances.

"We make this latter proviso, for we have met cases where the hair had to be kept short for considerations of general health. Some women suffer much from headache, which will not yield to any treatment until the hair is shortened. Others have found that by some sympathy difficult to explain, the eyesight was improved by trimming their locks. Such instances are rare, but as they are so often overlooked, it is well to give them a passing mention. The sympathy between the hair and the eyes is said to be especially observable in children of a scrofulous constitution, and for that reason their hair should not be allowed to grow long.

"CURLING THE HAIR.

"In Paris, and we suspect in this country, too, hairdressers employ for this purpose the powerful mixture used by the dealers in furs to curl and twist the hair on the skins they make into muffs, etc. This is a solution of quicksilver in nitric acid. Some of it is diluted with an equal amount of water; the hair is moistened with it for several inches from the head, care being taken not to let any of the fluid touch the scalp. The locks are then placed loosely in the crimps it is wished to give them, and rapidly dried by a stove or in a draught of warm air. After several hours they are thoroughly washed with warm water. The curl remains for several weeks or even longer. But the process is a deleterious one, as the acid eats into the hair and destroys its vitality. This is the preparation sold under the name of *sécretage*, or "permanent curling fluid." We do not give the formula, as we do not approve of its use, and no one who confines the arts of the toilet within the limits prescribed by the laws of health and good sense, will permit themselves to use it or have it applied.

"THE STORY OF ANNE BOLEYN.

"History says that when Anne Boleyn came to France, then a young girl, lady of honor to Mary, Queen of Louis XII., she was of a 'dark and oily' complexion. Some one recommended a daily bath, and after the bath a powder.* When, a year or two afterward, she returned to England, there was not a lady at the Court of Henry VIII. who compared with her in beauty of complexion, and that king, who was a connoisseur in such matters, soon showed that he indorsed the general sentiment. It was an unlucky success for her, as all the world knows; but she never blamed her beauty for her misfortunes. Quite the contrary, for the story goes that on the day before her death she said to her tire-women:

"'It is high time that the headsman did his work, for I have not a grain of powder left, and the king would doubtless carry his cruelty to the extent of not allowing me any more.'

"The bath had probably more to do with it than the powder, for think a moment what a bath does. Do you know why of all parts of the body the face is most subject to spots, pimples, and similar eruptions? You probably think it is simply the aggravating way of matters in general. No such thing. It is because the face is washed oftener, the pores are kept open, and the circulation stimulated by the rubbing, so that the effete humors in the blood find there a readier exit, and consequently crowd thither from all parts of the body, giving the skin there too much to do. Wash and rub daily all parts of the surface, and the secretions will be equally distributed, and no one part overtasked.

"CARE OF THE HANDS.

"A bottle of pure glycerine—but *chemically pure*, remember, without any of those salts of lime or of lead which are found in much of the glycerine sold,

* Finely powdered starch and orris-root, three parts of the former to one of the latter.

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and which will discolor and irritate the skin—should form an indispensable adjunct in every lady's toilet set. A tablespoonful of it in a pint of water will soften and protect the hand from the air. It should be rubbed in, but not wiped off.

"To whiten the hands promptly, five or six grains of chlorinated lime may be dissolved in the water, which in all cases should be as near the temperature of the body as may be. The lotions which contain corrosive sublimate, sometimes recommended, must be heedfully used, as we have known them, even when very weak, to irritate the skin violently.

"Not at all dangerous, and of good service in rendering the hands soft and smooth, is this perhaps familiar recipe: Take horse-chesnuts, peel and dry them thoroughly in the oven. Pound or grind them into a fine powder. Put a tablespoonful into the wash water, whenever the hands are rinsed.

"Here is another wash which has been deservedly praised, not only for preventing redness of the hands, but for improving the skin, and destroying warts:

Muriate of ammonia	a teaspoonful;
Aromatic vinegar	a tablespoonful;
Tepid soft water	a quart.

Soak the hands in this for ten or fifteen minutes morning and evening.

"The use of 'cosmetic gloves,' as they are called, has long been known in some countries, and there are ladies who glove themselves as regularly on retiring to bed, as they do on going into the street. These gloves, when designed simply to soften and whiten the hands, are prepared by brushing the inside of a pair of stout kid or dog-skin gloves with the following mixture:

Yelk of two fresh eggs,	
Oil of sweet almonds,	of each two tablespoonfuls;
Tincture of benzoin	a dessertspoonful;
Rose-water	a tablespoonful.

Beat them well together, and keep in a closely corked bottle. The gloves should be freshly painted every night, and the same pair should not be used longer than two weeks.

"When some disease of the skin is present, the gloves can be brushed with some more active preparation than that mentioned above.

"Gloves made of India-rubber are largely used in preference to those of skin for wearing at night. They confine the perspiration, and thus keep the skin bathed in moist warmth, rendering it softer, whiter, and more delicate. For 'chapped' hands, pure glycerine, well rubbed in several times a day, cannot be improved upon, though sometimes it is necessary to follow up this with wearing gloves of caoutchouc cloth at night."

The Autograph of William Shakspeare, with Fac-Similes of his Signature as appended to various Legal Documents, together with 4000 ways of spelling the name according to English orthography. By George Wise. Philadelphia: Published by Peter E. Abel.

This is got up in the most beautiful style, on fine tinted paper. Not the least curious thing about it is that any one should think it worth while to take so much pains with Shakspeare's autograph, or the spelling of his name.

—

The Wonders of Pompeii. By Marc Monnier. Translated from the original French. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Another volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" noticed in our February number. It is exceedingly interesting, and the illustrations profusely scattered through the book give a clear idea of the long-buried city, and the life of its inhabitants, for "Vesuvius did not destroy Pompeii—it has preserved it."

—

Ernest Linwood; or, The Inner Life of the Author. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena; or, the Snow Bird," "Love After Marriage," &c., &c.

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Still thine angel I'll prove mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps I'll pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too."

Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street.

Another of the fascinating novels of Mrs. Hentz. The series, when completed, will make a beautiful library.

—

The Family Doom; or, The Sin of a Countess. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Missing Bride," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

—

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens, author of "Oliver Twist," "Pickwick Papers," &c., &c.

Many consider this the best of Dickens' novels. The Messrs. Peterson have issued a cheap edition (25 cents) to meet the unusual interest excited by the performance at the Arch Street Theatre, of "Little Em'ly."

FRUIT AND FLOWER MODELLING IN GUTTA PERCHA.

(*Continued from page* 148.)

Chapter II.

The next thing to be considered is the "butterfly bow" for the top decoration of the frame. Take a piece of gutta percha as large as a walnut, and, after making the fingers moist, press it out by means of the fingers and thumbs into the requisite breadth and length; then lay it on the board over the lines which run down the side, moulding it into the lines to make the edges look like the ribbon it is intended to represent.

Whilst still in working order, make up the bow, which is done by pressing the gutta percha together, at the proper distances, into the shape desired, the two ends being cut with pointed and deep indentations.

The manipulation of the gutta percha for this bow of ribbon is a very delicate operation, and requires lightness of touch, with a certain firmness of finger, to bring it to the right condition. All being so far ready with the decorations of the looking-glass frame, they must be left to become perfectly hard, and then painted. When in a proper state to receive the brush, the fruit must be painted several times over with the white paint, until that effect of depth and smoothness is obtained which renders it so charming an imitation of china; it is then again left to become dry, after which the desired colors are laid on, and then the varnish, which finishes the whole operation. The grouping on the frame is the most pleasant part of the work. The bow should be placed and disposed so as to fall gracefully on either side on the frame; then on each side should be a

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group of three raspberries resting on a leaf, and then the cherries in the same manner; whilst at the bottom the two must be mingled into a sort of mass, consisting of both the fruits and their respective leaves together. The coloring and varnish are put on after the decorations have been placed.

The next and most useful as well as ornamental article for decoration is a vase, if possible, of the same rather lengthy form as those of the Dresden ware we propose to imitate.

This vase must be thickly coated with the white paint, which is quite a speciality of the inventor, as none other than himself can make it.

When the vase is so far made ready, the next thing is to proceed to the moulding the flowers for its decoration, which are the jessamine and the wild pink rose. For the jessamine—after moistening the hands, and placing the copy where it can be well seen—make the six petals of the flower by taking as many pieces of the gutta percha, about the size of peas, and, with the thumbs and first fingers, mould each piece into the shape of the petal, by pulling, or rather pressing it into the desired form, taking care that the points and the edges are in perfect order, which is to be done entirely by the fingers.

When the first six petals are made, keep them thoroughly moist whilst as many others are made as flowers are required, which will be from ten to twelve for the vase, as another flower will also have its place among them.

The mounting next claims our attention, and this requires great lightness of finger and nicety of finish.

Nip off a piece of the wire about two inches in length, making, with the nippers, a closed hook at the top, which is to form the calyx of the flower; this must have a piece of the gutta percha carefully moulded over it, according to the shape of the pattern flower. After this has been cleanly and artistically done, take the thick end of the bodkin and pierce it (the calyx) in the centre, making a round hole, rather deep, smoothing the outside with the finger; then, one by one, take the petals and place them round the top of the calyx, where the round has been made, taking care to press them neatly into their places, the fingers being kept perfectly moist, as well as the petals, by dipping them, and, if requisite, the gutta percha, in the water.

When the blossom is so far finished, prepare a small piece of the material for the calyx by moulding it into a round, and for this it is advisable to use the scissors to cut it into the four little pointed leaflets which represent the sepals, making a hole in the middle with the bodkin, and pass it by this on to the wire forming the stalk close up under the flower, trimming the leaflets which form the sepals with the bodkin; and when thoroughly examined to see that there are no inequalities on the surface of the flower, lay it to dry and harden.

When the flowers are all finished, the leaves next claim our attention; and as those of this blossom are, as we might say, webbed—for who does not know the peculiarity of these graceful leaves?—it will require much care to do them according to nature. But with the pattern before the eyes it will make the task an easy one.

Take, therefore, with well-damped hands, a piece of the gutta percha as large as a marble, and flatten it gradually, between the palms of the hands, into a long oval, carefully preserving the middle rather thicker than the sides or edges. When so far ready, if the board has not the impression that is required, take the scissors and mark out the leaf with them, and then pick away the superabundant material, dressing the edges with the finger and thumb, by pressing them together so as to give to them a look of fulness. This leaf consists of a group of five leaflets on one stem, which are now moulded to the required shape, making the requisite marks to imitate the veins with the sharp end of the bodkin. Then nip off a piece of wire about three inches in length, and, taking care not to disturb the shape of the leaflets, pass this wire gently up the centre of the leaf where the gutta percha has been left thicker than the sides, giving each one its graceful fall as good taste will teach; afterward make a sufficient number of leaves in the same way, laying each one to dry and harden separately.

When flowers and leaves are all finished, the stems must be covered with the thinnest coating possible of gutta percha, and then grouped, pressing the well-moistened and soft materials one on the other, and this, when neatly done, will well repay a little extra trouble in its performance.

When the flowers are well and thoroughly dried and hardened, several coats—if we may so say—of the paint must be laid on, until a perfectly smooth surface is obtained, and then the different colors tinted on with great care, so that, when ready for the varnish, they may indeed represent the Dresden ware.

The flowers must be placed on the vase before varnishing, so that a pure surface may be gained, and also that the places where the small pieces are which attach them to the same may be properly finished and smoothed over.

The grouping must be cleverly and gracefully done, for on this much depends. Should the vase have handles, they may be decorated with a spray of leaves, with a blossom and bud—the latter being made in the same manner as the flower, except that, instead of putting the petals quite open, they must be drawn together, and then slightly twisted, veining them toward the top with the bodkin.

CONTESSA.

(To be continued.)

We have received *Mr. Vick's Catalogue and Floral Guide for* 1870, every page alive with memories of last year's beauty, and suggestions for the coming flowery season. The group of richly colored phlox drummondii ornamenting the catalogue, recalls the splendid variety of colors from a single packet of seed that gave us so much pleasure all the summer long. A portrait of Mr. Vick also adds to the attraction of this number. From our last summer's experience we can recommend the Cannas as unequalled for a bed on the lawn. One of our specimens shot up more than five feet high, with rich, luxuriant foliage; another, more compact and bushy, with flowers of the richest crimson. The ricinus delighted us with the tropical rapidity and grandeur of its growth, from a seed planted in June, reaching a height of over twelve feet, its leaves a marvel of size and luxuriance. The gladioli were superb, the sweet peas a constant resort for bouquets, the asters, as double as possible, exhibited a charming variety of colors, the pansies and ipomeas were a daily delight. Our package of mignonette was an especial satisfaction, covering the ground with a strong, healthy growth that filled the air with fragrance. So trifling an outlay for such results of pleasure! No luxuries are so cheap as flowers.

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Receipts.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Three pounds of beef, three pounds neck of mutton, or back rib; cover with cold water, and set on a slow but good fire; one teacup of barley, half ditto of rice, one turnip, and two carrots cut small, two carrots grated, one handful of parsley, and two good sized onions minced; a few leeks finely shred, a cauliflower, or small head of cabbage, may be added. Time, three hours.

SALSIFY, OR OYSTER-PLANT.—Scrape the roots in milk, to prevent discoloring; slice them and dip them in a thick batter made of two eggs, salt, butter, and flour, and fry in hot lard.

TO DRESS RED CABBAGE.—Let the cabbage boil for a short time; take out the heart, cut it into pieces, and put it into a stewpan with a piece of butter, and some salt and pepper. Allow it to stew over a moderate fire, stirring it very frequently, so as to mix it well with the butter.

POTATO SALAD—Thought by many to be delicious eating, particularly with salmon or fish in general, or indeed anything else. The mixture of vinegar, oil, mustard, salt, and hard egg, is the same as for common salad, and according to taste; the potatoes are sliced when cold, with beet-root also sliced.

FIG PUDDING.—Take half a pound of best figs, washed and chopped fine, two teacups of grated bread, half a cup of sweet cream, half a cup of white sugar, and one cup of new milk. Mix the bread and cream, add the figs, then the sugar, and, lastly, the milk. Pour the mixture into a mould, and boil four hours. Eat with a liquid sauce.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel, quarter, and bake rich, tart apples, or stew them slowly in a very little water; fill a pudding-dish two thirds full. When cold, pour over a custard made by stirring into a quart of boiling milk a tablespoonful of flour wet up with a little milk, two spoonfuls of white sugar, and two eggs. Flavor with lemon. Bake in a quick oven. To be eaten cold.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Two ounces to one pint of milk, softened in the oven, and when nearly cold add three eggs, and a little butter and sugar. Bake or boil one hour.

FARINA-TAPIOCA.—A finer preparation which we have lately used, and which requires no previous soaking, is excellent to stir into boiled custards, saving eggs, and pleasing people as well as if you were lavish of them.

LEMON CAKE (very fine).—Three cupfuls of powdered white sugar, one cupful of fresh butter, one cupful of milk, five eggs, and four cupfuls of flour. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs separately, the whites to a stiff froth, and then dissolve a little soda in the milk; mix all together; then sift the flour, and put it in by degrees, and add the juice and grated peel of a fresh lemon. This cake is delicious.

BANDOLINES.—Bruised quince seeds, a tablespoonful; clean rain water, a pint. Boil gently to three quarters of a pint, then strain through muslin, and add alcohol or brandy, cologne water, of each two tablespoonfuls. It can be applied by moistening the fingers and passing them through the hair, or, what is neater, by using for the purpose a small sponge.

The celebrated *Crême de mauve* is nothing but glycerine scented with extract of jessamine, and colored with aniline red. The striking tint which it gives the hair rendered it quite popular at once.

CLEANING COAT COLLARS.—Mrs. C., Montrose, Md., writes: "For cleaning coat collars and all woollen goods, I recommend the soap-tree bark (*Quillaya saponaria*), which can be procured at the drug stores. Break a piece about two inches square, into small bits, and pour over it a half pint of boiling water; let it stand an hour or two, then sponge the collar well with the liquor; a second sponging with clear water will clean it nicely. Both washing and rinsing water should be as warm as for flannel. We have by using this bark washed black and blue empress cloths successfully, and have cleaned hair-cloth chairs which have been soiled by contact with the head."

There are several vegetables which are in use in different countries as substitutes for soap. The natives on the Northwest coast use a soap root; the Mexicans use one or more vegetables as soap, and the one referred to by Mrs. C., the soap-tree bark, is largely employed by the Chilians. All these make a lather with water and serve to remove grease without injury to the fabric. The soap-tree bark has been used to some extent in tooth-washes and in preparations for cleansing the hair.

"NEW WHITEWASH FOR WALLS."—Soak one fourth of a pound of glue over night in tepid water. The next day put it into a tin vessel with a quart of water, set the vessel in a kettle of water over the fire, keep it there till it boils, and then stir until the glue is dissolved. Next put from six to eight pounds of Paris white into another vessel, add hot water and stir until it has the appearance of milk or lime. Add the sizing, stir well, and apply in the ordinary way while still warm. "Paris white" is "*Sulphate of Baryta*," and may be found in any drug or paint store.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

PATTERNS FOR MARCH.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Spring Mantelet,	40 cts.
Chevalier Casaque,	40 "
Gentleman's Dressing-Gown,	40 "
Pelerine,	30 "
Corsage with Basque,	25 "
Riding-Jacket,	40 "
Lady's Corsage,	40 "
House Jacket,	40 "
Corsage with Basque, Fig. 4, Colored Fashions,	40 "
Corsage with Revers—front, back, side-piece, revers, sleeve,	25 "
Sleeveless Paletot with Pelerine—to be made of black cloth, without lining, and trimmed with two or three rows of gold braid,	40 "

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Dress of mauve silk—the first skirt short and round; the second trimmed with a flounce, and with velvet of a darker shade; the third trimmed to match, formed of two pointed basques, and a fan-shaped puff behind.

FIG. 2.—Bridal dress of white pou-de-soie, the trained skirt trimmed with flounces of the same.

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Tunic finished with a rich flounce of lace, headed with a bias band. High corsage with revers, sleeves plain, with lace at the wrist. Coiffure, puff of point d'Angleterre, mingled with orange flowers. Long veil of tulle illusion.

FIG. 3.—A trained robe of fawn-colored silk, trimmed with three flounces, the middle one of brown velvet. Sash of the same—also the trimming of the waist and sleeves.

FIG. 4.—A black silk dress with a flounce not full, and the green ribbon trimming put on in festoons. Corsage with basques also trimmed with green ribbon, in bands and loops, and cut low and square in front. The collar in points, also cut square, is enriched with insertion over green ribbon, and finished with edging and little bows. Black velvet toque and feather.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Hoops are now very small, so that they are scarcely perceptible, and quite a number of ladies do not wear them at all; but many prefer them to heavy skirts; and it is far better for the health of the wearer to wear hoops and fewer skirts, than heavy crinoline or a number of skirts, unless the whole weight can be suspended from the shoulders.

Haircloth skirts, to take the place of hoops, have recently been imported. There is a flounce around the bottom in round plaits on all except the front breadth, and the upper part of the back has rolls of the material for a quarter of a yard, in imitation of the bustle. These skirts range in price from nine to eighteen dollars.

The prediction that bonnets were to be smaller has not been fulfilled. They are very small, and will remain so as long as the hair is worn high, as at present. The fashionable chignon is large, extending quite low in the neck, and covering so much of the head that there is only a small space for the bonnet.

For evening wear and receptions, the bonnets are profusely trimmed with feathers and flowers, and edged with lace; the scarf is still in vogue, and, twined around the neck, falls at one side.

Bonnets to be worn with black dresses are of rather sombre but very rich tints. Pink and light blue bonnets are reserved for young ladies and little girls.

White bonnets are no longer worn. The bonnet now should be of the same shade as the dress, and be made partly of satin and partly of velvet. Bonnets designed to be worn indiscriminately with all dresses should be black, of tulle and lace, velvet and lace, or velvet and satin.

Round hats for the street and ordinary wear are generally worn; also high-crown felt hats, trimmed with velvet and ostrich plumes.

Headdresses bear a close analogy to bonnets. They are lace trifles, trimmed with coques of ribbon or flowers, which are poised on the top of the head; moreover, they are little worn, the hair generally forming the coiffure. The chignons most in vogue are composed of three very long and massive braids, extending from the top of the head well over toward the front to the nape of the neck; this chignon is surmounted either by a braid concealing the comb which serves to hold the chignon in place, a semicircular metal band, or a large bow of ribbon or velvet. Blonde hair is still worn very fluffy in front; dark hair, on the contrary, is smoother; both are arranged in bouffant bandeaux, which are drawn back from the ear or rolled back over very high crêpes, which remind one by their elevation of the Marie Antoinette coiffures.

A new feature in dresses is the pointed corsage that Parisiennes are attempting to revive. This innovation has met with little favor here. Round waists are too generally becoming to be readily relinquished; besides, the points dispense with the popular belt and sash. However, fashion is given to change, and the new corsage will probably be adopted in time.

Black silk short costumes, especially rich corded silk, are often to be seen. Very dainty little black silk jackets, richly embroidered in colored silks, are in favor for wear at breakfast.

White muslin bodies, made with muslin paniers or tunics, are worn over light-colored silk skirts, and are exceedingly pretty.

For evening dresses, when it is wished to be stylish without being absolutely *décolleté*, black tulle dresses with high bodice and long sleeves are much worn over black satin dresses with low corsage and short sleeves; the tulle dress and corsage are trimmed with bouillonnés of black brocaded tulle, edged on each side with black lace, that on the lower side being wider than that on the upper side. Gold braid is set over the seam where the lace is sewed on. The long tulle sleeves are entirely composed of bouillonnés, separated by gold braid, simulating so many bracelets; on the under part of the arm each band of gold braid is finished by a gold tassel. The tulle skirt is draped twice behind with the aid of a bouillonné, the lace being of the same width all around the edge.

White silk dresses, with some five or seven narrow flounces of silk round the skirt, and a bright-colored panier over them, form a capital arrangement. The silk flounces do not get out of order as tarlatan or tulle would, and the skirt so arranged will do with any panier, so that a variety of toilets can be easily arranged.

China crape is the handsomest material for tunics of satin and poult dresses. It is nearly two yards wide, and is shown in a variety of bright colors.

Lace shawls, both black and white, are draped as tunics. An ingenious modiste fashions a tunic and fichu of a lace flounce without cutting the lace. Eleven yards of Chantilly lace, three eighths of a yard wide, are in the flounce. It is arranged to form triple skirts behind and an apron front. Rows of satin are at the sides and a broad sash. Far less expensive than these are the tunics of gauze, now so much in favor. This glossy, transparent tissue is especially pretty in white over colored silk. The dress is then trimmed with foamy puffs, plaits, and quillings of the gauze, alternating with bands of velvet.

Heart-shaped, square, round, and high-bodiced dresses are all worn, and, by way of further variety, the low bodice is sometimes sharply pointed back and front, and filled in with tulle folds and lace. High bodices, with the trimming laid on in the shape of a V, half way between the neck and armholes, are considered more stylish than when trimmed with the Pompadour square. A basque of some kind is added to most corsages. In many cases there is only a square postillion at the back, while the front has a belt of folds and a bow; others, again, have a basque in front with merely a sash behind.

Antique sleeves, frilled at the elbow, are worn with half-high corsages, a short puff with low ones. The sabot sleeve threatens to supersede the coat sleeve, as it is more dressy.

Sixty-five inches is the average length of trains—seventy being considered an extreme length, except for wedding dresses. The front and the two side widths are gored, and are short enough to disclose the foot. At the back are two full breadths, each three quarters of a yard wide, rounded off bluntly, to form a broad, graceful train. Pointed trains are

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apt to fall in a string, and look slovenly. The width of the skirt is five and a half yards. Several narrow ruffles overlapping each other, or else one deep flounce, headed by three or four standing ruffles, surround the train. Short dresses are especially appropriate for dancing parties, and are occasionally worn at dinners and receptions when there is no dancing.

JEWELRY.—More than anything else, gold sets are worn. These are becoming to dark and fair alike, and are suitable for all occasions. Two colors of gold appear in each set—the pale yellow Roman gold entirely free from alloy, and the glossy, reddish gold produced by an alloy of copper. A favorite style of earrings is two balls of gold, massive-looking, but hollow and light, swinging low on fine filigree chains. With these a similar ball, or a solid-looking cross of plain, unchased gold, is worn suspended from a velvet ribbon on the neck.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—The best plaids for children's use are the new waterproof tartans. These resemble a soft, twilled flannel, and are as impermeable as the dismal-looking tweeds so much worn hitherto—for no other reason than that they are waterproof. The blue and green Sutherland plaid, and all the gay tartans, may be had in this most desirable material. It is a yard and a half wide. French poplins and Irish poplins are the materials for more dressy costumes.

How to dress girls just in their teens perplexes many mothers, as they are too old for children's fashions, and two young for the elaborate costumes worn by their elder sisters "in society." A certain air of jauntiness is compatible with the tasteful simplicity prescribed for these demoiselles. Their skirts should be short enough to disclose the ankle of their high Polish boots. This is the regulation for all occasions—even demi-trains are not for school-girls. The lower skirt is trimmed to the knee with flounces, braid, or bands of velvet or plush. The upperskirt should be but slightly draped, that it may not be very *bouffant*, and the edges should be vandyked or cut in squares, as frills are soon crushed when sat upon. The corsage is a short, close-fitting basque, made with one dart or two, as the figure may require. It is curved over the hips, or else each seam is turned back *en revers*. The neck is hollowed out low, and finished with a sailor collar of the same, or is turned back with a rolling collar. Coat-sleeves, or the sabot shape. No belt, but a sash-bow behind. A sailor jacket of navy-blue cloth, trimmed with gilt buttons and braid, is the additional wrap for the street. This jacket may be worn with a variety of dresses, as the true marine blue barely escapes being black, and has none of that purplish tint that drapers often sell for this fashionable color. The high-crowned hats now worn are becoming to the round, rosy faces of young girls. A long ostrich feather curls backward over the crown for the trimming, or else a scarlet wing, or a peafowl feather, is stuck in the band of the soft felt hat. Dark kid gloves, with two buttons at the wrist, a linen collar edged with lace, and a little useful jewelry, such as a brooch, sleeve-buttons, a watch, and the souvenir locket attached to a black velvet necklace, complete the toilet.

An overskirt and bretelles of black silk, and a tunic of white muslin, all puffs, tucks, and ruffles, will give variety to day and evening dresses. A pink rosebud and black velvet loops festoon the white tunic. Entire dresses of white muslin, elaborately trimmed, are worn over colored silk slips, or else with white skirts with gay plaid and Roman sashes.

Boys not yet in trousers wear the Scotch kilt and jacket.

The newest suits for boys from four to nine years old, are made with the French jacket, half-fitting, and cut away to disclose an adjustable vest—a feature new this season, and dear to boyish hearts. The trousers are the full knickerbockers. Open-knee trousers are not comfortable for winter.

[Announcement.]

EVERY ONE THINKING OF PURCHASING A CABINET ORGAN should send for the circulars of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., which contain as much matter as a good-sized volume, yet are sent without charge and *postage paid* to all who desire them. They contain not only full descriptions, with correct drawings of the various styles of organs manufactured by this Company, but many interesting explanations of the construction and differences of instruments of this class, showing what are excellences, what defects, &c.; so that they are valuable to every one having any thought of purchasing an instrument of this class.

This Company, whose organs have a European as well as American reputation, have recently reduced their prices, and are now selling their Double-Reed Organs with Five Stops, having Tremulant, Knee-Swell, Double Bellows, Centre-Pressure Valves, in elegant Solid Walnut Cases, Carved and Panelled, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. These, it must be remembered, are organs of the best quality, for this Company will not make the cheap instruments which are hawked about the country, but are dear at any price. It is claimed by other makers that instruments of this quality cannot be afforded at this price, but the M. & H. Organ Co. declare they are enabled to fix the price so low by their unequalled facilities for manufacture. The great demand for their organs has enabled them to construct ingenious machinery, and to perfect a division of labor, by which they secure not only more perfect work than would be otherwise possible, but this at a reduction in cost. But be this as it may, this is an illustration of the prices at which they are selling their famous work. If anybody loses by it, it will not be the public.

[Announcement.]

I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it without instruction, broke one needle. After that, for more than nine years, I had the machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing, and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the Machine, without breaking a needle. My Machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrisome babe in my lap, working upon fabrics of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boys' clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life, my Machine has become, as it were, a part of my being. MRS. M. L. PRICE.

Mexico, N. Y.

[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—After having the Grover & Baker and the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines fairly tried, by two of the best operators in the country, in my house, I have concluded to buy the Grover & Baker, it proving, in mine and my family's mind, to be the best Machine for general family use. JAMES ARMOR.

Near Wilmington, Del.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND IN CLUBS FOR 1870.
See Prospectus on last page of Cover.

Vol. VII. APRIL, 1870. No. 4.

THE

Lady's Friend.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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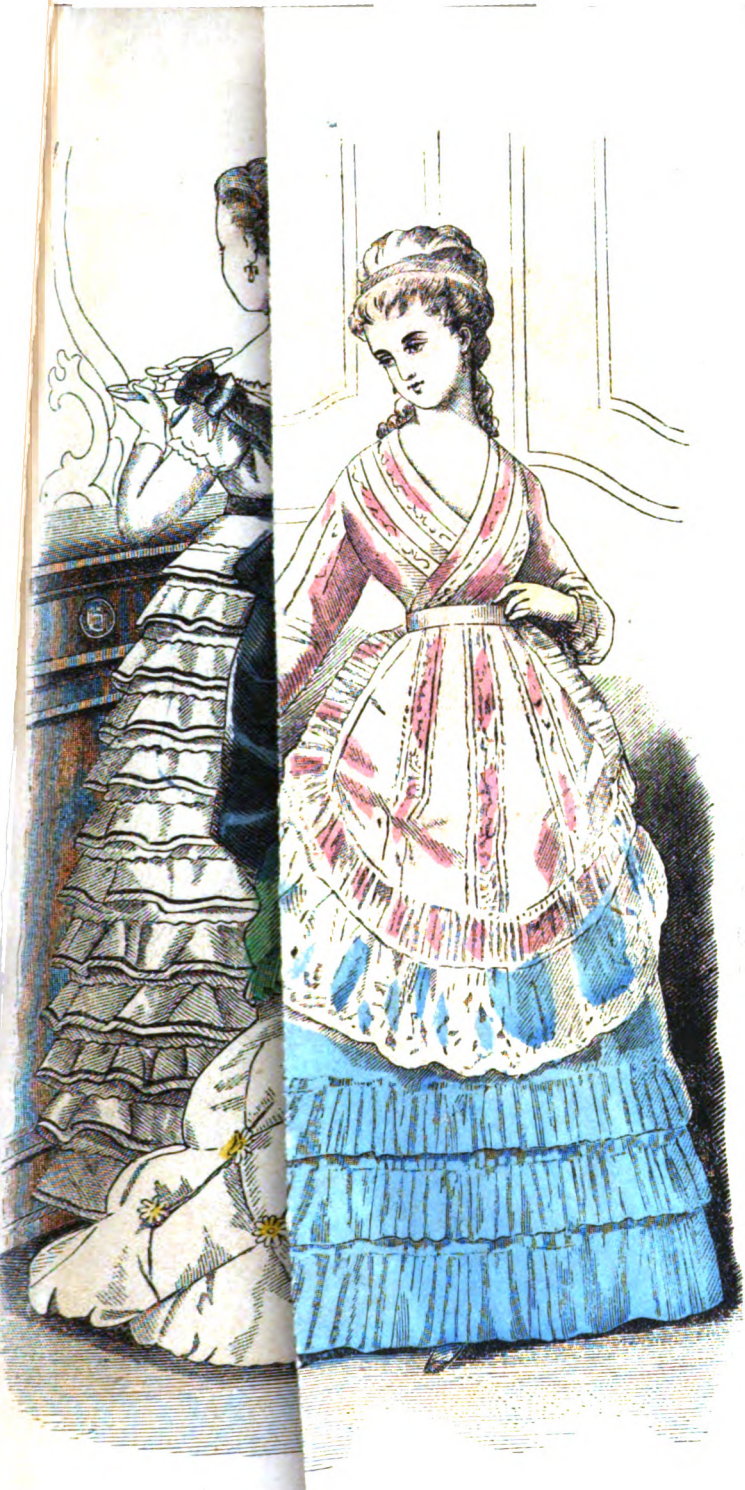

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THE CUBAN CURRICLE, OR VOLANTE.

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FULL-DRESS PROMENADE-TOILET OF A LADY IN LOUIS XVI.'S REIGN.

Pink silk skirt, bordered with a six-inch silk flounce, gathered in and headed with a full four-inch white silk ruche. Green rosettes are studded at regular intervals on the skirt. Pink silk open bodice ornamented with green frills, which are continued on the skirt, where they form a full short tunic. White sash-ends above tunic. Ruffled sleeves. Pink silk hat decorated with white gauze veil, pink roses, and green reeds.

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PROMENADE DRESS. EVENING BODICE WITH BASQUE.

Anna Sophie

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DRESS OF MAUVE SILK, SHOT WITH WHITE.—The first skirt is trimmed with two flutings, each headed with a cross-strip, and a white lace border forming the heading. The skirt is train-shape. The clear muslin fichu forms a chemisette inside. Gold locket and chain. Hair coiffure with a tortoise-shell comb.

The toilet of the little girl is very pretty. It is a skirt of blue and white foulard, with a deep flounce cut the cross-way, disposed in hollow pleats distant from one another. The low, plain bodice is square, and ornamented with a slightly pleated ruche, divided by a narrow cross-strip, put on as braces, and continued in lappets on each side of the skirt, where they are fastened by a dahlia of blue silk. Another similar lappet is placed further off, on each side upon the skirt. The braces are fastened upon the shoulders by small dahlias. The edge of the bodice, and of the very short sleeves, is finished off with a ruche. A second skirt of white tarlatan, brocaded with blue dots, is looped up into a puff at the back. Sash of blue ribbon.

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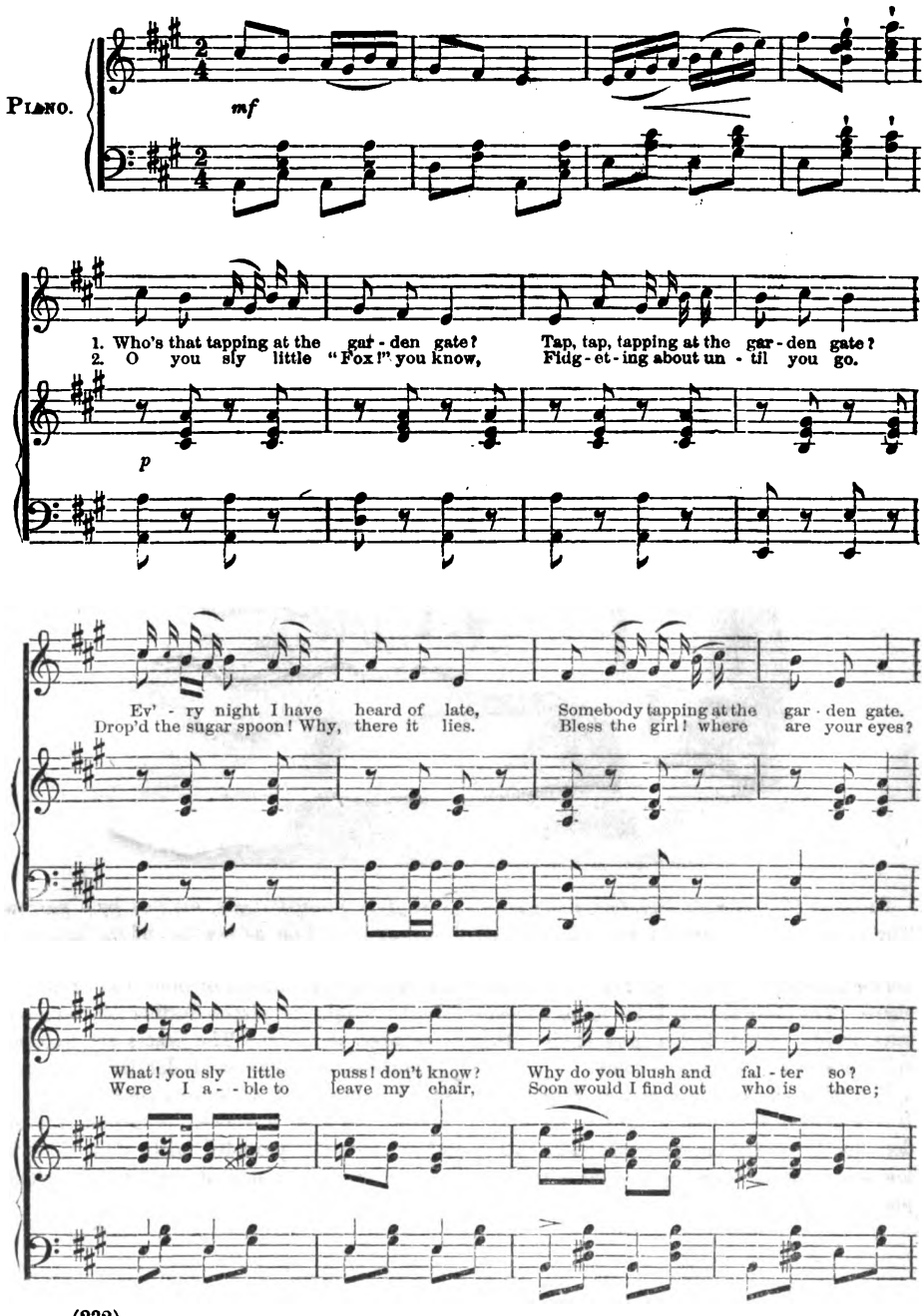
[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

TAPPING AT THE GARDEN GATE.

WORDS BY J. LOKER. MUSIC BY S. W. NEW.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



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rall.

What are you looking for un - der the chair? The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there.
Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that;

rall.

p a tempo.

Ev' - ry night a - bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the
Cats don't know when its half past eight, And come tap, tapping at the

p a tempo.

f

gar - den gate. Ev' - - ry night a - bout half past eight, There's
gar - den gate. Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And

f

tap, tap, tapping at the gar - den gate.
come tap, tapping at the gar - den gate.

8va

cres.

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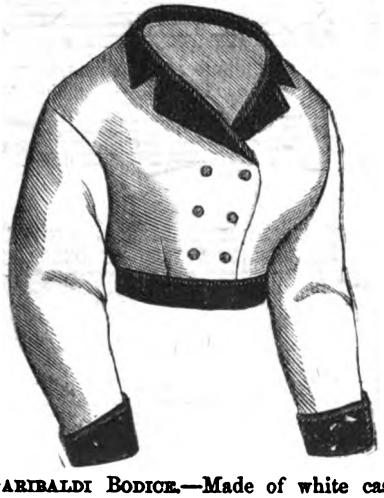
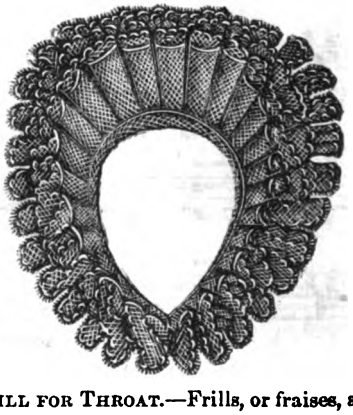
THE CORONET BONNET is for full dress. It is made of light bright blue satin. The top is covered with a bouillonné of satin on the right, and with blue feathers at the left. A coronet of blue velvet flowers and white blonde over the forehead. White blonde and blue satin strings.



GARIBALDI BODICE.—Made of white cashmere, with revers, cuffs, waistband, and buttons of bright blue velvet.

THE HUGUENOT HAT.



FRILL FOR THROAT.—Frills, or fraises, as the French call them, are now definitely adopted. They are worn by all, without reference to long, short, thick, or slender throats. Our pattern is quite Elizabethan in style. It likewise is to be worn with a dress open in front. The frill, which is double, measures six inches at the back and three in front.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Vol. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1870. [No. 4.

DID HE FORGET HER?

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

(*Concluded from page* 173.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

THE CROWNED PRINCE.

Do you think in those old Grecian nights, when Penelope was unravelling her web, there never came times when she felt some momentary impulse of attraction toward, not one of the suitors, but toward his love? Ulysses was now and always her ideal and her hope; but, oh! how long his sails were wandering over the blue, wrinkled seas. Remember that Penelope had eaten no lotus. For some one to belong to her, her heart pined; as has the woman-heart through all ages. If not Ulysses, then no one—she kept to that; but sometimes, drawing out the last-wrought stitches of the robe, she thought—she could not help thinking—what if Ulysses never came? All the same, she went on ravelling out her patient task, and the suitors saw, next day, no trace of the night's tears. A marble woman could be no colder, a queen no prouder, than they found her—only, when all the house was still, and stars were high in the Ithacan heavens, and a wind began to blow, such as was blowing his far-off sails none knew whither, did she grow mad with impatient longing.

Eleanor Revere never thoroughly regretted that she had sent away her brave young lover. He had not been for her "the magician." She had said truly that she should turn from him at the very church-door if Sargent called her; but Sargent showed no disposition to call her. The days were long, and there came neither voice nor token. Sometimes she wondered vaguely whether she had not been unwise; she remembered all that Ralph Saltonstall was, and questioned with herself whether it might not have been possible for her to forget what he was not. Just to be loved is in itself so sweet to womanhood, and he had loved her well. Sometimes she thought that if he were to come again now she should not have the strength to answer him as before; but all the time she knew that she had been right.

Only it seemed to her that she was growing dull and strange. An altered, pale face looked at her out of her mirror. Sargent would not call her "Flower o' the Peach" now, she thought.

> "Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
> For a dream's sake,"

she whispered to herself, and grieved that all her meadows should be shorn so early, "bare before their prime."

In May she read the names of Saltonstall and his mother in the passenger list of an outward-bound steamer. She had hoped for and expected just this; and yet she was inconsequent and womanish enough to be a little saddened by it. She half wondered that he had not made one more attempt to change her mind. And then her self esteem went down to zero, and she wondered yet more that he had ever cared for her at all—her, a foolish girl who had failed so entirely where she most desired to please, and who was very dear to no one in this world except the fond old father, who loved her because her mother had given her to him.

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The departure of Saltonstall had its tidings also for Sargent. He did not fail to understand from it that the young Adonis had sped ill in his wooing. Then he began to question whether he himself would be likely to find it of any more use to go on a Hampshire pilgrimage. You must have discovered, already, that humility was not this man's crowning virtue; but just at this time he had an attack of it. He felt old, and cynical, and blase. His fifteen or sixteen years of seniority seemed to him a formidable barrier between himself and Eleanor. If she could not care for her gay young lover, how could he expect her to care for him, with all the subtle charm of his youth gone, a man whom Arria Carlyle and Destiny had made old before his time?

He had not been a sinner above others, and yet there were some things in his life not quite pleasant to look back upon, and each one of them seemed to hold him away from Nell. He was fast getting to love this little girl with a passion which was calling up from the shadowy reaches of his past all that was best in his nature, and making him worthier than he knew.

There was still another for whom Saltonstall's departure had its significance. To Arria Carlyle it was the very sentence of doom. Come when might the order for execution, sentence from that moment was passed on her, sentence from which there was no appeal. Being a woman herself, she understood Eleanor, and knew that the kingdom of her heart but waited for the coming of the true Prince. There are hearts like countries divided into departments, over each a separate ruler, lords many—but Eleanor's was an empire, and its monarch, reigning unchecked and alone, might be as absolute as he would.

In June, at last, Howard Sargent went to Hampshire. The birds sang, and the flowers blossomed to welcome him. The quivering summer sky was overhead. The air was palpitant with youth, and life, and hope. His spirits rose as he walked across the fields in the lovely, golden, summer afternoon. He asked, at the house to which he had been directed, for Miss Revere, and the servant pushed open a parlor door already ajar. For one instant he looked at Eleanor before she saw him, and thought how changed she was. Not less lovely, with this pale, still face, in her soft-falling, white robes, but another Eleanor than the radiant girl who had stood before him last October, under the gas-light, pink of cheek, lifting neck and head like a flower above her rich, shimmering, peach-blossom robe.

"Flower o' the Peach," he said dreamily, moved by this reminiscence of a day that was dead. And instantly it was no misnomer. The bright, yet delicate color he used to know came back into the pale face; the brown eyes grew full of light; the stretched-out hands and smiling lips welcomed him to his kingdom.

"I thought I should never see you again," she said softly.

"And are you glad I am here? You do say that."

"Don't I? I thought I had;" and surely tender eyes, and smiling lips, and peach-blossom cheeks had not told him enough, it proves only that he was a man, and liked his cup to overflow.

"I want you to be glad," he said gravely, "for I want you to love me. You are just the one thing I care for in this world. I have waited until you have had time to know your own heart, and I think you understand me pretty thoroughly, too; only I am a worse man than you suppose, perhaps. I am too old for you, and too hard for you, and not half good enough—but I want you."

"I thought you didn't. O my dear! my dear!"

And if Howard Sargent would have had anything more or other than those words, into which a long sob broke, and the tears which fell a passionate summer rain, while the tumbled, beautiful, golden hair fell across his arms, I hold that it would not have been worth while to satisfy him. To do him justice, I do believe that was the one full and complete moment of his life.

Will there ever come a June when, among the birds, and the flowers, and the sunshine, and the jubilance of all the world, he will fail to hear again, in his memory, that voice with its cry of tumultuous joy—"O my dear! my dear!" It was the hour when love crowned him, and made him nobler than a king.

Later, when the summer dusk had come to hide her blushing, and she had grown used a little to her happiness, Eleanor said half timidly—"I thought that you loved Mrs. Carlyle?"

"That was in the dead centuries. I love you, to-day."

And she never doubted him.

Next morning Nell awoke happy. We all know, I fear, the sensation of awaking miser-

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able—the sense of something one cannot lift, the gradual coming back of the real sorrow which has not loosed its grip through one moment of the fitful slumber which hid its face—but I am not sure that we all know the sensation of awaking to blessedness.

Nell opened her eyes in the golden sunshine which came through her windows. The morning was still young, and the birds were making music in it. For an instant she wondered why their song seemed something in which she had part—what this great joy was which was waiting for a voice. And then the mists of sleep cleared, and she remembered, in a sudden thrill of rapture, that she was no longer her own. Only yesterday her hero had come—her Prince, for whom she had waited not in vain. Her father had given her to him—as if giving between them were possible—and when she went down-stairs, he would meet her and say the words over again which she loved to hear—the lovers' vows, at which not only Jove, but Fate laughs so often.

Sargent was no laggard in love. This one creature was the prize of life to him, and he must have her his own soon. He began by talking of six weeks, and was with difficulty persuaded to wait until September.

"I know you like me best in my fineries," Nell said saucily, "and I will not come to you till I have gowns enough to captivate you in."

"I don't suppose the delay is unreasonable—at any rate, your father insists upon it—but I can ill bear it. I shall not be at rest until I hold you securely. What is it that makes you seem to me so elusive and uncertain to-day? When you talk of putting off our bridal, I feel as if you were a wraith that might slip from my hands."

"No, I'm very real," she said, pinching him. "Are not those real fingers?"

For answer, he held her hands close, and looked into her eyes. A shudder, as if some one were walking on his grave, passed over him.

"You are not ill, are you?" he asked gravely. He had no gayety to give her back for her own.

"No. Do I look ill? I think I never felt in such high health in my life. I am thriving on happiness."

"You *shall* be happy," he cried fondly. "I am going to make you happy. No, you do not look ill. I am talking like a fool. Thank God for me, child, that I've youth enough left in me yet to be a happy fool."

"I do thank Him that you are foolish enough to love me," she said very softly; "and I do not mean you shall be sorry, ever."

CHAPTER XI.

WAITING DAYS.

There are joys and joys. If long life and prosperity should do their uttermost, they could never bring back again the delight of that one perfect summer to Eleanor or to Sargent. Whether they were together under skies which were never before so blue, in the midst of this celestial nature which so waits on our moods, glorifying and being glorified by them, or apart, thinking of each other, writing to each other, working and living for each other, their content was boundless. No shadow crossed their summer heaven.

After that first day when Sargent had told Eleanor that she seemed to him like a wraith, he was never troubled any more by anything elusive or uncertain in the little girl he loved. She seemed to him the one sure as the one true thing in nature. He doubted no more that she would be his through summer and winter days, than he doubted that she was all he needed to make life happy. He used to talk to her about the long years before them; and bring to her all his hopes, speculations, and ambitions. For he grew ambitious, now that he loved. For her sake he would make a name of which she should be proud. To this end he worked hard.

In August he came to see her for the last time before he should claim her entirely. He had to cut his visit short a little. An important mining case had been entrusted to him upon which a great deal depended for him—"for us," he said, when he spoke of it to Eleanor. It required him to make a journey to Western Pennsylvania, in pursuance of some rather troublesome and toilsome investigations. But he should be through it all in two weeks, he assured her confidently; and in two weeks and three days she was to be his wife.

Did either of them remember Arria in their pride and joy of anticipation? Eleanor, at least, had thought often of her during the first weeks of her betrothal—had longed for a word of sympathy in her joy from this one woman who was so dear to her; or, if that were too much to hope, for a little expression of kindness, an assurance that she was forgiven for the blissful crime of being Sargent's love. But no word came, and latterly, perhaps, even Nell had be-

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come too entirely absorbed in her own happiness to greatly miss any one.

Her preparations were at last completed. She had tried on her radiant bridal garments, and shown herself in them to her father—a white, gleaming shape, with large eyes looking luminously into the world of blessed dreams, bright cheeks, with their flitting, changeful color, aureole of yellow hair, all softened to a spiritual and unearthly loveliness by the misty bridal veil which fell over her—Sargent's Flower o' the Peach, whom he loved so dearly.

Her father regarded her with vision dim for other sake than hers. It was to him almost as if his wife had risen from the grave to look at him with those eyes—his dead darling, immortal in beauty as in youth.

After Nell had gone up-stairs to take off her bridal whiteness, he sat thinking of that other bride on whose lips he had kissed the sweet death-smile, sealing them so for the next life and the next world. The years since then had been long and slow in their passing; but to-night they seemed like a dream from which he should wake soon. After Nell should be gone away with her husband there would be nothing left for him to do, and why might he not go home? Closing his eyes, and sitting in the twilight, he was able to fancy that soft hands not of this world touched him gently and pityingly, that a voice well known, well loved, but unearthly in its sweetness, spoke to him, and fond lips kissed his eyelids down. Vision, or dream, or wayward fancy, it was very real to him, and the next day he thought he understood why it had come.

At last Nell tripped down-stairs. She had laid away her white robes tenderly—for she was tender toward every trifle which linked her to this blessed future on whose threshold she stood. Just as she left her room, a package was handed to her which she examined by the light of the hall lamp before she went in to her father. First she read, in a little note, these words:

"My dear Eleanor: Since you have won what I wanted, you must have understood my silence. I would not write until I could write honestly, and honestly be glad that you two—both of whom are dear to me—will make each other happy. The little gift I send, I wish you would wear always for my sake; for neither you nor he are likely to have a truer friend than

"Arria Carlyle."

Then she opened a little casket, and found in it a flexible bracelet of fine gold, curiously wrought, and exceedingly beautiful. In exquisite tracery forget-me-nots were blended with passion-flowers, and the wreath surrounded the legend—

"*Tu as vaincu.*"

"Thou hast conquered," Nell translated, as she clasped it upon her wrist; and now it seemed to her as if her happiness had blossomed with its last crowning, golden flower of content.

She went in where her father still sat alone, and sat down herself at his feet.

"Mrs. Carlyle has sent me a love-gift, papa, a token of peace—this bracelet, which I am to wear forever. You must bury it and my wedding ring with me when I die."

"When you die, dear child, I shall not be here to bury you. I shall have gone home, long years before then, to your mother. When Sargent has taken you away, there will be no one here to need me any more."

"What nonsense, darling papa; as if I should ever in my life cease to need you. And who knows which of us will see mamma first? I have never thought I should live to be a gray old woman. I have drunk my happiness fast, and the wine is perfect. I have always thought mamma's was the happiest fate I ever knew any woman to have. You loved her so, and she was so blessed in your love; and then she died a sudden, painless death, before any of life's sorrows had come to her. She had never to count wrinkles and gray hairs in the glass, and question whether you could love her quite so well, seeing how changed she was. From a beautiful bride to become a beautiful angel—does it seem so sad to you, papa?"

Before his answer came, Miss Titus brought in a light, and setting it down stopped to look at Eleanor. It almost startled the grave, sad spinster to see this radiant vision of the youth which had missed her—the happiness which somehow she had missed.

"How you look to-night," she said, with a sort of mournful, yet loving curiosity. "Is it because he is coming to-morrow?"

"It is because I am so happy. I think no one was ever so happy before. Everything I wanted in life has come to me. If I could only make every one else as blessed as I am! But here is papa saying that no one will need him when I am gone; and you looking at me like an interrogation-point, as if you thought me a little dazed, and did not understand how I could be so glad."

"If I don't understand, I am thankful for your

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sake, all the same," Miss Titus said, thawing unwontedly, and with tears in her eyes. "You have always been a good child—always a good child—and you deserve all the happiness. But you ought to go to bed now. You must be bright for to-morrow. I am afraid, though, that you won't sleep, you are so wrought up."

"Oh! yes, I shall. It's misery keeps people awake. I shall sleep well. Kiss me, you good soul, then I'll tell papa good-night."

Miss Titus kissed her gravely and silently, and then went out.

Nell knelt down at her father's side, in a pretty, coaxing little way she had, and lifted her graceful head toward him.

"Papa, say 'God bless you,' just as you used to when I was a little thing, and you put me to bed."

He bent over her, and laid his old, fond hand on her bright, young head.

"God bless you, my child, my good child, God in heaven bless you, and may the One who takes you from me love you as well as I have."

He folded her in his arms then, and kissed her, with what passionate, yearning love, and then she said her good-night, and went away.

The next morning, when Mr. Revere went into the breakfast-room it was empty, at which he wondered a little, for though Nell was often late, Miss Titus was punctuality incarnate. But with the placid acceptance of things which had become his habit, he took up a quarterly and prepared to wait. Presently Miss Titus's face appeared in the door—a white, scared face which he hardly knew for hers.

"Will you come?" she said hoarsely; "I can't wake up Eleanor."

He got up and followed into Nell's chamber. Just so, long ago, in the light of a summer morning, had he seen another face lying upon the pillows, with the last, sweet death-smile frozen upon it forever. He had prayed that the One who took Nell from him, might love her as he had loved, and One had taken her who loved her better, by as much as heaven is higher than earth.

"I will send for Dr. Green," Miss Titus said, clutching at the one straw of hope. "It may be she is in a swoon."

"Yes, send," he answered gently; "but it will be of no use. She has seen her mother. Poor Sargent."

The doctor but confirmed what the father had known from the first. Poor, pretty, happy Nell was dead. Perhaps her very happiness had killed her. She had died of the hereditary malady—the same form of heart-disease which had ended her mother's life. She had said she should sleep well, and what sleep so sound as this which no dreams troubled—the sleep which God giveth His beloved?

All that day her father sat beside her. He thought he understood now what meant that pitying touch which he had seemed to feel the night before upon his forehead. His darling had not gone alone out into the infinite spaces, up through the ether to God. He was more awed than wretched. Heaven seemed so near to him—the heaven where he should find those two—and the way seemed so short that for himself he could not mourn, and for his darling, gone in the very crown and flush of her earthly happiness to the blessedness which is eternal, he dared not. She had said that her mother's lot seemed to her the happiest she had ever known, and now, in like manner, she herself had been translated. But there was one to whom reunion would seem very far off, and whose life would be blighted at the root; and for him the old man sorrowed most of all.

At nightfall Sargent came.

Mr. Revere saw him walking eagerly up from the gate, his face aglow with expectation. With the slow tears of age gathering in his eyes, he went to the door and met him.

"Why, where is Eleanor?" was the first, eager question. "Is she ill?"

Poor Sargent! The light feet which always sped to meet him would speed no more—the smile on the lips which he had kissed would never change now from its frozen calm, and no lover's pleadings would stir the passionate, pulseless heart.

"She *is* ill," he said anxiously, when the answer he waited for failed to come; and then, gathering courage for the blow he had to deal, the old man's words dropped through the twilight stillness—"She has followed her mother."

All that night Sargent watched alone beside his dead. The father who would see her again so soon yielded his place, and only God witnessed the bitter anguish of that vigil. She had seemed to him, as I told you, the one certain as the one true thing on the earth—and now his life lay in ruins about him, and hope and Nell were dead together.

He came forth from that vigil in the morning a changed man. It did not make him hard—how could it when she had been so gentle, and he felt that henceforth he must be what she would

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have had him—but all the brightness which had been in his face was gone. For the rest of his life he would be a sad, grave, kindly man—unselfish because the world held no longer any prizes which he cared to win.

He listened over and over to the story of Eleanor's last happy night. If anything could have comforted him, it must have been to know that the very fate which had overtaken her had seemed to her a blessed one; but it was too soon for any comfort. That could only come with time—when he should learn how short this life is to the very happiest, and feel the future which would give him back his darling drawing nigh. Then he would come to know that having once been sure of her heart, for him all the beauty and glory of life became immortal. But to-day, and for many days to come, he could but sit in the darkness of the grave.

On the day which should have been her wedding day, they buried Nell. They put on her her glistening bridal robes. Arria's bracelet had never left her arm; and the plain gold ring which Sargent had brought he slipped upon her finger. Orange-blossoms were twisted in her golden hair; and beautiful, with more than the beauty of life, was this bride of heaven.

"It must be that she is happy," Sargent said to himself, as he looked his last upon her face. "That smile could have come from nothing but the perfect peace of the departing spirit; and yet can it be that even in heaven the days will not seem long until I, too, am there?"

At the patience of the spirit which has learned the meaning of eternity, how could he guess?

They buried their dead in a sunny nook where earliest flowers would bloom, and earliest birds sing. A little brook hard by made murmurous, lulling music, the winds seemed to breathe softly, and the sky to bend in love. The time would come when for Sargent, as even now for Mr. Revere, all these signs and voices of the unchanging yet ever renewed nature would mean hope and resurrection; but to-day they seemed only to be mocking at the frail, human hearts, which loved, and suffered, and grew still, while yet suns shone, and birds sang, and winds blew, and the jubilant nature which never mourns for her children was ever young.

Before the first snow fell, Sargent went back to that little grave. The brown autumn turf was lifted to lay the father beside his child. The old man had gone home.

Sargent envied him with a bitter, despairing envy; and perhaps no one mourned for him except Miss Titus, who had cared for him so long, and whose house was left unto her desolate.

As Sargent turned away, a mournful wind of death began to blow, and swept down over those two graves the dead leaves of the dead year; and another wind as melancholy, as complaining, as desolate, arose in his soul, sweeping its dead hopes down the gale.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION.

If I were writing only the story of Eleanor Revere, I should have left it at this point, nor thought its ending sad, because the rest of it belongs to the Celestial Kingdom. She had lived and she had loved. Love had never deceived her, or friendship failed. As she herself had said, "From a beautiful bride to become a beautiful angel, does it seem so sad?"

But you will still ask—"Did he forget her?" And if I tell you the life he lives to-day, each one of you can answer the question according to his own lights.

It was many months after Nell went home before he resumed any of his old habits. But at last he began to take up his business again, and to find in the occupation which it gave him a dreary solace. At length business led him out to Longwood. Mrs. Carlyle's property had been placed in his hands, and he was obliged to consult with her on some affairs important to her interests. She was so lonely, and it was so evident that his visits gave her pleasure, that after awhile he fell into his old habit of going out there frequently; and with his human need of companionship he grew to find a certain interest in these visits. Do not fancy that she fascinated him anew; you cannot coax flame from dead embers, try how you will. But he was alone in the world, and she was nearer to him, even in point of actual relationship, than any one else. Utter solitude becomes at last intolerable to human nature, and it was not strange that he should seek Longwood when Longwood always opened to him hospitable doors.

When Eleanor had been three years dead, it chanced that one day he said to Arria in the idlest way, led by the merest impulse of momentary curiosity—"How is it that you have never gone back into society? Young, and free, and rich—why, all the good things of life wait for you."

"*All?*" she said, that low, subtle voice of hers

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dropping into its pathetic, minor key. "I think the world out of which I have slipped, held few good things for which I should care to struggle."

Sargent went home with a new thought in his mind. Some instinct told him that she cared for him still; and they were both alone. If she would be contented with the little he had to give her, what if he should marry her, and they should finish their days together?

Had he forgotten?

Do you think it any disloyalty to the fond lips and eyes which will meet you at the end of a journey if, instead of maintaining the silence of hope, you hold converse with some bright neighbor during the long, waiting hours?

Next day he went out again to Longwood, and Arria met him with a little flutter of pleased surprise, for his visits were not wont to be matters of daily occurrence. But his first words, after they had sat down in the leaf-green morning-room where Nell had found them together long ago, were not words of love for Mrs. Carlyle. He might make her his wife, indeed, if it suited her to become so; but the woman who had given him up once for the world should never have the triumph over his dead darling, who would have given up all the world for him, of believing that she held his whole, satisfied heart.

"It is more than three years," he said, "since Eleanor went home. She took with her all the hope and ambition out of my life. I shall never be now what she would have made me, for I have no spring of youth in me any more. I cannot be much to any woman, for I can never love as I loved her—as I love her to-day. But you are more to me than any one else in this world. I like to have you near me, though I find most society a weariness. If you, like me, are lonely, and if you still care for me a little, why should we not live out our lives together?"

She lifted those splendid, passionate, troubled eyes of hers to his face.

"Is that all?" she asked, with that quiver of pathos in her voice which had been so soul-subduing to him once. "Is the past then dead forever, dead beyond hope?"

She bent forward and buried her face in her hands, and he could only guess at her emotion by the trembling of the fingers which held her bowed head.

He, too, was strangely moved. He knew that this woman loved him, and had loved him all these years—this woman than whom he had never seen any one more beautiful—whom he had loved with all his passionate heart of youth, once.

He drew a little closer to her, and put his arm around her. Then he kissed her, for the first time since that day long ago, when she had told him that she was going to marry Job Carlyle, and he thought that she had broken his heart. The emotion of that hour, of that moment, came back to him now—came back, but only to his memory. He recalled how madly, despite her feeble struggle against him, he had held her to himself, and with his lips against hers, prayed that they might both die then and there. What would she have given to awaken one throb of that emotion now? But it was as dead as his dead darling. He knew that the kiss with which he kissed her was cold, but Arria made no complaint.

"You know that I can make you but one answer," she said at last, very humbly. "It will be something to live in the house with you, to see you every day, even though you can never love me as you used. You are all I care for in this world."

And so they were married very quietly, one October day, and their sober, middle-aged life together began. As it went on I fear that to Arria, at least, it was a disappointment. I think in the midst of her humility she had counted on regaining, after a time, some of her lost power. But there were lines which she could never cross. Sargent was always kind—the gentlest, kindest man in those days whom I ever knew, as if he would atone by patient sweetness for all that it was no longer in his power to give. He was strangely forbearing with his wife's moods—and until hope died within her, she had many of them. But the time came at last when her pulses beat as evenly as Sargent's own, and she ceased to demand of him, even in her heart, what she discovered that it was forever out of his power to give—when trifles stirred her no longer, and she experienced the changeless content of one who has bidden farewell to expectation.

Do you think Eleanor, looking down, if so the blessed dead can look, on the man she had loved so well, would have cared to change fates with her whose head lay on the pillow beside him—Eleanor, beloved even in her grave as few living women are in their lives? I know how often Arria felt that she would have died gladly to be so beloved—but that was in the early days before she found the sad heart's-ease which

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springs, a funeral flower, above the grave of longing.

As the years went on, another thought began to come to her often, and bring her an undreamed-of balm. She, too, had been loved, in her day, with a love strong as life or death—a love which had survived even the knowledge of its own hopelessness. It was curious how gradually the memory of Job Carlyle grew dear and holy to her. He only, in her life, had loved her best of all; and to the idea of him, young now in the Land of Youth, her thoughts began to turn with more and more of homesick hope, as the years went on which found her a wife, and yet so lonely at her own fireside. Do you think that for this the old man who had poured out his heart in vain at her feet would not have died ten deaths? When that long, heavenly day shall dawn, which shall see Sargent again at Nell's side, I dream that Job Carlyle will hold out faithful hands, and into them Arria will put her own, given willingly, gladly, restfully, at last.

To me it seems that in this life much is sad only because incomplete. For each night will come its dawning—what if the night be long, and the sunrise not of this world, is it less sure? Does not the Father who holds our fates in the hollow of His hand love us, and do we not believe in the resurrection?

REST!

BY SARAH DYER HOBART.

Light for the tear-dim eyes,
For storm-tossed—calm,
And for the wounded heart
Sweet Gilead's balm.
Harps for the brave who run
Life's race the best,
But unto me, O God!
Give rest, sweet rest!

The gay have plead for love,
For beauty's sheen,
For days of joy and mirth,
And wealth's bright gleam.
Not these my heart would ask,
My prayer addressed
By day and night to Thee,
Is still for rest.

And some have wildly prayed
For the bright crown,
Twined of immortal flowers
By proud Renown.
Be theirs the glory-wreath,
Fame's deathless crest,
This, this, my only prayer—
Give Thou me rest!

O Father! human love
Is frail and weak,
Not this my spirit craves,
Thy strength I seek.
Kneeling before Thy throne,
My sins confessed,
My worn and weary heart
Cries out for rest!

VIOLET-TIME.

Violet-time is come again;
Once more laughing through the rain,
Spring with sunny crown advances,
Sunshine glittering on his lances.

Long live spring—the rainbow arch
Greets his coronation-march;
Green his banners, free and brave,
From each tree-top rustling wave.

Birds before him fly in crowds;
Fast above him float the clouds;
Swifter run rejoicing rivers;
Sunbeam darts are in his quivers.

Where he treads, primroses rise,
And the daisies ope their eyes;
Blackbirds sing in every bush,
Answering the merry thrush.

Swallows are his heralds fleet,
Faster than the pulses beat;
Butterflies between the showers,
Tell the glad news to the flowers.

Our old monarch, Winter's dead;
His crown is on another head;
Sunbeams chase the envious rain;
Violet-time is come again.

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MY VICTOR.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

"Come, Maddy, do put down that old story, I suppose you must have read it a dozen times, and do hurry with your packing; here are your things strewed all over the room, half in your trunks and half out. You won't have five minutes' time in the morning, you know."

"I don't believe I want to go, Nell," I said, lazily closing the book, and surveying my scattered wardrobe with the utmost disgust.

"Nonsense; we will have a delightful time. Mrs. Cushing's place is one of the most delightful in the Tarrytown neighborhood. I expect you will find lots of nice fellows to practise upon."

"I wish you would not use such vulgar expressions, Nell—practise upon. I hate that sort of thing."

"Perhaps you don't like me to give a name to your evil deeds, but the fact remains the same. If *you* don't flirt, I should like to know who does?"

"Not now, Nelly," I said pensively; "I've given all that up, you know. I think I should like to fall in love." Nelly looked incredulous.

"You don't believe me. I assure you I am in earnest."

"Well, why don't you," said my sister placidly—she was folding a dress for me.

Nell was out of the reach of the perplexities and disturbing cares that beset me. She was engaged to a young lieutenant off on a two years' cruise, and had not the smallest doubt about whom she was to love—who was her fate—whether she cared for this man or whether she cared for that one. She was high and dry out of these troublous waters.

"Because I do not know a single man to whom I could give five minutes' thought," I replied earnestly.

"I thought you gave decidedly more than five minutes to Harry Thornton."

"Harry Thornton! I never talked to the man only while I was waiting for my turn at the bowling-alley."

"And John Mayne," said Nelly with a sly look, "how many two hours' sittings on the beach did you use to give to him, and then keep me awake half the night while you talked about a man of sterling sense, and a high moral nature."

"I wish you would not talk such ridiculous nonsense, Nelly," I cried angrily. "Harry Thornton was a fop, and John Mayne a tiresome stick."

What is it that you require, then; you won't have the solid, sensible man, you won't have the agreeable man of the world. What do you think of Felix Van Nostran? he is aristocratic, rich, and handsome. What could you want more?"

"You never will understand me, Nell. I don't care whether a man is rich, handsome, or aristocratic—I want to find some one who is greatly my superior in everything—some one who could lead me."

"Oh! if *that's* what you want, I confess, I am slow at understanding. I fear, I greatly fear, my charming Miss Madeline, that, as up to the age of twenty-one you have found no one whom you considered qualified to lead you, you will have to give up that cherished ideal," with which discouraging and withering words Nelly sailed out of the room. Nelly was right in her first charge. I was given to flirting, and yet I was not heartless, as one despairing lover after another had told me; a man always concludes that if your heart is not given to him, you are necessarily constructed without one. I was only very fond of admiration—loved it, in fact, far more passionately than I could ever hope to love the hand that administered it.

It was rather nice than otherwise to have men in love with me, until they told their love, and pleaded for mine in return—ah! that I could not endure. It awoke too many voices in my own heart which clamored to be heard, crying of the joy of reciprocal love and trust—of self-abnegation for the sake of some deeply loved one, who would be your light, your warmth, your shelter.

This evening, in packing to go with Nell on an autumn visit to Mrs. Cushing, a friend who lived at a country-seat on the North River, I had come across the "Old Ma'mselle's Secret." I had read it, as Nell said, at least a dozen times

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before, but I never could resist its charms. The professor, stern and grim, yet so tender at heart, was my ideal.

Romances are indigestible things. I had looked forward with exhilaration to the visit to Mrs. Cushing, but the professor and Felicitas I could not get out of my head the whole evening. The commonplace realities I would probably meet at "The Moorings," were dull compared to the emotional life of the romance.

When the bright morning came, I was all myself again. We drove down to the pier to take the Hudson River boat. On that autumn morning, how the water flashed and danced—the bustle, the confusion of the waterside was charming. I remember that the "Scotia" was to sail that day. She lay in her dock as we passed, all alive with porters, sailors, and distracted passengers.

"Take care, Maddy, you are very near the edge!" cried Nell anxiously, as we crossed the gangway of the river-boat.

"I can take excellent care of myself, thank you," I said independently, refusing papa's other arm. Just as I spoke, a negro woman pushed rudely against me. I should infallibly have dropped into the dark water below, if a strong arm had not caught me away from the verge of the plank.

"A thousand pardons, but you would have gone overboard."

The voice came, in a decided ring, from under a very short, closely cut, black moustache. I also had time to catch a pair of deep-set gray eyes before "my preserver," slightly acknowledging papa's and Nell's thanks, was out of sight in the boat.

"There's a hero for you, Maddy," said Nell mischievously; "picked up exactly in the orthodox way, too."

"No, thank you, his head was as close cropped as a convict's."

"Was it? I thought he was decidedly a striking-looking person. How they do crowd one!"

We were soon comfortably fixed on the upper deck, near the end of the cabin, papa having complained extensively at the multitude of wraps, travelling-bags, umbrellas, books, and papers that his daughters thought fit to take with them. Papa's grievances were soon forgotten in *The World*. I wanted to look at the river, and dream over "On the Heights," but Nell's garrulity was oppressive. She insisted upon asking questions every two minutes, crocheting (I abominate crochet) all the time. Finding my answers shorter and shorter as the morning wore on, Nelly determined upon revenge.

"Papa," she began in a felicitous moment, when he put down his paper to look around, "papa, do you know that Madeline has determined to fall in love?"

"With which one?" said papa, looking indulgently toward his favorite daughter."

"Oh! that she can't decide upon; but she wants some one—a great and glorious being—who can '*lead her*.'"

"Nell!" I exclaimed, coloring angrily.

"Well, you know you did say so. I suggested the tall man who pulled her away from the gangway as a neat and appropriate hero, but she utterly declined him, said the poor fellow wore his hair cropped like a convict's."

"And so he did," I said, bursting into a ringing laugh at the absurdity of any man wearing his hair cut as close as velvet.

I rose and went to the railing to look up the river. As I did so, what was my dismay to see the man we were discussing so freely seated just at the turn of the cabin. He was out of sight, apparently absorbed in a magazine, but so close to us that he must infallibly have overheard every word we said. I stood by the railing for a moment, then calmly resumed my seat. Nelly was equally horrified when I told her my discovery, in pantomime. After that we were discreetly silent until we reached our landing. In the confusion of going ashore, I forgot to notice what became of the stranger. Papa merely saw us off, and went on to Albany.

Mrs. Cushing's carriage was waiting. Ten minutes after, we alighted at the portico of her noble country house.

The first few days of our stay went by uneventfully, but most agreeably. I was never tired of our afternoon drives over the autumn-tinted country.

The fourth day we were sitting at lunch, eating Seckle pears, when a very handsome and stylish young man opened the door and walked in.

"My dear Felix," exclaimed Mrs. Cushing, "how glad I am to see you! When did you come? Mr. Van Nostran, the Misses Farnsworth. I think you have the pleasure of knowing each other."

Nell greeted Mr. Van Nostran with warmth. I bent my face over my plate to conceal the annoyance that I felt was too plainly written

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there. "Felix Van Nostran—what brought him up here? I thought that in leaving New York I assuredly should leave him behind."

"I hope you have been exploring this perfect country under my aunt's guidance, Miss Madeline," said Mr. Van Nostran, coming around to my side of the table and seating himself deliberately by me.

"Oh! yes, indeed; and it is so pleasant to get into the quiet country, where you need not see any one outside of your own house."

"Except some one who lives in convenient walking-distance, as I am doing just now," said he, fixing his eyes upon me.

"Where are you staying now, Felix? I thought you had come to see me? We want a man in the house, don't we, Maddy?"

"I shall be only too happy to accept your invitation, Aunt Charlotte, but at present I am paying a long-promised visit to my friend, Dr. Berneckers—you probably have heard of him, a reserved sort of fellow; he practises his profession incessantly among the poor people."

"Yes, I have heard of him; he is a perfect recluse. You must stay and join our riding-party this afternoon, at all events."

"Certainly; and many more riding-parties, I hope. I assure you, my dear aunt, I am wholly at your disposal and that of the young ladies."

One young lady did not look especially pleased at this assurance.

When we went up to the drawing-room, I stopped by the piano to play, as I always did after luncheon. Playing, I always did unusually well.

"Play that 'impromptu' you were practising this morning, Maddy," said Mrs. Cushing.

"Not just yet; she is going to sing, very kindly, my favorite, *Kenst du das Landt*, which she has already selected."

"Certainly, Mrs. Cushing," I cried, hastily pushing away Mr. Van Nostran's favorite song, and beginning the "impromptu."

"I could censure you for so determined an opposition, Miss Madeline," whispered Felix, "except I agree with your own opinion, that it only renders you more piquant and captivating."

What could one do with such a man? Nothing—but go and get ready for the prospective ride.

The afternoon was most beautiful, the horses wild with spirit, but I started uncomfortably. Mr. Van Nostran had insisted upon putting me on my horse with an empressement that made Mrs. Cushing, in the goodness of her heart, find the necessity for close and confidential conversation with Nelly, leaving us two to ride together. Felix did his best to amuse me with his gay talking, and rallied me so effectually on my drooping spirits, that I answered him back with interest, and I was soon laughing and talking, the gayest of the quartette.

"Do you see that tiny curl of smoke?" said Mr. Van Nostran, pointing with his whip toward a dense thicket of evergreens that crowned a high, steep hill, at about two miles distance.

We intimated that we did.

"That is a designation of Dr. Berneckers's dwelling. He has the queerest, most charming little nook over there that you ever saw in your life."

"I wonder that I have never met him visiting in the neighborhood, Felix," said Mrs. Cushing.

"You need not, my dear aunt. He is one of the most unsociable fellows I ever knew—lives there all alone, with no one but an old woman to take care of his establishment; and splendid care she does take. By Jove! I never sat at a better conducted table in my life—everything about the house simple enough, but in just the best sort of style."

"Can't you induce your friend to come over to see these young ladies, Felix."

Mr. Van Nostran glanced at me. If I had evinced the smallest interest in whether Dr. Berneckers came, or whether he didn't, I don't think Mr. Van Nostran would have hesitated to complete the representation of his friend as a wild man of the woods, utterly beyond the reach of the civilizing hand of lovely woman—but seeing that I looked rather dull and bored than otherwise at the slight halt and so many words about an unknown doctor (I never could think of anything romantic connected with a doctor), he immediately pledged himself to have Dr. Berneckers forthcoming the following evening.

Visitors, young ladies in pony-phaetons, brilliant as butterflies, came at odd times the next day, so that the evening fell before I had thought once of the strange gentleman who was coming—very much unlike my custom.

I had always a habit of speculating about any new man who was to be presented to me, with a little flutter of expectation, which fell dead to the ground when I had once seen the unknown.

Nell, with Mr. Van Nostran in her mind, fastened a sprig of scarlet sage in my hair as we passed a dish of flowers in the parlor.

"Ah! that's a striking idea, Nell. But do

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you suppose our recluse will venture to lift his eyes as high as that flower. I wonder if Meinherr Doctor will speak broken English. Of all things, I dislike to talk to foreigners; I never can understand half they say."

I was startled to hear a grave good-evening from Mr. Van Nostran, and—

"Dr. Berneckers, Miss Farnsworth, Miss Madeline Farnsworth." Being the last one introduced, it was to me that Dr. Berneckers directed his steps.

I looked up to say something bland and polite, but should have liked instead to be totally extinguished, when in Dr. Berneckers I recognized my "convict-headed" friend of the steamboat. He did not seem to have any consciousness that we had ever met before, so I had nothing to do but blunder after his example as well as I could.

"Striking looking," Nell had called him on the boat. I should think he was. Tall and broad-shouldered, with a look of purpose and strength about him that it did one good to see, after the handsome, aimless men of the Felix Van Nostran type, that were thought the perfection of "charming fellows" by the girls of my set. Even that closely cut, black hair, defining so well the shape of his noble head, suited well with his square and clear-cut face. Yet few people would have called him *handsome*—it was only that expression of resolution and poise that struck every one. When I came to know his face better, I thought it decidedly the most attractive masculine face that I have ever met. I soon got over my momentary embarrassment. In the effort I probably talked with much greater unreserve and vivacity than I would otherwise have permitted myself toward an entire stranger. There was something wonderfully incentive in the brief replies, and close and polite attention I received from Dr. Berneckers, so I chattered on about New York, philharmonics, opera, under the insane idea that I was making myself irresistibly fascinating. At Mr. Van Nostran's request I played and sang. Something moved me to select, "*Ny che quita.*" I sang the passionate love song with a new expression. Mr. Van Nostran applauded me warmly. I looked toward Dr. Berneckers, my praise-loving spirit demanding the approbation of all. He was talking to Nell, and did not seem to have noticed that my song was finished.

A few minutes after the gentlemen took their leave, and we went up-stairs.

As I reached my room door, I remembered that I wanted some ice-water, so I ran lightly down the broad staircase. As I touched the last step, I heard voices in the portico. It was Felix and Dr. Berneckers; they had stopped until the servant could find them a match for their cigars. They would be gone in one second. I hesitated to cross the lighted hall while they were there. In that pause I heard my own name.

"What do you think of la belle Madeline, Victor?" I heard Mr. Van Nostran say, in a subdued voice.

"She is decidedly handsome, but shallow, I should judge, like most other coquettes."

"Not at all," rejoined Felix quickly; "you would not think so if you knew her better. Miss Madeline is not easy to become acquainted with."

"Is she not? I should imagine the reverse," and then, the servant approaching with the matches, put an end to the conversation.

I did not stay to drink my ice-water, but regained my room with celerity.

Tears of wounded vanity and mortification welled in my eyes. "Imagine the reverse," indeed! did he think, that self-sufficient creature, that because I was not stupid, and had something to say, that he knew all about me, read me like an open book, just because I tried to entertain him.

And "shallow"—was I shallow? Never mind. I had been too well set in my self-esteem by Dr. Berneckers's superiors to care for what he thought.

After that evening, excursions and parties of pleasure with the young people of the neighborhood were the order of the day.

Felix Van Nostran was constantly with us. My native caprice seemed to be increased tenfold.

I treated Felix sometimes with attention, sometimes with a nonchalance that even his imperturbable and confidant spirit found hard to endure.

Dr. Berneckers rarely, if ever, joined our expeditions. His professional duties took up his day, he said—he was comparatively free only at its close. He so far relinquished his hermit habits as to come frequently with Mr. Van Nostran in the evenings. It did not take any one long to discover that Dr. Berneckers was a most cultivated man. His manners were elegant, though studiously reserved and unpretending. I made it a point never to volunteer any remark to him.

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Although the evening was unaccountably blank when he failed to appear, the disapproving glance of those steady eyes spurred me to the wildest gayety and most mocking accent to all that I said before him.

Dr. Berneckers was a Christian man. One could see that duty was the prevailing power over him. No enticement of inclination seemed in his opinion to weigh a feather's weight in comparison with the sacred "*Faire ce que je dois, quoi qui adrienne.*"

Felix told us, with unfeigned admiration, but no desire to emulate him, that he would rise at any hour of the coldest night, and ride ten or twelves miles to help some poor dying creature. No ample fees repaid his labors; they were solely among the poor and destitute.

If Dr. Berneckers had known that my heart sank like lead sometimes when I seemed in my most frivolous of moods, he might have seen that the vague longing for a higher and more nobly developed life struggled in my soul with a sense of doubting of my power to be anything better than I was. I was worldly, I was self-seeking. I could never be anything else. *He* looked upon me as a vain coquette. Well, so I would be—to him.

One would naturally ask why I endeavored to seem as unthinking and heedless before Dr. Berneckers. If his good opinion was worth so much to me, why did I not try to deserve it? Ah! that I cannot tell.

I only know that something seemed to whisper to me all the time, "Will you let him see that *his* presence can tame you?—that a look from his deep eyes can make you quiet and thoughtful?" No, never.

Felix Van Nostran grew more serious in his attentions every day. Nell was a little puzzled at my variable moods—all life and animation down-stairs, in our own rooms so dull and spiritless; but I think she laid it all to the charge of Felix, and thought that some day of unreserve between us would bring things right again.

One afternoon I was writing in my room, which overlooked the lawn, when I heard a horse's hoofs upon the gravel. My restlessness made me throw down the portfolio immediately and run to the window to see who was the rider. It was Dr. Berneckers.

I could not help peeping through the shutter as he stood there on the lawn, while the groom led away his horse.

With all his rigid simplicity, Dr. Berneckers was decidedly dainty about the fit and cut of his clothes. His collars always set better than any one else's. I think it must have been because they clasped such a noble, round throat.

As I looked at him, all that took place on the boat that day came to my mind. With a thrill, half pain, half pleasure, I thought, "If you do despise me as an empty-headed, worldly girl, you saved my life; you cannot undo that—though I do not doubt you would."

Dr. Berneckers was playing with Mrs. Cushing's little boy, a great favorite. The child was devoted to him; he had taken up a queer habit of calling Dr. Berneckers "Victor," as his Cousin Felix did.

"Victor" seemed to think it rather amusing than otherwise, and never checked him.

"You said I was to ride your horse some day; don't you recollect, Victor?" the child was saying in a severe and amusing manner.

"Well, you shall, when you grow up," rejoined his friend.

"But I shan't have many times to ride then. I'm to marry Miss Madeline, you know."

"You are?" said Victor, seizing the little fellow, and holding him high up in the air. "And who told you that, I should like to know?"

"Oh! Miss Maddy told me so; she says so. But mamma says Cousin Felix is older'n I am, and Miss Maddy will have to marry him first. What would you do to Cousin Felix if you was me, Victor?"

A shade passed over Dr. Berneckers's face.

"Indeed, I don't know what I should do in that case, my little fellow."

He put the boy down, and walked thoughtfully into the house.

"Madeline," said Mrs. Cushing, coming into my room, "here is Dr. Berneckers come to say that the afternoon is so glorious, that we could not have a better opportunity for seeing the river view from his house. You know he has promised us that pleasure for a long time. Do you feel like going? We will ride."

"I should like it very much."

"Then dress rapidly, won't you? And don't think you will have such a dull time, Miss Maddy; Felix will join us at the south meadow."

How the indignant blood would rush to my face at any assumption that Felix was all that could make my time enjoyable. But, after all, it was partly my own fault.

For a wonder—oh! delightful wonder and good fortune—Felix was not there to mount me.

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No one but Dr. Berneckers. He must do it. And he did, tossing me up as he would have done a child. I could think of nothing sparkling and brilliant to say on the occasion.

I sat as quiet and silent as could be while he arranged the folds of my dress, and put my foot in the stirrup. Doing it, I am bound to say, with a careful deliberation that the affair did not imperatively demand. An unreasonable color mounted into my face as he put the reins in my hands, and spoke a few words of regret that Miss Farnsworth's headache was too severe to permit her to go with us.

As it happened, the ride was perfection. I was so extremely inoffensive and subdued in manner, that Dr. Berneckers would have been a perfect Timon if he could have seen anything to disapprove. Mrs. Cushing was decidedly abstracted; she had just received a letter from her absent one. So gradually the conversation was left to Dr. Berneckers and me. He seemed like a different man that afternoon. He threw off his reserve, and talked to me charmingly of his life in Germany, of his studies at Bonn—a thousand agreeable and interesting things. He listened to me with a warmth, an interest that was as delightful as strange. In talking to him, I felt a queer mixture of diffidence and confidence. There seemed an imperative obligation upon me to utter nothing but what was my truest and best. I *could* not laugh and jest with my old-time, airy defiance. Dr. Berneckers claimed my purest gold.

We were speaking of Germany (Mrs. Cushing had taken a narrow bridle-path on the other side of the road from us), when I said that I had always honored that country for the wealth it possessed in its *home* life.

"*Home* life! Pray, what do *you* know of the happiness of the home life, Miss Madeline?"

"A great deal," I said stoutly. "A younger sister has not much to do with the management of the home in our country, but I know how it ought to be done."

"And how should the home life be managed?" said Dr. Berneckers in a low voice, his eyes as soft as velvet.

"By the spell of mutual forbearance and self-sacrifice—where every labor is gilded, and everything that is noble, everything that is sweetest, is quickened into fullest life by the consciousness of mutual love."

I said this with difficulty; it seemed a sacrilege to bring into sight what was the dream of my inmost heart.

"Felix ought to have heard that," said Mrs. Cushing, who had rejoined us.

Dr. Berneckers's horse gave a violent bound, which discomposed the other horses. When they were quieted down, the conversation was not resumed.

Our road now wound up a steep hill; the growth of birches, elms, and other forest-trees were superb. The road twisted so that it was impossible to see more than twenty feet ahead.

At length we were stopped by a low rustic fence; we passed through that, and, turning a corner, came upon the most charming little nook in the world. It was a high point overlooking the river; indeed, the lawn on the riverside was guarded, at the sheer descent, by a continuation of the rustic cedar fence. The house was built like a Swiss châlet, the veranda extending all around it, and innumerable little overhanging balconies were built entirely of rustic work. Flowers grew in profusion. Wherever a rose could climb, wherever a hanging-basket could swing, there it was; the roses were in the perfection of their fall bloom; scarlet sages and scarlet geraniums flamed in patches.

"Oh! how lovely! What beautiful flowers!" I cried.

"Yes; they are not bad," replied Dr. Berneckers. "Flowers are my luxury, Miss Madeline."

Mr. Van Nostran came out of the house and helped us from the horses. He looked discontented.

"Why did you not meet us, Felix?" cried Mrs. Cushing. "I looked for you at the south meadow. Why couldn't you meet your engagement?"

"For a good reason enough. That beast that you left, Victor, for my accommodation, was idiot enough to fall down with the groom and contrive to put a very decided end to the girths. Of course, there were no new ones this side of Tarrytown; so farewell to my ride."

"I have the key of the saddle-room. I will have your horse saddled for you in time to ride back with us," said Dr. Berneckers.

Felix cleared up slightly at this, and we all went to the end of the lawn to look at the view, which deserved Mr. Van Nostran's glowing descriptions of it. As we returned to the house, a huge English mastiff, the most formidable looking creature, trotted out to meet his master. Mrs. Cushing caught Dr. Berneckers's arm. Tortures would not have made me do that.

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But I stood my ground with trepidation as the magnificent creature came nearer.

"Don't you admire him?" said Dr. Berneckers, turning to me with enthusiasm.

"Oh! yes, he is splendid," I replied, still careful to keep at a respectful distance from the dog.

"Then pat him—don't be afraid—he would not hurt you for the world. Thor—speak to Miss Madeline."

Thus admonished, Thor made a step toward me, and with some inward uneasiness, I put my hand on his head; the dog seemed to like it, so I patted him courageously.

"Thor would like a gift to memorize your visit. Can't you tie this around his neck?" said Dr. Berneckers, touching a ribbon that I wore under my collar.

"What, my prettiest blue necktie, with the forget-me-nots worked on it!" I cried in dismay.

"Exactly—can't you give it to him. I will answer for the good care he takes of it," continued Thor's master, remorselessly catching the fringed ends. It was Dr. Berneckers's first request. I unfastened the ribbon, and tied it around Thor's massive throat. Felix had been looking on at this scene with displeasure.

"Things have changed, indeed," he said satirically, "when the knight demands his lady's favor not for himself, but for his dog."

"Without doubt," replied Dr. Berneckers serenely, surveying Thor with satisfaction, "and for aught you know, you will see some other changes more striking still." And then, talking to Mrs. Cushing, he conducted us into the house where the refreshment of fruit and coffee had been served for us.

Thor kept close by my side for the remainder of the visit. Felix, I thought, was rather spiteful in his remarks to Dr. Berneckers, but the latter seemed to be clothed in a panoply of impenetrable good humor and high spirits.

When the horses were brought to the door, Dr. Berneckers turned to me. "Before you go, I want you to come and give me your opinion of an Ophir rose that bears its last blossom."

I walked with him to a balcony, which the beautiful "Gold of Ophir" had covered with rich foliage; but one single rose was blooming.

"It may serve to replace your ribbon," said he, as he broke it off.

"It is much prettier," I replied, as I caught it in my brooch, and was about to return to the rest of the party.

"Stop one moment—the blue ribbon—was it for Thor's sake, or for mine?"

"For yours," I said, after a slight hesitation.

"Another question," he said; "if it had been Felix who asked, would you have given it to him?"

"What an unreasonable question!"

"I know it is; but answer me—will you not? Would you have given it to Felix?" he looked anxious.

"Indeed, I cannot answer anything that displays such inordinate covetousness. You got the ribbon, why do you care for anything else?" I said, with a touch of my natural coquetry.

"Never mind why. I do care—tell me—would you?"

Averring that he was altogether too curious, I ran back to Mrs. Cushing, and he was forced to follow. Mr. Van Nostran took his place at my bridle-rein as soon as we mounted, and kept it until we reached home.

"Do come in, gentlemen," said Mrs. Cushing when the hall-door was thrown open, and a flood of brilliant light streamed over their faces.

"Not to-night, thank you." Dr. Berneckers bent from his saddle, and looked me in the face.

"*Would you?*" he said.

Something in his face drew the truth from me. Involuntarily I murmured—"Never."

His eyes flashed, he rose erect, touched his hat, and the two gentlemen galloped rapidly away into the darkness.

"What will you wear to-night, Maddy?" said Nell, the next afternoon, as we sat in her room.

Nell was putting velvet bows all over something—I don't know what.

"Wear, to what place?" I replied. I was resting both elbows on the window-sill, and gazing out intently.

"To what place! What a girl you are. I do believe you are turning to a perfect imbecile. You are fit for nothing on earth but to moon out of the window. You have never told me a word about the trip yesterday to Dr. Berneckers's. What happened—what did you all do and say?"

"Nothing."

"Indeed. I don't wonder that you have been the picture of abstraction ever since you came back."

"Where *are* we going this evening, Nelly?"

"Nowhere on earth that I know of. To my certain knowledge I have humbly inquired into your prospected toilet every evening since we have been here."

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"Nelly, you provoking girl!" Away I went. Felix and Dr. Berneckers were coming that evening—they had said so. I could not help feeling nervous at the idea of meeting the latter. Nothing especial had occurred between us, but I could not help a certain consciousness that he had got a glimpse into my heart. When he came, my watchful eye detected a change in his manner; he was more silent than usual, and instead of his usual tranquil manner, I noticed a slight restlessness about him.

Chance kept us apart the greater part of the evening, and chance had my assistance, until I went into the hall to get my fan.

Dr. Berneckers was leaning against the door.

"Come, and pull me a flower," he said, with an entreaty in his voice that I could not have resisted. "I want to see your face in the moonlight, it brings out the *soul's* expression."

I snatched a light wrap from the rack, and went with him.

"But you are passing the flower-beds, Dr. Berneckers."

"Never mind, I have a fancy to stand under the Norway pine; we will get the flower when we return."

The pine tassels made a shining carpet in the moonlight. We stood there in perfect silence. His voice broke the stillness.

"You spoke yesterday so sweetly of the happiness of home; you saw my home; it is unpretending. Do you think a woman could find that happiness there?"

"I think she could."

"But a woman accustomed to luxury and excitement of life, could she find content in that quiet spot; the monotony would weary her, would it not, even though she was loved as never woman was loved before, if she was the first and last love of her husband's heart?"

"I think she would be satisfied," I answered faintly.

"Madeline, would you think so, if it is *you* whom I ask to share that home with me. Madeline, you must have seen, you must know, that it is my deep love for you that has kept me so silent before you. Madeline, may I love you still?"

I was silent. He drew nearer to me.

"May I?"

I turned to him—his pleading eyes were full of light—he took my hands in his—I did not reprove him—he took me in his arms. As my face hid itself on that brave breast, I felt that at last I had found my victor.

MEMORIA IN ETERNA.

And he has been there all these many years,
Growing more beautiful in heaven's own light,
While I have plodded dull and aimless here,
Hardly distinguishing the day from night.

Ah me! when my faint spirit faltering stands
Outside the gates of amethyst and pearl,
Weary with waiting for angelic hands
To loose the entrance to the upper world.

When on mine unaccustomed eyes shall burst
The glory of the radiant, raptured throng;
When my bewildered ears shall list at first
The rapture of the hallelujah song.

While all the reaches of unfathomed space,
And all the countless courts of heaven ring,
And glow with light reflected from His face,
Who sits enthroned, Creator, Saviour, King!

If I shall fail to find my earth-loved one—
Father forgive, if it unrighteous be,
The fair streets of the New Jerusalem
Will only be a desert place to me.

THOUGHTS OF MADAME SWETCHINE.

Moral difficulties—the perplexity attendant on conflicting interests and duties, between which we cannot choose, and dare not decide—have often made me think that it is the will of Providence to impose mysteries upon the conscience as well as the mind. On the one hand, we have the faith that submits blindly; on the other, the heart humiliated because it cannot take refuge in the certainty of having done right.

Situations are the skeins of silk or thread—to make the most of them, we need only to take them by the right end.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 186.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

It really seemed to be my fate to be sent off in disgrace by one woman after another, and now I felt that I had angered Miss Zollicoffer, for she must have thought it strange that I should have flirted, and allowed her to flirt, under the very eyes of her niece. I couldn't exactly *explain*, but I would meet her, and try to do away with the impression she must have received. I did not think that she would be likely to stay and talk to Rosamond, and whichever way to the house she might take, she would eventually come into the broad, shadowy avenue, with its arch of century-old trees. Here I stationed myself to wait for her, behind one of the large-girthed, moss-grown trunks, against which I leaned, indulging in a Tennysonian dream of *fair* women. Presently I heard the clicking of small heels, the sweep of a trailing robe, and slipped from my covert. There was Miss Zollicoffer, but there was also Rosamond, walking by her side, on tiptoe, as I found, that I might not hear her footsteps. I expected her to scream with laughter, but she just glanced at me, and then lowered her eyes. I stepped forward, raising my hat, and looked sneaking, I know. Miss Zollicoffer did not appear to see me.

"Good little Jerry did his task, did he?" said Rosamond. "Then he may come and walk with pretty lady."

Pretty Lady raised her eyes and looked at me as if she had never seen me before.

"You didn't walk long," I said.

"Didn't I?" she replied indifferently.

"Jerry can't help walking *long*, if he doesn't go but two steps," said Rosamond, surveying my five feet ten of stature with her head on one side.

"Who is Jerry?" asked Miss Zollicoffer, with a languor that was so much like Mrs. Cascannon's.

"One of the gardeners."

"It is also supposed to be the diminutive of Gerard," I hazarded.

Miss Zollicoffer examined the end of the velvet that went around her throat—that round, arching throat! Nothing more was said, and we went into the house, Miss Zollicoffer immediately disappearing up the broad staircase, and Rosamond, with dancing eyes, flying off in another direction.

I went into the morning-parlor, and threw myself into my pet lounging-chair, that is called "Gerard's chair" by all the family. I was running over the events of the morning, with something of a frown on my face, when the door opened and Elizabeth came in, fresh as the morning, with pink cheeks, and eyes like two brown stars. It did me good to look at her, for her face told me that she was infected by none of their hateful suspicions, and her smile that it was sufficient happiness for her to be with me. Her lips have never said this, for she is very undemonstrative. But it's something, Lance, to be the dearest object in the world to a good, pretty girl—something that makes a fellow desire to be all that she imagines him to be.

"Naughty girl! where have you been all this morning?"

"'Up-stairs, and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber.' A young woman who has a mamma with the headache, and two or three obstreperous young brothers and sisters to look after, has something to do."

"But you have said nothing about me. Have I no claims?"

"You must not expect me to be at your lordship's command all the time."

"Don't sit so far off, Elizabeth. If you sit here, I can touch your hair once in a while. It looks like satin, this morning, Elizabeth. I wish to see if it feels like satin."

Elizabeth laughed, and sat down at my feet, as requested.

"You grow prettier every day, Elizabeth. Doesn't your aunt think so?"

"My aunt thinks *somebody* wonderfully handsome."

"Is it I, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, vanity!"

"I am not vain, Elizabeth. You know I am not."

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"You may not be vain, but I think you know how you look."

"How can one help it in these days of mirrors? Why, *Eve* knew it, and she had but a pool of water to look into. What else does she say about me, Elizabeth?"

The door opened as I spoke, and that "orphan" came in, but drew back when she saw us. "Come in," said Elizabeth, but she shook her head, smiling radiantly, and ran out again.

"Why did you ask her to stay? Don't you like to be alone with me?"

"*Of course not!* But you know it isn't as if we were first engaged."

"Do you mean that you don't love me as much now as then?"

"No, *absurdity!* but it's no new thing for us to be alone together." (Hibernice!)

"It's getting to be rather a new thing to me. I see so little of you now."

"But there are other persons in the house."

"There is only one Elizabeth. By the way, how old is that little thing?"

"I—I have never asked."

"Do you mean it is none of my business?"

"Of course not, Gerard."

"I can't make up my mind if she is child or woman. She looks like a child, but she talks like a woman."

"She is very interesting."

"She's a regular spitfire."

Elizabeth looked into my face inquiringly. "She is *spirited*."

"Perhaps it is only that. I don't fancy her."

"I am sorry."

"It would be much worse if I didn't like your *aunt*, wouldn't it?"

"I want you to like my aunt."

"I shall endeavor to do so."

"You see that her position in respect to us is peculiar. She is like the tutelary saint of some Roman Catholic household, who is supposed to have an eye to the welfare of each member of the family, whose interposition is supposed to procure some worldly good for them, and who has an ear open to the relation of all their troubles. She is the very soul of generosity, and gives so quietly and so naturally, that you feel you do her a favor in accepting of her superfluity."

"Then you don't have the trouble of feeling grateful?"

"Gerard, I'm ashamed of you."

"Very well, then, you have the satisfaction of feeling grateful. I believe that gratitude is never a burden to you women."

"It is a pleasure to receive from those we love, even as it is to take our Father's good gifts."

"Dear Elizabeth!" I said, and stooped and kissed her. The door opened. I caught a glimpse of a golden head. It receded swiftly, and the other door closed as Elizabeth sprang up, laughing and blushing. "You shouldn't be so affectionate in an apartment that is common to all," she said.

"But you surely do not mind your *aunt?*"

Elizabeth shook her head. "I don't like spectators," said she. "I must go now; mamma wanted me in an hour. You had better follow her, and entertain her for a while. I expect she thinks us very stupid." She signed with her hand to the door through which Miss Zollicoffer had disappeared, and ran out of the room.

I was more than half inclined not to follow the retreating fair. This interview had made me more in love with Elizabeth than ever—nicely and comfortably in love, as one ought to be with one's promised wife. If girls only knew how much better it is not to be too demonstrative, even to an affianced lover! Elizabeth would never cloy one with caresses. She is too modest, has the true, womanly reticence that is so much more alluring than any amount of softness. I hate a woman who is ready to fall into your arms at the first word.

I stepped through a window, out on the piazza, and lighted a cigar. I would let Miss Zollicoffer alone, and she might sulk or not, just as she felt inclined. I drew out a chair, placed it where the vines clustered the thickest between me and the sun, and began to smoke over the leaves of a new novel. Presently I became conscious that some one was pacing up and down the walk that runs along by the piazza. I peeped through the leaves and found that it was Miss Zollicoffer. She had taken off her hat, and with it had pulled down a long tress of hair that floated behind her as she walked. She was very pale, and her look was that of one who broods over something very hateful to him, but from which he can find no escape. Once she pulled forward the long tress, and bit it with a click of her white teeth, so that I quite expected to see a lock fall, severed, to the ground. Then she tossed it over one shoulder, and interlocking her fingers until they were white with the strain, began her sentinel-like walk, up and

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down, up and down, as if flogged by the Furies. I was so interested by her proceedings, that I forgot my novel, and continued to watch her through my viney screen.

The sun now swung around the house, and where she had been walking in shadow was now a broad glare of sunlight. It made her hair something almost too bright to look upon, and reddened her cheeks to a painful scarlet; but she walked on, turned, and back again. I could endure it no longer. I pushed aside the vines and said—"Won't you come in here? It is so much cooler."

"Thank you; no," she said shortly, looked around for her hat, caught it up, and walked with quickened steps in the opposite direction.

I kept step with her to the end of the piazza, and then confronted her. "Elizabeth wished me to make myself agreeable to you," I said. "She's afraid you find it dull here."

"It is dull, horribly dull," she responded, shrugging her shoulders; "but what can one do?"

"Come into the shade when the sun shines," I said sententiously. "Here is a very comfortable chair; not one of those knobby, rustic things, nor yet a piece of embroidery stretched between four sticks, but a real Sleepy Hollow."

She hesitated an instant, then put her foot on the first step of the piazza, with a defiant air, I thought, and trailed her blue skirt in the direction of the desired chair.

"You were sitting here, were you not?" she said.

"Yes; but I can get something else."

I stepped back into the room, caught up the low seat on which Elizabeth had been sitting, brought it out, and placed it at her feet.

"Pray don't stop smoking; I like it."

I consider obedience to a lady's commands one of the first laws of politeness, so I resumed my cigar. She lay back in the chair, lazily inhaling the odor. Presently the white lids drooped until the long lashes lay on the cheek.

"It always makes me so sleepy," she said.

"Take a nap then," I suggested. "I will play the part of your guardian angel while you sleep."

She smiled. "Was that one of Elizabeth's suggestions?" she asked.

"I think she would favor it," I said.

She rubbed her eyes sleepily, and hid a yawn with her hand. "The sun is a good narcotic. If I should succumb, would you arouse me should any one come?"

"Certainly. And I have a very exciting chapter to finish."

I took up my novel, and found, after some difficulty, where I had left off. I feigned to read diligently for some moments, then looked up. I wish you could have seen what a pretty picture it was—she must have been sure that she did not sleep with her mouth open, or she would not have risked it—and yet it was prettier than any picture, for there was the color growing perceptibly warmer every instant, the lips pouting into more childlike fulness, the pink cheek sinking more and more into the curving palm. You, who so adore blondes, would have gone down on your knees then and there. I didn't read my book much more, being occupied with the study of this fairer page; and pretty soon the heat, and the rhythm of her low breathing, combined to make me drowsy. I nodded once or twice, recovered myself, then my head drooped lower and lower, touched something, rested there, and I lost myself.

I was dreaming, and I thought that I lay in the gorgeous depths of a South American forest, while above me spread layer after layer of splendid color, rose towering trees, with giant branches ringed with great vines, twisting around them like monster anacondas, and flowering with blooms too vivid for any eye to look upon. Suddenly in this blaze of color gleamed something so deadly bright that all other shades of scarlet, azure, gold, and emerald green, grew dull beside it; and, but a speck at first, glowing like some far-off gem, it writhed and writhed itself into the semblance of a splendid snake, still writhing downward, with its burning eyes flaming above my face. I tried to move—mountains held me down; to scream—my tongue shrivelled between my jaws. It fell, it struck me to my brain, and—I awoke, awoke to feel one side of my face burning and throbbing, and to see standing before me, with white face and glittering eyes, the "orphan," Leslie Tilden. I gazed at her in some bewilderment, then raised my head. My senses came to me at once, with a shock that set my other cheek to flaming. My head had been resting on Miss Zollicoffer's lap. She still slept, however. I looked up in the "orphan's" face, and I know that I looked like a craven.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," she said, with a look and accent that made every word a sting. "I had not expected to find you here."

"I had not expected to find *myself* here, I can assure you. While Miss Zollicoffer was taking

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her siesta, I was reading, and that I should lose myself and be found in this position is certainly as disagreeable to me as it would be to her, did she know of it."

The sound of my voice roused her. "I hope you will excuse me," she said, rubbing her eyes. "I must have been sleeping here hours." She took her watch from her belt, glanced up, saw the "orphan," and started; then lowered her eyes to her watch, which she opened with trembling fingers. "It is past lunch time, but I am not hungry," she said, picked up her hat, and left us. A pleasant position for me, for the "orphan" evidently had not believed what I had told her. She was leaning against one of the pillars, with her eyes fixed on the floor of the piazza, and the air of a very gloomy and disgusted cherub.

CHAPTER VII.

"You look as if your breakfast had disagreed with you, my dear," said I, in as offensive a tone as I could assume.

"I must confess that my luncheon has," she replied.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Inconstancy, a-la-dormouse."

"Your head is small for so large a wit," I said, patting it in a superior manner.

She withdrew from my hand, and looked at me with a scorn and hauteur that were really laughable in so small a body.

"You really shouldn't put on such airs, my child," said I; "you are not large enough to make them anything but ridiculous."

"Shall I change with you?"

"With me!"

"If you will assume my dignity, I will appear in your levity."

"Have you ever studied your Catechism, child?"

"Occasionally."

"Don't you know that you are commanded to 'order yourself lowly and reverently to all your betters'?"

"I do."

"Then what conclusion do you draw from that?"

"That, as you are not my 'better,' I can order myself as I please toward you."

"I am your 'better' in age and experience."

"In age, and a certain kind of experience."

"Hum! I wish that experience would tell me what makes this cheek burn so confoundedly."

"Perhaps I can tell you."

"Pray do so."

"An application of five fingers and a palm."

"I always return a kiss for a blow," said I, moving toward her.

She grew scarlet and retreated. "I did not do it."

"Who did?"

"Rosamond. I did not interfere, for I thought you deserved it."

"You stayed to speak after she had struck! I shall treat you as a confederate."

"Stop!" she said, holding up one tiny hand. "*I* am Miss Zollicoffer."

"Nonsense!"

"I am, really—on my honor as a lady."

"*You, Miss Zollicoffer!* Then the other——"

"Is Leslie Tilden. My nieces planned the joke, which, like all jokes, has been carried too far."

"You are Miss Zollicoffer!—and you have adopted that full-grown woman!"

"Like the generality of mites, I have a fancy for tall people."

"Then you are—'*grown up*'?"

"I am twenty-four."

"And Miss Tilden?"

"Miss Tilden will give you her age herself."

"I beg your pardon, but it seems so odd that you should be an adopted mother. She is so much larger, and appears to be so much older."

"It is a fact, nevertheless, although the august name of Zenobia seems more fitting for her than for me."

"I am in every way astonished. Miss Zollicoffer, I hope that my explanation——"

"'Actions speak louder than words,' Mr. Sunderland."

"Miss Zollicoffer, I will now answer two questions to which I once refused to reply. I do love Elizabeth better than any other woman. I do intend to marry her."

She was silent for a moment, and then she looked up very archly. "And I *do* think you are sincere—just now."

"On my honor as a gentleman——"

Mr. Sunderland, allow me to speak a few plain words to you. You have wandering eyes, and Leslie is very alluring—but, although she might like you very well for a time, should any one more desirable than yourself present himself, she would assuredly throw you over for that other; while Elizabeth is a girl who, once having given her faith, will keep it until death, and death would come to her very soon should

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her faith in you receive any of those rude wrenches that come of putting faith in anything earthly. I have felt great anxiety for her on this account. She is of a peculiar temperament, will put all her heart into one venture, and, if that is shipwrecked, she will go to the bottom with it. I have told you this, that you may know, what I firmly believe, that you hold not only her heart, but her life in your hands.

I was much moved by the earnestness of the little creature, and the strength of her affection for Elizabeth, although I am no believer in broken hearts, etc., and think Elizabeth much too sensible a girl to die for love of any one, even *me*, if I should prove false to her, were such a thing possible.

"Miss Zollicoffer, I honor you for what you have said, and for what you feel; and I will endeavor to prove myself worthy of Elizabeth."

She gave me her hand with a bright smile, and, as she did so, Rosamond came in, and surveyed us with one of her most tragic frowns. "So you have not killed him?" said that young woman.

"I had no suitable weapon," said her aunt, laughing.

"The point of a darning-needle would have let out so small a soul as his is."

"He is a good boy, Rosamond. Both you and I were mistaken."

"You have gone over to the enemy!"

"No, the enemy has come over to us."

Rosamond looked at me scornfully, and walked away to one of the windows.

"I leave you two, to 'make up,'" said Miss Zollicoffer. "I have some business to attend to."

"Rosamond," I began, as soon as we were alone.

Rosamond did not reply, but looked obstinately out of the window.

I took out my handkerchief and waved it before her eyes. "A flag of truce, Rosamond. Let us confer."

Rosamond looked around, though with a protruded under-lip.

"Rosamond, don't you think that your aunt is generally right?"

"I think for myself."

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think that you are a mean wretch."

"Why, Rosamond!"

"You have deceived her, you may deceive Elizabeth, but you can't deceive me. A yellow-haired Delilah!" said Rosamond, stamping her foot.

"Then you consider her to blame?"

"You wouldn't have had your head in her lap if she hadn't let you."

"I knew nothing about it."

"Didn't she?"—doubtfully.

"Neither did I, until I awoke."

"Did your head drop down there when you were asleep?"

"It did, Rosamond. I was as astonished as the peppered-cream-tart man in the Arabian Nights, when he found himself at the gate of Damascus."

Rosamond's face cleared instantly. "I am so glad, Jerry," she said frankly. "I did hate to be obliged to be angry with you."

"And I hated to have you angry with me."

I can't hardly help wishing that Mrs. Cascannon's indisposition may continue, such a differently organized household is this now. Neatness and cheerfulness prevail. The children appear with fresh garments and shining hair—their quarrelling and fretfulness have abated. The very baby seems a new being.

"It is always so when Zoe Zoll is here," said Elizabeth, to whom I had remarked that evening that the house, always pleasant, had now a rejuvenated air. I looked at her inquiringly.

"We older ones always call her Zoe Zoll. It seems so absurd to call such a little thing, only four years older than myself, aunt."

"Oh! I understand. Zoe is certainly much more appropriate than Zenobia, for her."

"It was a good joke, wasn't it?" said Elizabeth, looking up archly in my face.

"Did your aunt—did Miss Zollicoffer tell you how she undeceived me?"

"She only said that she had told you."

I looked in Elizabeth's clear, candid face, and felt relieved. I had not feared indiscretion on the part of the aunt, but on that of the sister.

"Elizabeth, I told Miss Tilden, when I supposed her to be your aunt, how we all had made merry over the 'orphan.'"

"I wonder if that is the reason that she has secluded herself since dinner."

"Has she secluded herself? I hope she will continue to do so."

"Don't you like her? I thought you did—as my aunt."

"As your aunt, I felt obliged to like her. As Miss Tilden, I do not."

"But you will be pleasant to her for my aunt's

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sake, for all our sakes? She doesn't seem very happy; and it *is* dull here."

"Dull!"

WHY MISS TILDEN SECLUDED HERSELF.

[*Interpolated in Gerard's letter.*]

When Miss Zollicoffer had left Gerard and Rosamond to "make up," as she phrased it, she proceeded to do the business for whose performance she had excused herself by running up the stairs and knocking at the door of Miss Tilden's room.

"Come in," said a low voice.

She went in, and found the fair occupant sitting in a cloud of her own loosened hair before the mirror.

"I have come to tell you that our little masquerade is at an end. You are Leslie Tilden, and I am Miss Zollicoffer again."

The other bent her head, so that her hair fell still more over her face, but made no reply.

"We can resume our own proper characters now. It will be no longer necessary for you to enact the affectionate aunt."

The bit of face visible through Miss Tilden's hair grew very red, but she said nothing, only bent her head still lower, slightly crossing her hands upon her bosom.

"Leslie," said Miss Zollicoffer, "why do you always receive my suggestions as if you were an Eastern slave, instead of a free-born Englishwoman?"

"What am I but a slave? Every mouthful that I eat, every garment I wear, are of your providing; yet I give you nothing in return."

"That is a wrong, an unnecessary feeling, Leslie. I am alone, and you are a companion to me. I am an artist, and you furnish me with a beautiful subject, whose charms I can increase by judicious ornament."

"Yes, I am to you as a picture or a statue, purchased with your money, and therefore your own."

"A picture or a statue has neither a soul nor free will. You have both. You can leave me, if you will. But why should you object to receive from me the care that other adopted mothers bestow upon their adopted children? The small difference in our ages only makes less difference in our tastes and wishes."

"But those never can be the same."

"Are my tastes so very peculiar, my wishes so out of the ordinary course?"

"It is *my* wishes that are out of the ordinary course."

"I am very glad to receive this confidence from you, Leslie. Tell me what they are."

"They all point to the stage," said the girl, in an almost inaudible voice.

"The stage!"

"There! I knew you would be shocked. What is there in the very name of the stage that makes all *proper* people shrink? Because that there are presented lives nobler than we can live, or lives that are the very reflection of some we *do* live?"

"The temptations, the surroundings——"

"I would give little for the virtue that must be free from temptation to stand. On the stage they may be more direct, more before the eyes of the world, but are they greater there than in private life?"

"But persons are different. Some are of marble, some of wax."

"Which am I?"

"You are quick to receive impressions. You would be facile in the hands of some stronger and perhaps evil nature."

"You will not aid me, then?"

"Out of consideration to your future—no."

"If you would only turn some of these ornaments you heap upon me into money, and let me take it and go my way."

"To your own destruction? No, Leslie. You shall stay with me, and have all the excitement you may wish in the way of society. But I will never assist you to ascend the stage."

"What are the excitements of society to that of a crowded theatre filled with hundreds of beings, whom you can sway at your will to laughter or to tears?"

"You know nothing of the triumphs that society has for a young and beautiful girl. Or, you may prefer a tour of the continent. I have long contemplated that."

"If I were a great actress, I would make each continental city the scene of my triumph."

"Perhaps you would not make a great actress, Leslie. Then there must come long years of study and trial before you can be any actress, and if you should be famous, when you have reached the zenith of your fame you must sink before some rising star, and be a lonely, worn-out woman when others are happy wives and mothers."

"I would choose the first even with that conclusion."

"Why, Leslie?"

"Because I am a born actress. It is a pleasure to me to appear to be what I am not. You

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thought me asleep when I was on the piazza? I was not, although Mr. Sunderland was. I knew when his head fell upon my lap. I would not arouse him, for I enjoyed the anticipation of the scene there would be when he should awake, and find what his position was. You prevented that, but did not I wake up in a natural manner? Wasn't my start, when I saw you, perfect? And yet I knew you were there. I heard every word you both said."

"You know that he is Elizabeth's lover?"

"Yes, I know that. But what a 'situation' that would have made on the stage! The fact that he was some one else's lover, would have made it all the more piquant."

"I don't understand the feeling, even if you are a 'born actress.' Have you no sentiment of honor?"

"Perhaps I have, but I always think of the 'dramatic effect' first."

"You have not yet disgusted me, Leslie, to the extent of desiring to rid myself of you by sending you upon the stage," said Miss Zellicoffer, and so left her.

When Miss Tilden went down to dinner, she found that Mr. Sunderland was not there, and overhearing one of the children say that he would not be back until the next morning, retired to her own room to write some letters, and so remained unaware of his return that same evening, and as unconscious that while she was sitting in her white, blue-ribboned peignoir, under the soft, shaded light, he was in the room below, telling Elizabeth that although he had liked her as Miss Zollicoffer, he did not like her as Miss Tilden.

CHAPTER VIII.

[*Gerard's letter resumed.*]

Mr. Cascannon announced at the breakfast-table this morning, that his wife was so much better as to intend coming down-stairs before luncheon-time. "Shall you be at home this morning?" he said to Miss Zollicoffer.

"Of course," was the reply, and Ethel, who is quite a free-spoken young man, burst out with—"She'll spoil all our fun."

"Ethelred!" said his father, frowning at him.

"Well, she *will!* We always have to dry up when she's around."

"You may leave the table, sir, and spend the rest of the day in your own room," said his father.

Ethel's face grew very red. "O papa! please——"

"You have not only done wrong, but have set the others a bad example. Go."

"O Auntie Zoll!"

Mr. Cascannon looked toward Miss Zollicoffer. It is evident that she occasionally pleads the children's cause. She shook her head, but there were tears in her eyes. "I cannot interfere. You have spoken improperly of your mother."

Ethel seemed to know that his cause was lost, and obeyed without a murmur. All of his sisters seemed to pity the culprit. Perhaps they sympathized with him. Elizabeth slipped a well-buttered muffin into his hand as he passed. Miss Zollicoffer shook her head at her, and said in a low voice—"You shouldn't 'aid and comfort' the enemy."

"I wonder what *you* will do before the day is over," Elizabeth returned with a smile.

"I think papa should not have punished Eth," said Winny, as we left the breakfast-room.

Miss Zollicoffer put a hand over his mouth.

"Nobody heard, and *you never* tell, Auntie Zoll," said the muzzled one. "Besides, you are so little, I could swing you until you didn't know which was head, and which heels."

"You'd better not try it," said his aunt, and a scuffle ensued, from which the glossy curls emerged in a very ruffled condition.

Notwithstanding her playful ways, the children seem to hold her in great respect, and are never rude with her, although they romp with her.

Miss Tilden was very quiet this morning, almost as quiet as when she was taking her siesta, yesterday. What would she have said had she known that my audacious head rested on her lap? She is so beautiful that she can dare that entire repose of face and manner that is habitual with her. Sometimes I think that there is a latent fire in those topaz-colored eyes of hers that will burn into a flame when the time comes—and doesn't it flash out sometimes, when she is alone, as yesterday? That which seemed enigmatical in Miss Zollicoffer, may mean something in Miss Tilden. Why all that talk about being a slave? Would she prefer poverty to riches? Then, can she not leave Miss Zollicoffer if she wishes? Pooh! the girl desires to make herself interesting. Her life must be charming with that dear little creature for her sole guardian. It must be something idyllic, the life of two beautiful young women, so rich, and so free! Has she some frightful

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duenna at home, I wonder, to preach propriety, and groan over youthful follies? The darling little creature *is* a kind of household saint, as Elizabeth told me, but still, I'll wager, there's a spice of the sinner in her. Shall you fancy her? But the other one is more to your taste—and she *is* superb.

I was present when Mrs. Cascannon returned "to the bosom of her family." I was in the summer parlor, reading aloud to Elizabeth and her aunt, who was holding the baby, and sewing some kind of frilling that was to trim Lilian's aprons. Lilian ran in, crying, "Here's mamma!" and Mrs. Cascannon came in, looking very interesting in her white wrapper and crimson shawl, with a little cap over the crinkling hair that folded around her full, pink cheeks—cheeks altogether too round and rosy for those of an invalid. Miss Zollicoffer jumped up, with the baby in her arms. "How are you, Zenobia?" said her sister, extending a languid hand. Then she greeted me rather more cordially, allowed Elizabeth to kiss her cheek, and *dropped* into a chair.

"I think your headaches improve your looks, Laura," said Miss Zollicoffer, rather mischievously, I thought.

"Do you? What are you holding that great child for? Let Elizabeth do it."

"Elizabeth has so much else to do."

"I'm sure I don't know what. We always have plenty of servants."

"There must be some head to a house, you know?—and your frequent illnesses——"

"Well, what of my frequent illnesses?" said Mrs. Cascannon, with some animation.

"Elicit your daughter's good qualities. Elizabeth's house will be well managed."

"One can do very well until there are a dozen children in the house. I have thought for the last few days that we were besieged by the Sepoys. You must have brought twenty orphans instead of one, Zenobia."

Miss Zollicoffer bent her head over her work. "I hold myself responsible for all that noise," said she.

"What does give this room such a peculiar look?" said Mrs. Cascannon, glancing around her. "Oh! it's all those ferns and vines trailed over everything. You know, Elizabeth, that I do not like any such things. They always remind me of snakes. Pray, remove them."

Elizabeth was about to speak, but Miss Zollicoffer made her a sign—(she had herself arranged them this morning, and I could not help thinking that her sister knew it). Elizabeth removed the obnoxious decorations, and then her mother said—"If that is Rosamond out there, call her in."

Elizabeth obeyed, and Rosamond dashed in through one of the windows.

"What is that you have on your head, child?" said her mother, arresting her as she was about to rush up to her. It was a scarlet net, into whose meshes Rosamond's redundant curls were tucked—very odd and very becoming.

Rosamond whirled around on one foot, and displayed it to her mother, in all its aspects. "Isn't it lovely?"

"I think it ugly."

"Why, mamma!"

"It makes you look quite *old*. Do take it off, and wear your hair as usual."

"But, mamma, Auntie Zoll——"

"You had better take it off, Rosamond," said Miss Zollicoffer.

Rosamond took it off with a jerk, and a pout of her pretty lips, and tossed it into her aunt's lap. "Pray, take it back, Auntie Zoll," said she. "If you should give me a diamond coronet, mamma would think it hideous."

"Leave the room, Rosamond," said her mother.

"I sha'n't take it with me, mamma," said Rosamond, and disappeared.

"I can't think what has changed my children so," said Mrs. Cascannon. "They did not behave like this before my illness."

"Let us hope that Rosamond may be the only one at fault," said her sister. "You have not yet seen the others."

"And I do not wish to, if they are all to appear like Rosamond."

"I did not give them all scarlet nets," said her sister.

Mrs. Cascannon appeared not to have heard this retort. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, as I have observed to be her wont when she wishes to seem unconscious of anything. Lilian came into the room, and she opened her eyes. "Why have you on that white dress in the morning, Lilian?"

"Auntie Zoll—" began the child, but her mother interrupted her—

"Go and take it off, this minute."

"But, mamma, you have on a white dress yourself."

"Go to your aunt," said her mother.

Lilian went to her gladly.

"Zenobia, will you slap her mouth for me? I don't feel equal to it."

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"I cannot, Laura. It is my fault that she has on the dress."

"Is it your fault that she treats me with disrespect?"

"You know it is not," said Miss Zollicoffer indignantly.

"It is not *my* fault. Come here, Lilian."

Lilian began to cry, and I, having remarked Elizabeth's distressed glances in my direction, got up and left the room. Miss Zollicoffer followed. She was trembling and crying. She passed me without seeming to see me, and I heard her say to herself—"Why does she hate me so?"

In a moment, Elizabeth came out. She ran up to her aunt, and put her arms around her. Miss Zollicoffer's head comes just about to Elizabeth's belt, and against this she leaned it, sobbing aloud.

"My darling Zoe Zoll!" said Elizabeth.

"I believe I must go away, Elizabeth. My being here always seems to turn her against you all."

"She is not well."

"No, I am disagreeable to her. Why is it?"

"I think she is a little jealous of our affection for you."

"I wish you wouldn't love me, then."

"How can we help it?"

"But I have a *right* to love you. You are mine, too. And I only wish to do you good."

Elizabeth sighed.

"It may be better that I should go, any way. I have sometimes thought that I am not bringing good luck." She paused and raised her head.

"Elizabeth was looking at her with wondering eyes. "Your presence only is the best of luck," said she.

Miss Zollicoffer sighed and shook her head.

"Papa would be very much disturbed," said Elizabeth. "He would insist upon knowing the facts, and then there would be trouble."

"Perhaps there would. O Elizabeth! it is such a comfort that you love me; and yet, perhaps, it would be better if you did not. I could do for you just the same, and your mother might like me better."

"I cannot think it possible not to love you."

"You are all the relation I know of, and, although Leslie is a dear girl, she could never make good the place of my Bess, my Madge, or my Rosamond. And I am so glad that I like your husband that-is-to-be, though he isn't my Bess's equal."

"O Zoe Zoll!" said Elizabeth, blushing, looking at me, and about to speak.

I put my finger on my lip.

"It would be better for you if you had a stronger sense of your own merits, and thought less of others. But you are more lovable as you are."

"Then I choose to remain as I am."

"You mustn't be too submissive, Elizabeth—with him, I mean. It would do him good to catch a Tartar."

Again Elizabeth was about to speak, but I shook my head.

"I think *I* should have been a better match for him."

"You may have him," said Elizabeth, glancing at me.

"He wouldn't have had much more softness from me than from a bear, and that's what he needs."

"A bear!"

"Yes, my dear, something to scratch the pretty face of his self-conceit a little, and shake some of the nonsense out of him."

"You evidently have not much of an opinion of him."

"He is too handsome—and he knows it."

"When one has a looking-glass——"

"*Two* of them—your eyes, Elizabeth. You mustn't let them tell so much."

"You are advising me to be deceitful!"

"Such deceit is laudable. You must *not* let him know *how much* you think of him. Better that he should imagine your affection to be less than it is."

"But he might think that I was tired of him."

"I don't think that he would believe a mortal woman could tire of him."

I presented myself at this juncture. Miss Zollicoffer started, and looked from me to Elizabeth.

"Traitress!" she said.

"I thought the lecture might do him good," said Elizabeth, with dancing eyes.

"If you had only remained perdu," said Miss Zollicoffer, "you should have heard more."

"Thanks; I heard enough."

Miss Zollicoffer held out her hand. "Forgive me for telling the truth," she said.

"You 'add insult to injury,'" I replied, half laughing, half provoked.

"There was wrath in that pressure. But I fear that I didn't do any harm, Elizabeth?"

"Not the least," said Elizabeth, smiling at me over her aunt's head as I turned away.

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CHAPTER IX.

I must confess that I did not feel as kindly toward Miss Zollicoffer when I left her as I had done before. Acknowledge, Lance, that you would not have liked to have been placed before your lady-love as a conceited fellow by no means her equal. I was grinding my teeth over this recollection as I hurried across the park, hardly knowing where I was going, when I saw Miss Tilden in the distance, a book in her hand, and reading as she walked—reading aloud, it seemed, for her lips moved—then gesture was added. Declaiming! I thought. How very odd! She did not see me until I was close upon her, and then she looked surprised and colored deeply.

"You made quite a picture coming out of those dark woods with your book in your hand. What have you found that is so absorbing?"

"Quite a modern author, you perceive," she replied, showing me a volume of Shakspeare, open at "As you Like It."

"This is a play that should always be read out-of-doors," I said.

"Yes; and what opportunities are afforded for carving the loved one's name on some of these smooth trunks, were there a love-sick Orlando among us, with the 'very quotidian of love upon him.'"

"'I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you tell me your remedy,'" quoted I, wishing to see, if, as I suspected, she had been spouting the part of Rosalind.

"'There is none of my uncle's marks upon you—he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner,'" she responded quickly.

"'What were his marks?'" I went on.

"'A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other,'" she responded with good emphasis, and, I could not help feeling, with a *personal* application of the words. Perhaps Miss Zollicoffer's remarks aided this impression, so that I repeated, with some earnestness, Orlando's—"'Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.'"

"'Me believe it! You may as soon make her you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.'"

"I have heard that given less effectively on the stage. Shall we go on?"

"Your resemblance to Orlando stops here. You do not wish to be cured."

"Did he? 'Did you ever cure any so?'"

She laughed and looked down, then looked up at me archly, and repeated—"'Yes, one; and in this manner: He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him;' shall I so cure you?"

I declare, she did it splendidly. If I had not been an engaged man, here was a chance to commence a flirtation on a Shakspearian basis, which might carry one through "Romeo and Juliet," into "All's Well that Ends Well," and I can assure you the lady seemed nothing loath—but I turned my back on the temptation, and responding with Orlando—"'Fair youth, I would not be cured,'" gave the book back into her hand. Give me credit, Lance, for I *do* like an innocuous flirtation with a pretty woman. I think she gave the words their full meaning, for she bit her lip and gave me what might be called an *emphatic* look, a look that is equivalent to a boxed ear. "I think I shall take a walk," I said. "You were just returning from one, I believe, so I cannot hope for the pleasure of your company."

"I will wait until you ask for it."

"May I be so deeply blessed, so highly honored?" I asked, removing my hat and performing a sweeping bow.

"*No*," she said, turning upon her heel and walking away from me.

"Excuse me. You gave me the impression that you wished to go, or I should not have asked you."

"I do not wish to force myself upon you. It

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is very evident that I am no longer Miss Zollicoffer."

"I do not understand."

"Miss Zollicoffer would not be in the way; Miss Tilden is."

I stooped to look into her face. She was crying. "My dear Miss Tilden! I——"

"Do not say anything. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Of course, I cannot expect to be of as much consequence as—as—a rich, well-connected lady."

"But *I* don't know but that you *are* as rich and well-connected as she is."

"Mr. Sunderland, please forget what I have said, and—and—if you can, my foolish tears. Finding myself among girls who have always had a happy home, and a father's and mother's care, and remembering my own past, I grow morbid, and fancy everything a slight that is not intended for such."

"You should try to forget the past; your future promises much; and recollect that, as Miss Zollicoffer's ward or adopted child, your position is now unassailable."

"I know it. But still I feel that I am not as other girls. I have no *right* to any of these things"—she rapidly touched the different ornaments she wore. "If I owed them to any who were kin to me—but as it is, they are as the ornaments hung on the person of a slave. I wish to be free—I wish to earn my own living. I asked her for help to do so, and she refused it."

"What would you do?"

"I would be an actress." How her face glowed and brightened as she said this. "I hate the life I lead," she went on, stamping her foot. "I do not like society. I do not like books, except as they relate to the stage. As for domestic life, I would not be a duchess, I would not be a *queen*, if I had to stay in my palace. She talked to me about being a happy wife and mother, as if that should be the end and aim of life. It isn't of mine. She talked of the triumphs of society. I wish no such triumph. Not that I wouldn't wish to see men at my feet, but they must be brought there by my genius, not by the fact that I am the adopted daughter—think of being *her daughter!*—of a rich woman."

"Your face would bring you greater triumphs than your fame."

"Do you mean that I could not act?" she asked, almost angrily.

"I don't doubt that you would make a charming actress," I replied; "but you would make a still more charming 'queen of the ballroom.'"

"Any pretty face can be that, but it takes more to make a queen of the stage."

"But a queen must resign her sceptre sometime, you know? And it is not death, but a fickle public that snatches it from the still living, clinging hand."

"But no one can take away the memory of the triumph."

"And would that be sufficient satisfaction?"

"I think so. I am sure of it."

We had been walking by a laurel hedge, and I had stripped off a number of its shining leaves, weaving them into a wreath. "Here is your first crown," I said, dropping it upon her head. You have no idea how handsome she looked, Lance—like a nymph, a muse—I told her so, and she said—"Is it Melpomene or Terpsichore?" and assumed at first an air and expression absolutely tragic, then, altering her face and manner in an instant, danced a few steps along the turf, with a grace and lightness worthy of Ellsler. I had never seen her in this mood, and I was surprised by her versatility. She continued to dance, humming a little air, and, looking over her shoulder at me, as she moved along, she disappeared behind a clump of trees. I followed, feeling as if we belonged to some old Arcadian scene, and that I was some Tyrsis or Amyntas pursuing a flying nymph. I passed the clump of trees, but the nymph was no longer visible. Had she been a dryad, and ensconced herself snugly in the heart of her own particular oak, she could not have disappeared more entirely. Was she playing hide-and-seek, or had she run away, and left me, after having made me her confidant? Having enacted tragedy, was she now giving me a bit of comedy? She is certainly not only remarkably beautiful, but remarkably interesting. I wonder what she will do next?

A falling bough saluted my head, and looking up, I saw Rosamond perched in a tree above me.

"Bad girl!" I said, "you might have broken my head."

"You can't spoil a bad egg, you know. And I thought it would do no harm to break a head that is already cracked."

"How did you get up there so quickly? Didn't I just see you walking before me?"

"Have I a tow-head, Mr. Fox?"

What a sharp thing it is?

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"Was it Lilian, then? Where did she disappear to?"

"It wasn't Lilian, then, nor now, as you very well know. I wish I *had* broken your head."

"I do not. It may not be much of a head, but it's all I have."

"You were after *her* again."

"After whom?"

"The Tilden woman. I saw her cutting around on the grass there, like a thing in a hand-organ, and I thought she wasn't doing it for nothing, unless *you* might be called nothing."

"Really, Rosamond, I am getting tired of this constant suspicion and watching on your part. I think you forget sometimes that you are only a child, and that it is none of your business what your elders may be doing."

Rosamond slid from the bough, and alighted, with almost the ease and lightness of a bird, before me. Then she made me an elaborate courtesy—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sunderland, I will not speak to you again;" and then she marched off with all imaginable dignity.

I felt sorry for an instant, and then I decided that it was for the best, as she really might annoy me seriously by her childish jealousy; besides, it makes me appear ridiculous to be lectured by this termagant in short petticoats. She will get over it soon, I thought. She said that she could not bear to be angry with me—and this lesson may do her good.

I rather disliked to go back to the house, Mrs. Cascannon seemed in such an unpleasant mood, and I still felt provoked with Miss Zollicoffer; but it was getting near luncheon-time, and I was hungry, so I went back.

I found Mrs. Cascannon, Elizabeth, Madge, and Miss Zollicoffer in the parlor, and when I went in, Mrs. Cascannon said—"You must be hungry, and I suppose we can have no lunch until Zenobia's little girl comes in."

"Rosamond and Lilian are neither of them here," said Elizabeth.

"I never trouble myself to wait for children," said Mrs. Cascannon. "I think grown-up people are always of the most importance."

"I agree with you," said Miss Zollicoffer. "And here is Leslie at last."

Mrs. Cascannon opened her sleepy-looking eyes as much as a quarter of an inch wider as Miss Tilden entered and asked—"Am I late?"

"Let me introduce you to my sister, Leslie," said Miss Zollicoffer.

Mrs. Cascannon very seldom gave her hand to any one, but she now held it out to Miss Tilden, and even said she was "glad to see her," which was certainly remarkably gracious for her, and caused Miss Zollicoffer and Elizabeth to exchange congratulatory glances as the former returned to her seat, leaving Miss Tilden standing before Mrs. Cascannon, who reclined in her invalid-chair with her usual graceful languor, but with a strange expression of interest on her handsome, indolent features. Again was I struck by that resemblance that I had first observed when I supposed them to be sisters. The same almond-shaped eyes, and lids drooping at the outer corners; the same wave in the blonde hair and in the black; the same low, smooth brow, down to which the hair grew in a sharply defined point, then rounded off above the temples; the same sinuous shape, the same graceful motion, the same haughty carriage of the head.

"You have been ill?" said Miss Tilden.

"I regret it, as I have lost some days of your visit," replied Mrs. Cascannon.

Madge lifted her brows, and looked at Elizabeth. Elizabeth smiled, glancing at Miss Zollicoffer, and then looked attentively at her mother and their guest.

"Queer!—isn't it?" said Madge in an undertone to her aunt.

"I am very glad," said Miss Zollicoffer.

"I begin to be alarmed," continued Madge. "Mamma generally detests strangers. I'm afraid she is going to be ill."

"Let us hope it's a proof that she's feeling better."

"If it were a *gentleman* now! Mamma can just *endure* strange gentlemen."

"Let us be thankful that her daughters can improve upon that."

Madge tossed her head. "I like them just about as well as *you* do, Zoe Zoll. Why, she is actually *going out* to luncheon!"

Mrs. Cascannon had, indeed, taken Miss Tilden's arm, and was leading the way from the room.

Mrs. Cascannon had always had her luncheon brought to her until to-day, and the girls had assured me, when I first visited the Cascade, that this was her invariable custom, even when visitors were in the house; so that this change in her habits, for the sake of an entire stranger, made it appear still more remarkable. Of course, Miss Tilden knew nothing of this, but she seemed to be fascinated by Mrs. Cascannon, and no one else had a word or look from her during the meal. I could see that it made the girls

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a little jealous, as was very natural, for their mother never seemed to take much pleasure in their society, or, if she does, is most remarkably undemonstrative. It suggested itself to me that she might wish to retort upon them for their love for their aunt, whom she evidently dislikes very thoroughly.

"It won't last very long," said Madge. "Mamma's fancies never do."

This was as we were coming out of the breakfast parlor.

"I hope it will last," said Elizabeth. "It will amuse mamma—and there are so few things that she cares for."

"I never supposed young ladies to be one of those 'few things,'" said Madge. "I'm sure *we* always seem to bore her."

"At any rate, we don't bore Zoe Zoll," said Elizabeth, "and she is a *piece* of mamma."

"I have a great mind to go straight home," said Miss Zollicoffer, stopping short in the hall. "Nothing has gone right since I came here."

"If you do, you will hurt *my* feelings dreadfully," said Elizabeth.

"And mine, too," said Madge. "I care a great deal more for you than for mamma, and——"

"Hush!" said Miss Zollicoffer, lifting her hand. "You always seem to forget that Mr. Sunderland is not one of the family."

"I consider myself as such," said I.

Miss Zollicoffer shrugged her shoulders.

"You are not, however," said she; "so I think that we had better not make remarks that are not to our credit before you yet awhile."

"I want you to stay and see Sir Lancelot," said Elizabeth, trying to change the conversation.

"Is he so great a sight?" asked Miss Zollicoffer.

"No more of a sight than a handsome young man generally is," I interposed.

"I am tired of handsome young men," said she, with another shrug.

Elizabeth and Madge had left us.

"I am glad that I am not a handsome young man," said I, decidedly nettled.

"You are."

"Then you mean to say that you are tired of *me*?"

"I do. I wish you would go away until I am gone from here."

"Miss Zollicoffer, you are a very singular person."

"I choose to be singular."

"Do you wish to quarrel with me?"

"I do."

"This is very strange."

Miss Zollicoffer beat her foot on the floor, bent her brows, and set her lips determinately.

"I thought you liked me—after a fashion."

"I do—after a fashion. I should like you very well—away from here."

"What have I done?"

"Not much—as yet. O Mr. Sunderland! please go away until I—until we are gone. I am convinced that we shall all be sorry if you stay."

"You are very complimentary."

"I say just what I think. My mind presages grief for us all. I wish I had never come."

"You have no faith in me!" said I, suddenly enlightened.

"I do not think of you. I think only of Elizabeth. There are bitter days coming for her."

"I have done nothing."

"So you always say—men, I mean. And you *have* done nothing."

"You acknowledge that!"

"But that gives no assurance that you may not do something."

"May I ask what? Murder or arson?"

"Worse. Oh! I feel such a sense of coming evil. And if you would only go away, my heart would be completely lightened."

"I am sorry that I am so disagreeable to you, but I did not come here to see you. And I am no believer in signs or wonders."

"Will you or will you not go away? Only for a short time, until we shall have gone."

"I cannot go, for I am expecting my friend."

"Do you expect him immediately?"

"I do not know the exact time."

"Then you can write to him to defer his visit for awhile."

"He is very anxious to see you."

"I am not at all desirous of seeing him."

"You will think very differently when you see him."

"Excuse me, but I like none but gentlemen."

"He is not as particular."

She bit her lip, and the blood rushed to her cheeks, but she made no reply.

"Do you know I think you are very much like Rosamond?" said I.

She flashed me a glance, but was silent.

I went on: "A most charming little creature, but entirely unreasonable."

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"You like dramatic recitations," said she, approaching me, and looking fixedly at me. "'Would that mine eyes were basilisks!'" Then she turned short around and left me.

Lance, she must have known of that Rosalind and Orlando performance in the park! That accounts for her anxiety to get me out of the way. And she has quarrelled with me for that purpose. What a little termagant! Well, "conscious innocence" will carry me through, at any rate, until you come.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CUBAN CURRICLE.

(*See Engraving.*)

With the approach of evening, the citizens of Havana awake from the slumbers that have long suspended all labor, and caused an unbroken silence in the entire city. His siesta over, the Cuban, lighting his puro, repairs in his best attire to the Paseo, that he may see and be seen, enjoy the refreshment of the evening breeze, and occupy the leisure whereof he has so much. As elsewhere a silver teapot is deemed indispensable to a respectable household, symbolizing the quiet enjoyments of domestic life, so the ambitious Cubano requires the possession of a piano and a volante, without which life would be incomplete. The Cuban needs music to solace his indolence, and a carriage to save him the degradation and physical labor of walking. The promenade is a characteristic feature of all Spanish cities, and is a result of the stately pride, love of intrigue, fierce, latent passions, and apparent apathy of its frequenters. However poor, the Cuban must have an equipage to appear in public, even should he go without dinner to support it; for showing himself in public is the object of his existence: he labors only that he may attend the Paseo with becoming dignity.

Havana has two public promenades, the most frequented being the Paseo d'Ysabel Segunda, a noble avenue of palms, rising from odorous thickets of flowers, open to the sea breeze, at one extremity of which is a statue of Her Catholic Majesty. From an hour preceding sunset until the stars are bright, this avenue is thronged by the aristocracy of Havana, that is, by all above the degree of servants. No pedestrian appears among those long files of carriages in slow succession. The vehicles are peculiar to the island, and invariably two-wheeled. The more genteel volante, or curricle, approaching the observer, looks at first like a negro mounted between two gigantic wheels. On closer inspection, it is seen to be a light, open carriage, accommodating only two persons, hung between disproportionately large wheels, and drawn by two horses richly caparisoned. The *calasero*, or postilion, who guides them (a negro equipped in formidable jack-boots with heavy silver spurs, gay jacket laced with gold or silver, and noisy whip), has discovered the secret of making the greatest fuss compatible with making as little way as possible. The indolent creole beauties whom he is driving recline languidly in the volante, flashing dark glances on the bewildered gazer from their nest, attired in negligent white, with flowers interwoven into the glossy hair, which no envious bonnet hides. There, enthroned like Cleopatra, they exchange courtesies with their friends, and, perchance, contrive to carry on a pretty little flirtation by ingenious pantomime. The quitrino is a heavier and clumsier variety of the volante, with even larger wheels, rendering it difficult to turn in the narrow streets of the city. Should the *senora*, returning from her promenade, bethink herself of some trifle that she conceives essential to her happiness, and which may be procurable on the way, she will not hesitate to stop her volante at the shop door, arresting abruptly the progress of a score of other vehicles until her caprice is satisfied, till when she contemplates with indifference the impatience of the stranger, and perchance insolently enjoins her calasero on no account to give you the passage, whereby she conceives her dignity might be compromised. This little incident, familiar to the traveller in Cuba, is an eloquent sarcasm on the impotent arrogance of the Cubans.

"Dare to do right! dare to be true!
All the world's scorning can never harm you!
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith!
Stand like a hero, and battle till death!"

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CURL-PAPERS.

A merry group of girls gathered in Mr. Clarke's handsome parlor after dinner, laughing and chatting gayly. Sallie Brown, Annie Surrey, Fannie Harvey, Georgia Everett, and Bessie Taylor, who were spending the Christmas holidays with Lou and Minnie Clarke. All varieties of beauty were well represented there. Brunette and blonde, chestnut and auburn ringlets; blue, gray, hazel, and black eyes. The girls were evidently in a state of preparation for some coming event; as hair done up in crimps—nicely concealed under ribbons tied in elaborate bows—plainly indicated. Minnie, whose hair was short, had covered her head with rows of little white knots—the germs of future ringlets, to be exceedingly profuse and natural.

"Minnie," said Lou, in elder-sisterly fashion, "you really don't look proper to be in the parlor. If any one should come in now, you would hardly be presentable."

"Oh! I know," said Minnie, "but if any one comes I shall get behind the folding-doors, and no one will suspect that I am in the room."

"I should laugh," said Bessie, "if you *would* get caught, and have to stay behind the door all the afternoon, especially if any one called to see you."

"I am afraid you will have to deny yourself the pleasure of laughing at my expense, for as soon as the door-bell rings I intend to fly up-stairs," returned Minnie gayly.

At that moment a silvery peal rang through the hall.

The girls that were in crimps started up-stairs, with Minnie flying after them. But, alas! as she put her head outside of the parlor door, she saw that she was too late. Parker had promptly answered the bell, and the hall door stood open, thereby cutting off all retreat, while her horrified vision descried Dudley Gregory's tall form slowly approaching the parlor. Minnie turned back into the parlor in despair. The girls had all deserted it except Sallie Brown, who never wore frizzes.

"What will become of me, Sallie?" exclaimed Minnie pathetically. "I am caught. Please, Sallie, keep him in the other parlor, and perhaps I can manage to slip out without his seeing me. It is Dudley Gregory. I wonder who he called for."

"Hush! he's coming, Minnie. Slip behind the door, and I will manage him for you."

Minnie slipped behind the door, and at that moment Mr. Gregory was announced. Unfortunately, Sallie was in the back parlor, and Mr. Gregory immediately advanced into that room. "Wrong step number one," thought Sallie. "I ought to have been in the other parlor, and then I would not have had the trouble of getting him back there."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Gregory."

"Good-afternoon, Miss Sallie. Are you alone? I thought I heard a chorus of merry voices as I stood on the porch. I have not frightened them away, I hope?"

"Oh! no, I guess not; the girls were all here after dinner, but they went up-stairs just before you came in. They will doubtless return if you wish to see them."

"Don't let me disturb them, please. I only called to see Miss Minnie a moment, if she is not engaged."

"I don't think she is engaged. Parker will tell her probably. You look cold. It must be quite frosty this afternoon. Won't you come into the other room nearer the fire?"

"I am not cold, thank you. This room is quite comfortable."

"How provoking," commented Sallie silently. "I shall have to make some other excuse. I fear he will not be so easily 'managed,' after all."

"Have you seen those stereoscopic views of our trip to the Falls, Mr. Gregory? They were sent home yesterday. Let me show them to you."

"Thank you, Miss Sallie, but I saw them last evening. Just now I would prefer hearing a song from you, if you will grant me one."

"I can't," thought Sallie. "That will keep him in this room, and poor Minnie will never get out in time to take her papers out and get down to see him." Then aloud—"You will have to excuse me, Mr. Gregory, my throat is so sore I could not possibly sing. And I think," she added, as a happy thought struck her, "that it will be better for my throat if we sit a little nearer the fire."

So, at last, she "managed" him into the other room. He drew up an easy-chair for her in front of the grate, and then—provoking fellow!

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seated himself in another near the folding-doors, commanding a full view of the crack in the door, through which Minnie was anxiously reconnoitring. She moved cautiously back farther into the corner. But not without a slight noise, and Mr. Gregory raised his eyes, and took a deliberate survey of the crack. For a moment she thought she was discovered, but he turned away without appearing to notice anything.

Poor Minnie! for one whole hour she was doomed to stand rigidly erect behind the door, without daring to move a muscle. No persuasion could induce Mr. Gregory to move his seat.

"If it was only anyone else," thought Minnie, "I would not stand it. I should defy all proprieties, and rush out, and up-stairs. But Mr. Gregory is so exceedingly dignified and particular, he would be shocked if I attempted anything of the kind. He called to see *me*, too, and he must think it very strange that I keep him waiting so long." And then she sighed as she thought of the pleasant *tete-a-tete* she might be enjoying if it were not for those provoking curl-papers. And then she wondered what he wanted to see her about, and if he were not going to invite her to join the sleighing party this evening. All the rest of the girls had received invitations, and she wanted to go *so* much. Minnie was ready to cry with vexation. He won't see me, of course, and he will go away without giving me the invitation, and I shall have to stay at home while the rest are having such a splendid time.

The minutes dragged slowly on—each one an age to Minnie. Sallie and Mr. Gregory almost exhausted their stock of small talk. Every few moments Minnie could hear Sallie offering Mr. Gregory some new inducement for changing his seat, but always with the same success. At length Minnie grew desperate. She espied a silk duster hanging behind the door, and winding it turban fashion around her curl-papers, prepared to make a bold plunge from her hiding-place. She was so exhausted from remaining so long cramped up, she felt it would be impossible to remain there many moments longer. Just as she was prepared to start, she heard something that promised a diversion in her favor, and she delayed a moment. Mr. Gregory was asking again for Miss Minnie; and Sallie, in despair of being able to "manage" him, said she would go and see what had become of her. As she passed the crack in the door, she made such a comical gesture of mingled pity and perplexity, that Minnie almost laughed aloud. As Sallie left the room, Mr. Gregory rose, walked to the grate, drew something out of his pocket, and seemed very intent in gazing at it. Minnie could see that it was either a photograph or a letter—she wondered whose. But now, if ever, was her opportunity for escaping. As silently as possible she slipped from behind the door, but she made a slight noise, and Dudley turned his head. He started, and looked astonished, and she, seeing she was discovered, gave a little scream, and darted into the hall. Dudley soon recovered himself, and sprang after her. Through the long hall, and up the wide stairs they ran, he calling to her to wait and see him a moment, and she but flying the faster for his calls. Minnie was fleet, but Dudley was fleeter, and on the first landing he caught her. She struggled a little, but he held her firmly, and proceeded to lecture her

"Why did you run from me, little one? Were you afraid of me?. Have you been hiding behind the door all this time? I have been waiting an hour to see you."

But poor Minnie, completely exhausted, and terribly mortified, could only laugh and cry hysterically, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Poor child," said Dudley gently, "you are pale and faint from exhaustion. Let me seat you on the stair, and rest a moment. I want to ask you something."

She was a slight, little girl, and he seated her on the stair as he would a child. As he did so, her turban fell off, disclosing the neat little rolls with their white banners flying. Minnie was very much confused, but Dudley laughed, and declared that they were ever so pretty, and quite becoming. That quite reassured Minnie, and she actually looked up and smiled.

"There," he said, "you look better; perhaps you are able to answer my question now. I can't stay but a moment, and I want to know if you will go sleighing this evening. Will you?"

She looked up at him as he stood in the glory of his six feet, and said simply—"Why, I shouldn't think you would want me to."

"Why not?" said he, a little surprised.

"Oh! because," hesitating a little, "I look so—my hair, you know—and—and you are *so* particular."

"Minnie," said he gravely, "you never looked more beautiful to me than you do to-day. Will you go?"

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There was a peculiar cadence in his tone, and something in his manner very unlike anything she had ever seen before. He had never called her simply Minnie, either, and so it was with a little flutter at her heart that she looked up and said, "Thank you, Mr. Gregory, I will."

"Will you be ready then by seven o'clock? It is glorious moonlight, the sleighing is splendid, and I anticipate a *very pleasant* time."

"It will be delightful, I know. I will try to be ready in time, and not keep you waiting an hour again," she answered smiling.

"Then good-by," said he, taking her hand. "Rest, and bring back the roses before I come this evening."

Minnie was hurrying past the library to her own room, when the girls called to her. How they teased her, and laughed over her scrape.

"I declare," said Sallie, "who would suppose that that dignified Mr. Gregory would be guilty of such a game of romps."

"Now, Minnie," said Lou, "I hope you will take my advice hereafter, and not go into the parlor with your hair in such a state."

"I am glad she got caught," said Bessie, laughing, "it serves her right for laughing at me the other day, when Mr. Brown caught me in crimps."

"But did he really see you?" said Annie Surrey, who was a little old-maidish, and exceedingly proper. "How dreadful! Why, I never should be able to look at him again if it was me. I don't suppose he invited you to join the sleighing party, did he? Probably if he intended to your papers frightened him out of it."

"Yes," said Minnie, "he *did* invite me, and I am going. He didn't seem to think my curl-papers so very terrible either." Minnie spoke rather pettishly, for she was very tired, and the remarks of the girls irritated her.

"Girls," said Fannie, "don't tease her. She looks tired and sick."

"I am tired. It is no joke to stand cramped up behind that door for over an hour. But I haven't much time to rest. Mr. Gregory said he wanted to start at seven o'clock, and it is five now. What are you going to wear, girls?"

Thereupon followed an amicable discussion as to what was most becoming and suitable, until the gathering darkness warned them that it was time to dress. An hour later when the tea bell rang—bright faces, waving ringlets, gay dresses, and merry voices surrounded the table. Minnie's hair, brown with a gleam of gold, waved in wonderfully natural looking ringlets around her fair brow and white throat. The delicate rose in her cheek, and the bright hazel eyes, were well contrasted with the rich, warm coloring of her dress.

"Now, girls," said Mamma Clarke, "it is a long ride to Mt. Holly, and you must be sure to bundle up warmly. Are you all provided with blanket shawls?"

"Yes, mamma, we are all provided for, and Betsy has some bricks heating for our feet."

"How do you expect to go—in a large sleigh together, or in single sleighs?"

"In a large sleigh, mam," said Bessie. "It is so much more fun, and more proper, you know."

"I guess the propriety was an afterthought with you, Bessie," said Mrs. Clarke, smiling. "There is the door-bell now. I guess you had better be putting on your wrappings, hadn't you, girls? Don't keep Mr. Gregory waiting, Minnie."

"That's the unkindest cut of all, mamma. I thought we had all signed a treaty of peace on that subject."

Parker entered and announced the gentlemen, and the ladies adjourned to the parlor.

When they were all nicely wrapped up in shawls and furs, and Mrs. Clarke had dismissed them with many motherly injunctions to keep warm, they found a large sleigh and a little cutter up before the door.

"I forgot to ask you, Miss Minnie," said Mr. Gregory, "if you have any objeetions to going in a single sleigh. I thought the other sleighs would be too full, and besides, I prefer a single sleigh. Have you any objections?"

"No," said Minnie, "I think I can trust to your skill in driving."

As he carefully wrapped the robes around her, Minnie felt a little uncomfortable. She had noticed the change in his manner toward her, and she saw that there was plenty of room in the other sleigh, so that could not be his reason for getting a single one. As she was wondering what it all meant, and whether it meant anything, they drove on some distance in silence.

"What are you thinking of? A penny for your thoughts, Miss Minnie," said Mr. Gregory, who had been watching her face attentively for some moments.

"My thoughts are not to be bought so cheaply; but suppose we make a fair exchange."

"Very well, I am willing. I was thinking of

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you as you sat on the step this afternoon so pale and faint. Do you know what I thought as I looked at you then?"

"I am no clairvoyant—how should I read your thoughts? I expect you were thinking how ridiculously I looked in curl-papers."

"You know I was not thinking anything of the kind, Minnie. If I noticed your curl-papers at all, I only thought they were rather becoming. May I tell you what I thought?"

"Why, certainly. I did not suppose it was necessary to obtain my permission in so trifling a matter as expressing a passing thought."

"Perhaps, if you consider the matter so trifling, Miss Minnie, it is not worth while to trouble you with it. Forgive me for being so egotistical. Probably your thoughts will be more worthy of consideration. I will be happy to hear them."

"Excuse me, Mr. Gregory," said Minnie half repentantly, "I did not intend to be impolite. I believe I am a little ill-natured to-day. I cannot say anything without its sounding rude or provoking."

"If you will pardon me for saying so, I think you have been rather provoking to me for several days. I think it was hardly kind for you to refuse me your photo yesterday, when we have been friends so long. I have a little confession to make. As I was leaving the parlor last evening, I saw your photo lying on the table, and slipped it into my pocket. I will return it if you insist on it, but I found so much pleasure in its possession to-day, I would like to keep it always. May I?"

"Was that what you were looking at this afternoon, when you were standing in front of the grate? I wondered whose it was," said Minnie thoughtlessly.

"Yes, that was it, but how did you know that I was looking at anything?" returned Mr. Gregory, smiling.

"There," said Minnie, "I have betrayed myself. When I was behind the door I was looking at you through the crack, watching an opportunity to slip out, you know."

"So you wondered whose it was? Don't you know there is no other picture in the world, I would care to look at so long, Minnie?"

"Ah! indeed, how very much flattered my photo would feel if it only knew how highly honored it was."

The tone of the voice more than the words was very cutting, and Mr. Gregory was silent for a few moments. Then he turned to Minnie, and said in low, earnest tones.

"There is something I want to say to you to-night, Minnie. I think you know what it is. Are you willing to hear it?"

His tone was not to be mistaken, but Minnie answered almost rudely—

"No—I don't know, and I don't wish to know. And what right have you to call me Minnie? I never gave you any permission to."

"Mr. Gregory looked astonished at the petulance with which she answered him, so unlike her usual self, but he merely replied coolly.

"Excuse me, Miss Clarke, I will not annoy you in that way again."

Minnie was evidently ashamed of herself, and, perhaps, in her heart, sorry, for after that she tried to talk very pleasantly.

They had fallen far behind the rest, but Mr. Gregory touched up the horses, and in a few moments they reached the other sleigh, passed it with a little shout of triumph, and were the first to drive up in front of the Mt. Holly House. As they entered the lighted hall, Minnie glanced at Mr. Gregory. There was a slight paleness in his face, and a dangerous sparkle in his eye. Minnie could not but acknowledge that he looked very noble and manly, and she must appear very childish and rude in his eyes. Her face was flushed, and Mr. Gregory remarked that her ride had benefited her; she looked better than she did in the afternoon.

It was a very pleasant little party that gathered in the private parlors of the Mt. Holly House. There was gay music to set tiny feet dancing, wide halls for promenading, and cosey nooks for pleasant *tete-a-tetes*. An elegant supper gotten up in the proprietor's best style, refreshed the physical, and in the wee sma' hours they were ready to start for home.

Mr. Gregory had been very polite and attentive, but yet there was something lacking, and his attentions failed to be as agreeable as usual. Minnie danced, and laughed, and chatted, and yet she felt that the evening she had looked forward to with such bright anticipations had passed very miserably.

The large sleigh started off ahead once more, and as they seated themselves in the little sleigh, Mr. Gregory said—"I suppose, Miss Clarke, you are anxious to reach home as soon as possible. I will let the horses have the reins, and we will race past the other sleigh if you desire it."

"Just as you please," said Minnie. "I am fond of racing."

He touched the horses with his whip. They

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sprang forward, and in a few moments reached the other sleigh. As they attempted to pass, the driver whipped up his horses for a race. Mr. Gregory's horses became ungovernable, sprang to one side, plunged into a drift, threw Minnie and Mr. Gregory out, and then dashed on. As they were plunging into the drift, Mr. Gregory saw what was coming, and throwing one arm around Minnie, managed to break the severity of her fall. He held the reins in his other hand, and was dragged a few feet in the rough snow before he let them go. He sprang up in a moment, and was beside Minnie, asking anxiously—"Are you hurt?"

"No; but, O Dudley! *you* are, in trying to save me! What *can* I do?"

He turned to her with a quick, glad gesture, and answered, taking both her hands in his—"Heal the only hurt I have received this evening, dearest, and tell me my love is not in vain."

"Can you forgive me, Dudley?" was all she said. But she let him hold her hands, and when he drew her close to him, lifted the drooping head, and pressed a lingering kiss on the sweet lips, she did not resist.

But the pretty tableau was interrupted by the gentlemen from the sleigh coming up breathlessly to see who was hurt. They found Minnie and Dudley standing by the drift, apparently not much hurt, or much amazed at their informal dismissal from the sleigh, but a little confused. When, after inquiry, it was discovered that there were no lives lost or injuries received, they all indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Pride must have a fall, you know, Gregory," said Mr. Brown, "and if you will race, you must take the consequences."

"Harland," said Smith, "run back and tell Miss Lou they are all right. She is half crazy with anxiety about Minnie."

"Do you know what has become of the horses?" inquired Mr. Gregory. "We would like to know if we shall be obliged to camp out all night, or if there is any probability of our reaching home."

"Oh! yes, you will get home in some way. There is plenty of room in our sleigh if yours is not recovered. But the horses did not run far, and Jenkins has gone after them. I guess they will be back soon. Perhaps Miss Minnie had better go back in the sleigh any way; she may be timid about riding after those colts."

"What do you say, Minnie?" said Dudley, in a low tone. "Will you get into the sleigh, or go with me?"

"I will go with you, Dudley."

"Thank you," he said. "I will take better care of you this time. I shall not race again—you know I am not in a hurry now to get home."

Minnie smiled, and Jenkins coming up with the horses, Mr. Gregory informed the gentlemen that Miss Minnie had concluded to give him an opportunity for retrieving his character as horseman, and was willing to trust herself to his care.

No one offered any objections, and after seeing them snugly ensconced in the robes, the gentlemen returned to their sleigh, and the party drove on. As they rode slowly along, Dudley told Minnie the story of his love—the old, old story, always new and thrilling. Talking happily together, Minnie called him Dudley several times.

"What right have you to call me Dudley? I never gave you any permission to," said he mischievously.

"Oh!" said Minnie, "I am only retaliating for calling me Minnie. You can see now how very disagreeably it sounded. Dudley, if you have forgiven me for being so naughty this evening, will you tell me now what you were thinking of on the steps this afternoon?"

"I was thinking, my darling, when I saw you so faint from weariness and mortification, that if I dared, I would take you in my arms, and tell you how beautiful every little curl-paper on that dear head was to me, and ask you to find in my arms a resting place for every weariness forever."

BEGINNING TO LEARN MUSIC.

Mozart, whom his illustrious countryman, contemporary, and admirer, Haydn, characterizes as the "most extraordinary, original, and comprehensive musical genius that was ever known in this or any age," said, only a few hours before his death, "I begin to see what might be done with music;" and true it is that the more the sphere of music is explored, the more extended does it become.

A TROUBLED SPIRIT.

Ah! the old homely proverb about the horse and the water. You may plunge a soul into heaven itself, and the pores of its being may be closed against the divine ether.—MRS. WHITNEY.

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A SCHOOL-GIRL'S STORY.

BY HARRIE BOYER.

It was just a year ago to-day. Papa had left in the early train for London, and would sail from Liverpool on Saturday. Daisie and I were to stay in Bruxelles till he came for us again, which might be in six months and might be in a year. We rode back from the station—where we had bidden papa the long good-by—in an open voiture. Miss Guillaume, our little Flemish *gouvernante*, was with us, and respecting our sadness, said never a word, for which I thanked her in my heart. We arrived at the *Pensionnat* just as the girls were coming down to their seven o'clock *dejeûner*. How bright and happy they all looked. Fannie White's father was in India, and the little Greens knew no one nearer than Australia, and the home of the Lloyds was on the Gold Coast, in Africa, and papa had only gone to New York. "How foolish I am," I thought; "why, I could reach him from here in fourteen days." I tried to choke down a pistolet and a cup of coffee, and was relieved to find that Daisie had forgotten her tears already, and was pecking away at an egg which Miss Guillaume's thoughtfulness had provided.

Being vacation, the murmur of talk which ran round the table sometimes broke all bounds and reached a height of uproariousness, notwithstanding Mademoiselle Stephanie's emphatic shrugs, and her frequent—

"For shame, young ladies! Not so much noise. You *must* speak French."

"The king is going to Ste. Gudule to-day, for the grand Harvest-Mass," said Allalia Parys, a handsome Spanish girl from Bogota, who, having been at the school for over eight years, was looked up to as pioneer in everything.

"Oh! is he? how I should like to see him," said a little Australian girl. "I saw a Maori chief at Melbourne once, but he was black, and threw the boomerang splendid."

"Leopold isn't much to look at," said Allalia loftily. "His eyes and mouth are nice enough, but he has the biggest, reddest hands I ever saw on any one—with horrid knuckles, and he never wears any gloves, either."

"How funny," said Daisie naively, "and gloves are so cheap in Bruxelles." Everybody laughed, and Daisie blushed. It is a standing joke against her, that, finding gloves in Belgium only a dollar a pair, she spent half her monthly allowance, the first week in school, on the purchase of these perfumed luxuries, and appeared at promenade for seven consecutive days with a fresh pair on, so that the French governesses, failing at first to remember our difficult name of Vetterline, would designate Daisie as "Mademoiselle *Gants*," and me "*La sœur* de la Mademoiselle *Gants*."

After the laugh had subsided, Allalia continued—"I move we give lessons the slip today, and ask madame to let us go and see the procession."

"I bet you a package of cigarettes she'll *not* let us," said Fannie White, who had smuggled a quantity of these contraband articles in some occult manner into the school.

"Done," said Allalia, jumping from the table, and rushing up to madame's *salon* to demand an audience. If there was one thing Allalia Parys liked better than another in this world, it was cigarettes, and we knew she would use her utmost powers of persuasion, and that our cause was in good hands.

Just then a tall, slender young lady of about twenty-three slipped into a seat at my side, surveyed me with keen eyes for a minute or two, and said accusingly, almost sternly, "You've been crying." But for all that, she slid her left hand into mine and held it with the firmest, gentlest clasp, while with the other she stirred her coffee, and put the cup to her lips. A group of girls gathered around her, for Janet Frew, besides being the musical prodigy of the school, was the wit, the satirist, the settler of questions in general; by her self-reliant strength inviting all weaker ones to lean on her, by her uncompromising scorn of every sham repelling all but the truest and most fearless to a certain limit to which her courtesy, but never her warmth, extended. You will see that she was a strange mixture, at once the hardest and the softest, the coldest and the tenderest creature I ever knew. And I was her most intimate friend. The girls buzzed about her for awhile, and finding her in an unresponsive mood, left us to ourselves.

"O Janet!" I cried, "I'm so homesick, and you are leaving to-morrow, too. How shall I ever get through the month without you?"

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Janet was going to her sister's, near Edinburgh, for a short while, and had then promised to return and stay with me as long as I stayed, which had done more to reconcile me to papa's absence than anything else.

"Don't be a silly," said Janet; but she took me into her arms, and held me with one of her long, infrequent caresses, which always made me thrill from head to foot with some divine passion. I don't remember my mother, but so I think I should have felt had she held me—so I shall feel when I meet her in heaven. Then she kissed my eyes and put me away from her.

I was sixteen years old, but so hopelessly small, and Janet so tall and grand. I felt like a little child beside her, and Janet said she felt as if I were one, too; so she always made me obey her—and it is very sweet to obey where we love.

Just then Allalia Parys appeared in the doorway in walking-costume, and said—"Come, Petite, the girls are all going to see the procession. Get your things on, quick!"

"Oh! how splendid. Janet, you'll come, too?"

"No, dearie. I have some packing that must be done. But I insist on your going. The fresh air will do you good."

So I went, and Miss Parys walked with me, and was very nice and entertaining, and told me all sorts of funny things about her home in Bogota.

We stationed ourselves under the trees in the Park, right opposite the Palace, but presently the crowd on the sidewalk became so great that we couldn't see anything there; so Miss Guillaume told us to go nearer, and soon we were almost in the middle of the wide street, and the sun beating down on us frightfully. I felt cold, and then hot, and then cold again, and everything began to dance up and down. The soldiers, who had been sitting quietly on horseback for ever so long, now began to form in a line, and then there came a great shout, "The king is coming!" Several carriages dashed out of the Palace gates, and in one of them we could see Leopold distinctly. Allalia pointed him out to me; but I should have known him anywhere, just from his profile, stamped on all the franc pieces; it is very like him. He is tall and elegant looking, has light hair and a large nose, kind, blue eyes, and a very sweet, weak look about his mouth, which is nearly concealed by a blonde moustache. But he had no gloves on, and his hands were awful. I wonder if he doesn't play at carpentering sometimes? The queen wasn't with him, the little prince being so ill that she was unwilling to leave his bedside for a moment. But I had seen her before, so I didn't mind. She isn't a bit pretty, but has a nice, kind, womanly face, and I don't wonder the people all love her, she is so good to them. When I saw her she was in an open carriage, with some sort of springs that kept going up and down, so that when she turned her head to the right and left it seemed as though she was bowing. All the common people thought she was bowing; but Madame Delcampo, our dancing mistress, who gave lessons to the little princesses at the Palace, told us different.

After all the carriages and the soldiers had gone past, we went back to the school, and I felt so dizzy I could hardly walk. I staggered upstairs, and into the room where Janet was packing. She looked up as I entered, and said hurriedly—"What's the matter?" and then she caught me in her arms, and I knew nothing more.

When I came out of my long faint, Janet was bending over me wetting my head with cologne, and her hot tears fell on my face. I had never seen her cry before, and it astonished me so that I forgot to ask what she was crying about, or to connect it in any way with myself; so I just put my hand up and began stroking her hair, as I always did when she had a headache or needed to be soothed in any way. She caught my hand and kissed it, and put it down again, and told me to be very quiet and the doctor would be there in a few minutes.

Then I remembered all about myself, and was very angry to think he had been sent for.

He came in a little while, however, and madame with him. They talked in asides, and madame petted me and called me her poor little flower—my name is Violet—which sounds so pretty and soft in French; and the doctor left me some sugar powders, or what tasted like sugar powders, and then I was left alone with Janet.

I dare say it seems very nonsensical to be telling all these little, foolish things, but they led toward the great event of my life, which will come by-and-by.

Janet sat beside me with one hand clasped in mine. She read Aurora Leigh. I was trying to get asleep, and contented myself meanwhile with watching my friend. She had beautiful hair, and the most exquisite mouth I ever saw, with lovely white, almond-shaped teeth. Her

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eyes were gray, and very pretty when she was gay, or even sad; but when she was angry or scornful I did not like them. Her nose was large, but well shaped, her complexion indifferent. She had beautiful, large hands, with perfect pink nails and white crescent shapes at the base. Her hands gave you almost as much insight into her character as her face, they were so firm, and tender, and relentless looking. She stepped scornfully, with a motion that disdained the earth, and her head was nearly always thrown slightly back, like a stag at bay.

She got her writing-desk presently, and I asked with privileged impertinence—"Who are you going to write to, Janet?"

"To May first, to tell her I am not coming till you are better, and afterward to Malcolm."

Malcolm was her only brother, who was studying at Heidelberg.

"O Janet! don't be nonsensical," I said fretfully. "I'm not a bit ill. It was only papa's going, and standing in the sun that did it. I want you to start off to-morrow morning. Promise me, won't you?"

"Don't fash yourself," said Janet quietly, commencing to write. "I generally mean what I say."

She dispatched her two letters, and then came back to my side.

That night she slept with me. Part of the time I lay in her arms. I dreamed that I was in heaven and saw my mother, and then she turned somehow into Janet, as people do in dreams. I awoke myself crying, "Mamma, O mamma!" Janet drew me closer to her, and I stroked her hair and said—"I love you as well as though you were my very own mamma."

"Foolish child!" said Janet; but she kissed my eyes and I fell asleep again.

It was nothing but a nervous fever after all, though madame wouldn't let Daisie or any of the other girls come to me for fear it might be something worse. Janet nursed me for four weeks, and then she was forced to go before I was able to leave my room. She kissed my eyes and mouth, and held me in a long embrace, and said—"My poor little flower, it won't be for long."

I clung to her, but did not dare to cry. Janet always hated tears. She put my hands down and walked resolutely off, and after that life was very sad for many days.

The girls were all very kind, and Daisie nearly smothered me with fruit and flowers, so glad was she to see me again.

But Allalia Parys stayed with me more than any of them, because she was older, and had no lessons except when she chose, and could do just as she pleased; also because she liked me, I think.

I would get very homesick for papa, or very heartsick for Janet, and then Allalia would play for hours on the little upright piano in my room, and that would quiet me. She used to know a waltz of Chopin's, that she divided off into sections. One part was full of glancing, sparkling, lilting measures, and that she used to say was like Daisie, who was always such a merry elf; and another part was full of pathetic sweetness, with an inexorable undertone of scorn and melancholy, and that was Janet; another part sounded like violets growing, and that she said was like me. But I liked Janet's best of all, it was so grand and tender, with something in it that there is in all of Chopin's best music, which words won't express.

One night I had been out of my room for about a week, but I was very feeble and low spirited, and a lot of girls came into the salon *rouge* to chat, as girls will, and try to cheer me up.

Fannie White brought a package of cigarettes and some matches, and said—"Come, girls, let us have a smoke. Miss Marie is at the *Quinquance*" (that was the evening concert in the Park), "and madame is off somewhere with her husband. Gillie and Steph will never dare to tell, even if they find out, which isn't likely."

"All right," said Daisie, holding out her hand for a cigarette; and presently all the girls were smoking away like so many gypsies.

"Have one, Petite?" said Allalia to me.

"Oh! no, I couldn't, it's so awfully—fast," I said hesitatingly. I wanted to say vulgar, but I thought best not to. And then a feeling came over me that I should like to do something dreadful, just to break the horrible loneliness and monotony I felt, so I said—"Yes, I will, too."

Allalia lit the match for me, and I was just puffing away when the door opened and madame entered the room.

Allalia said, "*Caramba!*" between her teeth, but held the match steadily nevertheless. Daisie displayed her cigarette saucily. The two French girls tossed theirs out of the window, and sat talking vapid nothings in the moonlight; of course, they had nothing to do with such mad pranks. The Scotch and English girls stood

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their ground pluckily, and the two little Australians began to cry.

Madame talked in French, of course. One unbroken, resistless storm of eloquence burst from her indignant lips. Such scorn, such sarcasm, such vehemence! A quarter of an hour, a half hour. Gracious! was she never going to stop? Then the cigarettes were surrendered, and the girls set to conning their punishment of fifty lines of French poetry before they went to sleep—all but Allalia, Daisie, and me.

I never knew what madame did to Allalia, further than that she was ordered to her private salon, but she never smokéd again to my knowledge.

After they had all left the room, madame came over to the sofa, where I was reclining, and looking at me with her keen, blue eyes, said half sternly, half sorrowfully—"And you, too, Petite! I would not have believed it."

I rose, and threw myself into her kind, old arms, and said—"O madame! pardon me. I am so sorry, but Janet was away, and I felt so lonely, and I want papa." I burst out crying, and madame soothed me, and petted me, and said—"You want strength more than anything else just now. And you are not going to get it here. What can be done?" She patted her forehead meditatively, as she always did when anything puzzled her, and then said—"I have it. Mrs. Barrande and her daughter go to Ostend day after to-morrow, and you shall go with them; the sea-bathing will make you well again."

"And Daisie—"

"Too," interrupted madame. "But Daisie must smoke no more cigarettes."

Mrs. Barrande was a horrible woman, rich, vulgar, and a cockney. Indeed, she dropped her h's so fast that Fannie White said she could keep one maid continually employed in picking them up for her. She had a daughter, a pale, harmless, imbecile creature, who spent her time in doing intricate fancy work, and fed on nothing (or almost nothing) but patès.

This fancy work was her mother's pride, and the patès her detestation. Mother and daughter sat about twenty feet apart in the great dining-hall. I have heard that they irritated each other past endurance if in closer proximity.

Mrs. Barrande would call out in a querulous tone—"My dear, do 'ave some of the soup. I hassure you it's beautiful."

To which the daughter would rejoin, in a high, harsh key—"Do be quiet, mother. You know I can't abide soup." And if spoken to again on the score of roast beef, or anything respectably healthy, she would reply—"If you ask me again, I'll get up and leave the table."

Her mother would desist with a sigh, and the oft-repeated exclamation, to any who might choose to listen—"She's breaking the 'art of me."

At Ostend, people took Daisie and me for her daughters, which was great fun to me, and a great affliction to Daisie, who hated to be tacked on to anyone else, and always liked to be left to make her own impression. But Mrs. Barrande was kind-hearted spite of her vulgarisms, so I couldn't find it in my heart to snub her, and we got on very well together.

I suppose sea bathing at Ostend is just like sea bathing at any other place, but somehow it seemed pleasanter than either Newport or Long Branch. The getting into the funny two-wheeled *charettes*, and being drawn down to the sea, is much nicer than running a bare-footed gauntlet between two rows of quizzing masculines, as one has to do in America. The bathing women, too, frightful old crones, with cracked, crooning voices, added to the quaintness of the surroundings, and the best of it was, one never knew whether one's neighbor was a milliner or a duchess, and so one was kept in a state of delightful uncertainty.

I remember a magnificent-looking woman, who always appeared in the water elaborately gotten up, with a coquettish little oil-skin cap trimmed with crimson bows, on her towering chignon, whose clear, blue eyes beamed on us through eye-glasses, which I expected every instant to see fall off her nose. I thought she must be the Countess of Flanders, at the very least, until somebody told me she was the wife of the most flourishing confectioner in Antwerp.

When I did see the Countess of Flanders, I was very much disappointed—not but what she is just as pretty, and sweet, and graceful-looking as one need be, but both Daisie and I had a childish republican idea that the wife of the king's brother would be arrayed in velvet and ermine, at the very least, summer time though it was. We even acknowledged to each other undeveloped notions concerning a small coronet or something equally regal and definite, and were much disappointed when she made her appearance in a black walking-dress. "Very pretty and well-fitting," said Daisie patronizingly, as we passed her on the Digue, "but alpaca, bah!"

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The Digue at Ostend is a high, long, paved walk, protected by stone abutments from the encroachments of the sea. Morning, noon, and night I know of no pleasanter promenade. After bathing and dressing, the ladies have a fashion of pinning towels about their necks, and letting their damp tresses float gracefully, while with the most perfect *aplomb* they walk up and down in the sun chatting to their attendant chaperons, or nodding to the cavaliers, who, with an eye-glass stuck in their left eye, gaze at them in the insolent foreign fashion which every American girl resents as an impertinence.

About four o'clock the band begins to play in the Kursaal, and people stay out from wearisome *table d' hotes*, and have their coffee or cognac at the little tables which dot the space immediately in front of the Kursaal. And the small, smoky-looking steamer slips from her moorings and speeds on her way Londonward. And the moon rises slowly, and shines with divine radiance down on the peaceful waves, and even the music of vulgar Offenbach, coming faintly to our ears, is transformed into something ineffable, consonant with shining moon and reflecting waters.

Later, we go to a ball, of course, chaperoned by Mrs. Barrande, in low-necked, apple-green silk, and (horror of horrors) Irish diamonds set in bogwood.

It is edifying to know that we are witnessing the gyrations of counts and countesses, lords and ladies, barristers' wives and barristers' daughters, with here and there a sprinkling of lower-class individuals, but Daisie and I having been so egregiously disappointed once, do not even venture to air our opinions to each other. Once a little French dandy approached Daisie, and in the light continental fashion—which permits any gentleman to ask any lady to dance with him, no matter if they have never met before, and makes it perfectly proper that the lady should accept—held out his hands toward her for a waltz.

"*Non, merci,*" said Daisie sternly, and the little Frenchman retired in evident discomfiture.

"*Mais, mon enfant,*" whispered an elderly lady to our left. "*Vous savez c'est le Marquis d' H——.*

"*Ce ne fait rien,*" said Daisie. "*Je ne lui connais pas.*" The poor woman shrugged her shoulders and sank back in her seat, as who should say, "Gracious Heavens, who do these Americans consider good enough for them to dance with?"

Daisie and I both arrived at the same conclusion, however, that we have seen prettier ladies in one night in a Saratoga ball-room than all Ostend could furnish during the height of her season.

All watering-places have this in common—that the part of the town out of sight and sound of the waves is stale, flat, and unprofitable. A few Flemish girls in their quaint dress, sat in the broad sunlight at the corners of the streets, plying their bobbins in the manufacture of some peculiar coarse lace, of local celebrity; but otherwise Ostend is not exceptional.

We took a long walk one day to visit a quaint old church, where Leopold I. had erected a splendid monument to his second wife. It is not generally known (certainly not out of Belgium) that he treated her with neglect and cruelty, and that the so-considered brave and noble husband of the lamented Princess Charlotte died a miserly, unloved, vicious old man—but so it is. Time passed on. I grew very well and strong, and Daisie quite rosy, and as Mrs. Barrande was about to return to London, we set a day on which to go back to Bruxelles. It was arranged that Nathalie, madame's maid, should be sent for us, as Mrs. Barrande and her daughter intended going to London by steamer, in preference to the Calais and Dover route.

Bruges isn't very far from Ostend, and Daisie and I planned to coax Nathalie into letting us stop there an hour on our way back, in order to see the celebrated belfry.

The day of our departure arrived—the trunks were packed, Nathalie in readiness, and we about to take the eleven o'clock train, when we were suddenly seized with a violent desire to have one more plunge into the sparkling surf. We dragged good-natured Mrs. Barrande with us, thrust her into one *charette*, and hurried ourselves into another, and were soon plunging, and laughing, and choking after the graceful fashion of bathers in general. Mrs. Barrande got tired before we did, and left us—Daisie and I lingered a little, as people are apt to do the last time, and then retraced our steps hurriedly to our *charette*. Arrived at what I thought was ours, Daisie said dubiously, "This doesn't look like it."

"Nonsense," I rejoined, not giving her a chance to say more—"of course, it's it," and I pulled open the door. I wonder that I didn't faint then, I wonder that I don't faint every time I think of it. There stood a handsome, stylish, dignified-looking young gentleman, who had evidently dressed himself leisurely after his

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bath, and was putting the finishing touches to his necktie.

What I looked I don't know; what I felt I can't express; what I said very soberly was—"I beg your pardon, sir, I have made a mistake."

The dignified-looking young gentleman bowed politely, without moving a muscle of his face, as though quite accustomed to having his sacred privacy intruded on by young ladies in dripping bathing-suits. In all my confusion, I noticed that something in his expression looked strangely familiar, and the glimmer of his eye seemed to say half comically, half compassionately—"It's nothing. You needn't mind me."

Daisie and I moved away in awful silence, and it presently transpired that neither of us had remembered to take the number of our *charette*. We were both certain that it contained three figures, and then we fell out, Daisie contending that the first was a 3, while I said it was a 2. Then we met on the common ground of an 0 in the centre, and quarrelled again over the last figure, which I was sure was a 9, and Daisie was sure *wasn't*.

We raced up and down, hand in hand, from one end of the line of *charettes* to the other. We gazed pensively at all numbers containing three figures, and still more pensively at all numbers containing three figures the centre one of which was an 0. We stood still and were stared at, we walked about in the shallow water and were stared at. We shivered in our dripping garments; and then time passed on, and the midday sun smote us with his strength. The midday sun, and at eleven o'clock we were to have been on our way! O Bruges!

Presently, Mrs. Barrande, who must have had the patience of Job and the meekness of Moses, or else a long snooze (and I have never been quite certain which), appeared at the door of her *charette*, throwing her eyes about in search of us.

We rushed to her like Noah's dove to the ark, and like it were drawn in exhausted. She had the vehicle driven up on dry land, descended from it, prepared to help us practically, and then the fun commenced.

Like all vulgar people, Mrs. Barrande thought that if foreigners did not understand the English language, all that was necessary was to yell at them till they did. She attacked the person who came handiest, who happened to be a mild-faced, gray-moustached Frenchman, calmly smoking the inevitable cigar.

"My good man, my good man," shrieked she, "my young ladies have lost their *charette*. Won't you tell the proprietor I want to speak to him about it?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders (Daisie and I were watching the proceedings through closed blinds) and answered politely—"*Moi, je ne puis pas comprendre l'Anglais, madame.*"

"But, my good man, my young ladies have lost their *charette*," shrieked Mrs. Barrande louder than ever—so loudly that a crowd began to collect.

The Frenchman, evidently thinking she was crazy, uttered an impatient "*Sapristi!*" and moved rapidly away.

Mrs. Barrande, clamored, and yelled, and grew red in the face, and the crowd augmented rapidly, so that matters grew more annoying every instant, until a young lady came forward and proffered her assistance. Her brilliant idea was that Daisie and I should remain in our present quarters until all the claimed *charettes* should be drawn up from the sea, when, of course, the one remaining would be ours. This proposal Mrs. Barrande rejected with scorn, and the confusion grew more painful, and perplexing, and public every instant.

Daisie and I, in our dripping garments and enforced seclusion, laughed till we cried over the horrible ludicrousness of the situation, and then, as matters grew more and more desperate, cried till we laughed again. In this strait appeared on the scene the young gentleman on whose privacy we had so unwittingly intruded. Hearing Mrs. Barrande's oft-repeated exclamations, and coupling them with what he had himself witnessed an hour before, he evidently appreciated matters at a glance.

A little English common-sense, combined with some French grammar, in a short space accomplished wonders. The proprietor was discovered, an inventory of our wardrobe taken, the bathing-women sent in various directions, the crowd scattered to the right about, the *charette* found, and we helped into it by our K. D. D. (Knight of Distressed Damsels), as Daisie dubbed him.

Oh! the deliciousness of being properly dressed once more!

As Daisie tucked up her abundant hair, and arrayed herself nattily, she exclaimed—"I'm glad people are such guys in their bathing-dresses. Surely no one would know us again. And I hope—oh! I hope that horrid, hateful man isn't outside there watching for us."

"I don't think he's a bit horrid or hateful," I

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said severely. "I think he's very nice to take so much trouble. But for all that I never want to see or hear of him again."

Sure enough, though, there he was, talking to Mrs. Barrande. As we came down the little steps, he walked toward us in the most provokingly calm, cool, unconscious way, and said as if we were infants—"I have ordered coffee and cognac for you in the hotel opposite, and you must go over and drink it instantly, and then take a quick walk in the sun to prevent your taking cold. Oh! indeed you must," he continued firmly, as we demurred. "And I'm sure your mother agrees with me," looking for assent to Mrs. Barrande.

Daisie collapsed at the words "your mother," and we both reluctantly swallowed the hot, bitter dose. And then the wretch actually walked us to an unfrequented part of the Digue, aided and abetted by Mrs. Barrande, and there, seizing each of us by the hand, started us on a brisk run. I am ashamed of myself when I think of it; I hate the whole thing; I blush myself to death over it. But then Daisie is a little girl, after all, and I'm sure I looked like one, and it can't be helped anyhow.

For all I felt so annoyed, I couldn't resist saying, "I'm very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, sir," as we bade our K. D. D. good-by at the hotel door.

"God bless you, my dear child," he said heartily; "I hope you won't either of you take cold," and he lifted his hat and was gone.

Daisie gnashed at him as he walked away, and said—"My 'mother,' indeed! Oh! how I hate you!"

We bade kind, good-natured, vulgar Mrs. Barrande good-by, and took the four o'clock train for Bruxelles, and slid through Bruges, seeing the belfry tower in the distance.

Next week most of the girls came back to school, and with them my darling, darling Janet. We all went to work at music and French harder than ever, and time passed very swiftly till November.

In November papa came, and that was delicious. My dear, handsome, generous papa. All through the winter he stayed at the Hotel de France, and coaxed madame into letting a lot of girls go round with us every week to dine with him, with madame or Miss Marie to play propriety—oh! of course, one has to do that in Belgium, you know. And then in the evening he would take us to the opera to hear Jamet, or Sallard, or that bewitching little Bourdillon in La Fille du Regiment. Oh! I shall never, never, never hear such singing in America.

Papa was talking to Janet about it—Janet, who loves music as she does her own soul—and I heard him explain the difference to her.

"In New York we are not so fond of music as you foreigners seem to be. You know Americans are too go-ahead, too much immersed in the real business of life, too fond of work, and, it must be confessed, of making money, to fall easily into such *dilettante* ways as one acquires on the continent."

Janet's beautiful lip curled slightly, as if she thought papa was talking shop. Poor papa! I wondered what she would say if she knew that, though the son of a bankrupt millionaire, he had to commence life as an office boy for a pettifogging lawyer.

But, there, Janet cannot understand, and no English person can understand, how any one can do menial work and still be a *gentleman*.

"So, unfortunately," continued papa, "with us the opera doesn't pay. We have Kellogg—you have heard Kellogg, have you not, Miss Frew?"

"Yes, in London, last winter. She and Nilsson had parts in the same opera. Kellogg seemed a sweet little thing enough, but Nilsson is divine."

"Oh! come, now, Miss Frew, that's rather hard. You are just like all the rest of the English, and think nothing good can come out of America. Why, we think Kellogg is divine, too, as you call it, and when we can scare up a passable bass or tenor to sing with her, we consider ourselves made, and the opera season commences swimmingly, and goes on in good earnest—for about two weeks," and papa's voice sank to a comical undertone. "But the choruses in New York—ugh! they are something frightful. Now here, no matter how insignificant a part may be, it is never by any chance given to an inferior singer. In fact, there are no inferior singers. The little peasant girls who stand with their ugly mouths stretched to the widest extent in that *Kermesse* scene in Faust, are just as thoroughly imbued with a sense of the beauty of their parts as Patti herself—so there are no glaring imperfections in the rendering of an opera here. By-the-by, Patti is an American," said my father triumphantly.

"Yes, and so is Minnie Hauck," rejoined Janet wickedly; "but then, you know, they have both had a continental education!"

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"Ah! I see, Miss Frew, there is no use in trying to convert you to a good opinion of anything genuinely American," and I thought papa's handsome face looked unaccountably sad and clouded for a little while, and then the conversation changed, and I forgot all about it.

Christmas holidays came before we knew where we were, and, oh! what fun we had. The girls hunted madame from one end of the house to the other, and finally penned her in a corner, and clamored *en masse* for three nights of opera, and when that was granted, for permission to speak English the whole week; and when that was acceded to, for something else which I have now forgotten. And when she laughingly refused and ran away, they rushed for poor little Miss Josephine, the housekeeper, and besieged her, until she made unlimited concessions as to chocolate, patès, and the like.

"Do they do this sort of thing often?" I asked of Allalia Parys, wonderingly.

"Oh! yes, every year. It's an old custom of the school, and grows quite a bore when you have witnessed it as many times as I have."

Christmas Eve all the girls appeared in the long dining-hall arrayed in calico dresses and bib aprons, with coquettish little white caps on their heads, prepared to be initiated into the mysteries of making plum pudding, sorting currants, stoning raisins, and the like.

Daisie had on a short skirt, and sack belted at the waist. A frilled cap, surmounted by an immense, quaint-looking bonnet, such as are worn by Welsh cooks, completed her comical attire. She would settle at nothing, but flew around with a rolling-pin in her hands, threatening dire vengeance to any who should be caught eating raisins or perpetrating any small theft of any kind.

Janet was in the *salon* with her brother Malcolm, who had just arrived from Heidelberg, and whose advent I was awaiting with some trepidation. Papa was with Madame and Monsieur Jouret. It was one of the institutions of the school that the Christmas plum pudding should be made with great ceremony, and that each individual in the house, from madame down to the scullion, should stir the pudding-stick round the pudding three times, else some terrible ill luck would befall all who partook of it.

Everything being in readiness, we all awaited the arrival of madame to inaugurate the ceremony. She came, and with her monsieur and papa, and behind them Janet and——

"Gracious heavens!" said Daisie, "it's our K. D. D." And so it was.

Janet was so excessively fastidious, and so much older than Daisie or I, that we had never told her of our ludicrous adventure at Ostend. So that when we discovered that the gentleman who had so gallantly assisted us there was none other than the brother Malcolm of whom we had heard much, and who had doubtless heard much of us, we were covered with confusion. Escape was impossible.

Madame began stirring the pudding, and papa seized Janet's attention, so the introduction was postponed a few moments. At least I was beginning to hope so. But no, Mr. Frew looked about the room, recognized us, and, drawing near, said, as though we had parted yesterday—"You didn't take cold then, after all. I was afraid you might be suffering from a wasting cough by this time."

The words were bantering, and the tone kind. I did not dare lift my eyes, but, stoning phantom raisins with my fingers, I answered falteringly—"Thanks to your kindness—no."

"I trust your mamma is quite well," he continued, turning to Daisie.

In her wrath at continually having Mrs. Barrande taken for our mother, I know not what impulsively rude answer she might have made had not Janet just then approached. A dark flush of anger covered her face for a moment as she found her brother conversing with us with apparent ease.

"I was not aware that you had the honor of an acquaintance with my little American friends, Malcolm," said she.

"Nor have I, and am impatiently awaiting your leisure for an introduction."

"The ceremony seems somewhat superfluous in this case, since you appear to have been carrying on a conversation some time without it."

Janet spoke angrily. According to her severe English etiquette, her brother had been guilty of great rudeness in speaking to us without an introduction, and Daisie and I of great impropriety in replying. Of course, she knew nothing of the peculiar circumstances of our meeting in Ostend, supposing that her brother had seen us for the first time that night.

I was frightened. I had often seen the girls cowering before Janet's well-merited sarcasm and rebuke, but me she had always treated with the most perfect gentleness.

Mr. Frew endured his sister's anger with the utmost *sang froid*. He seemed to understand

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the true state of affairs in an instant, and said pleasantly—"Ah! these are your little American friends, are they? Well, I am very glad to meet them again. I suppose you don't know that I had the honor of forming their acquaintance at Ostend last summer."

"I was not aware of the fact," said Janet coldly.

"Don't be angry," I found courage to say. "Mr. Frew was very kind to us when we were in great annoyance last summer."

Thereupon Malcolm drew such a comical, kind, graceful picture of our adventure at Ostend, that papa, monsieur, and madame, who had joined the group by this time, quite enjoyed the recital of our past and present discomfiture.

Janet smiled occasionally, but seemed cold and distrait; the girls meanwhile had stirred the pudding and departed. I was glad enough to give my twirls, and, pleading some excuse, to get up-stairs and to bed. Being subservient to the rules like all the rest of the scholars, Daisie and I could do this without appearing rude, though I think that by stretching a point we might have remained up till all hours that night. I was glad to get by myself, however. Janet was evidently angry with me, and the day which began so happily ended in tears.

Christmas morning rose bright and beautiful. I lay awake a long time pondering on the vexations of the night before, and then Janet woke up too, in her sweetest mood. Kissing me she said—"A merry Christmas to you, my darling." As she ignored her brother's name, so did I. We chatted merrily all through breakfast, and after that we went to church. There Janet sat through the service with my hand in hers. She never did this unless she were very pleased or happy, and I, knowing surely that she was no more angry with me, was very content. I loved Janet better than any one in the world, but I knew she was peculiar. When she glowered one must be sad, and when she brightened one must be merry. I have seen her change the aspect of a whole roomful in five minutes, either to mirth or sadness, by the very magnetism of her presence. How then could I help being influenced by it?

At night we had, first a supper, and then a ball in the dancing-salon generally appropriated to Madame Delcampo and her pupils. This latter was rather a one-sided affair. Only a few married gentlemen were allowed—special exception being made in favor of Malcolm Frew. And by the special grace of papa's presence, I was allowed to dance with him.

Yes, his face looked familiar even at Ostend, and no wonder, for he was very like Janet. The same features and general expression, with over all a warmer tone—a man to be more widely loved as a man, than Janet as a woman. Let me recall the subtle difference I found that night and have found since.

Janet's heart is not expansive. It is her nature to love but very few. Two or three, perhaps a half dozen, might approach the citadel of interior tenderness during the course of a long life, and after due testing, one or two might enter in. Her sister and brother were hers by natural ties, to be loved as naturally as her own soul. But after that she loved me as a child, a simple, credulous, loving child, and beyond me, no one.

Let me state a fact just here, though; I was beginning to discover with thrills of hope and fear that shook me with their intensity, that papa was seeking Janet for his wife and *my mother*. I was beginning to trust that she would one day love him, because she was so excessively haughty and *hateful*, I must say it—*hateful* in his presence, and papa was so very gentle and patient with her. And to let Janet be disagreeable to you, and to be very sweet and gentle with her, was the surest way of winning her heart. Malcolm was different. Giving you all the benefit of later experience, I found that every one loved him. Genial, and sunny, and masterful, who could help it. But then Malcolm loved every one, and whoso reigned in his heart must sit on a divided throne.

Papa danced with Janet as much as she would let him, which, to be sure, wasn't a great deal. The girls all looked very pretty and very merry, and late in the evening the ball broke up, leaving behind a vague impression of content. The breaking up was so odd, so at variance with all English and American notions, that I really must describe it.

Madame had appeared all the evening, magnificent in ruby velvet, satin, point lace, and diamonds. At two o'clock she retired to her dressing-room adjoining the grand salon, and presently emerged arrayed in a sumptuous white dressing-gown, and bowing gracefully and saying, "*Bon soir, mesdames—Bon soir, messieurs,*" she thus gave us our congè, and once more departed.

My story is growing so much longer than I intended, that I must hasten to its end. The

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winter passed, and the spring bourgeoned, and it was arranged that after the Concours (the annual musical examination of the school), that papa should take Daisie and me a tour through Switzerland, and thus homeward.

I was not glad—days slipping by, and papa's handsome face growing d as he found his wooing did not prosper, and Janet wearing away from me. I practised diligently, and the Concours came, and Janet off every honor, and Daisie and I were duly praised for our progress, and on the morrow we would be gone, and my heart was breaking.

Another manly heart was nearly breaking, too, I think. Janet was standing by the window, watching the beautiful sunset off the hills of Chateau Beaumont. (We were at madame's country place now, just seven miles out of Bruxelles. The school always went there from April to October, though I think I have forgotten to tell you this before.) Surrounded by the professors who nearly adored her musical genius, she tossed them *bon mots* in French or English, with her eyes looking sad and tender, and far away.

Papa approached the group, and said—"Come, Miss Frew, you are looking weary from your exertions, and a turn by the lake will do you good."

Papa's voice had a ring of command in it that he very rarely allowed to be heard, and much to my amazement, Janet obeyed him unquestioningly.

Too heartsick to mingle with the other girls, I slipped out of the house, and down an unfrequented side-path to a grassy bank, too far away from the house, as I supposed, for molestation.

There I sat, absorbed in sorrowful thoughts, until aroused by approaching feet. It was Janet and my father. The sunset shone on their faces, and something beside the sunset transfigured them with its radiance.

"Violet," said my father, "I have brought you a new mother." In a moment I was folded in Janet's tender arms, at rest.

How papa brought it about I never knew, for neither my father nor my mother (she is my mother now) are very communicative. But papa hurried matters a little, and the next day we started for Glasgow instead of Switzerland, though that came afterward.

In a few weeks Janet became Mrs. Vetterline. So as I told you before, it was just a year ago to-day since papa started for New York, and in September we shall all start again. Daisie likes our new mother almost as well as I do, though she says—"You are not a school-girl any longer, and I am. And I'm sure if I flirt or do anything improper, she'll bully me awfully."

I can't imagine mamma's bullying any one, but that's Daisie's way, you know. Anyhow, papa and I are intensely happy, and Daisie just as happy as she pleases, which is all any one needs in this world.

N. B. Perhaps I'll tell you something more about Malcolm some day.

LEONORA.

BY NARCISSA E. DAVIS.

On the night air stealing,
Mournfully and low,
Through the midnight pealing,
Solemnly and slow.
On her breast the rose is lying,
But its fragrance all has fled;
While o'er her grave the wind is sighing,
A sad requiem for the dead—
Nora—Leonora!
It is the same sad moan;
Nora—Leonora!
Is gone, forever gone.

Bride of my early love,
Thou wert mine own—
Gentle as the harmless dove,
Why has thy spirit flown?
Under the drooping willow,
With bright flowers o'er thy head;
Soft be thy pillow,
As thou sleepest with the dead—
Nora—Leonora!
Thou wert ever true—
Nora—Leonora!
Hear my last adieu.

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SKELETON LEAVES, OR PHANTOM BOUQUETS.

BY EMMA NEWTON.

(*Continued from page* 206.)

CHAPTER III.

BLEACHING THE LEAVES AND SEED-VESSELS.

The next process, and one of great importance, is that of bleaching the leaves, flowers, and seed-vessels. It is an operation which requires the greatest care, as upon the perfect whiteness of all the component parts of a bouquet its beauty will depend. No matter how perfectly the leaves and seed-vessels may have been skeletonized, if they are permitted to retain any shade of their original yellow, they are deficient in beauty, at least to the eye of the connoisseur.

The first step in this part of the process is to procure proper bleaching materials. Many persons are entirely successful in the use of chloride of lime, while others prefer Labarraque's solution of chloride of soda. The former should be prepared for use in the following manner: Take a half pound of strong chloride of lime, and place it in an earthen or other pitcher. Add three pints of soft cold water, and stir carefully with an iron spoon, pressing so as to mash the lumps well against the sides of the vessel. Keep it covered, and allow it to stand in a cool place until the lime has precipitated upon the bottom of the pitcher, which will be done in about an hour, except a small portion that may remain floating on the surface. This should be removed with a spoon or skimmer, after which the clear liquid should be poured off into a bottle, then corked up tightly, and kept in a cool place.

When ready to commence leaf-bleaching, take a glass jar, such as is used for pickles or preserves, having a mouth wide enough to admit the largest leaf. First select those intended to be whitened, but be careful not to place leaves and seed-vessels in the same jar; then, with clear, soft water, cover the leaves in the jar, and add the bleaching solution in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water. The jar should be covered tightly and set in a warm place. When coarse seed-vessels and stems are to be bleached, this proportion of the chloride of lime may be doubled, but the delicate leaves, and especially the ferns, will be destroyed if the solution be made too strong.

In putting the delicate leaves into the jar, care should be taken to arrange them beforehand with the stems all pointing in the same way; that is, downward in the jar. The reason for this exists in the fact that the bleaching commences first at the bottom of the vessel; and as the thick stems and midribs require more time to whiten them than the lace-like portion of the leaves, it insures their being satisfactorily finished in a short time. A jar of leaves will usually require from six to twelve hours for bleaching; but as the jar is of glass, an outside inspection will enable the operator to judge of the degree of whiteness, without raising the lid until it may be time to remove them.

When they are discovered to be entirely white, they must be taken carefully out with the hand and laid in a basin of clean, warm water. If suffered to remain too long in the jar, they will become too tender for removal. They may then be thoroughly washed from the chlorine, by changing them several times in fresh water, after which they will be ready for their final drying. This is accomplished as before, by laying them between the folds of a soft towel; while the more delicate ones, which are apt to curl in drying, should now be laid between the leaves of a book until entirely dry. The washing is a very important part of the operation, as, if not thoroughly done, the bouquet will soon become yellow.

Seed-vessels, if placed in the same jar, will become so entangled in the fine network of the leaves, that in the attempt to remove them the latter will be seriously injured. Seed-vessels and flowers require the same treatment in bleaching and washing, only remembering that the coarser seed-vessels may need a stronger infusion of the bleaching preparation.

The bleaching of the ferns needs some special directions. Many who have succeeded admirably with leaves, have invariably failed in their attempts at preparing these most graceful sprays.

Having gathered ferns of different varieties during their season of maturity—which is when the seeds are to be found on the back of the leaves—they should be preserved by pressing

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them between the leaves of a book, there to remain until required for bleaching. When ready for that process, let the operator select such as she desires, and place them carefully in a jar, causing them to curl around the sides rather than with the stems downward, in order to avoid breaking the dry and brittle leaves. The smaller separate leaflets may occupy the space in the centre of the jar. Then fill up the jar with warm water, leaving room for the bleaching solution. Cover the jar tightly, and set in a warm place. After twenty-four hours, gently pour off the liquid, and replace with fresh, mixed as before. They should remain in the second water about forty-eight hours, when this, in like manner, will require to be changed. In about three or four days the ferns will begin to whiten at the edges, and this whiteness will gradually extend itself over the entire surface of the spray, changing it from a dark, brownish green to the spotless purity of a snowflake. Each one must be carefully taken out as soon as it is seen to be entirely white, without waiting for the whole contents of the jar to be finished.

In the bleaching of a large spray, it sometimes happens that its extremity, perhaps half of the entire length, will become perfectly white, while dark spots remain on the upper or stem end. In such cases it will be safest to take out the branch, and, laying it in a basin of water, cut off the white portion, and return the unfinished remainder to the jar. Afterward, when both are ready for the bouquet, the two portions can be neatly united with gum-arabic. The process of changing the water will have to be repeated four or five times during the operation of bleaching the same lot of ferns, and the time required to whiten them completely will extend over a period of from one to two weeks. The time depends on the varieties of ferns which may be used, as there is a wide difference in their susceptibilities, some being wholly unfitted for this purpose.

When the sprays are found to be entirely white, they must be taken from the jar with the fingers, always holding them by the stem, and laid in a broad basin of clean, warm water, where they should be allowed to remain for several hours. They may be thoroughly rinsed by changing the water several times, but they will not bear handling in the same manner as will the skeleton leaves. When ready to be dried, take one spray by the stem, and lay it in a broad dish or basin of water, allowing it to float on the surface; then pass under it a sheet of unsized white (or blotting) paper, and so lift it out of the water. The spray will cling to the paper, and assume its natural shape. Should any of the small side leaves become crooked or overlapped, they may be readily straightened by using the point of a pin to spread them out in proper shape upon the paper. To get rid of the superfluous moisture contained in the latter, lay the sheet first on a soft towel for a few minutes. The towel will absorb most of the excess of water. After that it must be laid between two other sheets of the same unsized white paper, and pressed in a book.

When all the sprays have been thus removed, and committed to the keeping of the book, a heavy weight should be placed on it, in order to insure their drying smoothly. If desirable, the drying may be accelerated by changing them, after a day or two, into another book, or into new portions of the first. When entirely dry, if some of the thinner varieties are found to adhere to the paper, they may be loosened by pressing the thumb-nail on the under side of the paper. It is better, however, even after they are thoroughly pressed and dry, to keep them shut up in a book until wanted for the bouquet, as they have a tendency to curl when exposed to the air.

TABLE CONVERSATION.

You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social, and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table is an educator to the family. Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

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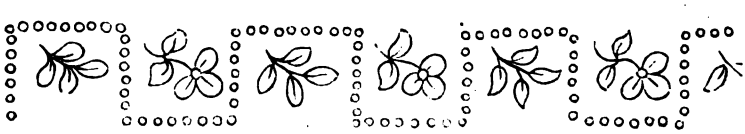
LOW BODICE AND PANIER TUNIC FOR EVENING WEAR.—This pattern is one of the latest novelties from Paris, and can be made up in a variety of styles—in white tarlatan, with satin braces of some bright color, and edged with blonde; in silk, with velvet braces; or, again, in velvet, with lace braces. In all these materials it looks remarkably well.

It consists of five pieces—three for the bodice and two for the tunic. The front and back and one brace form the pattern of the bodice; four braces will be required, as there are two in front and two at the back; but as all four are cut exactly the same, only one is given. The small holes that mark the darts show the front of the bodice; the position of the brace is marked in a similar manner both on the front and back. The braces may be either cut in one piece for each back and front, or joined on the shoulder, as most convenient. The two pieces for the tunic now remain. The front is the smaller one; it turns back with a revers, which is marked with small holes; the two notches indicate how it is to be joined to the corresponding two notches on the panier. The edge of the side of the panier is to be gathered and sewn to the side of the front. The back is to be bunched up according to the illustration, and a short, wide sash added over it. Ruches, plaited ribbon, lace, feathers, and fringe may be used for trimming; the selection to be ruled by the material used.



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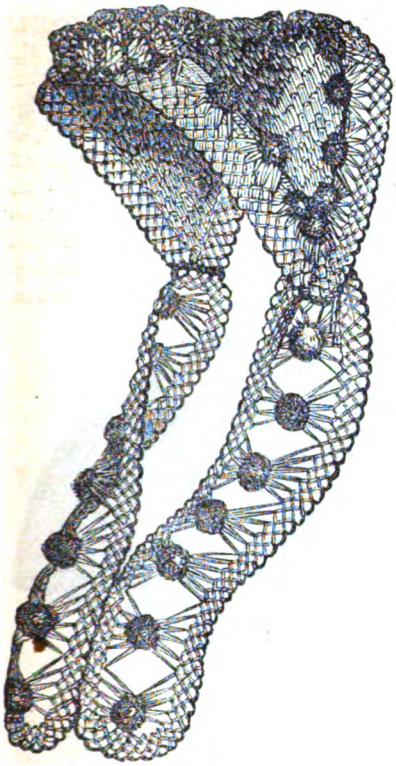
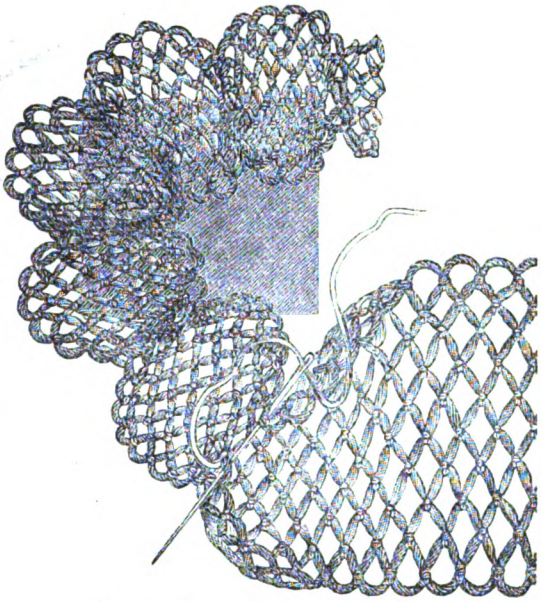
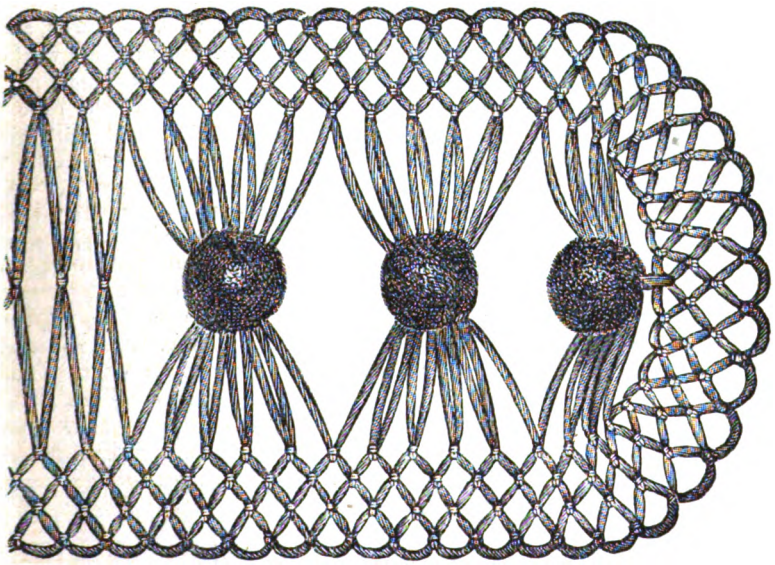


No. 1.—Knitted Cap.



No. 2.—Detail of Knitted Cap.



No. 3.—Detail of Knitted Cap.

Knitted Cap.—This cap is knitted in white wool, and is trimmed all round with a border of netting, edged with bright rose-pink-colored filoselle, and ornamented with tufts of wool the same color as the filoselle. You require white single Berlin wool, two wooden needles, No. 8,

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a netting needle, two meshes, one an inch and a half wide, the other half the size.

Cast on 102 stitches with white wool, knit the row back. 2d row: Knit 55, turn, knit the first 12 of these, turn, knit these 12 stitches again and 6 more, turn, knit these 18 stitches and 6 more, turn, knit these 24 stitches and 6 more, turn, knit 30 and 6 more. Continue knitting in this manner 6 more stitches at each side of the work until you have raised all the stitches excepting 6 on each side, then knit a plain row, knit 8 plain rows; this brings you to the 11th long row. Now knit 2 together twice at the commencement of each row until you bring the stitches down to 12 in number; cast off. You now net the plain border for the top of the cap; this is illustrated in engraving No. 2. It is in plain netting, and is then ruched up on a piece of ribbon for the rosette at the top of the cap. Work 2 rows of rose-colored filoselle over the narrow mesh, then 7 rows of white, 2 rows of rose-color, loosen the first row off the foundation thread, and open the knots; with a needleful of rose-colored silk stitch every 8th loop together from each side of the border. The engraving No. 3 represents the string; you commence with white wool over the wide mesh, and work 35 loops. 2d row: 35 loops in white wool over the wide mesh, take the first row off the foundation thread, tie a small piece of cotton from the top of the first loop in the first row to the top of the first loop in the second row; this is for the stitches at the bottom of the string. Now run a piece of wool between the rows already netted with white wool and the narrow mesh, net one loop into each of the 35 loops, then 10 loops over the little thread at the bottom, and 35 up the next row of wide loops, turn, work two more rows of white upon this last row, then a row of rose-colored filoselle; you take a piece of wool sufficiently long to go easily all round the head-piece of the cap, on this work the border, then let it out upon the foundation thread, arrange it, and stitch it on. The 1st row: Colored filoselle over the narrow mesh. 2d row: With white wool and the wide mesh, 1 loop on the first loop, * miss 4 loops, take up the 5th and net 5 loops in it; repeat from *. 3d row: With the same wool and narrow mesh, 1 loop into each loop of the last row. 4th row and next row: White over the same mesh, then a row of colored filoselle. You now make the tufts to ornament the cap and strings. Lay a piece of pink wool, at least half a yard in length, upon your widest mesh; now wind another piece of wool of the same color twenty times round the mesh, and of course over this wool at the same time; slip these loops off the mesh, tie it tightly together with the end of wool, then wind the piece hanging from the last loop round this little knot, as if making a tassel, and fasten this thread off securely; cut all the loops, trim them, and tie together with the ends of wool that are left on over five loops of the string. Make all the tufts in the same manner; sew those on to the cap with the wool with which they are tied together.

PELERINE IN CROCHET TRICOTEE.—You require wool of two colors for this, 8 ounces of gray, single Berlin wool, 2 of scarlet, and a bone hook, No. 6. The two parts are worked separately: first the cape, then the point at the back. Commence the left side of the cape first, by making a chain of 130 stitches with gray wool. It is worked throughout in crochet tricotee. 1st row: Take up all the loops, and work back. 2d row: Gray wool, and plain. 3d row: In this row you commence the first row of border. Work the first loop gray, all the rest scarlet; work back. 4th row: 1st loop gray, 1 scarlet, the rest gray, and work back. 5th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, all the rest scarlet; work back. 6th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, all the rest gray; work back. 7th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, all the rest scarlet, and work back. 8th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, all the rest gray. The 9th, 10th, and 11th rows are all like the 8th. The 12th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, increase one loop by making a stitch between this last gray and the next, then all the rest gray; work back. 13th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, all the rest

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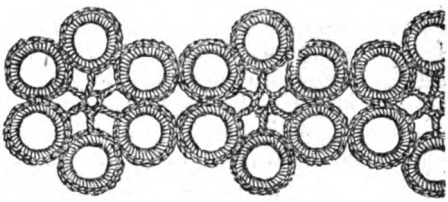
gray. 14th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 10 gray, 2 together in gray; repeat from * with gray, and work back. 15th row: Like the 12th row. The 16th, 17th, and 18th rows like the 13th. 19th row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, * 9 plain, 2 together in gray; repeat from *. 20th and 21st rows: Like the 13th row. 22d row: Like the 12th row. 23d row: 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, 1 gray, 1 scarlet, * 8 gray, 2 together; repeat from *. 24th, 25th, 26th rows: Like the 13th row. 27th row: Like the 12th. When you have finished this row, fasten off. Make a chain of 130 again for the right-hand side of the cape; repeat from the 1st row, but reverse the border and increasing stitch by working them at the end of the row instead of at the commencement. When you come to the 27th row you unite the two parts by working a plain row in gray on each half; all the rest of the cape is now worked in gray wool. 29th row: 7 plain, 2 together; repeat at the end of the row; work 7 plain to match the first side. This must be done in all the succeeding rows. 30th row: Plain. 31st row: 7 plain, 2 together, * 6 plain, 2 together; repeat from *. 32d row: Plain. 33d row: 7 plain, 2 together, * 5 plain, 2 together, repeat from *. 34th row: Plain. 35th row: 7 plain, 2 together, * 4 plain, 2 together, repeat. 36th row: Plain. 37th row: 7 plain, 2 together, * 3 plain, 2 together, repeat. 38th row: Plain. 39th row: 7 plain, 2 together, * 2 plain, 2 together, repeat from *. 40th row: Plain. 41st row: 7 plain, 2 together, 1 plain, 2 together, repeat. 42d row: Take 2 together throughout the row. 43d row: Like the 42d. 44th row: 10 single, taking up each long loop as a stitch, raise all but the last 10, work back. 45th row: 5 single on the 5 first loops, raise all but the last 5, and work, and if it is too wide in the neck, work 2 together throughout the row again, work back, and fasten off. You now commence the piece for the back, make a chain of 2 stitches with gray wool, take up the 1st loop and work the 2 back. 2d row: Make a stitch between these two loops and work back. 3d and 4th rows: Each 3 loops. 5th row: Increase 1 loop on each side the centre loop; work back. 6th and 7th rows plain. 8th row: 2 gray loops, increase a stitch, but with scarlet wool, a gray loop, increase a stitch with scarlet, 2 gray loops, work back. 9th and 10th rows: Plain, but working the 3d and 5th loops in scarlet, and these 2 loops are worked in scarlet throughout the whole pattern. 11th row: Increase 1 gray loop on each side the centre stitch. 12th and 13th rows: Plain. 14th row: Increase as before, but with scarlet wool. 15th and 16th rows: Plain, working the 3d and 5th stitch on each side in scarlet. Continue to work in this manner, increasing every 3d row with gray wool, and working these two stitches on each side in scarlet until you have 87 stitches in the row. Then take up 18 only, work back, take up 17, and so on, taking one less until the work is brought to a point, fasten off; now work the other side in the same manner, then arrange the neck to the neck of the cape, and work together with a row of double crochet. Work also a row all round the cape and this back piece; then work the border. 1st row of border in gray wool: * 3 treble in the 3d stitch, 1 Ch.; repeat. 2d row: * scarlet wool. 3 long on the 2d of the 3 treble, 1 Ch., the thread 3 times round the needle, work a long treble in the double crochet just under the next chain stitch of last row; repeat. The rosettes on the back are commenced with 8 Ch.; unite work, * 3 treble in the next stitch, 1 Ch.; repeat 7 times. Work the 2d row of the border on this row, and fasten off. Cover a button with scarlet in the centre of each, add a long tassel at the back, and cord and tassels to draw up with.



Crochet Insertion.—This is a very useful insertion, if crocheted in strong, black, sewing or netting silk, and will then make a good trimming for outdoor garments.

Make a chain of 10, unite crochet in half this little ring 8 double, crochet * 10 Ch., turn, 1 single in the first of the 10 Ch., then crochet in the half of this ring 8 DC.; repeat from * 4 more times. When the 8th DC. is worked in the 6th ring, join to the 1st DC. in the 1st ring, then turn the rings, so that all the double crochet falls inside the circle, and crochet in each half ring 14 double crochet, always joining the 14th in each ring to the 1st already worked in the other half of the ring; work another set of 6 rings close to this in the same manner, joining the 1st ring, and the 6th, in the 7th DC. of the 14, to the 2 rings in the first set, then fasten off; with a needleful of silk fill in the centre with lace stitch. Work as many more of these circles of rings as you

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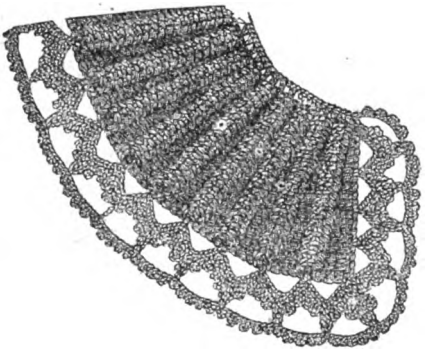
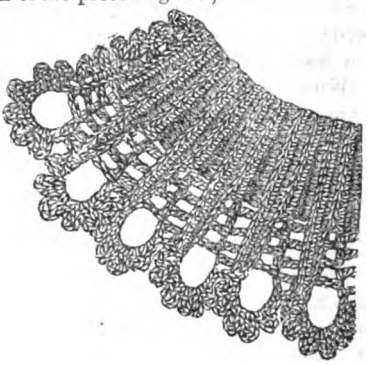
require, joining each two together in the same manner that the two first are joined together.



TWO CROCHET FRILLS FOR CHILDREN.—No. 1. This frill is worked in such a manner as to form box pleats; it is ornamented with a crochet lace at the outer edge. The thick part of the frill is worked in the cross-way with fine cotton in crochet a tricoter, in the following manner: Make a foundation chain of 18 stitches, work 1 double row on the whole number of stitches, then * 1 double row of 12 stitches (including the selvedge stitch), then 7 double rows again on the whole number of stitches; in working the 1st part of the 6th double row, insert the needle into the cross-chain of the 2d row of the 7th double row on the wrong side; a loose pleat is thus formed; repeat from * till the frill is sufficiently wide. When the last box pleat has been worked, work 1 short double row of 12 stitches, then again 1 double row on the whole number of stitches, and lastly 1 row of slip stitches, always inserting the needle into the long chain of the last double row; cut the cotton and fasten it off. Then work the following lace round the edge of the collar with finer crochet cotton. 1st row: 1 double in the foundation chain at the upper corner of the frill, 3 times alternately 12 chain, 1 double into the next foundation chain but 4, 12 chain, 2 double divided by 12 chain into the stitches at the lower corner of the frill, then always alternately 12 chain, 1 double in the selvedge stitch underneath the next box pleat, and so on. 2d row: on every chain stitch scallop of the preceding row 5 times alternately 2 double, 5 chain, missing no stitches under the latter; then again 2 double; the separate double stitch between 2 chain stitch scallops of the preceding row is always missed. 3d row: 1 double on the middle purl of every scallop, then always 10 chain. 4th row: always alternately 2 slip stitches on the 2 next stitches of the preceding row, 3 chain, missing no stitches under the latter; the separate double stitches of the preceding row remain unnoticed. The lace is then completed. On the selvedge stitch round the neck work the following 2 rows. 1st row: with tatting cotton always 1 double between 2 box pleats, then 1 chain stitch. 2d row: with crochet cotton, always alternately 1 treble on the next chain stitch of the preceding row, then 1 chain stitch.



No. 2. This frill is worked with fine cotton in the cross-way in the following manner: Make a foundation chain of 21 stitches, miss the last stitch, and work back on the others 12 double, then 4 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in every other stitch of the foundation chain. * Turn the work, work 12 chain, then 1 treble stitch on every separate chain stitch of the preceding row, 1 chain after every treble stitch, then 12 double on the 12 double of the preceding row, always inserting the needle into the back chain of every stitch. Then work 1 chain, turn the work, and work backward and forward 2 rows of double stitch; each of these rows must count 20 stitches; the scallop of 12 chain on one side of the work remains thus unnoticed. Then work 1 chain, turn the work, work 12 double on the next 12 double of the preceding row, 4 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next stitch but one of the preceding row, and repeat from * till the frill is sufficiently wide. Then work all round the collar 1 purl row as follows: Begin at the upper corner on one side of the frill, and work * 1 double in the next selvedge stitch, then 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 double in the preceding double stitch, 1 double in the next selvedge stitch but one; repeat from *. At the lower edge of the frill work round every chain stitch scallop 5 times alternately, 1 double, 1 purl; lastly, 1 double; work always 1 chain betwain 2 scallops, 1 double on the selvedge stitch of the thick strip between the open-work strip and 1 chain.

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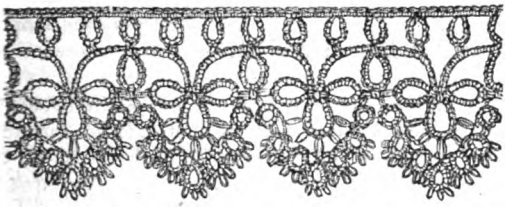
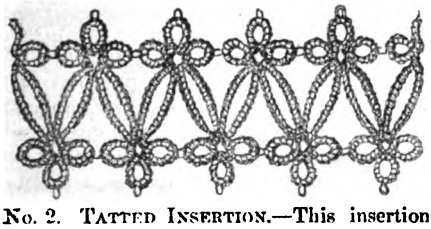


No. 1. Tatted Border.—This is very handsome when worked, and anything but difficult to execute. You require two threads and a fine crochet hook. You work first the foundation row. With the shuttle, * an oval of 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close, leave ¼ of an inch of cotton and repeat the length you require from *, then turn and crochet over the thread left between the ovals in double crochet.

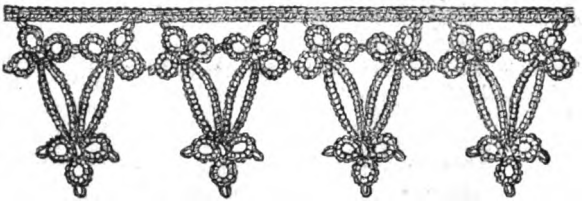
2d row—Join the thread to the first oval, * with the shuttle a large oval of 6 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Now work over the 2d thread 5 double, join to the purl of the next oval in last row, 7 double over the 2d thread, with the shuttle work the trefoil. First large oval—8 D., join to the last purl in the last large oval, 8 D., draw up. 2d oval of trefoil—6 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. 3d oval, 8 D., 1 P., 8 D., draw close, over the 2d thread work 7 double, join to the next oval in the 1st row, 5 double over the 2d thread, join to the next small oval in last row. Commence again from *, joining this large oval in the first purl to the purl in the 3d oval of the trefoil.

3d row—This row consists of small ovals, an oval of 3 D., 1 purl four times, joining the 2d purl to the purl in the large oval; draw up, knot the cotton into the 1st P. on the trefoil, * an oval of 3 D., 1 P., † 1 D., 1 P. 3 times, 3 D., draw up; knot into the next purl on the trefoil; repeat from * 4 more times, joining each oval into the one preceding it, then knot into the last purl on the trefoil, and work a small oval like the first, joining to the last one worked, and repeat the whole row round each scallop.



No. 2. Tatted Insertion.—This insertion is handsome for chemisette trimmings, as a ribbon should be passed through the centre, which is very effective, and shows off the work well. Use Evans's cotton, No. 20.

Two threads are required throughout; join them together. Commence with the first trefoil at the top of the insertion. With the shuttle work 3 ovals close together of 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double, * then take the 2d thread and work over it 12 double. Now with the shuttle another trefoil like the last, which is for the bottom row of trefoils. Over the 2d thread 12 double; with the shuttle another trefoil, joining the first oval to the last oval in first trefoil; repeat from *, joining the next or 4th trefoil to the 2d trefoil worked. When you have worked the length you require, turn and work the 2d row in the inside, so making the large ovals in the centre; * over the 2d thread 12 double, join to the next trefoil underneath, turn; repeat, joining to each trefoil, first on one side, then on the other.



No. 3. Tatted Border.—This makes a very good trimming for aprons, dresses, &c. All the figures in the outside row are tatted in separate pieces, and then joined to each other in working. You require two threads. With the shuttle commence the first trefoil.

1st oval—5 D., 1 P., 5 D., draw up. Work two more ovals close to this, then over the 2d thread 12 double. With the shuttle work another trefoil like the last, then over the 2d thread, 12 double. With the shuttle a third trefoil joining the purl in the 3d oval to the purl in the oval of the first trefoil which is just opposite; turn; 12 double over the 2d thread, join to the 2d trefoil, 12 double over the second thread, join to the first trefoil and fasten off. Work as many of these pieces as you require, joining the first trefoil to the third. You now crochet the foot, using the same cotton. 1st row. 1 double crochet upon the purl in the 2d oval of the first trefoil, * 10 Ch., 1 DC. upon the 2d oval in the next trefoil of the same figure, 3 Ch., 1 DC. upon the 2d oval of first trefoil in the following figure; repeat from *; turn at the end, and work the 2d row in double crochet.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

GARDENING-TIME AGAIN.

When the sun and showers of April awake the daffodils, and cowslips, and violets from their winter sleep, these, the first comers, get the warmest welcome, and whoever loves flowers at all, thinks of cultivating them. There would be more of this done, but for the disagreeables that mingle with its delight—the stooping, and the mud, and soiled skirts, and roughened hands. But a little management and special selection will obviate these difficulties. If recreation from sedentary indoor occupations is what you want, choose such flowers as, once set, are a permanency—roses and lilies, violets and carnations, and the fascinating varieties of summer bedding plants, once planted, are there for the season, and all the work about them can be done in an erect position. With a broad-brimmed straw hat, looped-up skirts, and good, gauntletted buckskin gloves, you are equal to the case, ready to handle spade, or hoe, or rake; to minister to the wants of your pet flowers, and enjoy the delicious refreshment of soul and sense that they give in return. However small the hoe or rake may be to stir the ground in thickly planted spaces, always insist upon a long handle. Use only that kind of tool, and the exercise will be an unmixed benefit to you.

There is no denying that to stoop with a trowel to transplant annuals, or pull up weeds, is wearisome and hard upon the hands—purely an indulgence of the ardent floriculturist, and not at all to be advocated upon physiological grounds. But do not for that give up the most delightful of amusements, neither hand over the whole care to the gardener (only comparable to putting your children out to nurse). Try our plan of a select assortment of flowers with the exclusive use of long-handled tools, and you will find their culture the best sort of rest from sedentary duties; and find, besides, the happiness known only to those who love beauty as God loves it, and working hand in hand with Him, enter into the rapture of creation.

A BLACK ALPACA DRESS.

Every lady wants one of these, especially since the manufacture has been so perfected that it really takes the place of what has always been considered indispensable, but is now so costly—a good black silk. So many flimsy fabrics are in the market that we are glad to have found out what is absolutely the best. By asking for the "Beaver Brand" you are sure of getting an article entirely satisfactory, elegant, and lasting, fine, soft, and glossy like silk. In one important particular—a rich black color—it has become increasingly difficult of late to get suited. Blue-black alpacas, which look comparatively poor, and speedily lose their first nicety, are to be found everywhere, and you are liable to choose and take home what you are afterward sorry for. Hence the great convenience of a special brand that saves you all anxious scrutiny and comparison, and insures against disappointment. As to the price, there is no doubt about the economy of a good material that will always be a dress, compared with an inferior stuff that costs just as much to make up and quickly looks shabby. The present fashion is to trim with flounces and flutings of the same, so there is no extra cost for trimming when the full suit pattern is purchased.

If a heavier material as substantial as poplin is desired, ask for the "Buffalo Brand." This resembles a rich, lustreless black silk, as it is exquisitely fine, and its evenness of texture promises any amount of wear.

DRESS.

In Miss Ingelow's fairy story of "Mopsa," the apple-woman sits under the tree in her plain, brown gown, and tells the newcomers into fairy-land how she used to care for the grand coach and horses and the gay silk dresses that a wish could summon, but she had tired of unlimited riches and endless novelty, and now found rest in the simple ways of what were called poor people in the world.

If the ease with which a new dress can be created, no matter with what infinity of trimming, leads to indifference, we are surely on the high road to simplicity. The sewing machine, like a magician straight out of fairy-land, turns off yards upon yards of flouncing, and ruffling, and fluting, and furbelows generally, and the ladies put them all on, restrained only by their inches of height; so that at present it really seems as if nothing was gained by this beneficent invention. No doubt, in the future, steam or some other wonder-working power will be substituted for human nerve and muscle, and still more miraculous celerity attained; when new dresses may come with the desire for them, and finery grow so easy, and cheap, and common, that people will care no more for it than did the apple-woman in fairy-land. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," murmurs the looker-on at the Chestnut Street promenade, where the excesses of fashion are shown off in all their folly. It looks encouraging to us. Fulness is sure to bring satiety. When extravagance cannot go any further, when the ultra fashionables positively cannot find another inch from head to foot on which to place more trimming, the reaction is as sure as the law of variety in the feminine mind. "Things being at the worst, begin to mend."

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At present, extravagance is the rule, simplicity the exception. The devices of dressmakers and seamstresses have fully kept pace with increased facilities, and the refrain of Hood's famous song of the shirt,

"Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,"

is only altered to

Flounce and ruffle and fold,
Fold and ruffle and flounce.

"If further inventions enable the ladies to make a dress in half the time, they will only put twice the work upon it," said a gentleman, watching the manufacture of a modern "suit," so fearfully and wonderfully made. And if the future could be inferred from the past, he was right. The labor and weariness of the needle are not abated one jot. The difference made by machine work is, that whereas the few only used to indulge in elaborate tucking and ruffling and embroidery, now excessive ornamentation of underwear and overwear is the rule.

Sensible people, always the exceptional class, of course, get the true good of the sewing machine. Observing the golden mean in dress as in all things, they adopt among the fancies of fashion such as give grace and elegance to the costume, rejecting superfluities of trimming, which are as vulgar as they are troublesome, and easily and rapidly turn their idea into an accomplished fact—dress well, and dismiss the subject. In this laudable aim they have our hearty assistance. Nine tenths of the latest fashions from the highest sources are unworthy of imitation, as we decide at a glance, and give our readers only the choicest selections. Of late, most of the offences against good taste consist of ornaments that are not ornamental because profuse; but the present fashions, accepted in moderation, and adapted, as all fashions should be, to individual peculiarities, are as pretty and picturesque as ladies could desire. The walking-dress of Louis XVIth's time among our illustrations this month, is very like the present mode, but the headdress now used shows a decided advance in taste, as it is more simple.

YOUNG STORY-WRITERS.

It has become so much the fashion to be paid for literary effort, that the merest beginners think their time lost if not remunerated. They forget how much is granted in giving an unknown writer a name and place in our magazine—their talent fairly set before the public for recognition. Those who offer, as some occasionally do, to pay us liberally for running their serials through our pages, understand the matter better. To be sure, we have never consented to this, preferring to pay fairly for what suits us; but such applicants show a proper estimate of the privilege of admission. On the other hand, we are all the time receiving stories from hands so unpractised, that errors in spelling and punctuation are sprinkled thickly over every page, and paragraphs ignored, accompanied with a request for remuneration! That settles the question. An editor might be willing, where there is merit, to spend time over such a manuscript, but to spend money in addition is too absurd.

The mistake is in being too fast—a fault of the times, it would seem. Literary aspirants have not patience to mount the ladder step by step, but would vault up to the high places at once. The smallest workers despise the day of small things. Long ago, when the poet Whittier was a dreaming boy, he sent, with fear and trembling and great misgiving, a poem to the country paper, and was more than satisfied to see it in a corner of the paper with the editor's thanks. That was his first step, taken modestly, and therefore surely.

A young writer will often miss the chance of publication by grasping at reward.

In what trade are apprentices paid for each imperfect attempt they make to learn the business? Mrs. Stowe, writing editorially some time ago in *Hearth and Home*, spoke substantially to the same purpose in relation to the crude articles with which editors are flooded, and the unreasonable expectations of their writers. To appear in print is as much as a novice can expect. The excellence which we gladly pay for is a thing of slow growth.

MODERN ECONOMIES.

A paper in *Chambers's Journal* sums up a wonderful series of utilizations, from what was formerly waste material, brought about by the late discoveries in science. Some of these are altogether satisfactory to think of, others not so much so. We have selected a few that are particularly interesting to housekeepers, as throwing light upon the mystery of manufactured goods that are not what they used to be. Ingrain carpets, that used to last ten years, disconcert our calculations by going into holes before one year is over. Muslin made up into garments and sheets was formerly an accomplished fact, a care to be dismissed for awhile; now, it hardly passes into use before the wearing out and mending begin: if the sewing machine had not been invented simultaneously with this adulteration of muslin and linen, what *should* we do! In self-defence, we must know what the manufacturers are doing in order to guard against shoddy as much as possible, and save ourselves disappointing purchases.

"We are told that the using up of what was formerly considered waste, in the textile manufactures, now reaches the enormous quantity of a hundred thousand tons annually, in the three forms of cotton, flax, and hemp waste. If we include animal fibres, such as shoddy wool and silk waste, the aggregate becomes largely increased.

"At least fifty thousand tons of cotton waste, the residue and sweepings of the mills, are annually

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utilized by being worked up into coarse sheeting, bed-covers, paper-mâché, and the commonest kinds of printing paper.

"Old woollen rags are the foundation of the prosperity of Dewsbury and Batley in Yorkshire, these musty, rusty, dusty, frouzy fragments being ground up into shoddy and mungo. Other relics of old woollen garments are made to yield flock for wall-paper, padding for mattresses, and Prussian-blue for the color-makers.

"Chemicals are employed to destroy the cotton fibre in old worn-out balzarines, orleans, coburgs, and other mixed fabrics for ladies' dresses, and to liberate the woollen or worsted fibres for a new career of usefulness. Woollen rags, when even the shoddy-maker will have nothing to do with them, are choice materials for the farmer as manure."

Of course, nobody objects to this latter utilization. But when old folks tell us that economical country families used to allow the boys one pair of shoes a year, and we contrast this expenditure with what is necessary at present, we are lost in conjectures what can be the cause of the children's shoes coming apart, and wearing into holes in the course of a month or so, until we learn what the leather men have been at.

"Leather scraps are made into 'shoddy leather' by grinding and macerating them into a pulp, available for the inner soles of shoes and such-like purposes. There is another leathery composition much used in America, under the name of 'pancake.' Thin bits of leather, the odds and ends cut off by the tanner and currier from whole hides, are interlaid with paste until they accumulate to an inch in thickness, and then heavily squeezed between two iron rollers; the mass comes out as an oblong pancake twelve inches by four, and half an inch thick, looking very much 'like a cross between a sheet of gingerbread and a cake of tobacco;' it is used for inner soles, heels, and stiffeners."

The use of perfumery would be somewhat lessened if people knew what much of it is made of. The old established cologne, and that made from fragrant flowers by steeping roses, violets, jessamine, &c., in oil or glycerine, and so extracting their perfume, are very pleasant, and only objectionable when their stale odors are added to the oppressiveness of a close room. But the modern inventions with sweet names do not deceive us at all, though we have tried with a will to smell what their titles promise. It is a part of the passion for pure air which possesses us that we enjoy no perfumery, but the fresh breath of flowers from the perfect chemistry of nature.

"Beautiful perfumes are produced from substances not merely trivial, but in some cases fetid and repulsive. Fusel oil, putrid cheese, gas tar, and the drainage of cow-houses are thus transformed. The result is a triumph of chemistry; but it is commercially shabby, and unfair to call perfumes thus obtained by such delightful names as 'oil of pears,' 'oil of apples,' 'oil of pineapples,' 'oil of grapes,' 'oil of cognac,' 'oil of bitter almonds,' '*eau de mille-fleurs*.'"

The aniline colors, those charming new tints brought out of late in ribbons and dress goods, are among the triumphs of science that give one unalloyed pleasure to think of. The sunshine, with all its rainbow colors, entering into the formation of coal ages ago, and thence drawn forth by man's ingenuity as light, and heat, and brilliant dyes—how beautiful is the discovery! It doubles our delight in the novel and dainty shades of gloves and ribbons to think of their marvellous source down in the "deep-delved earth," and the magic of science that can extract such beauty from such blackness.

"The coal tar from gas works is made to yield sulphate of ammonia, sal-ammoniac, printers' ink, lampblack, disinfectants, naphtha, benzole, paraffin, and the magnificent series of aniline colors for dyeing and calico printing. The sediment in wine casks is made into cream of tartar.

"A brown dye is extracted from those small bedroom acquaintances whom few of us like to talk about, and none like to see or to feel."

Another exhilarating discovery, the details of which we have not at hand, because the item was handed over for insertion in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is a method just announced abroad, of lighting city streets with the offensive gases from sewers and elsewhere, instead of the coal-gas now used. When purity and light shall kiss each other, what a sanitary triumph it will be, and what a long stride toward the Millennium!

THE ROACH NUISANCE.

Among the unwelcome manifestations of new life that spring brings forth, are these detested creatures—black beetles, the English call them, putting out their saucy heads from the cracks around the range and hot-water pipes, when perhaps you had fancied the house rid of them, and thence streaming forth in aggravating myriads over the kitchen floor. This largest liberty they only take at night, however; accidentally you surprise them at their nocturnal revels, and stand aghast while they walk tall and look impishly at you, with an audacity that would be amusing if it were not so provoking. They laugh at your red-lead wafers and plates of phosphorus, like

> "The Pontic monarch of old time,
> Who fed on poisons, and they had no power,
> But were a kind of nutriment."

So it is labor lost to tempt them to destruction, and risk the lives of your household pets with dainty dishes of arsenic, or any other desperate venture. But borax is too much for them. Yes! that sweet, cleanly, harmless white powder, that you can scatter fearlessly among the dishes on the shelf and the pots and pans below, is so repugnant to them for some reason, that they retire from the field. How it affects them is not certain. Our cook suggests that it scorches their feet and cripples them, averring that she has watched their manœuvres while trying unsuccessfully to walk over it. That it makes the place too hot for them is enough to know; and we are glad to tell of a remedy so innocent and so effectual. In old houses, furnished with hot-water

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pipes, the housekeeper wages a very unequal war with these annoying pests, particularly if she is "beholden" to Bridget for help.

If our receipt is a general success, it will add another to the long list of the virtues of borax. Ask the druggist for the powdered article, and do not be frightened if he charges sixty cents a pound, for the roaches will disappear before you have used even that much.

FRUIT AND FLOWER MODELLING IN GUTTA PERCHA.

(*Continued from page* 223.)

CHAPTER III.

The larger flower for the vase, of which we propose to give the rules for moulding, is the wild pink rose; for its beautiful, soft colors, blending with the waxen-like beauty of the jessamine, will, if well made and carefully tinted, make a most effective and charming contrast.

But before proceeding further, it will be well to observe two or three rules, which, if attended to, will go far toward rendering this work perfect in its kind. When one flower or one fruit has been modelled, the learner should take that in one hand and the copy in the other, and narrowly look over it, comparing and carefully rectifying any fault, so that each one may become more perfect than the last.

In grouping or placing the flowers, be sure to do so with grace and good taste, as nothing has a worse effect than flowers that seem as though out of place. One other observation must be made, although the subject has been noticed before, and this is, that the lamp which heats the water in which the gutta percha is placed should be kept constantly burning, so that the material is always in working order.

Having made these observations, we will now proceed to the formation of the wild pink rose, one of the sweetest of our many varieties of wild flowers; it is particularly to be desired that no pupil should resort to cutting the pattern in paper of the fruit or flowers, because the gutta percha is to be modelled into the required shapes; therefore, as with the jessamine, a good pattern flower must be procured, not forgetting to study well its every part, so as to better understand how to model it.

When well studied, commence by moulding the petals in the same manner as for the jessamine, except that the outside edges of the petals must be worked thin, so that they may receive that graceful fall which marks the real flower; they must be perfectly shaped and quite smooth, especially at the edges, for securing which, pass the top of the first finger over them repeatedly, so as to insure a thin, but even surface.

The petals must be nine in number, and when these are carefully moulded exactly after the fashion of the real flower, dip them in water, and lay under the muslin cover whilst the calyx and stamens, &c., are made, and these require much attention.

Nip off a piece of the wire, and make a long, open hook at the end of it; take a piece of the gutta percha and mould it into the form of the calyx over the hook, pressing it into the required shape with the fingers, which must be kept well moistened with tepid water. When this is finished, take the already prepared petals, and, dipping them into water as they are used, press them on to the calyx one by one, and when they are all on, put the first finger under them, and give each a slight turn so as to curve it outward, that it may take that graceful fall which is so beautiful in the natural flower. Look well over it to see that it is well formed, after which take the bodkin and make various wee holes in the centre, which are to receive the stamens, &c. (yellowish), which must be done thus:

Take a tiny piece of gutta percha, and cut with the pointed scissors a long strip as thick as a pin, which must be rounded in the palms of the hands, and then cut into the proper length, which done, place them in the holes already prepared with the bodkin, and with the same little instrument close them properly, so that these stamens stand in their places; lay carefully to dry.

For the buds, take a piece of the wire, and make the hook bit rather larger and longer than before, then place first a piece of the gutta percha close to the wire, moulding it at the top with the finger and thumb, to represent the scarce opening petals, making the indentations with the bodkin.

Now take another piece of the material and mould it over the entire length of the hook into the shape of the bud, making the marks to imitate the folding of the petals with the small end of the bodkin. Lay this also carefully to dry, after which proceed to make other roses and buds in the same manner, carefully correcting any small error in the ones already finished. Five or six roses will be sufficient, according to the size of the vase.

For the leaves, take a piece of the gutta percha, and, after having worked it into rough shape by means of the finger and thumb, place it upon the board (of which we gave a description in the first page), and with the first finger press it into the shape of the rose-leaf thereon engraved, carefully pushing the material into every curve; then pick it up, which is easily done, as it does not stick, correcting the veins with the fine end of the bodkin where by chance the leaf has not received the proper marks.

To mount the leaves, take a piece of the finest wire about four inches long, and carefully pass it through the middle of the leaf which is to form the top one; the others must be done in like manner when required for grouping, except that the length of the wire must be short enough merely to attach them. Five or six leaves—one large, and the rest decreasing in size—are sufficient for each rose, with one or two buds.

When the roses are perfectly dry, they will have become as hard as wood; they are then ready for the white paint and coloring.

Before beginning, see that no dust has fallen on the work; then take the white paint, and with a thickish brush lay on a good surface smoothly, which must be repeated two or three times, when, if carefully performed, the required look of china will be obtained.

When perfectly dry, the tinting with the proper colors may be begun, but it must be done with a very delicate touch, for this is the last operation before the varnishing, which should not be put on until the flowers are grouped on the vase.

Good taste must be the guide in the latter operation; but it may be well to say that one of the wild roses should be placed on the front of the vase in the middle, the buds and leaves being grouped around; the jessamine should fall gracefully across the vase, the white blossoms alternating with the leaves. Another rose should droop under the white flower toward the bottom, and this will give a pleasing relief to the eye. When the flowers and leaves are all well grouped on the vase, and have been carefully pressed and nicely rounded into their places, the next and last is the varnishing; and when this is done and the vase becomes dry, it will be difficult to find a more charming ornament.

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An elegant and useful adjunct to the drawing-room or boudoir-table is a card-plate, and this being a novel article in gutta percha modelling, we propose it for the next example of this beautiful art.

One of those pretty bread platters in beech wood would serve the purpose, could it be procured sufficiently deep; but another way would answer equally well, which is to take a large soup-plate, and after working out a large piece of gutta percha into a tolerable thickness, line the plate with it, which will give it the required form; elongate it at the two sides to make it oval, and then carefully removing it, dress well the edges with the fingers, and leave to dry and harden.

A mixture of fruit and flowers will be pretty for this plate, or we might make a basket of it by throwing a handle across, and nothing would be easier or prettier; so we will proceed to show the manner of embellishing it with grapes and leaves, and purple heart's-ease, or pansies.

For the grapes take thirteen pieces of gutta percha and mould into shape by rolling in the palms of the hand till well knit, according to the natural form; but for the present purpose the grapes must be much smaller—about the size of peas, or a wee bit bigger. These are soon done, as there is no marking but a tiny dot at the top end of each. There should be a vine-leaf on the beech board, rather deeply graven, as there are so many veins which should be well-developed in the gutta percha to show well when they are painted.

For the leaves, take a piece of the material, and mould it with the finger into a rough shape of the vine-leaf, after which lay it on the graven form on the board, pressing well into order the points of the leaves, so that it may be taken out as perfect as possible. If the veins are not sufficiently developed, pass the bodkin over those which require it.—N.B. This leaf may be made without the thickness in the middle, as no mounting is required for the fruit and flowers which are to ornament the card-plate or basket.

When the first leaf is properly moulded, and a perfectly smooth surface has been obtained, make in the same way from twelve to fourteen more, according to the size of the card-plate, laying them as before, to dry and harden with the rest, when they will be ready for the painting and grouping.

The pansy next claims our attention, and this lovely flower is indeed well worthy of care in the moulding, for it is a great and general favorite, and if well and carefully done repays the trouble of making.

Place the pattern where it can be easily seen, and, after having become well acquainted with its various parts, begin by making the two largest petals, which are violet, by taking the pieces of gutta percha, and with the thumbs and fingers moulding them to the shape seen in the pattern. Afterward mould other two a little smaller, which are to be also violet, but a lighter color; then the two which form those at the bottom, which are to be a bright yellow, regulating with much nicety the sizes. Nip off the wire for the stalk, making the usual long hook on which to mould the calyx, which in this flower must be faithfully copied, as it differs from many, taking care that it is not too large; after which, mould on first the two large violet petals and then the two smaller ones, putting on the lower yellow ones with much precision, as they are set rather more forward than the others.

When the pansy is so far finished, look well first to the calyx to see that it supports well the flower, and next that the edges are quite clean and smooth, remedying any inaccuracy with the bodkin or finger. Make eight or ten pansies in the same manner, and they may be each varied in color, so as to form a contrast.

Those which are intended for the card-plate are not to be mounted, as they will be placed flat on the rim of the plate.

The fruit and flowers being finished, take the card-plate and arrange on the bottom the grapes and leaves in their proper form, placing the leaves two at the top of the bunch, and one carelessly on either side; this will cover the bottom.

Then take the pansies, and place them at equal distances round the rim of the same, leaving space between them for a grape-leaf, letting the latter slightly overlap the edge, which will take from the otherwise formal look of the card-plate.

When grouped in the above manner, a handle may, if preferred, be thrown across by moulding a piece of gutta percha about an inch broad, and rather thicker than for flowers, and ornamenting it with vine leaves, made of a smaller size to suit the width.

If each pansy is colored differently the effect will be very good, and great care must be taken in making the required marks on them, which render them, as children say, like cats' faces.

Having thus given a short, and we hope a plain, lesson on the modelling of gutta percha, we conclude by saying that there are many other beautiful and useful articles which can be made in this material, and, if close attention is paid to the rules laid down, failure is quite impossible. CONTESSA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A correspondent writes:

"Many of us living retired from the great fashionable life, yet sometimes mingling in it, need occasional hints on the cut of dresses, etc.; and your advice is thankfully received. I inclose a list of questions, and sample of my silk dress. Will it do to make over—or will the style look out of date?

"1st. How are dresses made for little girls two years old?

"2d. What kind of material for their nice dresses?

"3d. What shall I have for *her* wrapping, and wear on head—for street wear?

"4th. Are drawers (or pantalettes) for little girls now fastened *above* or *just below the knee?*

"5th. Would sample of dress and *fringe* do to make over?—eight widths in skirt?—not gored? How make and *trim*, and *with what?*

"6th. What will make a cool travelling-dress? Are light, black silks with a lustre worn? In selecting gloves for light summer dresses, ought they to be light, too?

"Would like to find answers in April number."

Dresses for little girls, and boys, too, just emerging from babyhood, are often made in the princess style, as it was called when invented—a simple slip, cut all in one, and shaped to the waist. If the body is cut separately, the same general appearance is preserved by goring the skirt. The color should always be white for babies, piqué for summer and cashmere for winter, though these materials are worn the year round, according to the warm or cool weather; as we often see in winter a white embroidered muslin slip supplemented by a black velveteen coat, which gives the requisite warmth. Little paletots or circulars of white cloth are much worn over dresses of scarlet or other rich-colored merinos. For summer wear, whole suits of white piqué braided

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with white are pretty for little girls; or if for travelling, a uniform suit of plaid sack flannel. The short sailor jacket, so popular at present, is a good, simple style for children's street wear. The little baby bonnets are much worn, but for hot weather nothing is so good as a straw hat.

Little girls' pantalettes should be short, barely below the knee, and not fastened. When long stockings are used, they should not be gartered, but kept up by elastic straps, buttoned to the waist and the top of the stocking.

Your silk dress will not look out of date if made over in modern style. The eight breadths will be enough for a short gored skirt and an overskirt, also gored. Trim with bands of black velvet or satin, cut bias. They will harmonize with the black stripes in your blue and white plaid, and trim it more effectively than the fringe of which you enclose a sample, which corresponds too exactly with the dress.

The best summer travelling-dress is a light alpaca; black is prettiest, but gray or drab shows the dust less. Holland linen is cool, but rumples, and betrays hard usage—such as a night in a railway car.

A mode-colored alpaca suit, tastefully and moderately trimmed with the same material, will look neat and lady-like for a surprising length of time. The various walking-suits now in vogue are very convenient for travelling, ready for indoors or out. Waterproof suits would be preferable for spring and fall, but for the hot, dry summers of America, alpaca combines all the requisites.

Light black silks, with a lustre, were unfashionable for a time, but are now worn again.

Gloves should match the suit in color.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR LETTERS.

"The January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND lies before me, and I think it has excelled this time—it is *splendid*. I *very* impatiently await the next number. W. A."

"The pictures of the lady authors, in THE LADY'S FRIEND, are beautiful. I don't think I ever saw so many pretty, real likenesses of women together in my life before. E. S. A."

"Last year we were all *wonderfully* engrossed in reading "Roland Yorke," and "Between Two;" and, although we had eight periodicals besides THE LADY'S FRIEND, we considered the serials in that *far superior* to any of the others.

"FANNIE, GERTIE, and ANNIE."

"I have received, by mistake, two copies of 'Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring.' Enclosed you will find another dollar paying for the last one you sent; as you have sent it I will keep it. I think it very handsome, and such an ornament to the parlor. It is so very life-like that to look at it makes one live their young days over again. I would advise every lady to send $2.50 for the magazine and picture, for the picture alone is well worth the money, and I know they could not help being pleased with your magazine.

"Yours truly, O. J. K."

"P. S. I cannot close without congratulating you upon the position THE LADY'S FRIEND has taken among the fashion magazines. When it first made its appearance, every one in this section predicted that it would prove a failure; but now all join in saying that its continued stories, *particularly*, go far ahead of those printed in any other book of the kind. Wishing you continued success, I am very sincerely yours, A. A. P."

"Your magazine comes to me regularly, and so pleasant and valuable has it become, that I am not willing to do without it. Am on my second year. Was so glad you gave us the portraits of your lady writers—gratified to see *all*, and particularly glad to see those of Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Moulton, and Miss Douglas. I put them carefully away to be framed."

AMERICAN FESTIVITIES IN ROME.

A correspondent of Bryant's *Evening Post* gossips entertainingly of our countrywomen in the Eternal City:

"Mrs. Joseph Fisher may be called the leader of the American society here. Mrs. Fisher is the only foreign lady to whose entertainments the female aborigines of rank condescend to go; and last evening's was the most brilliant fete of the season. Rarely, indeed, does such a galaxy of beauty and grace assemble in a Roman drawing-room as was there, and one scarcely wonders at the envy and jealousy of the natives, whose high-sounding names and brilliant jewels are passed by with scorn by the men, who seem only to have eyes for the lovely, fresh faces and exquisite toilets of the Americans.

"On Tuesday evening the family of General Rufus King, our late Charge d'Affaires, gave a 'German,' at which were present all the *elite* of the gay Americans in Rome, and about thirty of the most fashionable Roman men. The party was very gay, all the more so because there was an utter absence of those dreariest of all kill-joys, the native women.

ECCENTRIC SPECIMENS.

"The majority were Americans, and, of course, comprised a great many beautiful faces and elegant toilets, and the rest were English, who were distinguished either by the antiquity of their styles of dress and coiffure, or else by the fidelity with which they had copied *Punch's* caricatures of the 'Girl of the Period.' America, however, had some specimens who showed that the monopoly of originality and eccentricity was not strictly confined to England. They are fearfully and wonderfully got up, in many-colored raiment, with hair flowing down their backs, and with a wild expression about the eye, which kept strangers continually on the watch; they seemed to be something between lunatics and Ojibeway Indians, and one was always in doubt whether they would fly at you like wild cats or get upon the supper-table and go through a war-dance with an accompaniment of yells.

AT THE RACES.

"There stand the magnificent equipages of the Empress of Austria, of the King of Naples, and of the Counts of Trapini and Caserta, and with them the carriages of the queens of Roman society—the Princesses Borghese, Aldobrandini and Rospigliosi, and a host of inferior noble ladies, who, in their efforts to appear dignified, only succeeded in looking cross. Stern, hard-featured old frumps, who scowl fiercely at a bevy of handsome, exqui-

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sitely dressed American women, who have come out to be amused, and have succeeded.

"The Roman matrons seem horribly annoyed, as they hear the cheery laughter, and wonder how these daughters of shopkeepers, from beyond the seas, can manage to wear such coquettish hats, and look so much more thoroughbred than they do—they, the salt of the earth, the *creme de la creme*. Miss Polk rides up on a magnificent thoroughbred, the handsomest Amazon, and the most showy horse on the field, but she shakes her head ruefully when asked if she is going in for the brush to-day? Her horse is a clipper over the flat, but he won't jump, and so, for once, she must be contented to look on, and be ornamental.

"Then little Miss Hosmer canters past. She is sure to be well up at the finish; her Irish horse Bruno is well known as a flyer, and no ditch is too wide, no *stagionata* too stiff for the plucky American sculptress."

New Publications.

The Planter's Northern Bride; or, Scenes in Mrs. Hentz's Childhood. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "Ernest Linwood," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Southern home described in this volume is a rose-colored view, painted with its author's usual glowing tints, and advocating eloquently and enthusiastically the by-gone peculiar institutions of the South.

Helen and Arthur; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," "The Lost Daughter," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Helen is an orphan child, tender and sensitive, and her active imigination is terribly excited by Miss Thusa's awful ghostly stories, to her lasting injury; a lesson to parents, and all who have the care of children. For some temperaments, gentleness and kindness, and carefullest consideration are necessary as daily bread.

The Maiden Widow. A sequel to "The Family Doom." By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Why Did He Marry Her? By Mrs. Eliza A. Dupuy, author of "The Bride of Fate," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

An interesting novel, in a commonplace way.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg. By William W. Thomas, Jr., late United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

As a picture, drawn by whatever light history affords of the early Christian church, this novel is chiefly valuable. Those who have not studied the records of those dark days will be startled to see how little of the spirit of Christianity was abroad when Constantine made it the state religion; and how inhuman and worldly minded were the most active and prominent among the so-called followers of the holy and loving Jesus.

The New York Teacher and American Educational Monthly. March, 1870.

A noticeable article in this is "Voice and its Education."

"The cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings, and lispings, and quackings, and chatterings; a very menagerie, in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful, beautiful and seductive."

Washburn's Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden. No. 100 Tremont Street, Boston.

A great variety of flowers are illustrated, and their culture described, and the tomato, under "Hoop Training" and "Trellis Training," looks like a very ornamental fruit.

Titania's Banquet, Pictures of Woman, and other Poems. By George Hill. Third edition, revised and enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The poems that please us best in this volume are those in which we note the well-defined echoes of remembered music. "The Ruins of Athens" reads like a well versified continuation of Childe Harold, and on the whole the muse of Byron seems to have been most propitious, yet not exclusively so, for snatches of melody from Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Campbell, Burns, Bryant, salute us familiarly from the smooth-flowing lines.

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A story in verse—easy, unpretentious and graceful—pleasantest in the beginning:

"Life was a most triumphant fact!
What could my ecstasy destroy?
I did not care to think or act—
Just to be living was a joy!

"O lovely earth! O lovely sky!
I was in love with nature, I;
And nature was in love with me;—
O lovely life—when I was free!"

Of course, the poor, little, wild bird comes to grief when it is caged—when the woman's duties are prematurely required from the child:

"And now I've not a thing to do,
And nobody to say a word;
I've got to keep my house, 'tis true—
I keep a house!—it's too absurd!"

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"She's such a clever woman, Cook,
I heartily dislike her look!
She really seems to fancy I
Know nothing useful 'neath the sky,
And with her stuck-up chin and head,
Her silence is a thing to dread!
And then when she begins to speak,
She asks such dreadful questions—Oh!
How many quarts of milk a week
Shall I require? how should I know?
And what may be the price of coals?
How many tons will be enough?
Shall she take quartern loaves, or rolls?
And do I want the kitchen stuff?
I've ordered dinner—'tis a fact
That I was frightened at the act!
Says I, 'A leg of lamb you'll get;'
Says she, 'It's not in season yet;'
So turning somewhere for relief,
I said, 'Then get a leg of beef:'
She looked so keenly in my face,
She made me feel the whole disgrace,
And so I cried, 'Get anything,'
And ran up-stairs to play and sing:
I hope we'll have some dinner, though,
Or John may be displeased, you know.
Why did they make me marry him?
Life *was* so bright, and *is* so dim."

Receipts.

To Cook Vegetables.—A German professor says, that if one portion of a vegetable be boiled in pure distilled or rain water, and another in water in which a little salt has been added, a decided difference is perceptible in the tenderness of the two. Vegetables boiled in pure water are vastly inferior in flavor. This inferiority may go so far, in the case of onions, that they are almost entirely destitute of either taste or odor; though, when cooked in salt water, in addition to the pleasant salt taste, is a peculiar sweetness and a strong aroma. They also contain more soluble matter than when cooked in pure water. Water which contains one twentieth of its weight in salt, is far better for cooking vegetables than pure water, because the salt hinders the solution and evaporation of the soluble and flavoring principles of the vegetables.

Spiced Oysters.—Two hundred oysters, two dozen cloves, five dozen allspice, also mace, Cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Strain the liquor through a sieve, put it in a saucepan and add the oysters, spice, pepper, salt, and half a pint of cider-vinegar; place them over a slow fire, and as soon as they come to a boil take them off, pour them into a large bowl, and set them away to cool. When cold, cover them close.

A Delicate Dish for Breakfast.—Beat two eggs to a froth, take cold, mashed potatoes, stir them into the egg in sufficient quantity to make a batter about the consistence of cup-cake. Season to the taste with salt and pepper, and fry in butter—a spoonful in a place. Serve hot.

The three following are Harrison's receipts:

Charlotte Russe.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatin in half a pint of water, and simmer slowly till reduced to three quarters in bulk, then strain. To three gills of milk add one tablespoonful of white sugar, and boil slowly fifteen minutes; slightly beat the yelks of four eggs; and as soon as the milk is cool enough not to cook them, stir carefully in; add one teaspoonful of extract of almond or peach, and one of vanilla, or two teaspoonsful of nectarine, and keep stirring till thick (it must on no account boil); then pass through a sieve. Cover the sides and bottom of the moulds (the same as used for iced cabinet pudding) with sponge-cake, cut in two, putting the crust side outward, and neatly fitted so as to fill the moulds, then set them in a pail of salt and ice. Beat up a pint of cream with the milk and gelatin till light and spongy; fill the mould, cover and keep in the ice for three hours.

Croquettes of Rice.—Put in a stewpan half a pound of rice, a pint and a half of milk, a quarter of a pound of butter; stir until boiling, then put over a slow fire, cover, and let simmer slowly till quite tender. Mix well the yelks of five eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and add to the rice, stirring till the eggs thicken, but do not let them boil; then lay the rice out on a dish, and, when cold, form into balls, or any desired shape, not larger than a medium-sized apple. Beat three or four eggs in a basin, and dip the croquettes in singly, then into a dish of bread-crumbs or powdered crackers, and again into the eggs and crumbs; and, lastly, put them into a wire basket and fry in very hot lard, a nice, light-yellow color, drain on a cloth, and serve, neatly arranged on a napkin, with powdered sugar sifted over them.

Iced Cabinet Pudding.—This is usually made in oval tin moulds, about four inches long and two deep, with a tightly fitting cover. Larger moulds are often used, but are generally not so successful. Cut some stale sponge-cake in slices about half an inch thick, and of the same shape as, but rather smaller than the mould, and soak them well in dilute extract of nectarine; fresh macaroons are also excellent for the purpose. Lay some dried cherries, currants, or seedless raisins, sliced citron, and chopped almonds, on the bottom of the mould, then a slice of cake, and then, alternately, the fruit and cake, till the mould is full. Have ready a soft custard, made of one pint of milk, the yelks of two eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half a teaspoonful each of extract of cinnamon and nutmeg, and gently simmered over the fire till it thickens, but not curdles. When lukewarm, fill the moulds with it, cover them tightly and bury in ice and salt for at least two hours. When wanted, dip the mould in lukewarm water, and turn out on a dish. Serve with cream or a soft custard, flavored with extract of almond, orange, orange-flower, rose, or vanilla.

To Clean a Gold Chain.—Put it in a small glass bottle, with warm soapsuds and a little prepared chalk; shake it well, rinse in clear, cold water, and wipe on a towel.

Potato Poultice.—This is said to be better than one made of bread—more agreeable and more efficacious, keeps heat longer, can be re-heated, if necessary, several times, and does not dampen the clothes. The potatoes are peeled, boiled, mashed fine, put in a thin muslin cloth, and applied quite moist.

To Clean Paint.—There is a very simple method to clean most any kind of paint that has become dirty, and if our housewives should adopt it, it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it; apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt and grease. After which wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate color. It is far better than soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

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To Renew a Black Silk Dress.—Rip it to pieces, pick out the stitches; cut up six potatoes in a quart of water, and let them stand all night. Next morning lay each piece of silk on an old sheet on the table; sponge it well with the potato-water, and fold it up by itself, and so on till all are done; then iron it on the same side you sponge it, which must be the wrong side in making up. It will be glossy and stiff like new. Clean merinos and satins the same way.

PATTERNS FOR MARCH.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Evening Bodice with Basque, . .	40 cts.
Low Bodice and Panier-tunic, . .	40 "

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—A white silk dress, with twelve small gathered flounces, each trimmed with two rows of black velvet, and slightly graduated toward the waist. Black velvet bretelles, and belt, and sash.

Fig. 2.—A white silk skirt, covered by one of white gauze, *capitonnée* with golden-hearted marguerites. Second skirt of green silk with a flounce of the same, and looped up at the sides with a bow of ribbon. Small green silk corselet, bordered with marguerites; white gauze chemisette.

Fig. 3.—A pink silk skirt, with ruches of pink gauze edged with white blonde. Upper skirt of pink gauze, looped up with a bunch of roses. Corsage low and square, worn with a chemisette, and ornamented with roses.

Fig. 4.—Mourning costume. A half-trained robe of black silk, trimmed with black guipure. Upper-skirt trimmed with a wide guipure flounce, and looped up at the sides with a black silk bow. The low corsage with short sleeves is covered with one of black tulle, made with puffings and black lace insertion.

Fig. 5.—A salmon-colored silk dress with three flounces of the same. White muslin waist and tunic, trimmed with insertion and flounces of valenciennes.

General Remarks.

The coiffure of plaits is almost universal. But the prettiest of coiffures becomes common when it is seen upon all heads, without distinction of persons—when it becomes ubiquitous, and is seen at Trouville and Brighton, at Newport and Saratoga, at Suez and San Francisco. It is then time to adopt a new one. And this is what the flower of our *élégantes* are doing. No more plaits! *A bas les pattes!* The hair is now raised off the forehead, with a few softening curls drooping over the temples; the head keeps its well-defined natural outline, without being disfigured by any chignon; long curls fall over the neck and shoulders. A light sprinkling of powder is sometimes added to give a refined finish to this becoming and aristocratic coiffure.

Of course, no small degree of taste and skill is required to dress the hair in this way, to give the coiffure a poetical, cloud-like halo, and not go beyond the limit of graceful elegance.

The lace capulet seems made on purpose to set off to advantage the pretty snowy coiffures. With the hair raised off very high from the forehead, the plain velvet bandeau is no longer required. A flower or bow of ribbon is first placed on one side of the head, the veil is then arranged so as to fall over the front hair a little, and to cover the head, neck, and shoulders.

The capulet will never become common, or even generally worn, like the bonnet or hat, simply because it requires handsome lace, and is therefore very expensive; and, besides, it is an essentially aristocratic style of headdress, which none but a real *grande dame* will ever know how to wear.

But, of course, there are, and must be, more or less happy imitations of the original.

The capulet of black dentelle des Indes, fastened on with large jet-headed pins, and ornamented with one bright red rose or carnation, or pomegranate blossom, is not without distinction.

Young ladies wear tiny little hats, with boa-veils of silk gauze. The velvet hats are trimmed with feathers, either standing up as an aigrette or thrown back over the hair. Little girls wear the very small toquet with tuft of feathers, but no veil.

Evening toilets are made with Medici bodices completed by a deep fraise of point lace, which seems copied from portraits of the time of Henri II.

Young ladies do not wear these. For demi-toilet evening dress they have pretty bodices of clear muslin, trimmed with lace and insertion, over which there are bretelles of ribbon, forming part of a wide sash, which are a very pretty finish to a dress of tarlatan, gauze, or light foulard. These sashes with bretelles are made of velvet, silk, or satin of any color to match or make a pretty contrast with the dress. They are also sometimes black, to wear with bright pink, or cerise-colored silk, or gauze.

For a young lady's evening toilet, one of the prettiest we have seen is a dress of white glace silk, the skirt covered nearly up to the waist with narrow pinked-out flounces of the same material, and a low bodice of blue, pink, or cerise-colored silk, open in front upon a plastron of tulle and lace, and lengthened at the back into slightly puffed out basque, trimmed with ruches.

India shawls are worn long and draped in the antique style, something like the genuine peplum of the Greeks; that is, fastened on the left arm by the aid of a brassard or black velvet bracelet, draped on the right shoulder with black velvet bows, and falling in front in folds around the figure.

[Announcement.]

On the 7th day of August, 1857, I purchased one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, which has been used from that day to this almost incessantly. I do not recollect any day except Sundays in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, eleven, and often until twelve o'clock at night. It has never cost one cent for repairs, and is to-day in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new machine of any other kind.

Harriet A. Bellows.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 22d, 1868.

[Announcement.]

Interesting to Ladies.—Nine years ago I purchased a Grover & Baker Machine, and it has been in constant, almost daily, use ever since, and never for an hour out of repair. It has done all the work of a large family, besides countless tucks, ruffles, shirt bosoms, and cuffs for neighbors, and all the sewing for the outfit of six brides. One of my sisters had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, but she always brought the parts of her work requiring strong sewing to me to do for her.

Mrs. Henry E. Alvord.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

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Mrs Wm Day. ed

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND IN CLUBS FOR 1870.

See Prospectus on third page of Cover.

Vol. VII. MAY, 1870. No. 5.

THE

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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Savery's Patent combined
WATER COOLER AND REFRIGERATOR.

The tank for the ice and water is of iron, Enamelled, arranged in such a manner as to cool an Enamelled iron chamber, both being covered with an ornamental walnut case; in the chamber, butter, milk, and other provisions can be kept cool and sweet; the ice in the water tank is not wasted, but supplies at all times cool water for drinking purposes, all being perfectly free from the taste of zinc, or any other substance that can in any way be detrimental to health; and as this article is intended for the dining-room, its superintendence is easy and convenient, and cannot fail to recommend itself to all Housekeepers as a useful as well as an ornamental piece of furniture.

No. 1 is for nurseries only, No. 2 for small families, No. 3 for medium and No. 4 for large families; the three latter are on legs, and answer the purpose of side tables in dining-rooms. Testimonials and circulars sent to those requiring them.

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	Width.	Length.	Height of Cases.			
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No. 3,	21 inch,	31 inch,	24 inch,	6 gallon water tank,	With Legs,	40.00
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THE RETURN OF THE SWA[illegible]

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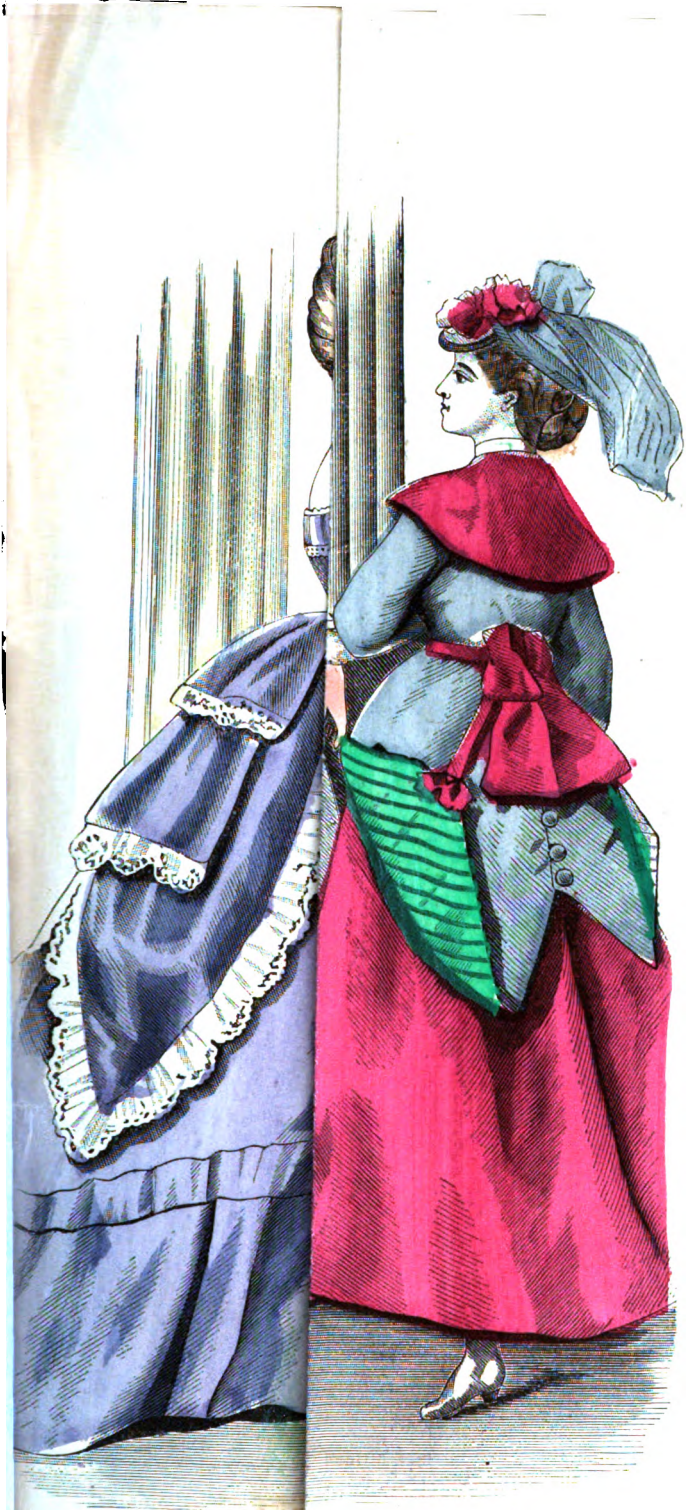

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GATHERING SNOWDROPS.

The snowdrop is the first blossom of the year. It begins to bloom in February, and often blooms on until April

It has three outer petals of a pale green, and inside of these are three white ones, pure as the snow amid which it is born. The snow and frost do not kill the brave little snowdrop. The French call it the *snow-piercer*, the Germans call it the *snow-bell*, and the old Greeks called it the *milk-flower*.

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CHILDREN'S FANCY COSTUMES.

No. 1.—Peasant's costume for a little girl between six and ten years old. The underskirt is of red and white striped woollen material, over which is worn a looped-up skirt of pearl-gray cashmere. Square, low bodice of black velvet, with basque cut in tabs. Muslin cap.

No. 2.—Greek costume for a young lady fifteen years old. Dress of white silk, upper muslin dress embroidered round the bottom in gold. Long, flowing, muslin sleeves. Short, square vest of light blue velvet, embroidered with gold. Coiffure of long plaits and a small toquet of blue velvet embroidered with gold worn on the right side of the head.

No. 3.—Louis XVI. costume for girl twelve years old. Dress of rose foulard, with duchess ruche round the bottom of skirt. Muslin apron trimmed with lace. Pointed bodice of black satin, ornamented with bows down the front and on the sleeves. Fichu of pleated muslin edged with lace. The hair is combed up very high and powdered; a small hat surrounded with pompon roses completes the coiffure.

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WALKING OR TRAVELLING COSTUMES.

No. 1.—Short, round, alpaca skirt, bordered with a plaited flounce, headed by a narrow box-plaiting of the same. Casaque forming a plait in the centre of the back; several plaits at each side, and a tablier in front of it, is looped up at the sides, bordered with a plaiting, and decorated with faille bows of the same color.

No. 2.—Walking costume of pearl-gray poplin. Underskirt trimmed with a deep flounce, scalloped and bound with black velvet. Upper tunic skirt crossed in front, looped up on each side, so as to open in front and form a puff behind. This tunic is scalloped and bound with velvet. Plain high bodice and coat sleeves trimmed to match the dress. Cross fichu with basque fastened under the waistband. Toquet of black velvet, adorned with cock's feathers. Gabrielle collarette.

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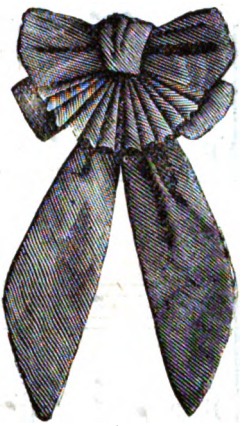
SUMMER SUIT.

GENTLEMEN'S NECKTIE.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

CRAVAT BOWS.—No. 1. Blue satin and blue velvet, matching exactly in shade. Two loops and one end are made of velvet, the rest entirely of satin.

No. 2.—Made of black net edged with white lace; above the net there are five loops of blue ribbon; a ruche of similar ribbon decorates the top.

No. 3 is made of crimson satin, and ornamented with gold braid.

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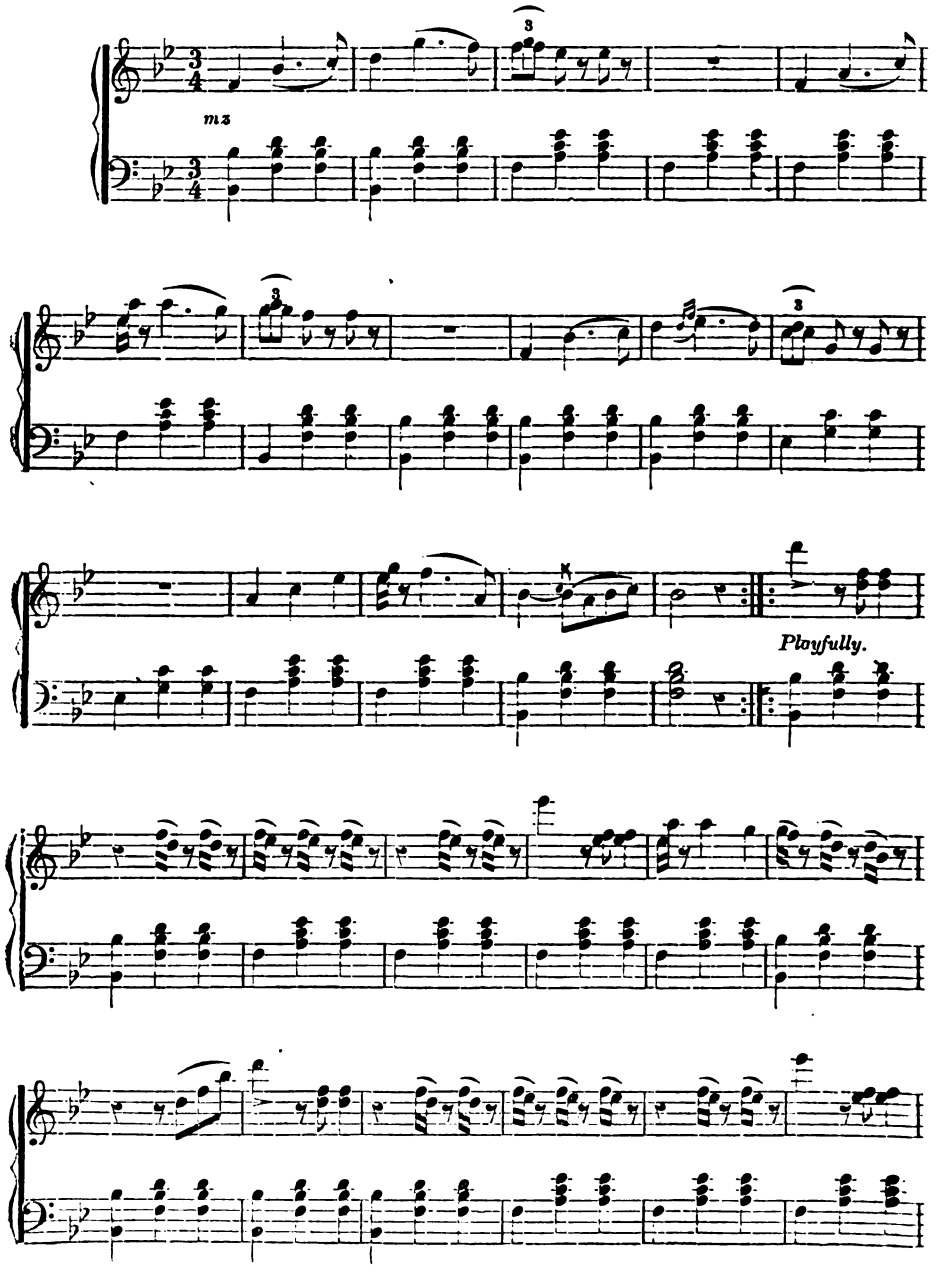
[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

THE FROLIC OF THE FROGS.

WALTZ.

BY J. J. WATSON.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



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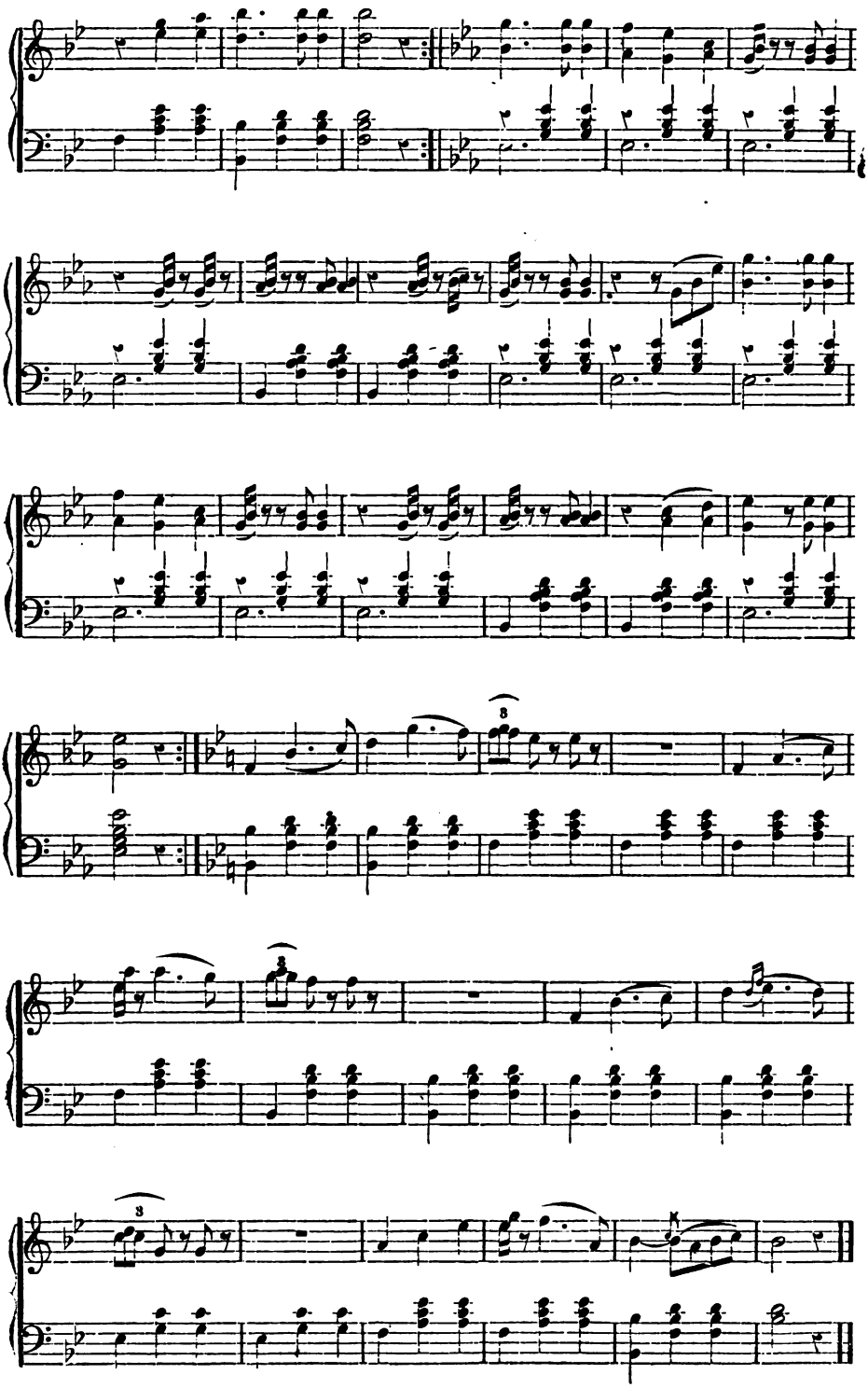

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SUMMER SUIT.

Louise Anne

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1870. [No. 5.

UNDER CHARLIE GORDON'S PLAIDIE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

"Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There's room enough here for twa—
Come under my plaidie——"

"There, Charlie Gordon, it's 'love's labor lost,'" said a gay young voice, interrupting the singer. "Now, if you would kneel at *my* feet, and look up into *my* eyes ——"

"For shame, Rose!"

The girl on the balcony drew herself up to her full, haughty height, and turned with a superb air, partly disdain, and partly the next lower strand—vexation.

Charlie Gordon, lounging on the lawn just below her, flushed redly, and bit his lip.

"Oh! I've angered you!" began Rose, in accents of sorrow. "I did not mean to—only it came in so pat. Here you were glancing up at her, and singing that tender old Scotch ballad, and she like marble! I do believe you are half in love with her."

"Suppose I were, little Rose?"

"Oh! I hope not."

"Why?"

The young man glanced up into these careless eyes of fifteen as if he was almost afraid to read a secret there. As if she understood the scrutiny, she colored.

"It isn't because I'm in love with you—please do not flatter yourself to that extent—but it doesn't seem to me that Marcia would suit you at all."

"Again—why?"

"You always *must* have a reason. Well, she is lofty, and cold, and self-contained, the kind of proud woman that one meets with in novels, and you are so bright, cheery, and—yes, tender—tender to everything—man, woman, dog, or flower. Then you are fond of fun and frolic, while she looks on all these things with supreme disdain."

"Very good for you, Miss Rose."

"I should like you to be happy."

"Should you?" with a good-natured smile.

"Yes. And mamma said you ought to be ——"

"Well, why do you not finish your sentence?" for Rose had paused in seas of wavering crimson.

"I might as well," nothing daunted. "She said you ought to be married."

"I think so, too."

"But I want you to be very, very happy. You have been like a brother to us, you know——"

"Rose!" called some one from the window.

Charlie Gordon being left alone, stretched himself out on the velvety turf, resting his elbow on it, and leaning his chin on the palm of his hand. His eyes wandered over to the west where the sun was dropping into waves of molten gold, while now and then a ray of scarlet shot up like an arrow, and lost itself amid the fleets of blue and silver.

But he was not thinking of the sky nor the sunset, not even of Rose's gay, careless talk, though the subject was nearly allied to it. And that subject was Marcia Estmere.

This lovely home—the broad grounds, and well-filled garden and orchards, and the rambling, old stone house, modernized a bit, half covered with English ivy, honeysuckle, and clematis with its snowy showers, was all his. Grandfather Gordon had built it, father Gordon had added to its beauty, and now Charlie was sole possessor.

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When his father died he was in a German university. After that he had travelled, lounged about Paris, and carried on some not very dangerous flirtations; taken a run over into Asia and climbed the Himalayas, and was twenty-five when he reached home. Mr. Estmere, who had superintended the farm before Mr. Gordon's death, had been dead about a year. Since then there had been no real head, and it was high time that Charlie Gordon came home and settled down.

The Estmeres had resided in a pretty cottage upon the estate until the time of Mr. Gordon's illness. Then he had said—"Estmere, I wish you would bring your wife and children up to the house. There's plenty of room, and your wife can manage matters better for me than a servant. Besides, I am fond of children."

So the Estmeres came, and the first face that Charlie Gordon saw, one bright March morning, was that of Marcia Estmere. He never forgot the picture it made, and it seemed to him that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. If Marcia had known—but she did not, until years afterward. She had just taken down her lovely, purple-black hair, full of large ripples, and yet it never curled, or she never wore it so, which amounted to the same thing. Some idle impulse had led her to the window, and her position threw her face in sharply cut profile. She *was* handsome, except the pride and reticence that often made her face untender. A clear complexion, fine and soft, yet not dark, as you might fancy from the hair. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, with a purple tint like the hair, her curved lips of the brightest scarlet, and a faint color seemed to hover round her cheeks, or rather a light, varying suggestion, but in any moment of emotion she was always pale.

She did not bring to Charlie Gordon's mind any comparison of Undine or mermaidens, but his heart beat with a strange flutter.

"Who can she be?" he thought.

When the Estmeres came to Carnasie, Marcia had remained with her grandmother, and so it happened that Charlie Gordon had never seen her.

She turned away from the window and went on with her toilet, the second one that day, for her first had been rather hurried. And presently her mother looked in to say—"Mr. Gordon has come, Marcia."

Oddly enough, she had made a girlish hero of this young man. He was to be tall and dark, with piercing eyes, a firm mouth, distant, reserved, imperious, and withal a trifle mysterious—not easily fathomed—the ideal of seventeen, perhaps. So she descended with fear and trembling. A gay, rich laugh caught her ear, and that of Rose was mingled with it.

I can hardly describe Marcia Estmere's disappointment. A very modern hero, indeed—barely medium height, supple, graceful, lithe, and yet with a certain air of easy indolence. A happy, merry face framed in with curling chestnut hair, that in certain lights showed a faint tint of red. Hazel eyes, laughing lips, with a slender line of mustache above, the only sign of beard that he wore. A fresh, clear complexion, with an absolute pink in the cheeks.

In a month's time all the girls at Carnasie called him handsome, and were pulling straws or setting caps. So I suppose there must have been some charm, though I think it was the healthful, happy look of a large, unselfish heart, and the noble truth, as well as the high, pure honor that lighted the face.

You could not imagine such a man ever being morbid or unsocial. He enjoyed every pleasure with so thorough a zest that it was contagious. He drove or rode anything in the way of horseflesh, he swam like a fish, danced at all the picnics and parties, and was in continual demand. Then he romped with Rose and Philip Estmere, who were twins, and petted Jessie, the little fledgling, for between her and the twins three had fallen out of the home nest to be gathered in the arms of the angels.

And so Marcia had taken a dislike to him. I am not sure but it fretted her secretly that she could find so little real fault with him. He was boyish, trifling, with no steady purpose to life, and yet—he seemed to stir up all Carnasie to good deeds. The old rectory was repaired and beautified, the clergyman's salary raised—and there was need enough of that, heaven knows. Then when Samie Ogden slipped from a load of hay and was partially crushed between the heavy wheels, Charlie Gordon carried him home and watched over him the long, weary night, comforting the heart-broken mother, and helping Samie bear the pain. And when the poor boy was laid in the graveyard, a small cross with a wreath of the flowers he loved so well was raised over him by the same generous hand.

Charlie Gordon kept his couch on the lawn and his thoughts until summoned to supper. There was an air of quaintness about the old dining-room, with its wainscoting of oak, the panels of which were adorned with picture-like

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devices. Here a brace of dead pheasants, their soft plumage dulled a little by age and smoke. Or yonder a dish of fruit, the head of a wise-looking dog, and in one place a falcon perched on a slender, yet sinewy hand. But the loveliest sight in the room was Marcia Estmere, proud and cool in her flowing white dress, with a cluster of scarlet verbena at her throat.

Rose was remarkably quiet. She had been taken to task by her elder sister for her incautious trifling, and she could not help wondering a little if Mr. Gordon was vexed with her—he looked so grave. But Charlie Gordon had other thoughts.

From many quarters he had received the same advice—that he ought to marry. What so nice as having Mrs. Estmere go on in her matronly *rôle*, while he and Marcia slipped through a few happy years of youth and sunshine. He *did* love her—that he felt—but why he could not have told.

Afterward they sauntered out on the lawn. He went straight over to Marcia's side, while something attracted Rose's attention, and she was off like an arrow.

"Such a heedless child!" exclaimed Marcia.

"She makes me think of a butterfly, for her brightness is of the changeful, illusive order," and he smiled.

"She has grown too large for such careless tricks. One could pardon them in Jessie."

Marcia colored as she uttered this, thinking of the scene just under the balcony.

He flushed, too, watching her. He had the habit of going straight about any matter that concerned his inner self.

"Marcia, I wonder if I am over hasty? If I could only have that tender old song true—in my way—for I love you."

She stood quite still, amazed. Like a flash, a peculiar consciousness ran over her. Any other girl at Carnasie would feel flattered by this offer. Her mother would think she ought to marry him and be thankful. And in one way it was gaining a home for them all. Could she sell herself in that fashion?

"I love you. Your face was the first I saw on my return, and when I look up at your window I always remember the picture. You have hardly been out of my mind since that day. O Marcia!"

She stretched out her hand with a gesture which checked him. His love for her had not kept him from any amusement, it seemed.

"I am sorry——"

"O Marcia! don't say that you cannot love me. I will wait"—and the tender, imploring voice came to a faltering pause.

"The truth is best."

"But you may not know your own soul."

"I think I understand it well enough for that," with a little emphasis that stung him.

He glanced at her in the falling twilight. The soft shades lent a touch of grace to the proud figure, and somehow the face looked less cold. How had he learned to love her so much?

"If you would try——"

"Mr. Gordon, a love that must be forced is worth little. There is no lack of girls, that you need sue to me," and the tone her voice took on was haughty in the extreme. "I am poor——"

"But I can give you so much," he said in a quick breath—"you and yours. I never had a mother to remember, you know, and yours has been so kind to me. I can fill your life with all the brightness that should belong to it. Oh! try me."

His almost boyish persistency angered her. The ideal lover would have taken alarm at her first cold word, and turned proudly away. There was a great deal of romance under her quiet exterior.

"Mr. Gordon," she said, almost sharply, "let this child's play cease, it annoys me."

"But you will tell me wherein I have failed?" and he caught her hand.

"We could never be anything to each other. We are different in every respect. There is not one point of harmony between us."

Marcia Estmere uttered the words decisively, and turned toward the house. A chill despair crept over him at the first moment. Had butterfly Rose been wiser than he?

The next step taken in earnest, impatient love injured his cause still more. He went to Mrs. Estmere, who espoused his side warmly.

"You will never have such an opportunity again, foolish girl!" she said to Marcia. "And if you cannot love him, you cannot love any one."

"That may be true. But if I cannot love him, I ought not to marry him."

Perhaps Marcia had the best of the argument. Certainly Mrs. Estmere lacked the power to force or persuade.

And Marcia was so very sure of herself, that she would listen to nothing in Mr. Gordon's favor. He was boyish, impulsive, easily pleased with trifles, and possessed none of the power that she so admired in a man, which rules with

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a word or a look. If the laughing face was a trifle more sober now, it was because he had been thwarted. She could hold herself regally above his money or the grand old place that had been home so long.

Marcia's step was destined to make some important changes. Indeed, she had fretted all summer secretly over the fact that they appeared to be, in some degree, pensioners on Mr. Gordon's bounty. While her father lived, the matter had been on a purely business foundation, but since his death they had gone on in the same manner, without having any right, she thought.

Mrs. Estmere spoke of this. "If you had married him," she said, "it would make little difference. But Carnasie does need a mistress of its own, and it is best that he should be happily settled. Still, when that time comes, this will be no home for us."

Marcia felt it. She was young and hopeful and, perhaps, not averse to a little struggle with the world. Other girls had assisted in caring for families, and why not she? Rose would soon be growing up, and Philip, their pride and hope, coming to manhood. They would do well enough, surely.

Philip entered warmly into their plans. He spent the vacation with some school friends, and as there was one more year in his course of study, he would take that, and then be fitted for business or college; but as he had no fancy for a profession, it would be business.

Another incident hurried the crisis. Mr. Gordon's sister, a widow with one daughter, came to Carnasie on a visit. Charlie was very cordial with these, his only relatives, but his aunt soon evinced a disposition to take charge of household matters, and Clarice Kennedy, his cousin, having been rather unsuccessful in her matrimonial projects elsewhere, deemed this opportunity a perfect godsend. She was a rather faded beauty of three or four and twenty, and in a week's time fancied that Charlie would be an easy conquest.

There was much discussion among the Estmeres. Mr. Gordon made one forcible protest against their going, and then was silent. For several reasons the city was decided to be the best place, so they and their household treasures were speedily swallowed up in the whirlpool, and apparently lost to sight.

Marcia took a great deal of interest in the new home. She had fine tastes and perceptions of harmony; and though the place was not very large, it was beautiful—an old-fashioned cottage in the upper part of the city, which, by dint of papering and painting, was much improved; and though their furniture was not elegant, it had a wonderfully pretty, cosey look, with the books, pictures, a stand of flowers in the window, and carved brackets here and there, containing a tiny bust, or a cluster of fragrant blossoms.

By Christmas they began to feel quite settled. Philip paid them a flying visit.

"So Mr. Gordon is going to marry his cousin," he said, after the first surprise and pleasure were over. "I had a long, gossipy letter from Carnasie."

"A few of the old neighbors have dropped in occasionally," replied Mrs. Estmere, "but we are rather too far up-town to be convenient, so we do not hear much."

"What kind of a fellow was Charlie Gordon? They all talk of him as if he were a prince!"—and Philip cast a shy glance at his sister.

"And so he is!" exclaimed Rose warmly. "Oh! you need not look at Marcia for commendation. She can only see the merits of grand and lofty heroes whose names are Paul, or Howard, or Sir Launcelot."

Philip smiled.

"Mr. Gordon is well enough," said Marcia coldly.

After the holidays were over, Marcia resolved to set herself to work. But how was she to find a place in this great city? Her first resource seemed to be music, and so she advertised for pupils. After waiting a month in vain, she decided to apply for a position as teacher in one of the public schools.

Alas! disappointment awaited her here. Her education had been so unlike the prescribed routine, that her work would have to be done all over again. She did enroll herself as a pupil of the Normal School, but she was much discouraged when she looked at the tedious path before her.

Through Rose's intervention, she obtained two music pupils, but their mother made the terms on condition of Marcia's charge being much lower than that of an experienced teacher.

"Still, it is a beginning," said Marcia hopefully.

And then she bethought herself of a private school. Mrs. Estmere did not frown upon the plan, but helped arrange for it. The front basement was used for a dining-room, but they could transform it into a school-room five days in the week, and still have much comfort of it.

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To add to their anxiety, the rent was raised for the ensuing year.

"We worked so hard to make it tidy and pretty, that we ought to have a little comfort of it," said Mrs. Estmere. "And I doubt if we could do any better."

"Then we shall have Philip's help another year," added Rose.

So a modest sign was put up above the basement windows, and again Marcia waited.

Mrs. Estmere had found enough to do to keep her house in order without a servant, and do the necessary family sewing. But she saw with alarm that they were making sad inroads on their small fund.

After the first of May the school increased slowly; but the children were young, and the charges could not be very large, and Marcia found, at the end of the quarter, when all expenses were deducted, and two pupils had moved away without paying their bills, that she had just forty-five dollars.

However, Philip came home in the best of spirits. Yet at midsummer everything was dull, and situations hard to get. Then Philip was a stranger, and had no one to vouch for him, and at sixteen one cannot expect to step into a princely income.

Charlie Gordon had not forgotten his friends in the meanwhile. He called occasionally, though he seldom saw Marcia. They looked very cosey and comfortable, and so he fancied them prosperous. Rose was too loyal to tell any tales.

The Kennedys were still at Carnasie, and the Estmeres, in common with others, fancied that Charlie would marry his cousin. Indeed, Miss Clarice meant to compass this if it was in human possibility, though she did not now consider it an easy task.

At last Philip obtained the coveted situation. Six dollars a week was not much, to be sure, but every little helped. Marcia went on with her school and her music. Jessie, always delicate, required much of her mother's care.

And then the rent was raised again, this time one hundred dollars. Four hundred and fifty for the little cottage! Now, it was quite beyond their means.

There followed wearisome days of house-hunting, and the Estmeres found that a house by themselves would be quite out of the question. And if part of a house were taken the school must be given up.

"It doesn't pay anyhow," said Rose in her straightforward way. "And if we changed, you would lose most of your scholars. Then I mean to apply for a situation in the fall, so you had better keep on with your music."

They took the second floor of a nice, quiet-looking house, but by the time they were settled a good deal of money had been spent again. And then Philip was offered a much more lucrative situation in Chicago.

"I hate to leave you, and go off there alone, but Harris is a capital good fellow, and then, five hundred a year *is* a temptation. I might find a house presently, and send for you, so we should all be together again."

Mrs. Estmere did not cordially approve of her son's friend. Harris was a handsome and stylish young fellow of three-and-twenty, who always seemed to have plenty of money, and was quite fond of theatres. But Philip had always been so good, truthful, and honest. And they must do their very best.

At July, Philip went to Chicago. His new situation was as good as the promise, and with a fine chance of promotion.

"It's a lucky thing for a chap of seventeen," he wrote to his mother. "And another year I hope to have you all here, I miss you so much."

Yet Philip found that out of his first month's salary he had nothing to send home. Board was high, and he had not had his mother's careful advice about his expenses. He thought he tried very hard through August, but the result was the same.

And, then, a new misfortune befell the Estmeres. Their small hoard was swept away like a breath, went down into the great sea with larger sums, and not a vestige floated up from the wreck. Rose pressed her claims for work, and finally found a situation in a primary school with a salary of two hundred as a commencement.

The next day Marcia summoned all her bravery, and answered an advertisement. A young lady was wanted in a picture-gallery to retouch photographs, and wait upon customers. The six dollars a week paid every Saturday was a great object with her.

"Besides," as she explained to Rose and her mother, "I can keep my four best music scholars, as they are willing to take their lessons in the evening. That will be forty dollars a quarter."

"Mr. Sedley," said Rose musingly. "A tall man, isn't he, with black eyes, and rather handsome? Still I can't help wishing that you had not gone there."

"Why?" asked Marcia haughtily. "What do you know of him?"

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"One of the teachers in school talks a great deal about him. He is very gallant, I believe, though he has a wife."

"I think young girls might find better subjects of conversation," Marcia said almost sharply.

Marcia Estmere was twenty now. She had changed much in two years, and was a really handsome woman, though everyone gave the palm to blonde, beguiling Rose. Certainly Mr. Sedley would never have taken a novice if there had not been some merit to counterbalance lack of art. He was most gentlemanly and kind, to be sure, and Marcia was mistress of her business in a fortnight, but there was something about it that became a greater trial to her than the stupid children she had almost hated. Indeed, she found actual work and privation quite different from her old Carnasie dreams. They were always crowned with success, these had been failures. More than two years of constant struggle and fading hope, with no advancement in any direction. Was all of life to be wasted thus?

For she began to grow conscious of a soul, strong, deep, and ardent, of wants that had not shaped themselves into desires when the atmosphere was most genial. This hard and narrow life seemed to constrict her very senses. She longed for beauty, refinement, culture, and all æsthetic delights—for ease and leisure.

And yet her struggle against her many temptations showed the true bravery of her nature. When she was most worn and weary, and felt that it would be a positive luxury to give vent to impatience or restlessness, she watched her impulses, nay, even the tones of her voice, more closely than ever, and her reward was when her mother said—

"What a comfort you are, my brave, patient Marcia!"

Mr. Sedley had the name of being a peculiarly fascinating man. He possessed many of the attributes that Marcia had once admired, a tender, winsome, chivalrous manner, dashed with a flavor of imperiousness. He evinced much thoughtfulness for Marcia's comfort, and on days when business was dull and no one came in, devoted himself to entertaining her. He had at one time given much of his attention to portrait painting, and was quite an artist, so Marcia became the recipient of some valuable lessons. In return for this she could hardly help being courteous and obliging.

To him any woman was fair game. He was utterly unscrupulous, though he managed to keep from any overt act that would have made him trouble in the world at large. Marcia Estmere was different from the great majority of girls, he admitted, but he hardly supposed she would object to a mild flirtation. And when he found her so purely proud, he determined not to rest until he became the victor.

One midwinter evening they sat round their little centre-table, sewing, Rose retailing a bit of gossip from an old Carnasie neighbor to the effect that wedding preparations were being made at the old house. Such laces and silks that would stand alone, and elegant gifts!

"And that's always the way," said Rose. "The rich get everything. Now, if one of us was to be married——"

Somehow there was a sore and lonely spot in Marcia's heart to-night.

A quick knock at the door startled them. A telegram for Mrs. Estmere.

"Philip is very ill," she exclaimed with white, trembling lips. "A fever—and I must go immediately."

"Not to-night," said Rose in alarm.

"But in the morning—the earliest train. God grant that I may not be too late! My darling boy!"

A sad night it was, for none of them went to bed. Rose and Marcia packed a travelling-bag for her, made her drink a cup of tea, and the three started out in the quiet street before the stars had left the sky. It was hardly dawn when the long train wound its way out of the station, and the two girls returned home in silence; but Rose's path might have been traced by stray tears.

They left Jessie with the neighbor in the house, and went about their daily avocations. It seemed so hard on this day, when their hearts were heavy with grief and anxiety.

Rose hurried home first in the afternoon. There was something besides sorrow in her face—a deathly pallor and shrinking, and an awful terror. For a sad story of shame and disgrace had been bruited abroad that day. Their dear, noble Philip, of whom they had been so proud, of whom they had hoped so much, had been concerned in a defalcation. The story was published with the usual exaggerated comments. Though so young, the accused had been a habitue of theatres and gambling-houses, and was on the highway to ruin. It was time that some of these criminals received salutary punishment.

Now Rose dared to give vent to her feelings. She was weeping passionately, when the door opened suddenly, and Marcia, pale, trembling,

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and indignant, stood before her. A scarlet spot burned on either cheek, but except that, she looked deathly.

"Oh! you have heard it," Rose cried—"that shameful story! Poor Philip! We can never tell how he has been tempted. But how came you home so early? Marcia——"

"Hush, I can't tell you now! All our troubles culminate at once. I have left Mr. Sedley's;" and her face was crimson with something beyond anger.

"O Marcia! it is like the story I heard of him! I ought to have told you before."

"He tried to comfort me in my sorrow," she said, strangling the sob of outraged nature, "and he dared to say that he loved me, as if——"

Some one ran up the stairs and knocked. Both faces were full of tears, but Rose now had the most self-possession, so she opened the door.

"Oh!" with a low, and yet glad cry.

And somehow Charlie Gordon took her in his strong arms, without a bit of resistance.

"O Rose! O Marcia!" and then he paused, flushing deeply.

"I could not stay away when I read that! I don't half believe it! Forgive me for coming. Where is your mother?"

Rose explained amid her sobs. It was so good to hear his cheery voice raised in defence of the absent.

"I feel as if I ought to be a brother to him in this dark time. I believe I shall go to Chicago immediately."

"But your—marriage?" hesitated Rose.

"My marriage? Why—oh! but you've confused matters. My Cousin Clarice is to be married next week—to a man double her age. But I——"

His voice faltered as he met Marcia's eyes bent upon him, and he blushed like a girl. His said there had been only one love to his life.

"Yes, I had better go. Your mother will need a friend sadly. And, somehow, I can't believe the story."

"Oh! how good you are," cried Rose.

If Marcia had not been there he might have comforted this poor, sobbing little thing, but now he felt awkward and abashed, and bade them a hurried good-by.

How they waited! For days Philip was very low; then came a little amendment. When Mrs. Estmere could, she wrote home to the girls, who had hitherto been supplied with meagre telegrams.

"Charlie Gordon has been better than a son—an angel in disguise. I don't know how I could have lived but for him. And he has been ferreting out the whole matter with the utmost patience and courage. You will see in the papers that the real criminal was Harris. After Philip was taken ill, he changed accounts, and mixed up everything—I don't at all understand—but the blame fell upon Philip. But the first time his employer came to have a talk with him everything was explained. They are very fond of Philip, and so sorry about the publicity, but the charge will soon be set straight. Yet Charlie has been the prime mover of it all."

"He is as noble as if his name were Percival, or Guy, or Sir Galahad," said Rose, crying and laughing in a breath.

And so Philip Estmere's good name was restored. One day Mrs. Estmere announced that they were going to Carnasie to remain until Philip had entirely recovered.

Shortly after Charlie made his appearance again, commissioned by Mrs. Estmere to bring up the three girls. Rose demurred a little. How could she leave school?

But Charlie Gordon carried his point. He was as authoritative as a prince. Even regal Marcia obeyed.

It was like home once more. Here was her room that Charlie had not allowed to be disturbed. She never guessed the hours he had spent in it. And here was mamma bright and smiling, and happy Philip—and it seemed to Marcia that she cried out of pure joy.

That evening she ran out on the balcony to cool the fever in her cheeks and pulses. A soft moonlight night in March, with a breath of balm in the air. Just here she had stood one day ever so long ago, when——

"Ah careless runaway! you will take cold," said a clear, tender voice. "It is not midsummer," and he wrapped a shawl around the proud figure. As she turned, their eyes met.

"I was thinking," and Marcia's voice faltered.

"Of me, my darling? Of any old dream?" in a rapid underbreath.

She slipped her hand in his.

"Marcia, you love me at last! at last! Oh! this pays for my dreary waiting."

"I was not worthy of you then," she said humbly.

"Perhaps it has been a good lesson for both," in a sweet, grave tone.

Rose did not go back to school, but was bride's-maid instead. Now and then she used to tell over their old trials, and always found a ready listener.

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RASH COUNSEL.

BY GENEVA.

"My son, what shall we do? Brother Ralph starts for California to-morrow; it is plain he never intends to pay me."

"Let a lawyer collect it, father."

"But I cannot bear to do such a thing against my own brother."

"When brothers cease to be brotherly, why regard them as brothers? Uncle Ralph cannot be blind to our necessities. He knows you are poor and sick, that you have a large and helpless family; he knows, too, that I, your oldest son and main dependence, have been disabled for months with this inflammatory rheumatism. It is now fifteen or sixteen years since you let him have that money, and you have never asked him to pay interest on it. You let him have it without any security when he was in misfortune, and now that he is wealthy, he ignores the claims both of justice and of gratitude."

"He is in such easy circumstances himself, that I suppose he thinks all other persons are so; or, rather, he does not think of others at all."

"You have reminded him by asking him for it, have you not?"

"Twice. The last time was two years ago; I told him I wanted it to pay some debts with. He laughed in my face for troubling myself about my debts. 'Do as I do, let them run,' said he. 'Your children will settle your debts after you are gone. I have never lacked good victuals or a roof to shelter my head on account of my debts, and I guess you never will.' I said within myself, then, that I never would ask him for it again if I never got it. But I must have some money immediately, or we must lose our home. The last payment on that mortgage falls due in three days, and Gripeman will turn us out into the street if we do not pay him cash down. He has just given me notice to that effect. But where is the money to come from?"

"The payment is two hundred dollars, is it not?"

"Yes. Gripeman will get our homestead for a mere song, and we shall be left houseless, penniless."

"The money that Uncle Ralph owes you would just cover the payment, and save us the home."

"That is true."

"Then, I say, let the law collect the money; that is my counsel."

"My better nature tells me it is rash counsel; my necessities say it is just. Let me see, Howard, what does the Bible say about 'going to law against a brother'?"

"Father, you are squeamish. The Bible means a brother Christian, not a kinsman merely."

"Either way it is applicable; for Brother Ralph and I are both members of the same church."

"What if you are, so long as he acts un-Christlike, so long as he neglects and wrongs you? I tell you, father, you *must* put the law to Uncle Ralph; it is the only thing you can do."

"Howard, you do not know how repugnant such a proceeding is to my feelings. We have always been warm friends; this will make an open rupture between us."

"That will not be so bad as being turned out of doors."

"True. But I have been clinging to the hope that Brother Ralph, as he was going away, would offer to pay me. Every day I have been looking for him to come and do it. Now there is but one day more, and I do not think he means to; if he had meant to do it, he would not have put it off until the last minute."

"You had better take up with my advice. We must not lose the home. What would become of mother and the children, to say nothing of your failing health and my own miserable condition?"

"I hate to take such a step against my own brother, but necessity compels me to it. I will give Ralph as much time as possible; he may come and pay me yet; but if he does not by to-morrow noon, I will have an officer take him at the railroad station to-morrow night. He goes, I believe, in the seven o'clock train."

"Howard Wells, are you out again? Lame yet, I see. And how is that hand of yours? Are you able to write yet?"

"A little—with severe pain. But I must begin to do something again, Mr. Gorton; so I have come over to see if you will let me try my hand once more at your desk an hour or two a day."

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"Not yet, my noble youth. You are too great a sufferer. We want your services very much, but we must wait until you are more nearly recovered from that terrible rheumatism. Here are two hundred and fifty dollars—that portion of your salary due at the close of this month."

"Mr. Gorton! I have not been able to work for a long time. You owe me nothing."

"It is all right, my boy. This is no more than your due. Your salary runs on just the same as if you were able to work."

"But, indeed, you wrong yourself to do that, Mr. Gorton."

"By no means. Do not make any remonstrances. It is all perfectly satisfactory—to me, at least. Once your father helped me in a great strait. I am glad of an opportunity to serve you, and him through you. I was just coming around to see you when you entered. I heard but an hour ago of that affair of the mortgage. Gripeman is a grasping old wretch. This will keep you out of his clutches, I hope."

"Indeed, it will. I can never be sufficiently grateful to you, my true friend—my noble benefactor."

—

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!" soliloquized Howard Wells as he was passing out of Mr. Gorton's office. "That will cancel the mortgage and leave something more for present necessities. And my salary is to be continued the same as if I were working. It is a clear gift on Mr. Gorton's part. How noble in him!"

—

"Hallo, Howard! We are well met. I believe I am owing your father a little money—two hundred dollars or so. I have not had time to come and see him; I have been so busy preparing to go away. I suppose I have been negligent to let it go so long, but other matters have occupied my thoughts. Here are three hundred dollars that I want you to take to your father for me, and tell him to come up to the station and see me off—to-night at seven."

—

"Oh! if I had not given my father such rash counsel!" lamented Howard Wells after parting with his Uncle Ralph. "Three o'clock. At seven uncle will be at the depot with his family and friends; and—oh! shame!—father will be there with an officer to seize him. Here Uncle Ralph has paid me a hundred dollars more than the original debt, and, what is more, he has all along been intending to pay. What injustice we have done him! It will be a lasting disgrace to us. Father will never forgive himself for heeding my foolish advice, and I can never forgive myself for giving it. Uncle Ralph and his family will become our bitter enemies; they are proud, and they never will forget it. Father, at this very moment, has gone for an officer. I suppose he would go to Gould's first. To Gould's office, then, I must hasten. But this wretched rheumatism—how it racks me! how it hinders my progress! Oh! if I could fly to my father. I must put a stop to those hateful legal proceedings."

—

"Not at Gould's! Four o'clock! He must have gone to Officer Merton's. I can scarcely drag myself along. But it is a commission I would not trust my own brother with. Go I must—find my father I will."

—

"Merton has not seen father. To Officer Homer's! How can I ever reach his door? Quarter of six! If I do not find father there I must go to the depot; possibly, even then, it may not be too late to prevent a scene. Alas! my rash counsel!"

—

"There is the whistle! The train is coming! It is too late! At this very moment, I suppose, father is having Uncle Ralph arrested; for he and Homer had gone out together—on business, the clerk said. Wretched business for us! I have run myself almost dead in vain! I cannot go further. I will drop down on these steps a moment."

—

"Howard, my son, you look as if you were dying! What is the matter, boy? Ho, there, Vose!—bring me a carriage. Howard is seized with another acute attack. He cannot walk or speak. I must get him home immediately."

—

"Father, I have been asleep—dreaming. What was it? It seems like a frightful reality! I thought we were all turned out into the street, and Uncle Ralph had murdered you, and was trying to take mother's life, and the children's, and mine."

"You have been very sick for some days, Howard, and Ralph has gone to California."

"California! Oh! I remember it all now. How I tried to find you all that terrible afternoon, and missed you. How I tried to put a stop to that miserable business, but could not. Does Uncle Ralph hate me? Did you tell him that I only was to blame?—that it was I who urged you to such a disgraceful step? Tell me all about it."

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"There is nothing to tell, Howard, except that I did not act upon your advice. No one save yourself knows that you ever gave it."

"Is that, indeed, true? Thank Heaven! But what deterred you? I could not find you, to tell you he had paid the money—yes, more than paid it."

"I know, Howard. Your extreme exertion and anxiety brought on brain-fever. You have been raving or insensible since then. But the crisis is past; we hope for your recovery now, if you are very quiet."

"But Uncle Ralph?"

"Yes. You want to know why I did not arrest him. I could not. I went to Officer Homer's fully intending to do so, but my heart failed me. I talked over other business with Homer, then went to the depot determined, at all events, to part with brother Ralph in peace. What were my feelings when, as he took my hand to bid me what may, perhaps, prove a final farewell, he told me that he had that very afternoon paid you three hundred dollars. 'And, brother,' said he, 'if you need more money, write me, and I will supply you. You have been a good brother to me.' You can understand, Howard, how thankful I was that I did not act upon your rash counsel. The warm heart of a brother beats in Ralph's bosom, and how glad I am that I did not cause that heart an unnecessary pang."

LOST.

BY MARGUERITE HARP.

Lost, the roses of my youth!
Who will bring the treasures back
Safe adown Life's stormy track?
He his own reward shall claim—
He shall wear the bays of fame:
Somewhere in the morning glow
Of the land of long ago,
In that well-remembered clime,
Distant on the shores of time,
With a heart of tender ruth,
Lie the roses of my youth.

Lost my castles in the air—
Ah! they vanished one by one—
Centre and foundation stone,
In the dawn of reason's day,
Melting like bright dreams away;
Dome, and tower, and minaret,
Beauties I can ne'er forget,
Are but ruins, crumbling fast,
In the desert of the past.
All the hopes of youth are there,
In those ruined realms of air.

Lost, the morning glow of life!
Time has balm for many woes
That the stricken spirit knows,
He avenges half the wrong
That is suffered from the strong;
But the gleams of light divine,
All the sparkle of life's wine,
Are the jewels in his crown,
And he will not fling them down.
Oh! the sunny sheen of yore,
Shall I never see it more?
'Till I pass, from care and strife,
To the morning glow of life.

GOING HOME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Low in the west the sunset
Hung o'er the shadowy hills,
And in the sombre valleys
We heard the whippoorwills.
And the quails were piping shrilly
Among the sheafs of corn,
While the little birds had gone to sleep,
To wake not till the morn.

We stood about the bedside,
Where mother lay asleep,
And in the twilight shadows
We heard each other weep.

She woke. We heard her whisper
So softly in the gloom—
"Don't weep for me, my children,
I'm only *going home.*"

Oh! many a summer sunset
Has died adown the west,
And many a parting sorrow
Has thrilled across each breast.
But, looking back, we whisper,
Each night, at twilight's gloom,
Death holds no cause for sorrow,
'Tis only *going home.*

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OUR TRANSITION PERIOD.

BY HARRIE BOYER.

It commences fairly about the middle of May, but faint approaches to it lead all the way along through March and April. Aunt Harriet inaugurates the season at the breakfast table, between the putting of sugar into cups and the pouring out of the coffee.

"How nice it will be to have our own cream again."

Lord John begins, "How soon will you go up to the country this year, mother?"

"I don't know"—meditatively—"I wish the place were off my hands, but since it is there we might as well go early, about the first of May, I think."

Japonica and I nod at each other furtively across the table, and cut out and baste a new spring suit apiece, in our imaginations, to be worn on the Avenue in the *middle* of May. For at Aunt Harriet's, things always go by contraries, and when she comes down on us of a morning like a thousand of brick, and declares that she won't endure such laziness any longer, and that we are to have breakfast the next morning at seven o'clock, "you hear *that*"—severely, to the waitress who stands by, and if a new servant looks frightened, and if an old servant demure—"and if the young ladies are not down here in season, you may clear the things away and let them look out for themselves——"

Japonica and I always take much good out of life that evening, almost as much as though it were a rainy day.

If there are no engagements and no callers, we go to our room at nine o'clock, light the gas brilliantly, don dressing-robes and slippers, read over old letters, clear out drawers, polish up jewelry, try new styles of fixing the hair, and go through the puzzling arithmetical process by which I shampoon her head for fifty cents, and she shampoons mine for the same sum, and we are, neither of us, any richer in the end.

Japonica says she has time to confess up all her old sins such nights, and I observe that she reads a longer chapter in her Bible than usual. We go to bed presently to sleep the sleep of the just, wake up at all hours, dress leisurely, descend and read through the marriages, deaths, and personals, in the *Herald*, before Aunt Harriet comes down, looking smiling, serene, and unconscious——

So you see how it is, that Japonica and I are not frightened by these hints of early migration. However, all through April, Aunt Harriet is mysteriouly absent for days at a time, "gone up to the country." She has a final return, and the house settles down into common-place contentment, as if for the next century. Japonica and I air ourselves and our spring suits on the Avenue and in the Park, and even pluck up heart of grace and go to Brooklyn for a tea-drinking. There, during the course of the evening, Lord John intrudes himself to take us home—why can't women take each other home?—Japonica and I venture into the hall while he is removing his hat and overcoat, and brushing his hair with an eye to his mustache—the latter hasn't been out more than a day or two, and Lord John is afraid to leave it for any length of time without a persuasive pull, for fear it will sink back into obscurity again. We ask what has happened during our absence, whether any letters have arrived, what were the incidents of his journey from Thirty-eighth Street, and if he got lost coming up from the ferry—New Yorkers always make it a principle to be lost in Brooklyn, I suppose, because they are so used to the chicanery and by-ways of their own city, that any sort of directness bewilders them—Lord John pulls at the seventh reluctant hair on the left hand side of his moustache, answers our questions good-naturedly, and ends with, "Look here, girls, mother says you are not to stay late. The man's coming early to-morrow morning to take your bed down, all the trunks are to be packed and things upset generally—and I shouldn't wonder if you went up to the country in the four o'clock train." Japonica and I lose our breath and find it again, and, becoming interested in ice-cream and singing, we do stay too late, fail to reach the last omnibus, and arrive at home toward morning. Of course, the man doesn't come, and the trunks don't go, and the things aren't upset generally *that* day, but they are the next. Our room is denuded of bureaus, chairs, tables, books, pictures, flowers, and everything else that makes life bearable,

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and still we live on for another week, Japonica and I meanwhile camping out on a spring mattress on the floor, which groans dismally over this wreck of matter. Aunt Harriet is away, arranging affairs in the country-house, and when the children come down-stairs one morning in a state of falling to pieces, so far as aprons, stockings, shoes, and other small et ceteras are concerned, I tell them to gather themselves together, and sit quietly as possible, while somebody sends Nathalie to me. Nathalie is the nurse-girl, young, French, and horrified looking.

I begin severely—"*Comme Je suis etonnèe! Regardez ces enfants, là. Où sont les boutons? ou——*"

"*Mais, mademoiselle, vraiment, Je ne puis pas l'empecher. Tout les choses sont en campagne.*"

"*Eh, bien! Allez au magazin——*"

"*Voici l'argent.*" I open my purse, and two cents yawn discontentedly in my face. "Buttons," to one of the children, "go up-stairs to my room, and in the right-hand corner of the trunk, in my closet, you will find another purse; bring it to me."

"Why," says Japonica, "you sent that trunk to the country."

"Goodness gracious! so I did, and all my money's in it. Have you any change, Japonica?"

"Ten cents. Mother went off in such a hurry, she forgot to leave any money with me, and neither she nor John will be down for two or three days."

"*Ce ne fait rien,*" I say to Nathalie meekly. "*Vous pouvez allez en haut.*"

That day, and the next, and the next, the children go about buttonless, hookless, I was going to say *eyeless*, but truth compels me to pause somewhere. We all become demoralized in a bunch, subsist on one clean handkerchief and a toothbrush apiece, and wander about looking like dustbags; and Japonica and I grope around the floor daily in a frantic search after pins, until a friendly neighbor sends us enough to keep soul and body together. The postman comes with unpaid newspapers and overweight letters; that man from O'Rourke's haunts us; the hurdy-gurdy individual with the monkey stops as usual, expectant of a row of white, curly heads, three bright little faces, and three welcome pennies; but I cajole the children into the back part of the house. Hurdy-gurdy plays awhile to unblinking windows, and then passes away, disappointed, to more profitable mansions. All the maimed, and the halt, and the blind in creation stop at our house, ring at our bell, and demand a little assistance. Japonica and I give our little—she her ten cents, and I my two—thinking all the while of the widow's mite. After that we are obliged to gird up our souls to grim denials.

I write foreign letters, and leave them about unposted; and the climax of poverty is reached when my most intimate friend from Brooklyn arrives, and wants me to walk to Fulton Ferry with her, as usual, and I can't because it is really too fatiguing to walk back again, and I haven't money to pay the stage fare, and am too proud to confess it. So I dimly suggest toothache, which theory my friend rejects with scorn, and goes off offended.

However, all woes must end sooner or later, and presently Lord John makes his appearance, our purses become plethoric, the children gain their buttons, and Japonica and I our self-respect, whereby we lift our heads up on the Avenue and in the Park once more.

There comes a morning when the coffee-urn disappears, and a smoky kitchen affair takes its place.

"Looks like going," says Japonica sententiously.

Sure enough, that afternoon Aunt Harriet makes her appearance, and sends us to the country *en masse*. Half the necessaries of life seem left behind, however; for on coming down to dinner that night, I find myself obliged to ladle out the soup with a teacup; I cut my food with Japonica's knife and fork, and eat it with a spoon. The pepper is contained in a wine-glass, and the salt in a doll's sugar-basin, which causes unpleasant consequences to the youngest curly head, who, being inordinately fond of sweets, helps herself to the latter *en cuiller*, and discovers too late that all is not sugar that looks like it.

The next morning Japonica and I superintend the unpacking of trunks, and the general setting to rights, which includes our room. After the latter is finished, we sit down by the window to survey outside and inside effects contentedly. I wonder if any one in all Westchester County has a prettier room than ours—not handsomer, nor larger, nor more artistic-looking, but just *prettier*. Spacious and square and low-ceilinged is it, and whitewashed to the farthest verge of purity. The carpet on the floor is of a chenie pattern, dove-colored, white, and green, with a faint undercurrent of crimson. The dimensions of the

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room admit of two sets of cottage furniture, of that deliciously cool, French gray which almost persists in making you declare it the palest shade of green. We have a centre-table crowded with books and periodicals, above and below, and lilies, hawthorn, honey-dew, and all the simple clan of sweet May flowers, are scattered everywhere. A rose upon the bureau, opening, discloses the environs of Berlin; a silver medal, falling apart, gives you Dresden, *en petite*. We have odd, carved boxes of Swiss wood, and daintier ones from Spa. Japonica has all Windsor Castle in lithograph upon her walls, and both of us possess the Scottish lakes diminutively in oil—sunrises and sunsets, and the intermediate phases of nature so gracefully, so faithfully, so exquisitely limned, that but to glance upward at them gives us the dawn's expectancy, the calm fulfilment of summer noons, the twilight's hush and restfulness.

Outside the window the whispering ash-trees lean toward us, and down a faint decline the silver-threaded creek winds in and out. "It's very nice," says Japonica, "but I'm hungry. What are we to have for lunch?"

Scrambled eggs being suggested and acceded to, I descend to the kitchen to give corresponding orders.

"But, shure, I haven't any eggs in the house, miss," says Bridget.

"Of course not," I answer loftily, "nobody ever does have eggs in a country-house. Go out and hunt for them in the barn."

Bridget is obedient, and the children, Japonica, and I enjoy our favorite dish for lunch, and straightway cease to remember it, as the most unimportant circumstance in the world.

Aunt Harriet, Lord John, and the castor arrive sometime during the afternoon; the pepper and salt find their proper sphere, and the household congratulates itself upon having passed the transition period once more.

That night was a little chilly, and a fire had been built in the dining-room grate. Most of the family were seated round the table reading and working by the brilliant lamp-light. Lord John entered the room presently, and after toasting his coat-tails awhile, he suddenly broke out with—"What the deuce did you girls have for lunch to-day?"

I looked up from the pages of "A Brave Lady," in innocent wonderment at this unusual interest in our proceedings, and answered, *en detail*—

"Why—tea, and sugar, and milk, and bread, and butter, and pepper, and salt, and vinegar, and oil, and mustard, and pot-cheese, and—scrambled eggs. Very nice they were, too, Aunt Harriet"—the latter had just come into the room—"that Bridget is the best cook you've had for a good while."

"Scrambled eggs!" gasped Aunt Harriet. "I expect you'll be having scrambled chickens next. Why, child, those were the Brahma eggs, cost me fifty cents a-piece. I've been trying to get enough for the hen to set on for the last two weeks, and can't buy any more for love or money."

"Can't you, Aunt Harriet? I'm so sorry. I thought they tasted awfully good."

For about two minutes and a half I sat rueful and penitent, and then the whole thing struck me as being so comical that I went off into convulsions of laughter, in which I was joined by all the family. I privately argued to Japonica, that night, after we went to our own room, that the thing never would have happened if it hadn't been transition period.

"For, of course, Aunt Harriet would have been home, or else we should have had some respectable eggs in the house, as every good housekeeper does, whether in city or country—instead of those horrid heathenish things. I wonder at your mother's having anything to do with them—they're not orthodox."

"Aren't they?" says Japonica sleepily. "*Do* come to bed."

I put the light out, and depart into the land of dreams.

GOING.

BY MARY F. TUCKER.

"Good-by! a little while, good-by," he whispered,
Between his kisses—softly adding then,
"My little love! be strong, and brave, and patient,
Loving me always, 'till I come again."

Long are the years! Alone and unforgetting
I ponder over all the words he said—
When will he come again? O Heaven! have pity;
Not till the grave hath given up its dead!

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CHINESE SERVANTS—ORIENTAL HOUSEHOLDS—CHEK-SAU.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

The introduction of *Chinese* labor into the domestic *ménage* of our own country is exciting so much interest, that a chapter of actual *experience* with Chinese servants will probably not be without attraction to the readers of THE LADY'S FRIEND. I have seen the Chinese *at home*, have lived among them for years, employing them as servants in every department of household labor, and have carefully studied and observed their peculiar habits and traits of character.

Treated with kindness and consideration, they are the most docile, faithful, and affectionate people in the world; for skill as cooks, nurses, butlers, and, in fact, in *every* department of the domestic *ménage*, they are unsurpassed by any other nation; and their labor is so much more intelligent, skilful, and effective than that of *any* class of servants we now have in this country, that I regard the introduction of Chinese domestics as one of the greatest blessings that could possibly be conferred on American housekeepers. But all this will be best illustrated by the introduction of my own paragon of excellence in the person of my *Chinese cook;* and that the American reader may be able more fully to enter into the merits of the subject, I present first a general outline of the manner of living in all Oriental lands.

Owing to the intense heat of the climate, which disinclines to much physical exertion, as well as the Eastern prejudice against the mingling of employments, the number of servants in a family is ordinarily much larger than persons of the same grade in society, with equal pecuniary means, would employ in our own country. There are cooks, dining-room servants, body servants, tailors, washer*men*, the keeper of the bath, the porter of the house, one to bring water, and another to cool and take care of it, one or more to run of errands, a *syce* to each horse to run with and take care of him, and another to cut grass for him, a lamp-cleaner, a yard-sweeper, palanquin bearers or boatmen, according to the tastes or convenience of the family or the customs of the country in regard to going out, the keeper of the gate, and so on, even to male and female sweepers, as some parts of a house must be swept only by a man and others only by a woman. Of course, many of these have only a few hours of labor each day, their employment being a mere sinecure for the most part, but it serves to while away the dull hours, and brings in a small revenue, quite sufficient for the wants of a class whose habits are simple, and in whose genial clime the means of living are both cheap and abundant. By the indolent East Indian, "small work with small wages" is deemed far preferable to growing rich by a life of toil; and a fortune would scarcely be accepted by him with the encumbrance of hard and especially mixed labor.

Fortunately for the heads of these vast establishments, wages are low, and the employer has nothing to do with feeding or clothing any of his dependants. For your *head* cook you pay ordinarily about three dollars per month, and to his two assistants one dollar each; for nurses, *valets*, and *femmes de chambre*, two or three dollars; for syces and boatmen, three dollars; and for all the rest, with the exception of tailors and *dhobis*, a dollar each. The *man* who does the sewing of the family is always called a "tailor," whether employed in making dresses or bonnets, vests, pants, or table linen; and he will accomplish all the making and mending for a family of five or six persons, doing it beautifully, and with a rapidity I have never seen equalled in Europe or America. It is quite common for a lady to dine at six P. M. in an elegant dress of silk or muslin that at eight that morning was first placed in the hands of her "tailor," and both the "fit" and needlework would be exquisite. His wages are from three to five dollars per month, without either board or lodging; and he works from eight in the morning to five P. M. without any intermission.

For the dhobis, one to wash and another to iron, you pay for *the two* about five dollars; and they not only board and clothe themselves, but furnish soap, starch, fuel, and all the apparatus they need in their work. And *such* washing one never sees but in the East. Piles of linen, whiter than the driven snow, every string carefully ironed out, every frill exquisitely plaited, and never a fold or wrinkle to be seen anywhere. But while the work is executed to perfection, the wages of the dhobis are by far the least portion of the forfeit paid for your washing. By dint of soaking, beating against rough-hewn

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rocks, and the application of potent alkalies, four or five washings amply suffice to demolish any ordinary fabric; and as to buttons and hooks, few, indeed, are to be seen when a garment returns from the wash. Hence, every article passes through the hands of the "tailor," before being laid away, for the renewal of these necessary appendages, as well as for other repairs, and his office thus becomes a very needful and important one for the comfort of the family. From the perfection of the washing, the great purity of the rice starch, and the fact that every article is starched, exquisitely ironed, and never folded, the clothes always look as if perfectly new, till you are suddenly startled by seeing them return, after a few washings, *literally beaten to pieces.* It is of no sort of use to protest against this ruinous practice, as you are invariably met by the unanswerable reminder that "it is the custom of the country;" and you learn after a while passively to submit to your fate, nor waste a murmur on what is plainly inevitable.

On the subject of *water* some explanations may be needed. In many parts of the East, river water is used as the best obtainable; whilst in hilly or mountainous localities it is procured from springs, often at a considerable distance from the settlements. In both cases, the water is taken in two large buckets, which balance each other at the extremities of an elastic piece of split bamboo, and in them conveyed by the carrier to the different parts of the house where water is used. That for culinary purposes is taken charge of by the cooks, that for the dressing-rooms by the personal attendants of the different members of the family; but that for the dining-room is always placed in the care of the "cooler" or "keeper," by him to be prepared for use. This is done by putting the water in jugs, bottles, or wine-coolers, and turning them rapidly in buckets of salt and saltpetre combined. By this means the water is brought almost to the freezing point, and may be kept standing for hours, sufficiently cool for ordinary use, without further trouble. Three or four times a day, or oftener if the weather is excessively hot, the buckets of salt and saltpetre are replenished, and the turning process is repeated. Thus you are regularly supplied with sparkling cold water, even when the thermometer is standing at 100° or more in the shade; and in countries where ice is never to be obtained, this easy method of supplying the deficiency is very highly appreciated. The bath-rooms, of which there is one attached to each chamber, are taken care of and supplied with water by one whose sole duty it is to attend to this department; and as people in India usually bathe three times a day, the bath-keeper finds quite as much employment as he cares to undertake.

The duties of the lamp-cleaner are to clean, fill, and light the lamps all over the house. Of these there is one or more in every room, even pantries and store-rooms, and in the larger ones as many as five or six, all suspended from the ceiling, and shaded by large glass globes. The burner is simply a tumbler of cocoanut oil, in which floats a wick formed from the membranes of the *Artocarpus Incisa.* These cups or tumblers are emptied, washed, and refilled every day, and new wicks put in, which, together with the necessary polishing of the globes, occupies about two hours each morning, after which the "cleaner" has nothing to do till night, when he lights up the house, and then his onerous duties are ended for the day.

Palanquin bearers are needed in India Proper, but not to any considerable extent in other portions of the East, as in very many places the pony palanquin has taken the place of that used in Hindostan, and known as the "Bengal palanquin." In some parts of China, sedan chairs are extensively used, and for these, also, bearers are required. Boats are in general use in Siam, and in some of the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, where the country, being deficient in good roads, locomotion must be effected by water; and it is usual to keep in every European family from five to ten regular boatmen. The *native* nobles keep ten times that number, and go out in great state, in long, gilded barges rowed by eighty or a hundred men. The boats of the European residents are less gaudy, but quite as comfortable, with their carpets, cushions, and curtains, like an ordinary coach. The cabin is inclosed by Venetian blinds, with silk or muslin curtains inside, to exclude the too ardent glances of old Sol, during the hot weather; and heavier curtains of oil-cloth outside as a protection against rain. In places where the roads are good, and the pony palanquin in general use, boatmen and bearers are of course not needed as a part of the ménage.

Among all the nations of Eastern and Southern Asia, with the solitary exception of the *Chinese*, the prejudice against mingling several departments of labor is so strong, that it is absolutely necessary to employ each simply for the vocation to which he has been brought up. Having seen in my travels through South-

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eastern Asia, in every household this vast retinue of servants, and had some experience of its annoyances during my residence at Singapore, I welcomed with no little joy the change to *Chinese* servants, thereby being better served, and by about one fourth of the number. John Chinaman loves the Spanish dollar, and provided he can accumulate a goodly pile of them, does not mind work; so that he is generally willing to serve you well, so long as you give him good pay; nor does he care how many vocations are united in one, if you give him his orders, and then leave him to execute them in his own way, which he will do well and faithfully *if you just let him alone.* But interfere with him, and he gets bewildered, sometimes obstinate.

In an Oriental ménage, the *head cook* is always head servant of the establishment, and purveyor-general of the houshold, buying everything that is needed for the table, employing such other servants as are required, and in fact, taking the general supervision of the entire domestic arrangements; which are well or ill managed just in proportion to the ability and fidelity of this most important personage. If he is faithful and accomplished, the whole machinery of the household moves regularly and smoothly as clockwork; but either disaffection or incapacity in *him*, will surely be attended by confusion, vexation, and annoyance, from the head down to the lowest coolie of the establishment. The reason of this is obvious—the cook stands in the relation of master to all the other employees of the house, *he alone* being held responsible by his employer for the good conduct of *all;* and the gentleman and lady of the house know nothing more about these various domestics than that his orders are obeyed, his household affairs well ordered, and the number of servants accounted for in the weekly or monthly accounts of this head-man.

The following sketch serves well as an illustration of the wisdom of never interfering with a Chinese who is really faithful and competent, and shows, also, how warmly attached these Celestials become to their employers when treated with confidence and respect.

During my first visit to Siam, when about to commence housekeeping in the capital, I was standing one afternoon on the veranda of our new house, giving orders about the placing of some furniture, when a handsome and remarkably pleasant-looking Chinaman accosted me, and with the most obsequious of Chinese salaams, inquired whether I wished to engage a cook.

He was dressed in sky-blue silk trousers, gathered *à la Chinoise* full around the waist, with a silken girdle, the ends of which were very richly embroidered. His cambric jacket of spotless white was fastened by a multitude of solid gold buttons extending from the throat to the hem, and from wrist to elbow. A broad-brimmed straw hat, beneath which was discernible the glossy, black hair that, braided in one long cue, extended nearly to his feet—with stockings made of white cambric, and the clumsy silk embroidered shoe of his country, completed his tasteful, though rather fantastic costume—whilst with fan in one hand, and account-book in the other, his easy carriage, and graceful manners, he looked rather the perfect type of the Chinese *gentleman*, than an aspirant for the honorable office of cook. Misled by these indications, as well as from the difficulty I found in comprehending the mongrel Anglo-Chinese dialect in which he addressed me, I supposed that I had misunderstood him, and again inquired his business. It was now his turn to fail in understanding; and mistaking my *apparent* lack of comprehension for *real* suspicion as to his competency, he proceeded with a volubility that astounded me, interspersed with numberless profound salaams, to inform me that he was a perfect adept in all the mysteries of the culinary art; that in French, English, American, Chinese, Bengal, and Malay cookery he was equally *au fait;* and that if "the little lady" saw fit to employ him, he would "serve her most faithfully, and consecrate to her alone the many and varied talents, and the humble devotion which were laid at her feet, in the hope that she would not reject them." As he concluded this truly Oriental speech, his joined hands were placed over his heart, and he leaned forward in one long, low salaam, till his head came nearly in contact with his knees. Quite amused with so rare a specimen of Chinese obsequiousness, I thought his character would be worth a study; and as I was about to commence my first experiment in housekeeping on the new scale with *Chinese* servants, in utter ignorance of the thousand mysteries of the *cuisine*, I deemed myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to appropriate such a treasure in the person of my head servant. Feeling assured that if he could work only half as well as he could talk, and had but a moiety of the competency he professed, I should have little trouble in the superinten-

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dence of domestic affairs, I did not hesitate to engage him to come to us on the following morning.

My self-gratulation was, however, of short duration; for the Chinese had scarcely bowed himself out, before our friend, Dr. J. made his appearance. Having passed the Celestial just in front of our door, Dr. J. said jocosely, "I suppose Chek-Saú has been entertaining you with a detail of his numberless accomplishments, and asking for employment. He never fails to apply to a new-comer. Of course, you did not engage him, and I caution you against having anything to do with him."

"Of course I *did*," was my reply, "but why do you ask? He *promises* very fairly, and I was just thinking what a treasure I had secured without even the seeking."

An ominous shake of the head was the doctor's not very encouraging reply; and he then proceeded to inform me that my quondam acquaintance had been employed at different times by every European family in the place—merchants, officers, and missionaries—and that he had never stayed an entire month with any one, with many *not a week*. A very encouraging prospect truly, for a novice housekeeper who was a stranger in the country, still uninitiated into its customs, and utterly ignorant of the vernacular. I could have cried with mortification, and reproached myself bitterly for acting so precipitately. But what was to be done? Nothing, plainly, but to meet my fate, and bear unflinchingly whatever the frowning heavens should pour out upon my devoted head. The terrible Celestial had been positively engaged—my word could not be forfeited, and there was no resource but to let him come—as he did, bright and early the following morning, three hours in advance of the appointed time. Having given no orders for the morning meal at home, we had expected to breakfast with a neighbor; but on entering the drawing-room at nine o'clock, our cook-elect made his appearance from the piazza; and with the most profound obeisance, informed us that breakfast was already served, and that though the notice had been somewhat short, he ventured to hope that our first repast in our new home would not prove altogether unworthy of our reception. Savory odors were already greeting our olfactories from the open door of our pretty little breakfast-parlor, which was a cheerful, airy room, covered with India matting, and having long windows opening to the floor, from which were looped back the fresh muslin curtains, disclosing the beautiful creepers and flowering shrubs that completely surrounded the piazza, on which all the rooms of the house opened. On the round table in the centre of the room was spread a repast that a king might have envied, all served with faultless taste and adorned with choicely selected flowers, fair, fresh, and fragrant as the bright, glorious morning itself. In the hissing urns on the side table were tea and coffee of such exquisite flavor as one never meets save in the East; then as cover after cover was removed, our eyes were regaled by the sight of broiled chicken, pork chops served *en papillote*, shrimps, boiled eggs, omelets, and, to crown all, the invariable accompaniment of an Eastern breakfast, *rice and curry*, the rice dry, light, and spotless as a pile of fleecy snow just descended from the immaculate bosom of the heavens—rice, of which (to borrow from the illustrious Shakspeare) "each particular grain did stand on end"—and rich, golden-hued curry, fragrant, luscious, and tempting as was ever fabled ambrosia daintily served to the gods themselves.

All that the inventive genius of my accomplished cook, combined with the taste and skill for which his countrymen are so justly famous, could suggest, had been accomplished; and with such wondrously short notice, that one could almost have fancied "the little people" had been at work; nor did this morning's success show me the tithe of what my "jewel of a cook" could accomplish when he became really interested. But *malgre* this fair beginning, I could not avoid looking forward with dread to the untried future, fancying that like the deceitful calm before a volcanic eruption, this pleasant surprise was but the prelude to some terrible outbreak. So with all possible brevity I gave the few orders I deemed indispensable, as to the number of servants we wished engaged, the hours for meals, and the amount to be expended daily at the Bazaar; and then with no small trepidation I made my exit, almost hoping that *something* would occur during the day to put it in my power to dismiss the much-dreaded Celestial. But no such pretext was afforded, and the next morning, immediately after breakfast, my Chinaman, smooth, sleek, and elegant as ever, again sought my presence to render an account of the expenses of the past twenty-four hours, and receive his orders and funds for the next. This he did regularly, at the same hour every day—my orders, always few and briefly worded, were obeyed to a nicety, the meals served as promptly as the old hall clock pealed forth the hour; the cookery was faultless, every

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dish perfectly seasoned and garnished in the most approved style; the other servants were efficient and respectful, and the whole arrangements of the house ordered to perfection, while I sat all day long in my quiet sanctum, poring over musty volumes with my quaint old teacher, and conning the mysteries of "kŏk, kuk, kàk," with no more concern about the arrangements of my table than if I had been boarding within the marble walls of the "St. Nicholas." So passed the first month, and the engagement of Chek-Saú was renewed for another. And so passed the second and the third, till *years* instead of months marked the time of his abode with us; and I had become so fully aware of his priceless value, that had he deserted his post, I should certainly have found it necessary to "decline housekeeping" altogether.

During all this long period, I had never found occasion to utter a single complaint—he was perfectly *au fait* in all the mysteries of his calling, delighted in his occupation, studied it as a profession, and prided himself on his perfection in the art. He was always prompt, faithful, and attached; never hurried, yet always in time; his dishes evincing a careful attention to variety, as well as a faultless taste in serving and arranging, yet his expenditures rather within than beyond my specified limit; his accounts promptly rendered every morning in writing, and our wishes in every particular carefully studied and accommodated.

I seldom saw my cook but once in the day; but if, from some unusual emergency, I chanced to call for him at other hours, he was ready promptly to answer my summons, and always arrayed in the inimitable blue silk trousers, embroidered girdle, and cambric jacket, neat and trim as if just starting for a merrymaking, instead of being buried deep in the mysteries of the *cuisine*. If I expected ever so large a company of guests, I had only to inform Chek-Saú of the number, and all was sure to be ordered aright; or if they came unexpectedly just before meal-time, a brief message to my invaluable cook was all the trouble their arrival occasioned me, without one fear that the dinner would either prove insufficient or exhibit mortifying evidence of undue haste in its preparation. I have many times had twenty or thirty friends invited to dine, and, until seated at the head of my table, known as little of what was to compose the dinner as did my guests; nor yet was I ever in a single instance put to the blush for my housekeeping—if *mine* it could be called.

On one occasion we happened to have an unusually large party of Americans assembled at Bankok; and we decided to keep "Thanksgiving" after the New England fashion, and to dine *en famille*, all together. Rather exulting (I confess) in the superior qualifications of my head-man, I petitioned for the privilege of preparing the banquet for the day, and it was quite as willingly accorded, especially by those before whom rose the unwelcome shadows of incompetent servants, half-prepared dishes, and the Herculean labors that in such cases devolve on the unfortunate mistress. So, calling up my trusty Chinese, I explained (as by this time I had the language at my control, and could give utterance to my wishes) the manner of keeping "Thanksgiving" at home, and expressed my desire that he would do *his very best* to honor the occasion, and give our friends a hospitable reception. Placing his hand on his heart, as he always did when he wished to express his fidelity and devotion to my wishes, he bowed himself out; and I, expecting the ladies of our party to spend the day with me, repaired to the drawing-room to receive them, nothing doubting that their creature-comfort would be well cared for, and fully assured that Chek-Saú would ably sustain his own exalted reputation as *the best cook in the city*. Nor was I disappointed; at six P. M. some forty of us, including the children and several English friends whom we had invited to join us, were seated around the board, as cheery and happy a company as one often sees at home or abroad—exiles though we were, and twenty thousand miles from the land that gave us birth.

As usual, Chek-Saú, cambric jacket, gold buttons, and all, was at the sideboard to superintend the carving, having, as I afterward learned, left a brother cook, hired at his own expense for the occasion, to send up from the kitchen such after-dishes as might be needed. First we had turtle, chicken, and birds'-nest soups, the latter prepared *as only a genuine Chinese can do*, and which was duly appreciated, even by our "barbarian" tastes. Then came fish in almost every variety, dressed and flavored to suit the veriest epicure; but as tastes will differ, these choice viands from old Neptune's domain were rejected by some who had to waste time in toying with spoon or fork, while others, more appreciative, devoured incredible quantities. When the second course had been removed, we were regaled with one more varied, consisting of pigs splendidly barbecued *à la Chinoise*, standing on all fours, with

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huge lemons in their gaping jaws, and heads dressed in fantastic flowers formed of chillies, salad, and celery; boned ducks and capons *à la Bengalée;* pork and kid chops *en papillote;* fricasseed fowls; game of several kinds, stewed shrimps, baked lobster, and vegetables native and foreign in endless variety; nor must I forget the invariable after-piece of rice and curry.

Then came Chek-Saú's massive dessert, which, to look at, would have puzzled even an epicure to guess, in what quarter of the world he chanced to be dining, for *every* country and clime seemed to have been ransacked to make up the curious medley.

Short as was the notice I had given him, Chek-Saú had found time to visit all the recently arrived ships, and to procure from his brother cooks in other American and English families whatever was rare and foreign. He had plum pudding with genuine English sauce, pies made from squash grown on Connecticut soil, peaches brought in air-tight cans from the Empire State, crystallized pears grown in the Celestial Empire, luscious fruit-cake, to which the "Old Dominion" had contributed the flour, Scotland the butter, classic Greece the raisins and currants, Spain the citron, Arabia the almonds, and bright, beauteous Singapore, the fairest gem of the ocean, its many spices; while the flowers that adorned the lofty pile had been gathered that morning, sparkling with dewy gems, from my own beauteous parterre in the capital of "the sacred and great kingdom of Siam." But most varied and curious of all was the confectionery; and it was in this department especially that my tasteful and ingenious cook had lavished forth with unsparing hand his own and his country's resources, regardless alike of trouble and expense; whilst he fully vindicated his claim to the reputation he had arrogated on our first acquaintance, *i. e.*, that the modes of cookery practised in England, China, France, America, and every other country, were all equally familiar to him.

Nothing was wanting to our feast save *ice-cream*, that which in this intensely hot climate would have been most acceptable of all; but as for want of ice that was clearly impossible to be had, we made a virtue of a necessity, and consoled ourselves with the philosophical reflection that the eating of ices would be highly prejudicial to health, with the mercury standing at 102° in the shade, and the blood, of course, heated proportionably. So we sipped our cool sherbet, feasted on the *thirty* or *forty varieties of fresh fruit*, which that wondrously productive clime affords at almost every season, and voted ices decidedly unwholesome!

When Chek-Saú had been in our employ some three or four years, we had occasion to be absent on a visit to Singapore, for about six consecutive months; and one of our American friends who knew how very highly we prized our cook, sent to beg the privilege of hiring him during our absence. Anxious to oblige the lady, I named the subject to Chek-Saú. He, at first, resolutely refused, and it was only on my assurance that I should esteem it a personal favor that he at length consented to go.

With this understanding we took our departure for Singapore, and Chek-Saú was the next day to be transferred from the post he had occupied so long and well, to the domicil of my friend, who was already rejoicing in the anticipated enjoyment of such a treasure, in lieu of the awkward and uncouth Siamese who had hitherto presided over her establishment. But, alas! for the vanity of human expectations—the lapse of only a few weeks brought me among other letters from Bankok, one from Chek-Saú, and another from his new employer. The former assured me, with many protestations of regard, that he was still my devoted servant, willing to do anything *in reason* to oblige me; but, that *not even to gratify me* could he consent to live with Mrs. B.—and that consequently he had left in utter disgust twenty-four hours after our departure. His employer stated that I was heartily welcome to my highly prized cook, thenceforth and forever, as she would be most unwilling to accept his services as a gratuitous gift; and that she should certainly have dismissed him at the close of the first day's trial, if he had not voluntarily resigned. This little episode rendered me more than ever curious to ascertain *why* Chek-Saú would serve us so very faithfully, and yet, apparently, no one else; and I determined, if possible, to solve the problem on our return to Bankok.

At the river's mouth our faithful cook was awaiting us, the *first* to greet our arrival, and bid us welcome home. The next day I put the desired query, expressing at the same time my surprise at his course, and telling him of the conversation between Dr. J. and myself on the day he was first engaged. "It is all quite true, ma'am, and yet there is nothing strange about it," was his calm reply. "I am, I know, perfect in my art—I have made cookery a study for years; and there are few, if any, who can

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surpass me in the subtle mysteries of my profession. Consequently, I do not like to be interfered with, or instructed by one far less skilful than myself, how to compound a syllabub or custard, or be told the requisite quantity of sugar or butter to be used in a cake. I am willing *always* to be told *what* to do, but not *how* to do it, when I happen, in that line, to know far more than my teachers. *You* have tacitly acknowledged my skill, and left me, *without interference*, to manage my own department; and I have repaid you with zeal, fidelity, and untiring devotion to your service. I saw at once that you trusted me—that you considered me capable of doing justice to your table, even when extra effort was called for; and your perfect confidence has developed my talents, increased my powers of invention, and attached me forever to your interests. On the contrary, Mrs. B., and all the other ladies I ever lived with, have disgusted me by interference; nor could I stoop to the indignity of being taught an art I have studied all my life by those who really know nothing about it. This, ma'am, is all I have to say—if you are satisfied with my humble services, and will condescend to retain me in your employ, no effort on my part shall be wanting to meet your approval, or secure your interests."

So saying, with a perfect volley of salaams, he bowed himself out, leaving me to ponder in immeasurable surprise his strange speech. Three more years passed away with the chances and changes that ever follow in their wake, but with no shadow of change in the fidelity of my faithful servant, nor of appreciation on my part of his valuable services; and then came our departure from our beautiful Eastern home, for our own, our native land across the wide waters, toward the setting sun. Chek-Saú watched with pensive sadness the preparations for our long voyage; and for the first time since I had known him, he looked moody and abstracted, often brushing from his dark cheek the unbidden tear, or turning aside to weep when our departure was alluded to. When the day came, he followed us to the wharf, handed our little ones one after another into the boat, in which he had already deposited his parting presents of cake, fruit, and sweet-meats enough for a six months' voyage, and then bade us a tearful adieu, wishing us "a safe and prosperous voyage, a joyous reunion with all our friends, and above all, a *speedy return to Siam*." His last words borne to us on the passing breeze were—"Make haste back, my honored mistress; Chek-Saú never had a *home* till you came, and he will never have another until you return."

Peace be to thy memory, faithful servant! Long will thy fidelity be remembered; and the whole-souled devotion that saved my inexperienced youth from so much of care, and rendered our far-off Eastern home so pleasant, will be cherished in my heart of hearts, as among the dearest of the many precious reminiscences that cluster around that sunny land. Peace to thee and thine! Dwell serenely in thy lowly cot under the cool shade of the friendly palm—and meet us at last in "the better land." There *all* shall find a "home" in the Father's house, and go no more out forever.

Strange as it may seem—among nations almost destitute of moral principle, dishonest, slothful, and often deceitful in the extreme—you may yet find the most attached and faithful domestics, those who would sooner receive an injury in their own persons than allow one to be inflicted on their employers; and though cunning, crafty, and even dishonest toward others, yet toward those they serve the most trustworthy and devoted of servants. This is probably owing, in part, to the fact that they esteem it an honor to be in the employ of Europeans, who give them fair wages, and treat them with due consideration—still more to the circumstance that most of those who go the East to reside are newly married couples, who really knowing almost nothing of the details of domestic economy, are glad, as in my own case, to veil their ignorance by non-interference whenever practicable to obtain competent and reliable servants; and this course (as Chek-Saú acknowledged of himself) flatters the self-complacency of the employees, and leads them to put forth their very best efforts to give satisfaction. But probably that which most of all secures fidelity, is the system that has been adopted by Europeans all over the East, of making each servant responsible for whatever pertains to his particular department. Thus, a dining-room servant, on being engaged, is furnished with a written list of the number of table-cloths and napkins, silver spoons and forks, and the quantity of glass or china of which he is to take charge, whilst the head of the establishment retains a copy of the same. At each weekly or monthly settlement, the head cook, with his list in hand, ascertains that all is right before he pays the wages, the man being held accountable for any missing article, and by the laws of the land compelled to make

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restitution. This keeps him honest in practice if not in principle; and knowing that if dismissed in disgrace a "character" cannot be obtained, without which it would be next to impossible to procure farther employment, his own interest renders him both careful and attentive. Then, too, the people of those ardent climes have warm affections, and, if treated kindly, they soon learn to cherish the honor and interests of their employers as in every respect their own. On the whole, East Indians in general, and the *Chinese* in particular, make the most capable, intelligent, and trustworthy servants I have met in any part of the world, not excepting even the "old *family* servants" of the "Old Dominion," generally admitted to be the best on this side the waters. Explain fully to a Chinese what you wish him to do, show him, *if necessary*, the first time, and then *let him alone*, and in a term of ten years you would probably never have to complain of a *single* omission, or slighted duty. For myself, I should hail with untold delight the prospect of having once more an efficient and faithful *Chinese* at the head of my own domestic ménage.

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS."

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Though evil seems to hold triumphant sway,
The right at last shall surely vanquish wrong;
From darkness dense shall dawn a cloudless day,
The sunshine burst through shadows thick and gray;
We trust in One above, our faith is strong;
We praise Thee, O our God!

Though sorrow make each quivering heartstring bleed,
And chill the blossoms of our earthly love,
We turn to Thee in hours of sorest need;
Through thorny paths our footsteps Thou dost lead
To heights of perfect joy and rest above;
We praise Thee, O our God!

Though finite minds, allured by human pride,
All vainly strive Thy truths to understand—
Rely on reason as their only guide,
To find at last that peace is still denied,
Until they reach toward Thy helping hand;
We praise Thee, O our God!

We cannot read the problems of this life,
For Thou hast hidden them from mortal sight;
The secrets strange of sin, and woe, and strife,
And evil things with which the world is rife;
Yet from thick darkness canst Thou summon light;
We praise Thee, O our God!

That life exists beyond the darksome grave,
And death no longer wears a brow of gloom;
That faith alone the sinking soul can save,
And doubt against this truth must vainly rave;
That Hope triumphant springs e'en from the tomb;
We praise Thee, O our God!

TRUE LOVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I think true love is something like a tree;
The oak, that lifts its branches to the sky,
The woodman's axe may strike it fatally,
Or it may fall when mighty winds sweep by,
And where it grew, the flowers may bloom instead,
And all may seem as though the tree was dead.

But underneath the grass and flowers, their lies,
Hid from the gaping world, a tiny root,
A little living germ that never dies,
And ever and anon its branches shoot
Up through the earth, and mock, and strive to be
The mighty forest king—the parent tree

So love may wither at the hands of Fate,
Or fall beneath the killing winds that blow,
And other loves may spring up soon or late,
And flowers of forgetfulness may grow
Over the spot where love once grew instead,
And we may think the old-time passion dead.

And still the little germ lies in the heart
So closely hidden, that it is not known,
And ever and anon its branches start—
Vain mimics of the passion that has flown,
Though love once slain, can live not as of yore,
I think its ghost will haunt us evermore.

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LOUIS VON BEETHOVEN.

From the German of Elise Polko.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

"Noch keinen sah ich frölich enden,
Auf den mit immer vollen händen,
Die Götter ihre Gaben streun."*—SCHILLER.

There are in our joy and tear-rich world beings who bear our form, and, like us, are called mortals, over whose heads invisible hands of the gods prodigally empty their full horn of precious gifts, and to whom the earth is nothing more than the ground for their feet.

In proud consciousness of their boundless riches, these darlings of Heaven often forget the world and men, and, soaring upward, gaze only upon that eternal sea of light whence comes their glory.

Oh! sink sometimes your rapt eyes, ye shining ones! Despise not this little earth which bore you; smile and weep with men who reverently gaze upon you, sighing after your crowns! Oh! beware, beware! To every word of your inspired lips hostile powers listen, and bitterly will the scorned mother of all living revenge herself upon her too haughty children.

The soil holds fast these gifted ones, and the demons of depth and darkness, those ancient, deadly enemies of favored mortals, glance enviously upon the chosen. With never-healing serpent-bites, wounding their unwary feet, laying their traps and spinning their subtle nets for these smiling children of genius, with the fettered wings, they rest neither day nor night. There is only one talisman against these hostile powers, only one protection against their hellish might—*the little flower of humility!*

—

In a pleasant, shady garden of that delightful Rhenish city, Bonn, sat, one bright summer evening, four loving, happy beings—three women, and a man in the strength and freshness of early youth. The earth lay wrapped in her nightly dream of silence and repose, but from afar was heard the silvery sweet murmur of the Rhine and the musical tones of a distant church-bell rippled and pulsated through the balmy air.

Yet no human tones broke the silence until a young, melodious voice said softly—"Grandmother! mother! Louis! how beautiful the world is! How rich and happy we all are! Can we feel any wish ungratified on such an evening as this?"

The mild face of the mother turned toward the girlish speaker with a deep, thoughtful glance of love, but the young man laid his strong, beautiful hand upon the blond head of his sister and said—"What a difference between you and me, gentle dreamer! Your childish aspirations are silent in this sweet, evening calm, while mine, wild and glowing, awake and raise their voices higher than in the clear, noisy day."

"But what do you desire, you heaven-stormer?" whispered the young girl, gazing with mingled tenderness and anxiety into the proud, excited face of her dearly loved brother.

"Think, darling!" he answered, "what is most beautiful on earth, what the highest men can crave—the most glorious gift of Heaven to a struggling, longing human soul?"

"The highest and most beautiful gift?" repeated the sister thoughtfully. "Ah! grandmamma! we must ask you, who have lived in the world so many, many years, gaining new wisdom every day. Speak, dear grandmamma, and help me." And she turned from her brother to a still, bowed form, which in deep shadow sat under a blooming linden, and whose aged face bore the impress of the heart's eternal spring.

"My children, the most beautiful and glorious gift on earth is the *Light*," answered the old woman. But the dear grandmother was blind. She had not, for years, seen the blooming spring, nor the true, beaming eyes of her loved ones, nor the radiant day, nor the moonlit, starry night, and, in her darkness, well might she think of that eternal day, with all its glory, drawing near and nearer her weary heart, and in prospect of which her whole soul was filled with joy.

"The *Light!*" returned Louis musingly. "Oh! no, no, grandmother! The Light can never be the highest gift for man. It is a solace, a de-

* "I have seen none end life joyfully, upon whom, with always full hands, the gods strewed their gifts."

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light, a blessing, a glory; but it can never, never be the highest."

Then the sister, gently clasping her brother's outstretched hand, said softly—"Louis, music is the highest and most beautiful;" and as she whispered these words, she thought of the inspired songs of her father, of her brother's wonderful improvisations on the piano, of the warbling birds, and the sweet-voiced nightingale that daily came, a heavenly guest, to their old linden-tree, and of the dear, human accents that were such music to her ear.

"Childish heart!" answered the excited brother. "Well may the soul find in music its most enrapturing joy. Tone is more than light, for it is the embodiment of light; but yet it is by no means the highest or most beautiful earthly gift.

"Mother, mother, do you not know?" he cried passionately, throwing himself at the feet of that much-loved one, while his spiritual face, with its strange, irregular features, lighted up with a wonderful inspiration. It was as if a beaming crown had fallen upon his youthful head, so brightly shone the moonbeams upon his dark, luxuriant curls.

"My child," said the mother with infinite tenderness, drawing her son close to her heart, "my child, the highest and best on earth is *Love*. In the poet's words—

> 'All else in life must be outweighed,
> If Love is in the scale.'"

The youth broke loose from those encircling arms, and replied sadly—"*Love*, did you say, dearest mother? Love is only a dream. And I will not dream; I will create—live. Now, listen to me, all you dear ones, and believe my words. The highest, most glorious gift of heaven is *Strength*—creative, all-conquering Strength; and I know I feel the germ of its existence within my breast. If heaven but grant me this power, let it take from me all else that men deem highest and most beautiful. Light—Music—Love! I crave them not. For Strength I would sacrifice all earthly harmonies, all glory of the sun and stars, and a thousand dreams of love, without one sigh.

"Rob me of all earthly joy and treasure, but only leave me this eternal, creative power. Then I can build my own world. Not one world alone, but a thousand, will rise through my might and at my command. In my more than rich life, in my exalted blessedness, what to me will be this poor, little earth?

"I shall hear harmonies, but not with my outward ear; I shall gaze upon light, but not with my mortal eyes—and Love? Oh! they who love the gods may never long after a weak, human heart."

He rose, and, drawing up his form to its full height, he stood there, a picture of the noblest yet most untamed pride, a bold petitioner, a petitioning lord. Who could withstand him.

A deep sadness rested on the faces of those loving women—a shudder of apprehension passed through their hearts. The young sister's cheeks grew pale, and the mother's eyes filled with tears. A cloud suddenly veiled the moon, and a violent nightwind arose. The flowers, affrighted, drew close together their delicate leaves; a whispering, a moaning, and a trembling pervaded all nature, and awakened the earth from her sweet dream of peace. The discordant croaking of an owl sounded from afar like demoniac laughter, and, awakened by it, the little birds fluttered anxiously about their nests.

"Presumptuous, yet beloved child, may you never with sorrow think of this evening," the old grandmother said softly, as she rose to enter the house. Sighing, the mother and daughter accompanied her. But the youth dreamed half the night away under the old linden-tree, revelling in blissful emotions and prophetic visions, while linden-blossoms, heavy with dewdrops, sank upon his breast like fragrant tears.

—

Only a few months later, in the year 1792, Louis von Beethoven left the dear, parental home, and, rich in genius and in hope, went to the then splendid imperial city, Vienna.

That gift of heaven, creative strength, as we all know, remained with him in unimpaired splendor to the last day of his life. Music-worlds rose at his bidding. His symphonies, his masses, his Fidelio, his overtures, his sonnets, those fine mosaics of the most precious stones, his priceless pearls of song, are the undying witnesses of his great, heaven-storming power.

But the narrow earth he had despised, revengefully, one by one, closed for him all her flowery doors, and terrible as that of Tantalus, the darling of the gods, became his solitude.

Some grim, malicious demon closed his fine ear, and henceforth no sound of the outer world came to that proud yet tender soul. No enchanted blossom of love fell upon his pathway, and at last for him was extinguished the sweet light of day. Impenetrable night and the still-

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ness of the grave surrounded him. All his loved ones had long since gone home; stranger hands guided the steps of the helpless, royal old man; stranger hands prepared his last couch.

And all these crushing, earthly sorrows the still unbowed Titan pressed back into his strong heart, whose wounds he covered from the sight of men. Never a syllable of lamentation was heard from the proud lips, and yet they were never seen to smile.

And they who knew, admired, and loved the great composer, well understood the cry of despair which so often, like a ghostly presence, pervaded his undying creations, and so mightily moved the souls of men.

It was the longing of that giant nature for the love he had despised, the sighing of a solitary man just awakened, after that sweet dream which thousands around him were dreaming so blissfully. And the dark shadows that ever and anon glided over the glowing pictures of his genius, they were the sighs of a lonely, fettered Prometheus after the light and melodies of earth which he had once deemed of so little worth.

And, cruel, unrelenting, the vengeful earth held him fast, until, on the evening of the 26th of March, 1827, hand in hand with the earthly spring, the eternal spring descended to this proud, solitary man. The bonds which fettered that soaring one to earth were loosed—the prison of the soul fell in.

"Mother, mother! now I will dream and rest. I am weary of working and waking!" were the last words of the dying lips.

But above, in heavenly union, eternal *Light*, eternal Melody, and eternal Love, embraced that great, freed human soul.

UNREQUITED!

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

I scattered my seed with a lavish hand
Over the wastes of cold, dark land,
Through the broken soil the rocks frowned bare,
And no sunshine slept in the murky air.
"Patience! the summer will bring my meed,"
I said, as with care I sowed the seed;
And then, as the twilight kissed hill and plain,
In faith I prayed: "God give me grain."

But the spring-time died; and the summer came
With its lilied brow, and its eyes of flame,
And the strong-armed reapers in musical chime
Cheerily chanted their harvest rhyme.
Ah! sad reward of my toil and pain,
For me there waved no gleaming grain.
Was my heart-felt prayer unheard above?
Was the meed withheld by the Hand of Love?

I gave my all with a lavish hand,
With a holy love, with a purpose grand,
I robbed my life of its rarest flowers
To brighten another's lonely hours.
I crushed my pride with an iron will
To shield another from pain and ill,
For I said: "When this night of gloom shall cease,
Above me will dawn the morn of Peace!"

In vain, in vain! The years roll on,
And the joy of youth is forever gone,
And the happy bird in the wind-tossed tree
Trilleth no song of bliss for me.
O mother earth! on thy bosom brown
Let thy child in painless rest lie down;
Hope's bark lies wrecked on the rocks of Time,
And the boon I crave shall never be mine!

FAILURE.

FROM MISS INGELOW'S "MOPSA."

We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life itself a failure. Ay, his deed,
Sweetest in story, who the dusk profound
Of Hades flooded with entrancing sound,
Music's own tears was failure. Doth it read,
Therefore, the worse? Ah! no; so much to dare,
He fronts the regnant darkness on its throne.
So much to do; impetuous even there,
He pours out love's disconsolate sweet moan—
He wins; but few for that his deed recall;
Its power is in the look which costs him all.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 264.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

I wondered what Miss Tilden would do next. What she has done, has been to avoid me altogether, and I wish you could see that little Zollicoffer's provokingly triumphant air in consequence. She *must* have had something to do with this sudden and unaccountable avoidance. I need not tell *you*, Lance, that no woman ever avoided *me* before, neither did any woman ever bully me before this time, so, to spite the little Zollicoffer, I have haunted the park persistently for the last few days, but no arch, laughing Rosalind has come out of the wood to meet me, no dancing nymph has hidden herself behind its dark foliage. I have tried to waylay her in the halls and corridors, but to no effect. I see her at the table, to be sure, but, as she sits opposite to me, every word I may address to her must, of necessity, be for everybody's ears; and I cannot ask her why she never walks in the park now, and where she spends her evenings—for the drawing-room is left, not exactly "to darkness and to me," but to Elizabeth and me, and I expect that the others are having a jolly time off by themselves somewhere. Now, it's all very well, when a fellow's first in love, to give him some evenings all to himself, but it gets to be an old story after awhile, and there is nothing more tiresome than a constant diet of sweets. Mr. Cascannon has a seat at one end of the room, with his lamp and papers, and occasionally I join him, and talk politics or science. Elizabeth does not always come in until the last of the evening, and then she brings her work-basket, and bends over some eternal stitching or plays me the same "tunes" over and over on the piano.

She said to me, after the fourth evening spent in this manner—"This must be an awful bore to you, Gerard, but I can't make the others spend their evenings with us. Miss Tilden, to be sure, passes hers with mamma, and it is very pleasant for mamma, who, you know, dislikes to have many people around her. But Madge goes off I don't know where, and Zoe Zoll has a romp with the boys and Rosamond every evening, and says she is so torn to pieces after it, that she cannot present herself where decent people are."

"I should like a romp with the boys occasionally.. You know that used to be a part of the day's programme, before Miss Zollicoffer came and monopolized all their attention."

"Would you like to join them now?" said that dear, thoughtful Elizabeth. "I heard them making *such* a noise awhile since."

I should think it was "such a noise." A whooping and hallooing as of a troop of Indians, and Miss Zollicoffer in the midst of them, her curls in the wildest confusion, and half-a-dozen screaming urchins attached to her skirts. "The boys must be having a party," said Elizabeth, while Ethel swooped down upon one of the beleaguered individuals who was trying to screen himself with Miss Zollicoffer's gown, and bore him off in triumph.

"Recruits!" shouted Winny. "Come in, Ger, come in Liz. Such a famous game of fox and geese!"

I precipitated myself into the midst of the turmoil. Elizabeth followed. Such a row I haven't seen since I was a boy. The geese having all been caught, Blind-Man's-Buff was proposed. Then there was such a racing and chasing, and tumbling over each other, such "bringings up" against the wall, such concussions of heads, and reboundings of bodies brought into violent contact, that it makes me ache to think of it. At last it came my turn to be blinded, and I determined to catch Rosamond, who all this time had avoided me as carefully as Miss Tilden herself. I had contrived to arrange the handkerchief so that I could see a little, but when I made my first plunge into the shrieking group, I found that Rosamond had disappeared. I flew from corner to corner of the room, but nowhere was her pink dress visible. When the bandage was removed, I found her perched on the top of a tall, old *beaufet*, a lamp in her hand, reading—"That isn't fair!" I said—"Is it, boys?"

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"No," was the roar. "Come down, Snip, or we'll pull you down."

She came down with a bound, and was soon the liveliest in the game. Again I was blindfolded, and again I pursued her; but I might as well have pursued a rose-colored meteor. The pink skirt flashed before me, back and forth, up and down, around and around, in a bewildering circle. Now it changed into Miss Zollicoffer's black gown, now into Elizabeth's blue, then into a pair of gray pantaloons, then into a crimson tunic. All at once the lights were extinguished, the wall seemed to open, and I fell forward. I heard shouts, a scampering of feet, then a door banged, and everything was still. I picked myself up as soon as I could, for I seemed to have fallen into a basket, and, making two steps forward, encountered a solid obstruction. I put out my hands. It was a door, for I could trace the panellings and feel the crevice where it shut into the wall. I pushed it; it did not yield. I felt carefully along the wall; it turned abruptly. I continued to grope my way, and found two other sides. I came to the conclusion that I was in some kind of a closet, for some garments were hung upon the walls. I found the door again, and shook it, then pounded on it with all my strength; but no one came. If those little wretches had fastened me in—for fastened in I seemed to be—they would come back and release me before long. Fortunately, there was plenty of air. I waited and waited, but no one came. Then I dragged down some of the garments I had felt, and improvised a couch, on which I stretched myself, for I felt very tired. I suppose I must have gone to sleep almost instantly, and slept uninterruptedly, for when I awoke I saw daylight shining through what had been a window in the upper part of the closet, but from which the panes had all been broken.

At first I was completely puzzled; then I recollected what had happened the preceding evening. Had those little rascals deliberately imprisoned me? or had it been an accident? I renewed my knockings and poundings, but to no effect. I began to feel outrageously hungry, and, upon consulting my watch, found that it wanted a few moments of breakfast-time. They will at least miss me then, I thought.

If I had been missed, that I was not being sought in the right direction was evident, when the hands of my watch showed me that it was long past the breakfast hour. The children would be apt to visit their play-room some time in the course of the day, and then I could make myself heard. Still, if it could be so, I would much prefer an immediate release. I again pushed the door a little impatiently, and it immediately flew open. Now it was evident that I had been deliberately fastened in by some one, and that some one was, as evidently, Rosamond. I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and walked away, resolved to let the young imp know that I had found her out.

I thought I would take a turn in the park by way of refreshing myself, and the first person I met was the young lady herself, taking a stroll. She looked very demure; but I thought that her eyes sparkled meaningly when she saw me. I took the key from my pocket.

"Good-morning, Rosamond," I said. "Here is your key."

She very coolly put the key into her pocket.

"Didn't we have a nice breakfast this morning?" she said.

"I should have preferred a little more tongue."

She began to laugh. "You are a good fellow, Jerry, after all. But I forgot—you do not wish me to speak to you."

"You know I said that I wanted some more tongue."

"But I can't furnish you with the kind you prefer—that is, calf's tongue."

"I will try to be satisfied with nightingale's tongue."

"You needn't try soft soap, for I am clean," responded this vulgar young woman.

"Why did you lock me up there last night, Rosamond?"

"To teach you not to come where you are not wanted."

"But I was wanted."

"*I* didn't want you."

"You are only one."

"I was *too* much for you, though."

"Very good."

"No it wasn't, it was very stupid. So none of your blarney, as Biddy says."

"You are very ferocious, Miss Rosamond."

"I never strike my colors when parleying with the enemy."

"Am I an enemy?"

"'Reether so, Poll.'"

"I see you study variety in your reading."

"Wish I could return the compliment."

"For how long have I had the misfortune to be regarded by you as an enemy?"

"Don't try the pathetic dodge, Jerry. You make me sick."

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"From what time does your antipathy date, then?"

"My antipathy dates from that obscure but highly interesting period of the world's history, when, to me, recumbent in the boughs of a wide-spreading beech, Gerardus Sunderlandus addressed himself in the lofty hyperbole of the ancients, which peroration—is that the way to pronounce it?—translated into plain English, became equivalent to asking me to hold my tongue."

"It was unpardonable to ask so much of you."

"You will be likely to get rather more than you bargained for."

"Won't you forgive me?"

"When quarrelling with you is no longer amusing."

"Perhaps, then, I may refuse to be reconciled."

"So much the worse for you."

"Rosamond, you are an imp of darkness."

"And you are *impolite*. Ha! ha! ha! How I wish I'd been the first to say that."

"I have heard you say as good things."

"Now, Jerry, you can't flatter *me*, so you'd better save your fine speeches for——"

"For whom?"

"For those who like them. Don't you wish you hadn't said that, Jerry?"

"Hadn't said what?"

"About my meddling with your affairs."

"I don't know. I will wait and see if the advantages do not overbalance the disadvantages."

"Wait, then, and much good may it do you."

"I am happy to receive your blessing, Rosamunda."

"Make the most of it, for you won't get much more in that line from me."

I was determined that Rosamond should find that the fact of her once getting the better of me would not lead to my absenting myself from the evening frolics, particularly with the alternative of spending my evenings in that big, lonely drawing-room; so I said nothing about the cause of my absence from the breakfast-table, allowing it to be supposed that I had overslept myself; and when evening again came, I again proposed to Elizabeth to invade the juvenile department, but this time I resolved to follow no pink will-o'-the-wisp blindfold, and thus avoid falling into a trap. Rosamond apparently took no notice of me, and I returned the compliment, devoting myself to the pursuit of the little Zollicoffer, whose garnet-colored skirts—I had remarked their color before I was blinded—whisked hither and thither with wonderful velocity. She eluded me so repeatedly as to provoke me to a determination to capture her; but just as I had my hand on her skirt, she slipped through a door into the corridor. I followed. She darted through a door on the opposite side of the passage. I was so close upon her that I caught her skirt. She snatched it from me, and, throwing open another door, flew up some stairs. I rushed up after her, followed her down a long corridor, up another staircase, that seemed interminable, and pursued her flying feet down another long, dark passage, and up a narrow, steep, and winding stair, and when I reached the landing-place, my Daphne had vanished through another door. I was almost as quick as she was, but as I raised the latch she shot a bolt on the other side. Finding myself defeated, I retraced my steps, but the first door to which I came was locked. I had again fallen into a trap, but this time 'twas sprung by Zoe Zoll.

I knew I must be somewhere in the region of the attics, but was I where I could make myself heard? I decided that I was not, and I was not going to try it yet awhile, to delight the malicious ears of Rosamond and Zoe Zoll. I went back to the place that I had left, and groping around it, for it was perfectly dark, concluded, from its disfurnished state and the mouldiness of the atmosphere, that I was immured just below the roof of the house. This suggested to me the idea of trying the flooring, to see if there might not be some kind of a trap-door; but although I kicked and dragged my feet along the entire length of the floor, I could find nothing of the kind. Then it occurred to me that there might be a door that had been forgotten by my captors, and I ran down the stairs, and felt carefully along the wall. Under the staircase I found, not exactly a door, but a kind of trap in the wall large enough to crawl through, and which I accidentally kicked open in my researches. Through this I made my exit, pushed it together, found a fastening, by which I secured it, and thus having left no clue to the means of my escape, went boldly forward, descended some stairs, thought I had found my bearings, made a turn to the right, counted the doors, and finally found myself at the door of my own room, and went in.

"Light a lamp, please," said a soft voice.

"Where are the matches, ma'am?" said I, after my first start, in as mincing a voice as I could assume.

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"On the table at your right."

I groped my way to the table, found the matches, made a bold guess at the position of the lamp, found it, and lighted it. Having lighted the lamp, I looked around. A quantity of white draperies overflowed a chair that was placed with its back to me, but I knew the speaker to be Miss Tilden.

"Anything else, ma'am?"

She looked around quickly, and then sprang to her feet. Her hair was all loose—*such* hair!—and she had on some enchanting kind of a wrapper, all knotted with blue ribbons. "Mr. Sunderland!!!"

"Can I do anything else for you, ma'am?"

"Tell me what you are here for?—though I suppose I ought to ring the bell for some one to put you out of the room."

"That would be high tragedy, and this is really a bit of a comedy."

Then, in a few words, I told her about my imprisonment and escape, and how I had believed myself to be in my own apartment.

"This is an entirely different part of the house," she said, "but the place is so rambling that I don't wonder at your mistake—being in the dark, too. If you wished to give them a fright, you might hide around here for a week, and they wouldn't find you."

"A capital idea!—if I could only be sure of three things."

"What are they?"

"Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner."

"I will see to that. Mrs. Cascannon takes at least two thirds of her meals in her own room. You can go shares."

"Would she agree to that?"

"I will ask her. You know that we are great friends? Oh! it will be as good as a play!" she added, clapping her hands and laughing.

"But I must tell Elizabeth."

"Couldn't you tell—or *write* her—that you had gone off somewhere?"

I shook my head.

"Then you had better give up that idea, for Elizabeth won't let you."

"Won't let me——"

"Won't let you do anything that would annoy Miss Zollicoffer, whom she loves better than any one else in the world."

"One excepted."

"*No* one excepted. She said she would give you up if her aunt did not approve you."

"When did you learn that?"

"From her own letter, written to Miss Zollicoffer—so you see she wouldn't allow it."

I felt slightly provoked. "Young ladies do not always say what they mean, or mean what they say."

"Oh! I only repeated that, to prove that Miss Zollicoffer would be *first* considered."

"I have half a mind to write that I am gone to the Stanleys."

"Oh! do; *do!*"

"But first, let us see what Mrs. Cascannon says."

"Wait here for a moment, and I will go and speak to her."

Mrs. Cascannon received me more than graciously, and I could not help seeing that she looked upon me as a deserter from the enemy, for as such she evidently regards Zoe Zoll. "I can give you a room," she said, indicating several rooms, which, opening one into another, gave a tolerable vista. "All these are my own apartments, and no one enters them without my permission. As for meals, if you can content yourself with invalid fare, you are welcome to a portion of mine."

I responded that I could, knowing that her idea of "invalid fare" was very luxurious.

"And you will be at no loss for society, with Leslie here. Neglected by my own family, her attentions are doubly welcome, and she is so very, very kind."

I soon discovered that Mrs. Cascannon's idea of kindness was the most unlimited devotion in the way of waiting upon, amusing her, and forestalling her slightest wish; and it really was wonderful to see Miss Tilden's unwearied patience with her numerous wants, and versatility in amusing her. That evening she read aloud to her from a volume of standard plays, changing voice and gesture in the different parts with uncommon facility, and really acquitting herself wonderfully for an amateur. Mrs. Cascannon listened in languid enjoyment, but when I applauded rather vociferously at the close of the reading, Miss Tilden arose, and acknowledged it by a real stage courtesy, retiring backward down the room as if about to vanish behind a curtain.

"I had thought this all kindness," I said to her, as I took a seat by her side, while Mrs. Cascannon dozed peacefully some distance from us, "but I see that you are practising for the stage."

She laughed softly and nodded her head. "One should always keep his aim in view," she said.

"Are all your actions subservient to that end?"

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She flushed a little as she replied—"Are all your queries so very close?"

"Tell me why you have avoided me lately?"

"*Have* I avoided you?"

"It has looked very much like it."

"Appearances are often deceitful."

"But we have seen nothing of you."

"There were so many others to see."

"Oh! you wish to be the only 'star' on the stage?"

"I did not mean that. When there are so many, why should I be missed?"

"There may be roses, pansies, and mignonette in a bouquet, but we miss the fragrance of the lily."

"But when the rose is one's emblem flower?"

"Roses and lilies so naturally combine in one's thoughts."

"Elizabeth and me?"

"Yes—Elizabeth and you. By the way, it is odd how much you resemble Mrs. Cascannon."

"Do you think so?"

"Very much more than Miss Zollicoffer."

"I have sometimes thought so myself. But do I look as much like a sleepy tigress?"

"Would it be complimentary to say yes? You give one the same impression of latent power."

She laughed, and swung the chain of her bracelet. "You think my claws are only sheathed, then?"

"Whatever else I may think, I think you are charming," I said.

She took out her watch, without making any reply. "It is time to feel sleepy," said she.

"It isn't time for *me* to feel sleepy."

"It ought to be."

"Remember, you must try to make my captivity tolerable to me."

"Have not I done all I could? If I go to bed in good season, I shall be all the more brilliant to-morrow morning; but—you have a note to write to Elizabeth."

"Will you undertake the delivery?"

"Certainly."

CHAPTER XI.

[*Narrative.*]

"No Gerard again, this morning!" said Elizabeth.

"I'm afraid he's growing lazy," said Zoe Zoll.

"And he left us so early last night," continued Elizabeth.

"*Ran away*, you mean," said Rosamond.

"He *did* disappear rather mysteriously," said Zoe Zoll.

Miss Tilden looked at her over the rim of her coffee-cup, but said nothing.

Rosamond shrugged her shoulders—"He'll turn up in time," said she.

"I hope he may not be ill," observed Elizabeth.

"Pooh! *he's* never ill," from Rosamond. "I do think being engaged makes any one so sort of afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked Ethel.

"Oh! nobody was talking to *you*."

"I *thought* you were," responded Ethel.

"Good for you, Eth!" shouted Winny.

"I don't think Jerry's going to die," went on Rosamond, buttering her bread very rapidly, and rather awkwardly, for her.

"Then he *is* ill?" said Elizabeth, growing very pale, and laying down her fork.

"O bother! Not as I knows on."

"Rosamond, you do use such shocking language."

"Fiddle!"

"If you are a fiddle, you certainly need a stick," said Zoe Zoll.

"Bully for Auntie Zoll!" shouted the twins.

"Who's using language now?" inquired Rosamond indignantly.

"Ro's in a rage!" said Ethel. "See! she's as red as a beet."

"That's because she can't be *beaten*," said Zoe Zoll. "She's a trump."

"She's Zoe's trum-pet," said Margaret—which remark caused a general laugh, and restored universal good-humor.

"A note for Miss Cascannon."

Elizabeth opened the envelope—"From Gerard!—He's at the—Stanleys!"

Rosamond opened her eyes very wide, and stared at her. Zoe Zoll looked up inquiringly.

"It looks like the Stanleys," went on Elizabeth, "but it's written so indistinctly, it may mean almost anything else."

"Did he speak of going?" asked Zoe Zoll.

"Not a word—to *me*."

"May I take the initiative, and leave the table?" asked her aunt. "I am in something of a hurry." Then she slipped her arm through that of Elizabeth, and whispered in her ear—"I have something to tell you."

"Let us go out on the piazza," said Elizabeth. "It is so warm in the house."

"Your cheeks look as if they were burning."

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"It is so strange," murmured Elizabeth—"to go without saying a word to me, not even good-by——"

"*I asked* him to go away," said Zoe Zoll.

Elizabeth stopped short, and looked at her aunt with wide eyes. "Why did you ask him to go away?"

"I had a reason, Elizabeth, and you know that my reasons are always good."

"What was your reason?"

"Dear Bess, don't look so belligerent!"

"I will not, if you will tell me your reason."

Zoe Zoll quaked—"I—I didn't want him here while I was here."

"Indeed! May I ask why?"

"I know Leslie Tilden so well——"

"Go on."

"And I think that I also understand Gerard Sunderland."

"Perhaps."

"He loves you, my darling Bess."

"I think so."

"But—but would you like Leslie to flirt with him?"

"She couldn't flirt alone."

"N-o. *There* was the danger."

"What danger?"

"That he would—flirt also."

"I am not afraid."

"You are so trustful."

"Not more, I hope, than any girl who engages herself."

"And you——"

"I wouldn't engage myself to a man who would flirt after his engagement."

"O Bess!"

"You insulted Gerard, and he is gone away!"

"Dear Bess!"

"Poor fellow! he wouldn't complain to *me*, knowing how I value *you*."

"I am glad he is gone," said Zoe Zoll, rather defiantly.

"*I* am very sorry," said Elizabeth; "but he shall not stay long."

"You won't go for him?"

"Of course I shall."

"Pray *send* for him."

"No; I shall *go* for him."

"The Stanleys will laugh."

"Let them laugh. I don't care who may laugh when I am doing right."

"And you forgive me, Bess?"

"Yes, I forgive you; but do not attempt to interfere for me again."

Elizabeth went to order the carriage, leaving Zoe Zoll to pace the piazza in some trepidation of spirits. To her came Rosamond with big, round eyes, saying—"Auntie Zoll, he's gone."

"I know it."

"But how could he get out? The door was locked."

"What door?"

"Why, I shut him up in one of the attics."

"Naughty girl! Was that what you borrowed my dress for?"

"Yes; I tricked him nicely. But how could he get out?"

"Isn't there some other door?"

"No; I looked."

"Well, he's gone."

"He must be a witch—no, a wizard. But I wish I knew how he got out."

"If he is a wizard, he probably flew out through the keyhole."

"I hope he hasn't gone up a chimney and stuck there," said Rosamond in a low voice.

Zoe Zoll laughed. "I think he would make himself heard if such were the case."

"But you know it is so far off—and he might die—and then some day his bones would blow down—and I should be a murderess—and should be haunted!"

At this climax, Rosamond's face assumed such an expression of tragic horror that her aunt laughed heartily.

"There is no danger, Rosamond. He is at the Stanleys, and Elizabeth has gone after him."

"Pooh! *I* wouldn't," said Rosamond, with an expression of disgust.

"Neither would I. But then we are not engaged to him."

"And don't want to be."

"That is very true," said Zoe Zoll; and then she began to walk up and down the piazza, wishing that she had allowed events to take their own course, without any interference on her part, for she felt that she could not endure the slightest coolness between Elizabeth and herself.

"How troubled you look, Auntie Zoll!" said Rosamond, seeing the usually sunny face overcast.

"I am thinking over my sins," she said with a faint smile. "Let's run away and leave them behind us."

Rosamond eagerly accepted the challenge, and pursued her aunt down the broad, gravelled walk. They had made its circuit several times, and had paused, laughing and out of breath, at the place from which they started, when a car-

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riage came slowly up the drive. In it sat Elizabeth—alone.

"Where is Jerry?" asked Rosamond.

"He was not there," said Elizabeth, looking very pale and much agitated. "You needn't look at me so, Zoe Zoll. I don't think they thought me in pursuit of a fugitive lover. I managed it very well."

"Of course you did, dear Bess. You who are so proud."

Rosamond disappeared.

"I don't think much of myself or my pride now," said Elizabeth. "The question is, where is Gerard?"

"Rosamond has just confessed that the reason he disappeared so suddenly last evening was because she locked him up in one of the attics."

"Then he is there still! What a mischievous child!"

"But she has been to look for him, and he isn't there."

Elizabeth grew pale again. "You don't think—that the letter was a blind—and that—something—has happened to him?"

"No, Bess, I think no such thing. I think he may be hiding somewhere to punish Rosamond."

"If he only knew that he is punishing *me* also! I have had such a fright," said Elizabeth, with a sigh of relief, her color coming again. "Well, he can't stay 'in hiding' very long, for he will want something to eat."

"Unless he has a quantity of cigars with him. They say a man can live on cigar smoke and tobacco for an incredible length of time."

Elizabeth laughed. "Gerard has a healthy appetite and good digestion. He requires something more substantial than smoke," said she.

—

"Zoe Zoll," said Elizabeth the next morning, "I carried up such a nice dinner with my own hands into that attic yesterday, and it hasn't been touched. I begged Gerard to come out if he were hidden anywhere; said I would not tell Rosamond, and that he was killing me with anxiety. I felt so unhappy that I couldn't help crying; and—O Zoe Zoll!—if he had been there he would have come out then."

"It would seem so; and yet, if he isn't there, where can he be?"

"I have returned to my first suspicion. You know—or rather you don't know, that he always carries a great deal of money about him; and then his magnificent watch——"

"Dear Bess!—in this quiet part of the country!—where the very pigs are put to death with the utmost tenderness?"

"You may laugh, Zoe Zoll, but I——"

"I am no longer laughing. And if I felt as you do, I would have instant search made."

"I will wait—a day—or two. If he should be playing us a trick, I shouldn't wish to give him the satisfaction of laughing at us. Nor would I wish to rouse the neighborhood for nothing."

(*To be continued.*)

LANCELOT'S QUEST.

FROM TENNYSON'S "HOLY GRAIL."

I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat:
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
And with me drove the moon and all the stars;
And the wind fell; and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and, looking up,
Behold the enchanted towers of Carbonek—
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker! There was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side,
That kept the entry, and the moon was full. . . .
Up I climbed a thousand steps
With pain: as in a dream I seemed to climb
Forever: at the last I reached a door.
A light was in the crannies, and I heard:
"Glory and joy and honor to our Lord,
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail."
Then in my madness I essayed the door;
It gave; and through a stormy glare, a heat
As from a seventimes-heated furnace I,
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
With such a fierceness that I swooned away—
Oh! yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
All palled in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes and wings and eyes,
And but for all my madness and my sin,
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
That which I saw, but what I saw was veiled
And covered; and this quest was not for me.

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MRS. VANDERDAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MADGE CARROL.

It was Mrs. Vanderdan who entered the car like a gust from a milliner shop, so be-ribboned, be-ruffled, and be-flowered was she, and the tall, tawny-bearded gentleman just on the eve of getting out was Dr. Dearborn, who had but recently begun to persuade his ailing friends and acquaintance that he alone could cure them, and was not succeeding very well. That is, in the line of persuasion.

"Good-morning, *doctor*," cried Mrs. Vanderdan, emphasizing the title, and screwing up her fat-lidded eyes in a manner she felt assured was perfectly irresistible.

By the way, she was not a fat woman—I mean, taking her all in all, she did not run to fatness, rather fatness had run to her, mounted on her high cheek-bones in funny little knobs, hung on her eyelids, and had left a bag under her chin, which unfortunately was forgotten to be filled. In other respects she was large, but lean.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Vanderdan," returned the doctor in real heartsome tones. "Glad to see you. Why did you not come in five minutes before? I am just about visiting a patient in the next block."

"Naughty man, have you forgotten your patient in my block?"

A clear, unmistakable flush crossed Dr. Dearborn's face.

"She told you, did she? Then I more than ever regret the want of an opportunity to talk with you this morning. Some time ago, I detected symptoms which gave me great uneasiness. I mentioned my fears to my uncle, who, at the last, you will remember, was called in to see your husband; he said it is very probable your daughter has inherited her father's disease, and that she may go as he did, unless she has every care and attention. Pray do not allow her to exert herself, or run up and down stairs. Pardon me, if I have pained you, it is necessary. Do not let her know her danger. I will endeavor to see her soon. There, I am far past my block. Good-by."

Viewed from Mrs. Vanderdan's standpoint, there was but one daughter in the case. She, an elongated china-shepherdess, with puffs, panier, and all the blowsy belongings of a girl of the period. One whose digestive apparatus was in a condition of chronic revolt, and who, in obedience to the earnest entreaties of a manœuvring mother, occasionally condescended to allow Dr. Dearborn to quell the disturbance, as far as in him lay the ability so to do.

From his point of observation, the young physician unfortunately became oblivious to the filial claims of the china shepherdess, and Mrs. Vanderdan's daughter was a lovely, roly-poly, little woman, with the neatest of dresses, and the sweetest of faces, but she had a way of taking on a color and catching at her breath that made him feel like jumping out of his boots for very fear and horror.

The reflections of Mrs. Vanderdan in that car ran the square's length, then she gave up her day's engagement, and fluttered her pennons homeward.

"You tiresome old thing, what brought you home in such a hurry?"

This was the filial greeting of the shepherdess, who was discovered munching peanuts, and lounging in a tawdry parlor.

"I concluded I would rather remain with you, my child."

"You always like to be where you're not wanted; but you needn't begin 'my child-ing;' that always means Dearborn and doses, as if he was not dose enough himself."

"Dr. Dearborn is a very estimable gentleman," responded Mrs. Van mildly, at the same time dropping this whisper among the roses and honeysuckles of the bonnet she deposited on the table—"No need to tell me—I see, I see." Then speaking aloud, she asked—"Idoliza, how would you like to take ammonia occasionally?"

The maid, who in a spasm born of some erratic rhymster, had been given this tender title, replied with this elegant sentence—"Ammonia! Not if I know it."

"What do you want? where are you going?" called Mrs. Vanderdan frantically, as her daughter arose, and shuffled in down-at-the-heel slippers toward the door.

"I'm going up-stairs to get fixed, can't you let me?"

"No. Dr. Dearborn says—says"—Mrs. Van had made a wrong beginning, and was at her wit's end where to bring up.

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"It seems to me, ma, you've Dearborn on the brain this morning. Better set your own cap for him."

With martyr meekness—exercised toward but one being, by the way—Mrs. Van made answer.

"He says your temperament is entirely too active; you must keep quiet."

"I must sit still then and whistle for my things to come, must I? That will suit me to a T, providing they obey."

"It's so cold to dress up there, with only a drum to warm the room, and you are so frail, I have come to the conclusion it won't do. Tillie can bring your things here, and if any one comes meanwhile we can make them wait. One comfort, we seldom have visitors this early."

It will be seen by these tokens that Mrs. Vanderdan was not even in comfortable circumstances. Having known by sad and long experience the ills that gird genteel poverty around and about, she spared no effort to prevent her daughter from settling permanently down into similar trials. Idoliza, unfortunately, had a predilection for penniless clerks, or rather they had for her, which amounts to the same, since a woman is not allowed to propose. In her behalf solely Mrs. Vanderdan took her position on the matrimonial watch-tower. Far and wide her glances swept; long had she gazed, but nothing more eligible than a doctor's gig disturbed the dust of that highway on which her gaze was fixed.

It will also be seen presently that Mrs. Van was in no notion of sparing her daughter's strength, except at the expense of some one else's, certainly not at her own, if by any possibility it could be avoided. She rang the bell for the little maid-of-all-work. Lark, her second and last offspring, came to answer to the imperative peal. Her dead-and-gone father had given her this pretty pet name for three reasons. She was up with, and singing like, that aspiring songster, and her eyes were twin larkspurs, their blue and purple depths brimmed with tenderness as with summer dew. This was the daughter in Dr. Dearborn's "mind's eye, Horatio," when he warned Mrs. Vanderdan.

"Back, ma?" and she came and kissed her. "I didn't know you had come. What's wanting?"

"O Lark! you do annoy me so. Puffing and blowing like Barnum's fat woman. You'll be as big as she is, and as red, too, if you keep on getting stouter and stouter, as you've done the last six months."

This tirade came from Idoliza, who, apart from a plump face, certainly was not afflicted with abundance of flesh.

Lark listened with an indulgent smile, her breath coming fast, and one hand occasionally fluttering toward her bosom, but hastily stayed ere it reached there.

"She takes after her father in that, only she is perfectly healthy and he was miserable with all his flesh. He never would have been if he had not gone into that business. It was not with my consent he undertook it; but he always did go against me."

Mrs. Vanderdan bobbed her head magisterially, as if about to arraign the daughter for the father's sins—which, in fact, was a failing she had, when Lark interposed pleasantly.

"You didn't ring for me to tell me I am fat and red, did you?"

"Of course not. I rang for Matilda."

Mrs. Vanderdan had a lofty way of resenting Lark's obliging alacrity at times, as if she considered it a special reflection on herself.

"Tillie is black with soot; our pipe fell down. Won't I do as well?"

"Mother won't let me go up-stairs, and I want all my fix-ups from there—my pink merino, tucked skirt, pink sash, pink panier, my bronze slippers with the pink bows, and——"

"And we'll be as pretty as a pink, won't we?"

They got on tolerably well together, these sisters; but this was attributable solely to Lark's sunny nature. She never interfered in the slightest degree with Idoliza's company, plans, or pleasures; in fact, did all in her power to further the latter and keep out of the former's way. Tillie's normal condition may truthfully be called one of perpetual *smirch*. Not a very favorable one for attendance upon the door; therefore, that duty, together with many others—for they kept four boarders—fell to Lark's portion. Idoliza, being fully satisfied in her own mind that it was not genteel to open the door for one's friends, could not be depended upon at all in that capacity, nor in any other, in fact.

"Can you remember them all?" inquired Idoliza.

"Oh! yes; I have them all down on my fingers; they are big enough to hold the list."

"You can hand me some of them, and take mine along with you," said Mrs. Van, following Lark out into the hall in order to relieve her matron mind.

"I saw Dr. Dearborn this morning; he says Idol is going just like her father."

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The twin larkspurs were wide open, and the cheeks below them went white, while Mrs. Van stopped, and gouged her handkerchief into her slaty eyes, then examined it carefully, as if for the purpose of seeing just how big a mother's tears were, shed under such circumstances.

"He charged me not to let her go up and down-stairs, or exert herself in any way," continued the lady.

Lark might have replied that there was not the slightest probability she would, but quick as were the brains in that small head to discover the wishes of those she loved and ministered to daily, they were wholly blind to their weaknesses.

"You will help me all you can to save her, won't you, Lark? She has always been so delicate, but I never dreamed of this! The only hope I have is that the doctor's affection leads him to exaggerate the danger. He is very fond of her, you know."

Having relieved her mind, and taken the measure of her tears, Mrs. Van returned to the parlor, entirely forgetful of her proffered assistance in the matter of conveying Idoliza's dry-goods down stairs.

"I should not wonder if Dr. Dearborn would call this afternoon," she remarked on resuming the rocking-chair.

"I believe you put him up to coming, and that's why you came bothering back. I won't see him, I expect other company."

"Columbus Clammy, I suppose. I do wish, Idol, you would not permit his visits. It will effectually keep desirable matches at a distance."

"I don't want a match, I prefer a man."

Had her daughter's wit been levelled at anybody else, Mrs. Vanderdan would have applauded it vehemently, as it was, a peppery reply arose to her lips, but she restrained herself in view of the heart, and responded mildly, "Dr. Dearborn is a man in every sense of the word."

"He's an old pill-poster, that's what he is. I wish he could be pounded in his own mortar. You come poking back in his interest, when I thought I'd got rid of you for the day, and invited Columbus here to keep me company. I see through you."

"I won't be in your way when young Clammy comes. I can go down-stairs, or to bed, but if Dr. Dearborn should——"

The entrance of Lark under billows of snow and pink, put an end to her meek suggestion.

Idoliza took a rapid inventory of the goods.

"You only brought one slipper, and my neck-ribbon isn't here, nor my bracelet—Oh! you didn't bring anything."

"Merciless enslaver! I brought enough to ensnare a dozen hearts, but I can go again. It's but a step."

Lark had gone up and down-stairs at least a half dozen times in behalf of the fair Idoliza's elaborate toilet, when on an up trip she dropped on a small landing from whence opened a window like a port-hole.

"I believe I am getting old," she said, and laughed an odd, short laugh, that some inward pain caught at and almost turned into a sob. She pushed the window open, letting in a rush of frosty air. "I am so fleshy, that is why I have these feelings," she said, getting her voice again. "He didn't seem to think anything serious was the matter." Lark's meditations were no longer fancy free, although she, dear child, did not dream it, but for her there was but one fixed *he*, all others simply revolved around him. "I am glad I went that once, because I was afraid for myself. I am glad, too, he did not forget his promise when he saw mother. Poor sister! I must do all I can for her; it is a comfort to remember how much I have saved her, always. I wonder if he really does care for her?" She leaned on the low window-sill, and put her hands together in the attitude of prayer, the twin larkspurs floating skyward to where a cloud-fleet sailed in sunny seas.

"Sometimes," and her voice was like the liquid murmur of water over beds of moss, "when I look up into such fathomless calm, I feel as though God called to me out of it, as if every earthly care was about to be laid down, and I to lose myself in seas of heavenly rest."

"Misslark!"

It was no outcry in a heathen tongue, breaking up her dream of rest and peace, only the voice of Tillie, and properly translated, the summons read "Miss Lark."

"Coming," cried Lark from her cloudy pinnacle.

"The meat's a sizzlin', nand taters done."

Such was the information volunteered by the nymph of the kitchen, who bleated up the narrow stairway.

"Lark, don't forget my pin!" called Idoliza.

"And bring my slippers," put in Mrs. Van.

And down came our "little huswife" upon multitudinous cares intent.

That very day Dr. Dearborn chanced in upon

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an old hypochandriac, who had just wearied of the ninety and ninth medical attendant, and was on the look out for the hundredth. Therefore he was engaged on sight. The man was in his dotage, and attendance upon him included lengthy visits, night as well as day; included also big fees—for Hypo was rich and could well afford them—and big fees were what the heart of S. Dearborn, M.D., particularly yearned after. Not that he was grasping, or anything of that sort; not a bit of it, he was a first-rate fellow; but you see he had in his mind's eye the little woman I have not described, because that is impossible. He also held in that accommodating receptacle a little house, a little garden, and innumerable little things pleasant to have outside of the visual organs. What he aimed at, and longed and worked for, was to have these substantially, to place them before other men's eyes, parade them as something his very own, and his only. He knew, as well as a casual visitor and a man could be expected to know, who worked the Vanderdan domestic machinery. He longed with all his great, ardent heart to take Lark to his bosom, and love and care for her as she deserved to be loved and cared for. Not one word of this had passed his lips; but he meant to pour the story out as soon as he could see his way clear. So it turned out that while he worked for her, might and main, perforce he neglected her. Many a time when he had fully made up his mind on calling, and giving Mrs. Van and Idoliza to understand unmistakably his visit was not to them, old Hypo kept him sitting beside him hour after hour counting his pulse.

On such occasions, the former's truly masculine propensity of using the feminine in place of the neuter gender, often played the mischief with the doctor's thoughts, as they centred upon but one she.

Once he well nigh lost his patient by being guilty of the enormity of this reply in answer to the interrogation, "Where is she now?"

"Running down-stairs, I fear."

"Heavens!" cried the old man. "What *do* you mean by that?"

About ten days after having met Mrs. Vanderdan in the car, he found himself at liberty to make a hasty call. Tillie, being presentable, admitted him, and reported him in the kitchen as a "big, red-headed man." Not recognizing the description, Lark gave herself no concern, but went on fluting Idoliza's ruffles.

Mrs. Van was prone to "naughty man"-ing when she wished to be considered perfectly irresistible, viewed in the mother-in-law light. Therefore, she fluttered toward Dr. Dearborn with—"O you naughty man! I fear I shall be obliged to lecture you for the perfectly heathenish manner in which you have neglected us. I said to my daughter only this morning, If the doctor will not call on you, you must call on the doctor, for really I cannot allow you to remain without medical attention."

"She is no worse, I hope?"

"On the contrary, even a mother's fears must be silent and acknowledge she is better. I attribute her present health entirely to my devotion. There's no love like a mother's, doctor. 'None but a mother can charm away pain.' Poor dear! in insisting upon her obeying your directions implicitly, she has charged me with over-anxiety. She does not know her peril. If but a whisper of it reached her, do you know what I fear, doctor?"

The doctor did not.

"*Recklessness*," she said in a stage whisper; then, with her handkerchief at her mouth, murmured, "Such an active temperament—dear, dear!"

"Can I see her?"

Mrs. Van saw his evident trepidation with inward spasms of delight.

"She is out for a stroll; but I expect her in every moment," she replied, and launched blandly forth in a lengthy dissertation on the beneficial effects of walking in general, and the special benefits she had derived from one walk in particular, taken when she was a girl.

While she endeavors thus to beguile the young man, we will take a passing glimpse of Lark. They were getting the clothes up-stairs, she and her little maid-of-all-work.

"Haven't we been a long over it?" remarked the latter.

"Yes, we are all in the drag to-day. I have been real lazy, and mean to be lazier still. Suppose we sit down here awhile and rest."

She opened the little port-hole on the landing, and nestled down there, while the autumnal zephyrs, summer-soft that day, lifted her moist hair.

"Are you sick?"

"Sick! No, you little goose. Why do you ask?"

"Because you did drag with the work, and it a'n't a bit like you to do that; then there's an odd look in your eyes."

"I have felt rather tired all day; otherwise I never was better in my life. I feel as though

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about to fly to those sunset gates that I know are opening, although we cannot see them here. Sit down, Tillie, tender little heart; we have been tried companions many a day, haven't we?"

She was silent a moment, while a gleam from the hidden glory in the west touched her forehead, her hair, her hands, as she leaned on the window-sill. Then she said—"Is the parlor door shut?"

"Yes'm."

"Suppose we sing something."

"What? Jesus lovin' all my soul?"

"The only hymn you know, Tillie, and you don't know that," replied Lark gayly. "Yes, we will sing that."

Through the endless patter of Mrs. Vanderdan's small talk, Dr. Dearborn heard that tearful, tuneful voice.

"She is here!" he exclaimed, with more impetuosity than politeness, when he found he could no longer restrain himself. "Will you be good enough to tell her I have called and would like to see her?"

"Quite a mistake; Idoliza has not returned; that, I believe, is Lark singing."

"Lark! Why, Mrs. Vanderdan, it is Lark I have been talking about!"

"*Lark!*" Mrs. Van fairly squealed. "You said my daughter."

"Is not Lark your daughter?"

In Mrs. Vanderdan's breast was room for but one love beside self-love; yet she was not honest enough to confess it, even to herself.

"Parents usually mention the eldest in that way," she returned frigidly, facing a new and unforeseen fear.

"Mrs. Vanderdan," said the doctor, his whole soul within him thrilled, "this is a most unfortunate misunderstanding; and I fear very much the fault lies at my door; but for me you have only one daughter—the dearest, sweetest little fairy that ever blessed an unappreciative hearth."

The man had spoken out at last. Mrs. Van arose, and fairly glared at him; but whatever violent intent she may have harbored was frustrated by the sound of voices in the hall, and the entrance of Idoliza and Mr. Clammy.

"Back again, Idol? Ah Mr. Clammy! So glad to see you, Mr. Clammy," cried the matron with great effusion.

"Glad to see Mrs. Clammy, too, I suppose?" said Idoliza.

Mrs. Van staggered. "You haven't"—she began.

"Yes, we just have."

A stifled screech from the stairway caused the sudden suspension of hostilities. It was Tillie who came flying in, crying—"Misslark, Misslark—she's took awful!"

Dr. Dearborn did not stop to count the steps between the parlor door and the landing from whence the little window looked.

With a smile on her tender lips, a touch like a wing of gold on her dark hair, the light quite gone from the twin larkspurs, he found his love too late. The shadow had crept nearer than he knew.

Sad, is it? I think not. Better to be Lark, folding her wings at the Gates of Morning, than all the wanderers on the world's face. Infinitely better than to be Columbus Clammy's wife and Mrs. Vanderdan's daughter.

THE BIRD CHOIR OF SPRING.

"Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from the haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind, contending throng,
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowery furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love.—THOMSON.

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MARION HART.

The world is full of sorrow. Grief is heaven's discipline. It nourishes the strength of human virtue; and in its influences the graces and beauties of character, bud and blossom—flowers of earth, to bear their fruit in heaven.

As woman is the lovelier, and her nature the more symmetrical—beautiful, yet strong—pliant, yet firm—having at once grace and power, so does she attain only in the school of sorrow to her highest rank and mission. Men never can understand how, in woman's heart, patience hath her perfect work; and her character becomes entire, wanting nothing; and she reaches on earth the stature nearest to the angels.

Man's sorrows fall on him like the dash of a storm on the hard surface. And though, for a while, the tempest of sorrow leaves deep furrows, these traces soon pass away. But on woman's gentler and more receptive nature, sorrow falls as a silent rain which abides with her. The gracious fruit follows in the gentle virtues which are ever the growth of adversity, when grief is sustained in fortitude, and borne in an abiding trust in the mercy of God. Woman is not ashamed of her faith, of her religion, of her weakness. Nor is she ashamed of her reliance upon Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God.

Death, whenever it comes, and to whomsoever, is to some heart a messenger of woe. The dying may be ready to depart; but the more ready he to go, the less prepared are the survivors for the loss. For the inevitable summons the world has not yet been prepared by all its centuries of life and death. And never, in all his visits, does the dread messenger come with more of the aggravation of sorrow, than when the bride of a year is made a widow. There is here so sad a destruction of life's hopes and plans, and peace and happiness is so rudely broken, that in all the world there seems not so great a wreck as this.

"I cannot live!" said Marion Hart in her despair. "I *cannot* live, and he for whom I lived, no more."

"You cannot *die*," said the gentle and grave man to whom she had made this earnest and passionate declaration. He had been indicating to her the duties which she owed to the living, and the wrong she thought in burying those duties with the dead. And her answer was—"I cannot! cannot!" Something was due to the depth of her sorrow. More was due to her obligations to God, and to her kind; and in a gentle voice her counsellor proceeded—"You cannot die, for neither life nor death are in our choice. All things are as God determines. We are born by His will, and for His work. We die by His will; and death comes only when it promotes the end for which He created us. He hath appointed Life and Death. No, Mrs. Hart, you cannot die."

She bowed her head on her hands, with a fresh but silent gush of tears, as her visiter with these words took his leave—"Mrs. Hart!" These words brought home to her with deeper sorrow her widowed loneliness. Through her short married life she had not yet lost her maiden name of Marion. Not yet had come to her that dearer title, Mother. And in the utter desolation of her silent home, she whispered to herself—"*Mrs. Hart! Mrs. Hart!* Who can know me by *that* name? I never have been known by any other than Marion! I do wish my own dear mother were here!"

Two days ago the husband of her youth, and her dear love, had been carried forth, and borne to his long home. The anxiety and the occupation of the last sad rites were over. There remained nothing more that she could do for *him*. And since all her life had been joined to his, it was no more than natural that she should think and say—"I cannot live!" Slowly she rose in the gloom of the twilight, and pushing aside the curtains which shut in her sorrow from the world, she looked forth on the dusky landscape which harmonized so fitly with her sad thoughts. "I cannot live! What have I to live for? What hope, what motive?"

The evening star sent then its kindling ray into her eyes; and she remembered the promise—"At evening time it shall be light." She forgot for a moment her sorrow. Hope sprung in her heart. She felt a throb of life—a strange life. And a new, a holy, trembling, thankfulness of fear came over her. Just then, while she spake not for fear, and wondered, she was con-

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scious of a footstep in the room. She turned suddenly, but timidly, and was clasped in a long and loving embrace. She rested on the breast which, while it bears life, offers ever a solace to the sorrows of those who were pillowed there in childhood. Marion was resting again, as helpless now as when she first drew breath upon her mother's heart.

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Dr. Hart had married Marion with every promise of happiness. Skilful and honored in his profession, he was widely sought by the wealthy and the intelligent; but never in his prosperity did he forget the claims of those who could repay him only with their good wishes and their prayers. Early mature in mind, and adding to the diligent study of his art the guidings of a tender conscience, he had already come, at the opening of his life, to be beloved as a public benefactor. And at the same time he was respected and trusted as a skilful physician by those whose means commanded all that money could purchase. Least of all men, it would seem, could he be spared from the society which he honored and benefited. And he had just given that assurance which the world seems always to demand of the members of his profession, by marrying the woman of his choice—a choice which all his friends approved. Death entered, and the fond promise of a life was in a moment broken.

We cannot comprehend the mysteries of God's government when, ourselves untouched, we witness the destruction of a household. Still less can those whose hearts are broken by grief conceive how He can be merciful, and yet thus afflict His creatures. No wonder Marion cried, "I cannot live! I cannot live!"

But a mother's pity, a mother's confidence, a mother's counsel had come to Marion Hart. Far into the night did the mother listen, while the stricken daughter told, in a low voice, all the story of her shattered life; and painted the broken hopes of the future on the dark ground of the desolation of the present. Circumstances had prevented the arrival of the mother during the sickness of her son-in-law, dear to her as her own child. Nor, even to console her daughter in her bereavement, could she come, until after the earth had received its dead.

It was as well. For Marion had passed through the first anguish, under which excitement and occupation had sustained her. She would now surely have fainted in the desolation of the idleness of grief, its worst condition, but for her mother's coming. It seemed as if that companionship had been reserved until it was most needed. And now the widow of twenty years and the widow of three-score felt how He, who had created the relations of mother and of child, had fitted them for mutual aid under all the exigencies of joy and of sorrow.

Marion told her mother all—more than to any other she could speak. And the mother, as she soothed the young widow into peaceful rest, was startled, in the dim light of the chamber, to see that a faint smile, the smile of hope, stole over the sleeping face. An angel was whispering to Marion as she slept; the angel of a child; the angel which beheld the face of the Eternal Father, before its mortal ward had yet found its place in this world of birth and death, of labor and of prayer.

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At midnight, in a darken'd room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A woman lay at point of doom.

The word, "a child is born," sometimes brings with its joy bitter sadness; as when the mother, relinquishing, as it were, her life to her successor, names him—"Son of my Sorrow." And so it seemed it would fare with Marion Hart. Anxiously, for many weary days, did her friends watch her couch. Feebly, and almost without recognition, did the mother regard the child, which officious affection frequently placed before her eyes, in the hope to recall her spirit to the world, from which it seemed half gone; to awaken in her breast the desire to live. At length Marion faintly smiled; and if the little immortal could not yet read his mother's glance, still that smile sent hopes into older hearts, and they thanked God, and took courage.

One great grief they trusted and believed was spared them, the loss of Marion. But there still remained another. For when the father who should have welcomed his child into the world has gone before its birth into the spirit land, it seems as if he had gone to send back shadows over the life of his offspring. And the mother's sorrow, who but she can know, as she looks upon the little being who to her reflects every feature of the dead?

And yet, in all sorrow there is compensation to those who have learned to look higher than earth for their consolation. A portion of the triumph of the first woman—"I have gotten a man from the Lord," is the inheritance of every mother. How else could she endure and live?

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And while Marion Hart lay prone and helpless, and while no word was said to her save the kindest, the simplest, and most necessary, and she said none in reply, she found the Vale of Baca full of water, the waters of consolation, and she rested still upon her God. Her conversation was in heaven. Her wish to die became content, if heaven so willed; and as she grew stronger, the thought of her child stayed with her. And that first smile, of which we spake, was the dawn of her desire to live.

"I cannot die," she said, when first her grave and kind friend encouraged her to speak—"I cannot die—that is, I pray to be spared for my mother, for my child—and for *you*," she added, as she drew to her lips and kissed the hand which rested caressingly upon her temples.

"Don't talk, Marion, but listen. A few short weeks ago you said, 'I cannot live.' I answered, 'You cannot die.' And so I may venture still to promise. I thought I knew what God had given you to do. And I think so now."

And here the speaker paused, and turned away from the bedside. Marion suspected, but she did not know, that he walked away to weep. Himself a physician, he was the father of her husband. For the love of the living, his son's widow, and his more than daughter, he had schooled his voice to Roman firmness, while with Christian gentleness his heart melted within him. Regaining his composure, he returned to Marion.

"I said you could not die; for I felt that it was promised that you should give back to me my only son. And so, please God, you have. He shall be named his father's name. He shall fill in the world, and in our hearts, his father's place. Don't speak, Marion. I have said more than I should; but I wished to give you happy thoughts in your silence. Silence and rest I enjoin upon you still, if you say true that you would not die."

A smile broke through her tears, as her mother's gentle hand wiped them away. The curtains were drawn, the windows were darkened, and Marion took her child to her heart, and returned to her conversation in heaven, thanking Him who had pitied the sorrows of His handmaiden, and given her joy for the spirit of heaviness. The shadows which the dead had sent from the spirit land turned to sunbeams; and when her father and mother stole a look upon her as she peacefully slept, they read in her face the promise of life for herself, and a happy future for her child. The spirit of prophecy is still in the world, if man could only hear and read.

—

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and the record of all that is deep and true in any man's experience would be longer than the history of a nation, as histories are written. The deeds, the thoughts, the fears, the hopes, the joys, the sorrows, wonderfully real, while they are with us, cannot be written so closely for the whole of a life as we have traced the experience of Marion Hart for a few sad yet hopeful weeks.

She deemed that she grieved, as she never could again, when her husband died. But when his father, full of years and of good works, laid down his staff and went to his rest, Marion found that the fountain of tears was not yet dry. And when her mother died, of all griefs this seemed to her the greatest. It was not that she had forgotten her husband, but her mother had cherished her then. "Who now," in her grief she asked, "who now shall comfort me?"

"*Mother!*" said a voice half tender, half reproachful, all manly. And Marion Hart, rebuked, leaned and wept upon the shoulder of her son—wept, yet hoped. For the spirit of faith whispered in her ear, "Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children."

A fine, ingenuous youth was Marion's son. The baptism of grief into which he was born had, as we have said of the sorrows of his mother, its compensations. He had not escaped the trials and the temptations of childhood. And these things are to a child as weighty as to a monarch his burdens. Life is quite as "real" to a child as to a man; and boyish though his pursuits may seem, life to him is more earnest. The warrior's first victory is not a greater triumph than was his first Latin conjugation. The statesman's first gainful *coup* does not elate him so much as did his first successful examination.

He had been faithful to the hopes of the aged man who so heartily welcomed and so tenderly loved him. He had rejoiced the heart of her who stood by his mother, her child, in her great tribulation. And now he offered a manly form and a noble heart to her who trusted to lean on her son as she walked down to the grave; not rebellious against death, yet still, though her time had come, not anxious to die.

Shall we write his life? Why should we? As with the parents, so with the children. The life of all is alike in this, if they would consider: That joy is tempered with grief, and grief is relieved by joy. And God is the Father of us all.

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OUR SHIPS.

BY M. E. BIGELOW.

I see through the dusky twilight gloom the pleasant household fires—
See afar, the glimmering silver gleam of the slender village spires;
I hear the robin's good-night song—the murmuring river's flow,
The sound of the whispering maple leaves, and the wind sighing faint and low:

The softened low of the distant herds, the tones of the evening bell—
The mellow lay of the farmer lad, the sound of the brook in the dell.
The crescent moon sails slowly by in the heavens clear and bright,
And the tender stars steal gently out with beaming, tremulous light.

And now as I lie on the soft, warm moss, at the foot of the grand, old tree,
I close my weary eyes and think of this mystery—"To be,"
And my mind is filled with a vague unrest, as the evening shadows fall,
And I think of our ships on the unknown sea, that shall never return to us all.

Ah! we've trustingly sent them out to the Future's shadowy land,
And we wait and watch for them here, on the Present's narrow strand.
Our faith is strong, and our hope is bright, that we shall see them again.
Laden with jewels and garlands green, coming from over the main.

But oft as the watchers slumber, the ships sail quickly by,
And the gleam of their silver, phantom sails dawn on the dazzled eye,
As they wake and know the ship has pass'd beyond the gates of day,
Out to its distant, unknown harbor—vanished from sight away.

Oh! bright is the youthful dream, and sweet the airy vision—
Tender the hopes of the heart we send to the land Elysian!
And as we launch our precious bark, Faith rings a joyous chime
Of the safe and speedy voyage over the sea of Time.

Who can tell if in the 'Hereafter,' when the dream of life is o'er—
When the veil from our sight is lifted, we shall see our ships once more?
And know that our faith was precious in the sight of His gracious love,
Who guides our wavering footsteps from His great white throne above.

And who shall say our dreams are vain—our trust an idle tale,
When none can know the mystery that lies beyond Death's vale?
Some time in the radiant morning land we may find them pure and bright,
More perfect, more sublime, and blessed in our Father's sight.

THE SEASONS.

"One spring I knew as never any since:
All night the surges of the warm southwest
Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms,
And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,
Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm
Startled with crocuses the sullen turf,
And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song;
One summer hour abides, what time I perched,
Dappled with noonday, under simmering leaves,
And pulled the pulpy ox-hearts, while aloof
An oriole clattered, and the robins shrilled,
Denouncing me an alien and a thief;
One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year:
And once I learned how marvellous winter was,
When past the fence-rails, downy gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the unsetting sun."

Lowell's Cathedral.

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NOVELTIES FOR MAY.

JACKET WITH WAISTCOAT.—The jacket may be made of the same material as the skirt, and the waistcoat of a contrasting color, or the waistcoat and skirt may correspond, and the jacket be entirely different. If the waistcoat is omitted altogether, a white chemisette should be worn under the jacket—the latter fastening with three velvet bars across the chest. A bow and ends are added at the back of the waist.

Our pattern consists of six pieces—front of jacket, side-piece, back, sleeve, small gusset for the opening of cuff, and a straight piece for front of waistcoat. The entire length of the front of jacket turns back as a long revers, which is marked on the paper with a line of small holes; the dart is also marked in a similar manner on the front. The single notch denotes the position of the shoulder-seams; two notches the joining of side-piece with back; and the three notches the seam under the arm. The long piece that simulates the waistcoat is tacked on to the jacket where it turns back to form revers. Our model is of grosgrain, and trimmed with narrow, black velvet ribbon.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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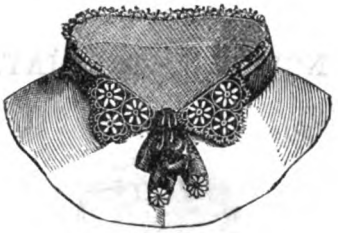

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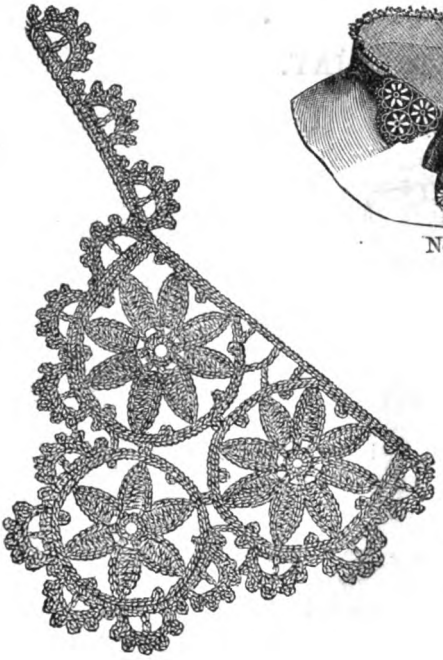

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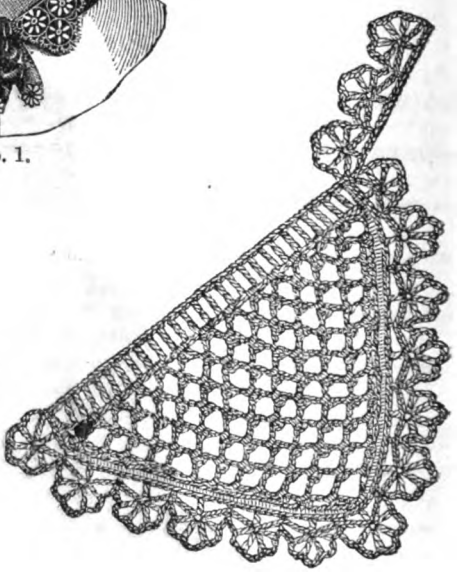

No. 2.

No. 1. Collar with Crochet Revers.—These collars consist of a strip of fine linen taken double, four fifths of an inch wide; this strip is slanted off at the front corner so as to be only two fifths of an inch wide. The revers of the collars are worked in crochet, as well as the narrow lace which edges the top. Nos. 2 and 3 show each one revers, with part of the lace full size.

For No. 2 make a foundation chain of 60 stitches; miss the last 5 and work back on the others the 1st row: Always alternately 1 long treble, 1 chain, missing 1 stitch of the foundation chain under the latter. 2d row: In this and in the following rows let a piece of the cotton with which you work come 3½ inches beyond the beginning and the end of the row; * 2 double divided by 3 chain on the next chain stitch, 7 chain, missing 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble under them; repeat from *. The following rows are worked in the same manner, only work the 2 double divided by 3 chain round the chain stitch scallops of the preceding row; after the 2d row begin every row with 1 double on the 1st purl of the preceding row and 3 chain; then only begin to work the pattern, finish off the rows in the same manner. In this manner the rows get shorter at the beginning and at the end of the row, so that the last row consists only of 2 purl divided by 1 chain stitch scallop. Then work 1 round of double stitch all round the edge of the revers, fastening at the same time the loose threads of the rows; work for this always 3 or 4 double stitches on the edge of the revers with 1 piece of thread, cast off the last of these stitches with the next piece of thread, and so on. The ends of the threads are cut off on the wrong side. On this round of double stitches work the lace in the 2 following rows: 1st row—* 1 double on the next stitch of the preceding row, 5 chain, miss 3 stitches under them, 1 treble in the next stitch; 5 chain, miss 3 stitches under them; repeat from *. 2d row—* 1 double on the next double, 3 chain, 4 treble divided by 7 chain on the treble stitch of the preceding row, 3 chain; repeat from *. The lace for the upper edge is worked in the same manner on a sufficiently long foundation chain; the revers is then sewn on to the strip of linen, and the latter on to a short habit-shirt.

No. 3. This revers consists of separate rosettes, which are sewn together. For one or two largest rosettes make a foundation chain of 8 stitches, and join them into a circle; work round the same 16 double, then 1 slip stitch in the 1st double stitch; * 10 chain, miss the last and work on the remaining 9 chain 1 double, 1 long double, 7 treble; miss 1 stitch of the circle, 1

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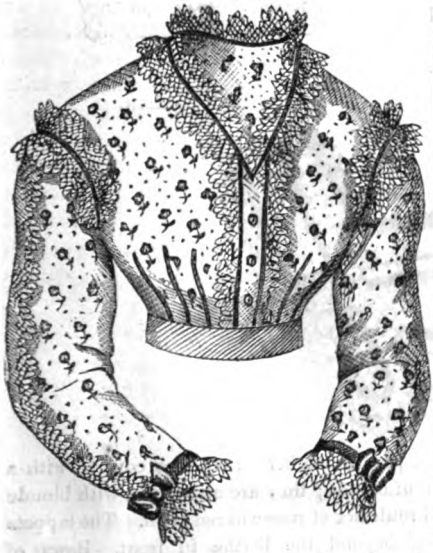
double in the next stitch. Repeat 7 times more from *. Each of the thus formed 8 leaves is worked round with slip stitch, inserting the needle at the lower side of each leaf into the lower chain of the foundation chain stitch. At the point of each leaf work 2 slip stitches, divided by 1 chain, into the chain stitch at the point. When this round is completed, work slip stitches till you get to the point of the next leaf; then work alternately 6 chains, 1 purl turned downward, 6 chain, 1 slip stitch in the point of the next leaf (each purl consists of 5 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st chain stitch). Now work 1 round of slip stitch on the stitches of the preceding round. Then work a similar rosette, then a smaller one, which consists only of 6 leaves; each of these leaves consists of 1 double, 1 long double, 5 treble. These 3 rosettes are sewn together from illustration on the wrong side with a few stitches; then work for the straight upper edge, first on the rosette on the right hand side of the illustration, 18 slip stitches; the last of these 18 stitches must be worked on the point of the 2d of the 2 leaves which are turned upward; then 5 chain, 1 treble on the slip stitch above the next purl; 6 chain, missing 4 stitches of the rosette under them; 1 double long treble in the following stitches. The double long treble stitch is only half finished; then work a long treble in the corresponding stitches of the next rosette, complete the double long treble stitch; work 6 chain, 1 treble in the next stitch but 5 of the 2d rosette, 5 chain, miss 5 stitches under them, 18 slip stitches. In connection with this round work the lace which edges the revers, and which is worked on the edge of the rosettes, in the following manner:—* 8 double on the next 8 stitches, 5 chain, 1 treble on the 4th of the 8 double (counting from the edge); turn the work for this, work 1 slip stitch on the 1st of the 8 double stitches, 1 chain; turn the work, 2 double on the 2 next chain stitches, 5 times alternately 1 purl, 2 double on the chain stitch scollop. The middle one of the 5 purl must be worked on the treble stitch of the chain stitch scallop; then work 2 double, 1 purl, 2 double on the next 4 stitches of the rosette; repeat from *. At the place where 2 rosettes are joined together, work the lace from illustration. For the lace at the upper edge of the strip of linen make a sufficiently long foundation chain, and work on it the just described row. The strip is then sewn on to a short habit shirt.



CORSAGE of black lace or sprigged tulle, trimmed with rouleaux of black satin.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

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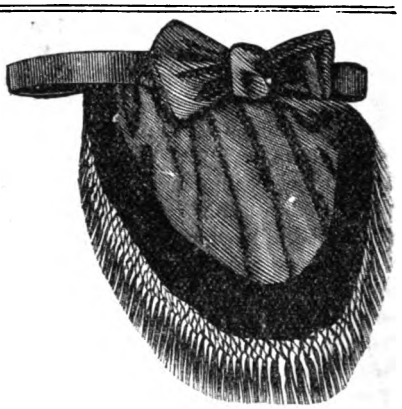
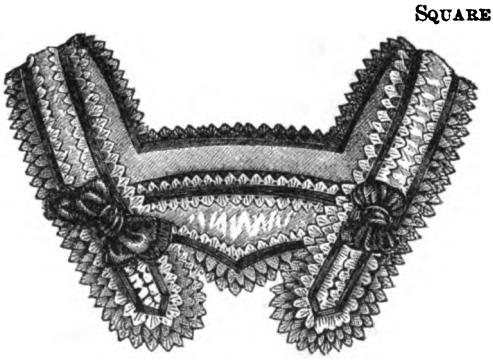


PANIER SASH.—This small sash is made of the same material as the dress with which it is worn, and is trimmed with velvet and fringe. The belt fastens under the bow at the back.

IRMA LOW BODICE.—This pretty bodice is made of muslin for evening wear. It is open in front, with revers and crosses at the waist. The basques are cut into long points, looped up at the sides, and trimmed with cross strips and bows of satin. The short sleeves are made of deep lace, slightly gathered into the arm-hole.

SQUARE COLLAR.



BERTHA OF BLONDE AND TULLE.—The foundation shape of this bertha is made of stiff net, and covered with a puff of tulle; the bretelles are edged with blonde one inch wide, slightly gathered; the sewing on of the blonde is covered under a pink satin rouleau. The front and back part of the bertha are also covered with a puff of blonde; they are also edged with blonde and rouleaux of rose-colored satin. The lappets come beyond the bertha in front. Bows of pink satin ribbon are fastened on the bretelles from illustration.

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HAIRDRESSING, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

II.

Long hair was greatly valued in the early days by Britons and Anglo-Saxons. The Saxons themselves had beautiful hair. France was anciently called "Gallia Cromata," or Long-haired Gaul, for the same reason. Both nations considered it a very great degradation to cut off the abundant tresses bestowed upon them; indeed, there were times when such an act inevitably entailed loss of social position. Nuns, on assuming the veil, after they have taken the final vow, suffer their long hair to be cut off close to the head, as a substantial token of their renunciation of all worldly vanity. Amongst ourselves it is one of the punishments reserved for criminals. Women dread the loss of their hair far more than the incarceration within the walls of a penitential cell, or the enforced labor of the treadmill. It occurs to us that this severe punishment and disgrace—the loss of hair—ought not to be inflicted on persons sentenced only for small offences, and to be kept in gaol but a short time. We are quite prepared to hear the necessity of cleanliness pleaded, but we do not think the excuse sufficient for the continuation of a barbarous custom in these enlightened days. Other means might be taken to insure cleanliness.

The most remarkable thing to observe is that

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some ladies voluntarily shear their glories, and appear with a fuzzy crop of curls like a schoolboy. The first lady we saw thus mutilated was by no means young; her locks were scanty. We met her casually, and had no knowledge, neither had any one else around us, of her antecedents, except her own confession that she had been thirteen years in Australia. It was no doubt a most uncharitable conclusion—in fact, an ignorant conclusion—but at the time we could not prevent for the life of us the idea arising mentally, and crushing out all other ideas in connection with the cropped lady, that she was a returned convict—an educated woman with a kleptomania, possibly, which she had shown chiefly in the shop-rooms of mercers and milliners, or it may be at bookstalls. Such things have been.

During the tenth century in France, ladies wore their hair arranged in very good taste, and in a manner which probably they had borrowed from the Romans, who had conquered and colonized Germany, Gaul, Spain, and Britain. Illustrations of these fashions (Figs. 10 and 11) will give some notion of the style of the times. The second head is that of the Queen Tredegonde.

Another and simpler way of arranging the hair than that frequently adopted, was the still popular and constantly recurring "Empress" style—the hair merely rolled back from the face without artificial aid, and at the back of the head wound into a knot.

The ancient Britons had dark brown hair; the Saxons, flaxen and blonde; and the Danes, red. The extremely brilliant and beautiful shades of yellow, golden, and auburn hair, are also generally attributed to the Danes. These colors will be found predominant to this day in parts of England where the Danes settled—for instance, in the neighborhood of Hastings—and the country people are so well acquainted with or so fully persuaded of the fact, that it is not at all uncommon to hear them "chaffing" a red-headed fellow-laborer as a Dane. Every one will remember the anecdote of the beautiful Anglo-Saxon boys who were taken to Rome and exposed for sale in the slave market, where their delicate features, blue eyes, and, above all, their fair hair, such as it was customary to ascribe to angels in the pictures of the day, drew the attention of the Pope Gregory, caused him to ask who they were, and when answered "Angles," to exclaim, "Say rather, angels." His pious mind was pained with the reflection that a people who looked like the messengers of God were in spiritual darkness, sacrificing their children as living offerings to Baal. Augustine, the monk, was dispatched to Britain, and his mission met with success. Bertha, Queen of Kent, the first Christian queen in England (our island was then divided into many petty monarchies, subject to one chief king), lies buried in a small church at Canterbury, about a mile's walk from the cathedral, and erected on the site of the original church raised in her memory over her tomb. This queen, who lived at the end of the sixth and beginning of the seventh century, must have arranged her hair in one of the two simple but dignified fashions which continued in vogue until the thirteenth century. One of these was to leave the hair hanging loose behind, straight or waving, as it inclined by nature, or to weave it in two long, thick plaits which hung over each shoulder, nearly to the feet, and were adorned at the ends by pendant jewels. A veil or hood was used to cover the head, and the former was often ornamented with borders of different colors. A later introduction was the cap we have already noticed, and which is illustrated in Fig. 12. It was made of velvet, surrounded by a coronet for state occasions, and is the same cap still retained by nobles in their armorial bearings.

In pictured coronets, the cap is represented as of loose velvet, and more in the style of that worn by gentlemen in the reign of Henry the Eighth. At this period it seems to have been firmly blocked. This cap was worn higher on the head than it appears in Fig. 12, and just permitted the parting on the brow of the fair owner to remain visible. The veil attached behind was usually of a fine, white, gauze-like tissue—at least, amongst the French ladies, and latterly with the English. The Saxons were not partial to white, or to garments of one color, but preferred gay mixtures, and in these the great people indulged, leaving less gay clothing to their inferiors. Many of the caps were adorned with ostrich feathers. The hat, with veil and feather worn over the floating hair, is so pretty and becoming, that we commend it as a pleasing fashion to revive.

The mode of arranging hair in two long plaits requires special notice. It is equally distinctive, and still more general than the "Empress" rolls and knot at the back of the head. The origin of plaits seems to have been Oriental. Chinese maidens at the present day wear a single plait at the back of the head, which reaches the ground. The Turkish ladies wear

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the two plaits precisely as we have described them as worn from the tenth to the thirteenth century. They also wear in winter a thick cap of velvet, embroidered with pearls, not altogether unlike the cap we described above, which is changed in summer for a similar one made of silver tissue. The difference is that it is placed on one side of the head, toward the back; the veil also floats from it; on the opposite side, a plume of feathers, or a group of flowers, is tastefully adjusted. The favorite Turkish ornament is a bouquet of flowers, imitated in precious stones of the natural colors. At a recent banker's ball in Paris, the most remarkable ornaments of the evening, in an assembly where jewels of the rarest description were seen in the utmost profusion, was a wreath of flowers represented in their natural colors by jewels, and crowning the fair head of the wealthy owner, who was, of course, the observed of observers. The idea was supposed to be novel.

Many of the Hindoo ladies also wear two long plaits, and, for adornment, a fine gold chain clasped round the head by a medallion, with a jewel pendant on the forehead. Not a few of them are extremely handsome in complexion—more transparent and little darker than Spaniards. Their features are aquiline, the eyes almond-shaped, the hair blue-black, and the hands slender and taper. The plaited hair is generally adopted in the Himalayan regions, natural flowers supplying the place of mineral gems. Ringlets are also worn among the Hindoos, and coiffures of mingled plaits and curls; but in all cases pendant. The modern Greeks dress their hair in two plaits, augmenting its length and increasing its bulk by the addition of gayly colored ribbons, and crowning it with a conical, bell-shaped cap, tasselled at the apex. The Swiss peasants favor the same way of arranging their lighter locks, substituting a broad, flat, straw hat for the more picturesque head-gear of their southern sisters. About thirty years ago, French and English girls assumed such plaits, and tied the ends of them with bows of ribbon. Sometimes two only hung behind, to the shoulders or to the waist, or the arrangement was varied by the presence of two additional braids, one on each side of the face, each completed with a similar knot of pink or blue ribbon. The vulgar little boys of those days—the street Arabs and knights-errant of the shopkeepers—used to pull the long plaits of good little misses, coming behind them for the vengeful purpose as they walked primly and properly hand-in-hand with mamma, or the governess, or nurse; or as they stood unwarily gazing into shop-windows under proper surveillance, unfortunately incompetent to secure them from insult and injury—the wicked urchins showing a clean pair of heels before the guardians of injured innocence became aware of the fact, afterward attested with much sobbing by their wounded charges.

About the thirteenth century, bands of ermine or fur were used around the caps shown in Fig. 12, having the crown only of velvet. Matrons and citizens assumed veils and bands of linen, such as nuns wear. Some of the young damsels wore their hair loose, and garlanded with flowers, or covered with veils for walking. Coronets remained in reserve for state occasions, and fur caps for full dress.

Nets were introduced in England and France during the thirteenth century by Beatrice de Bourgoyne. It is supposed that the Crusaders had brought them from the East, where they had long been in requisition. They were worn in very early times by the Jews and the Assyrians. At the period of the Crusades they were common among the Saracens. Greeks and Romans, however, had made use of them. The Hindoos had worn them, and continue so to do at the present day; and with Italians and Spaniards they have long been a national ornament. The nets worn in the thirteenth century were sometimes placed simply over the hair; at other times (as in Fig. 13) they were woven of gold thread, and lined with silk. The plait across the face was not of hair, but of gold wire, solid and stiff. The fur caps continued more in fashion than ever, and were frequently tied under the chin by a band of linen placed over them. Another headdress brought into use amongst ladies of rank at this epoch, resembled the fur cap of the Lancers in shape, a number of ornaments projecting from the upper edge, looking like the points of arrows. A drapery attached at the back of this, something like a short veil, nearly reached the shoulders.

In the fourteenth century good taste was entirely ignored, and the hair was concealed by a variety of headdresses of the most ridiculous and preposterous kind. One of these resembled in form a dunce's cap, but instead of standing quite erect, it had a curve over the head like a chimney-cowl. It was made of colored velvet; the *revers*—on which, in village schools of old, the terrible word "dunce" used to be inscribed in letters large enough for all who ran, even at the most distant limits of the bare school-room,

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to read—was of ermine. The back sometimes continued in a flat square piece over the shoulders, and was cut in three stripes or tails by way of termination. Fig. 14 illustrates a kind of bonnet of the period, where breadth instead of altitude is the aim. Figs. 4 and 2, given in our March number, also belong to this century. Many ladies still allowed their hair to float loose, garlanded with chaplets of flowers of pearls.

In the fifteenth century bad taste continued in the ascendant. Moon-shaped headdresses, with veils suspended across their great projecting horns (Fig. 15), were thought exceedingly stylish. To vie with them in eccentricity, a cap like an ordinary extinguisher came into vogue, and rose at least two feet in height (Fig. 16). A short veil of black lined with yellow, or other colors, rested across the head, and a fine veil of muslin or lace hung from the point of the cap nearly to the ground. It was usual for ladies to hold the end in their hands as they walked. These conical caps, worn upright, are bestowed by tradition upon magicians. In these caps, and in dresses of flame-color painted all over with grotesque black devils, the unfortunate heretics in Spain suffered death at the stake, by the infamous decrees of the Inquisition. The picturesque caps of the Normandy peasants yet remain as relics of the fashions of mediæval times. Another curious tire, depicted in Fig. 17, was brought into use by Isabeau de Bavière. Several varieties of ugly headdresses of similar form made their appearance, and the hair was concealed by most of them. The consequence was a general alteration of doorways, which had to be raised in height to admit the ladies. However foolishly or unbecomingly they may attire themselves, few Englishmen will be found desirous of excluding ladies from their houses, or of imprisoning them either, like the Turks. They like to quiz them a little sometimes, quite forgetting that men too are often absurd in costumes; but they are quite willing to heighten their doors for them, and widen them also, when the caprices of fashion demand it.

The hair was still very generally covered in the sixteenth century. The ridiculous headgear of the last epoch was abandoned. Ugly modes and caprices of fashion rarely last long; they die out of themselves a natural death. Still, there was no true exercise of taste. The hair was most frequently hidden, and the head ornaments were not particularly becoming, with the exception of the Marie Stuart bonnet, so well known, and supported by tresses rolled back over pads, as in Fig. 18. Before the introduction of this style hoods were in general requisition, such as were worn by Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry the Seventh, at the close of the previous century, and afterward by Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey. These hoods were very simple, neat, and modest-looking; but other fashions, less desirable, prevailed in Elizabeth's reign. One resembled the Marie Stuart bonnet, but instead of bending in the centre it continued in a single curve across the top of the hair, which was rolled off the face equally all round the brow. Outside a wide and tall aigrette covered the top of the head and stood upright several inches. Another hat resembled that already described, except that in place of the aigrette it had a conical, bell-shaped crown, and as an ornament a very long ostrich feather, straggling in the air from the point of the cone. But the ruff of muslin edged with lace was par excellence the invention of that day, and, satisfied with that, but little fancy was employed on coiffures.

Satirists who delight in ridiculing the toilets of 1869, and who show no mercy in their censure, or measure in their fun, when they draw their steel from the ink and write the word "chignon," would turn pale with envy of their happier brethren who lived in the golden days of Good Queen Bess, if they could or would for one brief minute look upon the sketch of a lady of those bygone times. The hair was drawn from the face in front in a way that all who are familiar with pictures of the virgin queen will readily call to mind. At the back of the head the hair was similarly drawn up. It was supported all round over a cushion, depressed in the centre, so as to give it the shape of a royal crown. A string of gems, studded with medallions, encircled the mass of distorted tresses, and the ruff spread its well-starched folds jealously round the fair throat. Fig. 19 is not an exaggeration, but a fair outline of the appearance of the back of a lady contemporary with the courtly Leicester, the immortal Shakspeare, Burleigh, Bacon, Sydney, and a host of brilliant men, whose names crowd on the memory like the actors in a drama—and rare drama it was which achieved success on the boards of the English stage then. We smile upon the quaint and ungraceful fashion as we look at it now, but had we lived in those days, and possessed the *entrée* to *élite* society, that is undoubtedly how we should have attired ourselves, and regarded the whole thing as perfectly *comme il faut.*

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

EARLY RISING.

These mild May mornings, when all the air is full of rejoicing, inaugurate the season when early rising is a luxury. Not to see the sun rise is to miss an hour different from any other in the twenty-four—

> "The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
> To meditation due and sacred song."

At early dawn, while others are sleeping, to step out-of-doors, leaving the house and its cares together, gives one the feeling of being alone with nature in her pure, sky-domed temple—a precious season of quiet communion with the sweetest influences, preparatory to the day's duties. Even in a great city, to be awake amid helpless multitudes of sleepers, lifts one to the point of view of some superior intelligence looking down upon men. So Wordsworth writes of London at daybreak,

> "Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still."

However, the good of rising early depends altogether upon what time you go to bed. The following tirade is true, every word of it. And it must have been written in winter. As Burns says—

> "When snaw blaws in the chimney cheek
> Wha'd rise in the morning airly?"

"There is no greater delusion than that which imagines early rising important for health; no greater error than that which places it among the virtues. While early rising has been sung in poetry and advocated in proverbs from time immemorial, it has been secretly and rightfully cursed by its unhappy victims ever since civilization conceived the idea of comfort. But we are all so bound by the law of custom, so endeared to a proverb or a musty sentiment, that our lips continually give faint assent to the value of early rising, even while we long at heart to resist the tyranny which imposes it upon us. What a frightful aggregate of discomforts accumulate upon a man who practises it through life—who every day is ushered from sleep into the raw, blank, chill, dull atmosphere of early morning, and begins his day's existence before the sun has dispelled the fogs, dried up the vapors, warmed the air, and made ready, like Nature's great servant-of-all-work, as it is, the earth for our use! Early rising means a hurried dressing in a dim, half-lighted room—a sleepy, yawning, stumbling descent down dark, cold stairways—a rapid breakfast in a gray, cheerless, sunless room, while cold shivers run down the back, and a sensation of *edginess* creeps over the entire body—and then a precipitate plunge into the mists, and vapors, and general rawness of the streets. There is no sweetness in the day begun in this way, and no health either. The sun should be up before us to give us light, and warmth, and comfort; our breakfast-rooms should be cheerful with his beams, and our breakfasts should be partaken with the ease, the comfort, the deliberation, the social enlivenment, that can come only when we rise at a rational hour. A breakfast eaten by candlelight, or snatched in the gray, chilling dawn, is an abomination. Early rising, hence, opens the day with keen discomforts. It is productive of numerous social ills; it sours the stomach, promotes irritability, disorganizes the nerves, creates bad temper, and makes of domestic bliss a mockery. A voyager, long suffering from sea-sickness, declared that, if once on land again, he would devote the rest of his life to hunting up and begging the man who wrote

> 'A life on the ocean-wave.'

Similar sentiments animate our heart when we recall that ancient distich, 'Early to bed and early to rise,' but it is not necessary to quote what we all know and have suffered from."

The two parts of that time-honored maxim belong together. Its wisdom is questioned because foolish mortals disturb the connection, suffer for it, and then, forgetting the reason and feeling the fact, vent their irritation upon the good old rule. To violate the one half and obey the other is no way to get the blessing of any law; yet people practise "Late to bed and early to rise" almost as a daily habit, and expect, vaguely enough, some good from the one to balance the evil of the other. In the chaotic society of our American cities, the few rich, and all the others making haste to be, it is frightful to think how much is lost in the struggle between evening amusements and morning duties—how the fast youth are cheated of

> "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!".

Very few outrages of the laws of health tell more rapidly upon the constitution. And very few indulgences are wiser, better for mind and body, than lying in bed when the whole being cries out for rest. Never wake a child, or indeed any person, especially the young, without good cause. It is a high-handed trespass. The domain of sleep is holy ground. We never break in upon it without feeling, however urgent the call for it may be, guilty of a physiological sin.

Even when sufficient sleep is secured and waking is natural, who has not felt that rest itself is the most delicious of sensations? Simply to be still, utterly still and fully conscious of it, every nerve and fibre of your body luxuriating in rest, every faculty of mind and soul steeped in enjoyment. Sleep renews us unaware, but waking, conscious repose seems more beneficent still; every additional moment dropping like gold into the coffers of our well-being—so much secured against the wasting toils before us, so much capital to meet the claims of life and resist the inroads of decay. To go forth at dawn amid the exultant chorus that greets the sunrise, or to lie still, luxuriously receptive, while the distant tumult of happy bird-voices steals faintly upon the dreaming ear, and the near notes of the robin and bluebird float in with the summer air through the open window—

> "I know not which is sweeter—no, not I!"

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BREAD.

We were glad to see in the *Rural New Yorker* a controversy upon this important subject, in which a defender of "country bread" thus expostulates:

"Why is it that Fanny Fern and Horace Greeley, and a number more should misrepresent farm life as they do? They talk as if nothing wholesome, or even fit to be eaten, were ever cooked in the country. Fanny Fern says, in one article, that our bread is so vile that, were it not for the pure air of the country, we should all die. Still she does not tell how good, wholesome bread should be made, while Julia Colman declares that fermented bread is unfit to be eaten."

We are glad of anything that makes people think whether they really are cooking in the best manner, especially a thing they have been doing twice a week all their lives. It is quite possible to get into a poor way of making bread, unconscious that it is bad; for instance, using nothing but the finest white flour, and regularly allowing the fermentation to go so far as to destroy sweetness. The family grow accustomed to this over lightness, and even seem to prefer it, not considering the waste of nutritious properties and the tax upon the digestive organs incurred by fermentation. We know this kind of bread, not quite sour, but "touching the brink of all we hate," is common in farmers' homes. Not universal, of course; the best bread to be found is made in those orderly, intelligent households throughout the country where the nuisance of hired help is not much tolerated, and where the loving and beloved heart of the family (as the husband is the head) puts her sweetness into the daily bread, kneading it with her own pure and skilful hands. When this luxury is not possible, the mistress should at least try by her strictest oversight to secure what shall really be the staff of life for all under her roof.

"How good, wholesome bread should be made," is a wide question. Many kinds are both good and wholesome. One kind, everlastingly served up, could neither be good nor wholesome. At one time, in our experience, we were inclined to think that "fermented bread is unfit to be eaten," or at least was not to be commended, only tolerated. It was our constant effort to furnish varieties of unfermented bread, and for years the "gems" of unbolted wheat and corn meal and of rye, for which we gave recipes at the time in THE LADY'S FRIEND, formed an indispensable part of our daily fare; while aerated bread, also guiltless of leaven, formed the substitute for the white, raised loaf. But people must have a change, however good their diet may be. So it came to pass that we dropped the "gems" and took up the old-fashioned white and brown loaves and biscuits and buckwheat cakes, using yeast all the time. And both ways are good—the leavened and the unleavened.

The greater variety of simple modes of cookery that a housekeeper can command, the better will her family be nourished. For tastes vary, and the taste of the same individual varies at different times; and as the taste indicates the need of the system, it must be respected. If you tire of any form of food, it is because your body no longer calls for that kind of sustenance to maintain it in health and vigor. Change is one of the most important laws of diet.

TEA DRINKING.

Tea belongs decidedly among the stimulants, higher than people generally rank it. There is quite too much tampering with an agent so powerful. Children should no more make it a part of their diet than they should wine; nor should grown people partake of it without rational consideration. People say, "Tea never keeps me awake;" but presently are heard complaining of restless nights, and broken sleep, and general nervousness, which they ascribe to other causes.

Tea is the most beneficial and delightful exhilarant known to man—so it seems to us. Its value can hardly be over-estimated; but in full proportion to the benefits of its proper use are the mischiefs of its abuse. Intemperance turns a blessing into a curse. The nerves of tea-topers lose their normal uses as ministers of pleasure, and become torments—each particular nerve bristling aggressive, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Yet, strange to say, the victims will tell how many cups they drink at breakfast, how the same beverage solaces them for all deficiencies at the dinner-table, and, of course, constitutes their "tea," without the least consciousness, apparently, of any connection between their habits and their sufferings.

Constitutions differ, and one cannot lay down laws for another; the aged, for instance, overlive their sensitiveness to stimulants, and indulge in tea without experiencing any but good effects. Each one must judge for himself. If you are going to spend the evening far into the night, socially, or sit up with a sick friend, whether you turn night into day for work or play, a cup of tea is a potent auxiliary—lightening toil and heightening pleasure. But if sleep is what you want, refrain, or rue that untimely cup! Who wants to feel his brain seething upon the pillow when it ought to be sinking into healthful slumber—wave upon wave of unbidden thoughts surging over him as he lies helpless? Why, this little witch in a single cup of tea will evoke enough mental force, it would seem, to write a book, or lead an army to the charge, and to what purpose! Such waste of energy, such trespassing of importunate activities upon the blessed time of rest, is revolting to one's common sense. It is kindling up the fire, and bidding the steam engine be still, which turns your best friend into your worst enemy.

"Never drink tea for breakfast," says Monsieur Blot, "it is too exciting." And pray at what time, respected sage of cookery! should mortals court ex-

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citement if not when the day's work begins? Of course, if the life-forces have been stimulated and used up by evening amusements or night work, it is best to vegetate, and Monsieur Blot is right in prescribing the sedative chocolate for breakfast. Only let means be adapted and proportioned to ends.

CHINESE SERVANTS.

This article, written by a lady who knows well what she is talking about, will be found exceedingly interesting; not merely curious and entertaining, as information about a far-off land and people would have been a few years ago, but bearing directly upon approaching changes for American housekeepers. Not many of us, of course, can hope for a tithe of our contributor's happy experience. What a prince of servants is Chek-Saú! What unimagined perfection of household comfort, like a glimpse of affairs in another planet—that entire and absolute assumption of kitchen cares and labors! No marketing to do, no dealing with butchers and hucksters, no managing of under-servants; the whole business taken up so neatly and done so thoroughly, that nothing is left to wish. And to think that punctuality, that rare virtue, should add its crowning grace. Such a cook must have a fair amount of brains, and the true artistic enthusiasm for his vocation which would make success in it his pride and pleasure. It is doing things shabbily, disgracefully, that makes work hateful. Welcome then to this post of honor the true artist—or artiste—man or woman, who has sense enough to feel that a work so vital to human welfare is worth doing well—is not to be tossed off disdainfully, well or ill, so it be rid of, as is the fashion of Bridgets and Blue-Stockings. Ideal excellence in this department will not come to us sorely tried American housekeepers, until we are ready to appreciate and even honor it. We might be found, like the disappointed Mrs. B., unable to use the coveted treasure when it was put into our hands.

Welcome to Chek-Saú! May his shadow never be less—may his tribe increase, and find their way to this western antipodes—this land rich in all good things and poor in skill to use them. But can he be transplanted? Alas, that is the question. He has never taken thought about his place in the ranks of men. How long would the ultraisms of equal rights ferment around him here without confusing his brain and spoiling his usefulness? We long for the genuine, complete Chek-Saú—sky-blue silk trousers, gold buttons, neat, black queu down to his heels—fan in one hand and account-book in the other, not omitted. It makes us sorrowful to think that he must drop his Oriental toggery in the transit. Let us hope that he will keep at least the trim, and jaunty, and cheery air so suggestive of deft and cleanly ways; and finally, that the right man may find the right place.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

The life, told in the letters, of this charming writer, authoress of "Our Village," has just been republished in this country, and the secret of her poverty and constant self-denial is out.

"Dr. Mitford, her father, had married an heiress, but quickly squandered her liberal fortune, and his wife and daughter, then eight years old, took refuge with him within the walls of the King's Bench. From this disgrace they were delivered by the little girl's luck in the lottery, the ticket, which turned up a prize of twenty thousand pounds, having been purchased at her insistance as to its number. This money, however, Dr. Mitford gambled and muddled away in an inconceivably short period. And from that time forth to the end of his days, the girl had to be the 'bread-winner'—was driven out into conflict and struggle from almost the earliest moment at which her peculiar genius revealed itself, to support and to maintain the credit of as miserable a creature as ever preyed on, and weighed down, the women of his family.

"The amount of Miss Mitford's share of enjoyment derived from her gains was, from first to last, small and modest; nay, reduced to the verge of parsimony. Her tastes were simple; her solitary indulgence was in the maintenance of her tiny flower-garden, in which she was aided by every friend who approached her. 'It is fit,' said Mr. Samuel Pepys, speaking of some new gown bought for his wife, 'that the poor wretch should have something wherewith to content her.' And no one who recollects the insufficient, meanly furnished laborer's cottage at Three Mile Cross—where the best of Miss Mitford's literary work was done, being commenced only at midnight, after she had satisfied and amused her grasping parent by playing cribbage with him till he could no longer keep awake—no one familiar with the scrupulous economy, not to say paltriness, of her attire—which gave her the air, in any brightly dressed crowd, of an old-fashioned, miserly humorist—could grudge her, whose life was one long strain and self-denial, her geraniums and that shabby green-house parlor and the great bay-tree, beneath and round which so many distinguished persons have congregated to talk of matters far above and beyond the petty gossip of a country neighborhood, or the private trials and sacrifices of their quiet hostess. Rarely, if ever, did she betray the slightest passing irritation or impatience—the slightest consciousness that she was selfishly overworked and unjustly treated. The blindness, whether real or affected, with which she chose to assume that her distasteful parent must be as delightful to every one of her guests as to herself, had its absurd side; but it is only another illustration—perhaps as strong a one as could be cited—of the force of woman's affection."

This little flower-garden of Miss Mitford's, her one indulgence, has always impressed itself upon us as part of her individuality—the most enchanting of backgrounds, the sweetest of surroundings for the cheerful and charming character revealed in her stories and letters. No shadow of repining or blame, no blight of injured looks, tainted and darkened the sunny little home. An "insufficient, meanly furnished laborer's cottage," indeed! It was no such thing when she was in it, transfiguring with her love and her genius every shabby detail, and so informing the whole with her brave, rejoicing spirit

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that it shines forth the sweetest of English homes, the shrine of filial devotion, the quiet nest that nourished her lovely fancies till they came forth, full formed, for the world's delight. Nobody found out that the place was poor and mean, and the parent unworthy, till she was gone. That "green-house parlor," dismissed so contemptuously, would make your spirit glow within you when her pen, dipped in floral rainbow colors, paints the picture. And those "geraniums," her specialty and her pride, have glorified for us the whole Pelargonium tribe. A very woman, truly, was Mary Russell Mitford, resolutely determining that her house should be a home, resolutely ignoring all discordant elements, bravely taking upon herself neglected duties, carefully picking up dropped stitches that no rent might ever appear. What a life-work was hers! The ladylike ease and leisure that in spite of extreme simplicity and literary labor somehow seemed to pervade the little cottage, must indeed be a vanished illusion; but that tiny garden, brimming over with bloom and fragrance, takes a fresh hold upon the heart, now that we see through its clustering roses the heavy cross and the thorny crown of self-denial.

A PICNIC ON THE CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

ALAMEDA, March 10, 1870.

DEAR M.: Day before yesterday we spent up among the hills. I was working in the garden, and Dot was busy in the house, when Dr. G. called in a buggy, and asked us to go to the hills with him. We thought it was too good a chance to be lost, so put up some lunch and rode off just as we were, in our morning dresses. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we started, and we didn't get back till nearly seven in the evening. We rode six or seven miles into the mountains, crossing over to the second range of hills. The road we took was very wild and picturesque, some parts of it looking a little like our drive along the Wissahickon creek—only wilder, of course. On each side of the road rose high hills, covered with dark-green shrubbery, mingled with bushes of a lighter shade of the same color, a green having so much yellow in it that it looked almost like sunshine. The effect was beautiful.

Dr. G. is very fond of botany. He was hunting for moss specimens that day, and it seemed to me he saw every little flower or bit of moss that we passed. We did not find many wild flowers; it is hardly time for them yet. Among those we did find was a California poppy—an unusually fine specimen; such a deep, dark, rich yellow; a double one, and three times the size of those we had in our garden at home. The huckleberry bushes were in bloom, and we brought home a large bunch of them. Dot said she would like to have some in the garden; the bushes are so pretty—the leaves as well as the blossoms. We ate our lunch in a romantic spot in one of the canons, near a rippling stream, spreading our shawls under the shade of a redwood tree (which seems to me to be a kind of evergreen). The doctor gave the horse his lunch—oats—and we prepared to enjoy ours. We had bread and butter, gooseberry jelly, sardines, and ginger-snaps, and I can assure you they tasted very good. I never eat sardines, so took the jelly instead.

There were some cattle grazing near, and several of them came and stood staring at us while we sat there. I suppose the sight was unusual to them, and they didn't know what to make of it—didn't know what kind of creatures we were. Picnic parties are not a very common occurrence in that neighborhood, I guess.

After we had finished our lunch, we started off again—and oh! such a steep road as we went up! The wood-cutters whom the doctor asked about it said they didn't think we could get across the mountains that way, the road was so very bad; but we didn't want to go back the way we came, and the doctor thought his horse could do it; so we tried it. And such a road as it was! I would not have believed a horse and buggy *could* go up it if I had not *seen it done*. There were deep gullies in it, where the mountain torrents had poured down in the rainy season, three or four feet in depth, I should think; and as the road went right up the mountain side, of course it was steep. We all got out and walked up, the doctor leading his horse; it could never have pulled the buggy up without his help. It was well that it was an old vehicle; a new one would have been spoiled by the terrible jolting. I guess we all felt rather tired when we arrived at the top, after a mile of such walking. And oh! how hot it was!

Nothing but a calico dress is fit to wear in the hills; it is almost always warm there. The sun streams down so, and there is not much wind, except just on the mountain-tops. I wore two sacks and a shawl while riding, but took off one after another when I began to walk. It was like going into a different atmosphere—the difference is so great between walking and riding. We climbed up to the highest peak of the range that we see from this valley, and had such a magnificent view of San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate, and just at the horizon the white line of the *Pacific Ocean*. It was *perfectly beautiful!*—just like a picture. I wouldn't have missed it for ever so much. Every one that comes to California should go up there. No one ought to miss seeing such a splendid sight. All the country round lay spread out like a map before our eyes. The water of the bay looked like glass. It dazzled your eyes to look at it. Alameda was a grove of trees, with a church-spire rising from the green of the oak trees.

I know you would have enjoyed the day so much; the weather was perfect. I was sun-burnt when I came home, though I did wear Aunt M.'s sundown hat. We took a trowel along, and Dot brought back some roots of "Maiden's Hair," and some ferns.

K.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Seeing it announced that the January number of this magazine would contain portraits of several lady authors, among them Florence Percy, we enclosed our money for a copy. The vignettes, seven in number, are exquisitely engraved on steel, with ornamental borders, rendering it every way worthy to frame. The admirers of Florence Percy's contributions will be glad to secure this portrait, especially when it is offered with that of other gifted writers, for such a trifling sum. We have seen the large and finely engraved Premium Picture offered by the publishers (Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia), to all their subscribers at regular price, $2.50. It is entitled "Taking the measure of the Wedding Ring" and was engraved in England at a cost of $2000. It is a beautiful picture. Those who wish to know whether the publishers are successful in their efforts to please the ladies, will do well to send for the January number.—*Portland Transcript.*

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THE LATE EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS IN CALIFORNIA.

Letters from a correspondent, a visitor in California, give us the impressions of a novice in such matters. The first account is dated—

Feb. 16.—Last Sunday night—or morning, rather, for it was about half past three o'clock—we were visited by a slight earthquake shock, my first experience of that kind. I happened to be awake when it occurred, and knew in a moment what it was, although I had never felt any before. First came a rumbling sound, and immediately afterward the shock, which shook the house and rattled the doors and windows. It only lasted a minute—perhaps less. We heard little M., who sleeps alone, call out for aunt to come to her. The earthquake of last October a year ago frightened the child so that she feels nervous yet, and I don't wonder. I think *I* would prefer not to sleep alone in this country. This shock did not frighten me very much, but I must confess that it made me feel rather nervous afterward, because I could not help imagining what *might* happen. Uncle N. said it was not much of a shock. I'll have something to boast of when I get home—that I've felt an earthquake.

* * * * * * * * *

Feb. 26.—We had another earthquake last week, the day I wrote to M. I had just sealed up the letter; had half a mind to open the envelope and tell her about it, but concluded it was hardly worth while. Aunt M., Dot, and I were in the sitting-room, when Dot suddenly exclaimed and jumped up from her chair—she heard it coming, but we did not, and so looked at her in astonishment, and Aunt M. said—"Why, what's the matter?" Before she could explain, the shock came; the house shook. We knew in a minute what it was then. I believe it was not any heavier than the first one, although some people said it was. It caused some consternation in San Francisco; perhaps it was harder there than here. The people all ran out into the streets. It is generally considered safer to stay in the house, I think. The first impulse of most people, however, is to rush out-doors. I sat still in my chair till it was over, though it (my chair) seemed to sway to and fro with the motion of the house. It gives you a very peculiar feeling, this trembling and quaking of the earth. There is no danger of this house shaking down, Uncle N. says. It is so low and near the ground, and the earth would have to open very wide to swallow it up, it covers so much space.

SEA-ISLAND COTTON.

This is a new make, specially adapted for machines, and cheaper, though twenty-five cents a spool, than Coates' at nine, for that has but two hundred yards on a spool, while the Sea-Island has seven hundred. Those who know what "cotton eaters" sewing machines are, will like to economize in that article.

A lady at Little Rock, Arkansas, writes:

I have not received the March number of the Lady's Friend. Please send immediately, as I am a dressmaker and need it very badly, for the fashions it contains are indispensable. I can't do without it. I have received very valuable information from the books since I have taken them.

Very respectfully, Mrs. M. A. K.

LIGHT IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a recent sermon, thus spoke of light in the school-room:

"Let us have plenty of light in our school-rooms and homes—light, clear and beautiful, such as God pours out of his sun every day, a world full of it; but not crowding through between small windows, and glass-stained or cobwebbed: plenty of light, like that which puts blue into the gentian, and gold on the cowslip, and spots the pansy, and covers the sea with emerald, and sends up the mist of the valley into whirling columns of glory sky tall, and at sunset pulls back the bars of heaven until the brightness of that land strikes through and through the cloud racks, dripping down the battlement in sapphire, and purple, and orange, and flaming fire. Give us light and no gloom, for 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.' If the photographer takes the brightest room in his building to make his pictures, shall we not have a bright room where the Sun of righteousness is to impress the image of the eternal God on the human soul? Let there be deep night in mountain-cavern, and down in the coal-shaft, and in the hold of ships, but let it fly from the school-room as quick as you can batter a hole in the wall or throw back the shutters. God said at the beginning, and it thrilled through all the universe, 'Let there be light,' and there was light.

"With the light will come the air—not the bottled-up air of other Sundays, kept over from week to week, as though, like wine, it improved by age; or such as lingers in damp basements under the church, but fresh, clear air, such as comes panting off the sea, or down the hillside, sweeping up the aroma of whole acres of red clover-top. Make such places bright and glad.

THE "BEAVER BRAND" MOHAIR.

This is the superior article, the best in the market, alluded to in our April number under the title, "A Black Alpaca Dress." We made a mistake in the name. The pure black Mohair, Beaver Brand, is the best substitute for a good black silk that can be found. The black Alpaca has the Buffalo Brand.

New Publications.

Courtship and Marriage; or, The Joys and Sorrows of American Life. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena; or, The Snow Bird," "The Banished Son," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is a volume uniform with those which have preceded it, full of short stories—"The Beauty Transformed," "The Tempted," "The Fortunes of a Young Physician," &c., &c. Many readers find more entertainment in a book full of short stories than in one continuous subject. This, the ninth volume of the series, will certainly not be found less attractive than the others.

Mauprat. A Novel. By George Sand. Translated from the French. By Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Turner & Co., Philada.

As a vivid picture, undoubtedly true, and by a master hand, of the feudal system in its last tumultuous days, ended by the great French revolution, this book has a value apart from the intense interest of

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the story. Many of the characters are revoltingly brutal; the hero himself grows up in utter savagery; yet the love that seizes upon his heart in youth, possesses him all his life, wholly and exclusively. The gradual refining of mind, and heart, and manners, under this controlling influence, is beautifully delineated. The object of his affections delays their marriage, as it seems to the reader, an unreasonable length of time; but perhaps she was right, and it is best for stormy and passionate natures to work through a portion at least of those inevitable convulsions that await them before marriage. Edmée says:

"In proportion as you were ennobled in my eyes, I grew patient, for I had the whole future in which to love you; I did not fear that my love would be extinguished before being fulfilled, like passions in feeble souls. We are two exceptional characters—we required heroic loves; the experiences of ordinary people would have made us both wicked."

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Cyrilla; or, The Mysterious Engagement. By the Baroness Tautphœus, author of "The Initials," "Quits," "At Odds," &c. Philadelphia: Turner & Co.

The name of this popular authoress will be enough for those readers who remember the absorbing interest of "The Initials," and the piquant charm of "Quits." The present story appears to be a tragical one, taking its text from Esdras—"Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned, for women."

—

Hans Breitmann in Church. With other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party, and other Ballads," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Hans Breitmann has won hearty laughs and hearty praises, not only throughout America, but from the best critics abroad.

"Und now dese Breitmann shdories
Ish geprindt in many a land,
Sogar in far Australia
Dey're gestohlen und bekannt."

The drell mixture of English and German that forms a good part of the humor, makes the appended Glossary quite a necessity. This, the third series, is printed, like the others, on handsome tinted paper, and will, no doubt, be bought to present, in the way of jest, to friends studying German.

—

Hovey & Co.'s Illustrated Guide to the Flower and Vegetable Garden, 1870. Hovey & Co., 53 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.

This is embellished with a showy colored bouquet, and a multitude of illustrations of flowers, fruits, and vegetables.

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Lost Sir Massingberd. A Romance of Real Life. By the author of "Carlyon's Year," "Married Beneath Him," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The most effective novel by far that its author has produced. "Carlyon's Year," which also appeared at the time in *The Saturday Evening Post*, ranks next in force and grasp of interest. But the one before us takes hold of the reader's imagination with uncommon power. Sir Massingberd is a bold, bad man, of tremendous proportions, lording it over his family and dependents so absolutely and so wickedly, that one who is fairly in the story, and swept on with its current, trembles at his coming, and takes breath at his going, as if he were some evil fate that no mortal could resist. The retribution that overtakes him when he is "lost" in a double sense, is artistically a grand conclusion.

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Love After Marriage: And other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena; or, The Snow Bird," "The Lost Daughter," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This volume is a collection of short stories, the most attractive, perhaps, that Mrs. Hentz has written. "The Victim of Excitement," "The Parlor Serpent," "The Fatal Cosmetic," "The Mysterious Reticule," "The Abyssinian Neophyte," are the names of some of these, and all are first-rate stories of their kind.

—

Dreer's Garden Calendar, 1870. Philadelphia.

This contains directions for cultivating fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and a colored plate of Coleus varieties; also designs for ornamental flower-beds in the ribbon style.

Receipts.

Asparagus Soup.—Pick only young, tender sprouts; cut them in pieces about as large as a bean—wash and boil in as much water as you will want soup; when partly done, salt it; when very tender, put in some butter and pepper, and mix a little wheat flour, with a little milk; beat every lump of flour fine, then add about a pint of sweet milk, and stir all into the asparagus—you can judge when it is thick enough; it must not be too thick. Now toast some bread very nicely; lay it in your soup-dish and pour over it your asparagus soup. If you prefer it without the toast, you can omit that.

Spiced Shad.—Take a fine shad and cut it up in four pieces; rub it with a little powdered allspice, cloves, and mace; season with salt and pepper to your taste; put it in an earthen dish, cover with vinegar, and stand it in a pretty cool oven for four hours. If too sour, add some water to the vinegar.

Potato Fritters.—Take seventeen large-sized Mercer potatoes, grate them finely; when all are grated, add three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one tablespoonful of salt; mix it well. Drop into hot lard or butter, and bake until done.

Pie-Plant Shortcake.—Make a shortcake in the usual way; equal quantities of buttermilk and cream, saleratus in proportion; when it is baked, split it open and butter both sides well. Have ready some pie-plant stewed in sugar sufficiently to sweeten it nicely. Spread it on the cake, put on the top piece, and it will make a nice dessert.

Lemon Pies.—Three lemons, three cups of sugar, six eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately, whites added last, a small piece of butter, and about a pint and a half of cornstarch thickening. Bake, with bottom crust, three pies.

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MAYONNAISE SAUCE—*Miss Jewry's receipt.*—Beat in a bowl two yelks of eggs with a little pepper and salt; when they are quite smooth, add, drop by drop, the salad oil, mixing it with the eggs with a wooden spoon, always turning it in the same direction round. Keep by your side a lemon cut in two; as soon as the oil and eggs begin to thicken, squeeze in some of the lemon-juice. Then add more oil, then more lemon-juice, continuing to add as much oil as you need, but thinning it with the juice.

MERINGUES.—Whites of four small eggs; half a pound of finely powdered sugar; lemon or vanilla flavoring. Whisk the whites of four small eggs to a high froth, then stir into it half a pound of finely powdered sugar; flavor it with vanilla or lemon essence, and repeat the whisking until it will lie in a heap; then lay the mixture on letter-paper, in the shape of half an egg, moulding it with a spoon, laying each about half an inch apart. Then place the paper containing the meringues on a piece of hard wood, and put them into a quick oven; do not close it. Watch them; and when they begin to have a yellow appearance take them out; remove the paper carefully from the wood, and let them cool for two or three minutes; then slip a thin-bladed knife very carefully under one, turn it into your left hand, take another from the paper in the same way, and join the two sides which were next the paper together. The soft inside may be taken out with the handle of a small spoon, the shells filled with jam, jelly, or cream, and then joined together as above, cementing them together with some of the mixture.

TO REMOVE A TIGHT RING.—Rings are often left on the fingers until they are half buried in a deep crease, and it is next to impossible to remove them. The arm should be elevated and the finger soaked in icewater for ten or fifteen minutes, then immediately anointed with glycerine, and the ring slipped off. If this fails, the finger should be very tightly wrapped in fine, strong, well-waxed sewing silk from the tip upward; when the ring is reached, the end of the silk should be slipped beneath it with a blunt bodkin, and then, as the string is unwound, the ring will be forced down. Sometimes even this does not succeed, and the ring has to be filed off, or what is far better, thoroughly cleansed with ether, and rubbed with quicksilver for some minutes, when it will readily fall to pieces, and can be thus removed without pain, delay, or exertion.

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Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Irma Low Bodice, ...	25 cts.
Tulle Bertha, ...	10 "
Jacket with Waistcoat, ...	40 "

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—A trained robe of purple silk, having a deep flounce with a heading. Basques of purple velvet, square in front, and with long points behind, trimmed with white blonde. Sash of the same, in Medicis pleats, and finished with blonde.

FIG. 2.—Short dress of green pou-de-soie, with a deep flounce. Long train of green velvet, arranged independently, that it may be caught up on the arm. Corsage very low, with chemisette of Valenciennes.

FIG. 3.—A trained silk robe of a rich, new tint. Short tunic of clear muslin, trimmed with lace, and with ribbon the color of the dress.

FIG. 4.—Dress of white gauze with sprigs of gold. Little jacket of blue-green velvet, trimmed with gold braid and swan's-down or feathers. Coiffure a Spanish veil of white lace; a large rose in the hair.

FIG. 5.—Mountain costume. A red skirt, pelerine, and sash of the same. Gray casaque, looped back with revers of green. Black straw hat with red flowers and a blue veil.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Fashions have not materially altered this season. Suits for warm weather are made of alpaca, summer poplin, mohair, and pique. Black silk suits are always in order. Overdresses in this material are trimmed with lace and guimp or fringe. Skirts are flounced more or less, frequently all the way up; the flounces farther apart than they were, and headed with bias bands of silk, satin, or velvet, stitched on. It is not found easy to dispense with ruffles or flounces upon the skirt, as hoops are not much worn.

Black silk costumes are particularly useful, as the tunic and paletot can be worn with muslin, white or buff pique, or buff linen skirts, or indeed any kind and color; while yet other changes may be made by wearing overdresses of airy summer material with the black silk skirt. Complete suits of white pique are pleasant for hot weather.

Short sashes of the dress material are universally made, and look very stylish, considering their simplicity.

The fashionable parasols are large enough to be useful, and are sensible in another respect—being made of serge-pongee, which is cheap and durable, and all desirable elegance is secured by the colored silk lining. Pink or cherry is the best, of course; white unobjectionable. Some colors cast an unbecoming shade over the complexion.

The elaborate trimmings now worn give style and beauty to ball dresses. Flounces are only two or three inches deep, and are sewed on, overlapping each other slightly to conceal the seam. Eighteen narrow flounces are on the train of a tarlatan dress, graduating to half the number in front. Tulle flounces are always made double, and are prettier in boxplaits than in flat side-plaitings. Fine and narrow gold braid is used on both white and black tulle dresses this season—a thousand yards, it is said, being sewed on the flounces of a single dress.

A full parure of flowers is essential to the ball toilet. There are garlands for festooning the upper-skirt, bretelles, or shoulder knots, a sash piece with trailing sprays, and a cluster for the hair.

The newest round hats have high, sloping crowns, with the brim turned down all around, shading the face in front and falling on the hair. The shape is graceful, and gives the wearer a less defiant air than that produced by the upturned brims.

Refined French taste permits but one color in a bonnet. The Pompadour bonnets, blue with pink roses, so much worn a year ago with dressy toilets, are no longer sought after.

The greatest novelty is the crape de chine bonnet, or headdress; it is plaited at the top, and trimmed with ruches, forming a bandeau or coronet, ornamented with flowers, and at the back it flows down in ample folds, covering the neck and shoulders.

[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—It is now more than *nine years* since I purchased a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine. It has been in constant use for my family sewing ever since, and has done *several thousand dollars' worth* of work on heavy woollens besides. It has never been out of order, nor cost one cent for repairs since it became a "member of our family." We consider it truly "*our household friend.*"

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FOR 1870.

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See Prospectus on third page of Cover.

Vol. VII. JUNE, 1870. No. 6.

THE

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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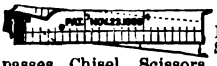

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GATHERING VIOLETS.

The wild, blue violets that cover broad patches of the fields with the very color of the summer sky, as if a piece of it had dropped upon the grass, delight the children in their walks more than the petted treasures of the garden-beds. For these are free, and their profusion unlimited; gathered by the handsfuls and apronful, and thrown prodigally about, they are hardly missed. The sweet, elder sister seated upon the lovely carpet, may weave a crown to match her violet eyes for the sunny locks of the gentle little girl, or romping with the chubby mischief at her knee, pelt her with lavish showers until her little, black, curly head is all ablow with blossoms. Not coming in the early days of alternate sun-warmth and chill like their English sisters, but lingering until spring is melting deliciously into summer, they are doubly welcome; for then one can really enjoy outdoor pleasures, taking one's ease in the woods and fields, and luxuriating in the abundance of flowers that

"Nature boon
Scatters profuse o'er hill and dale and plain."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS (*Description after Colored Fashions*).

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No. 1. Fanchon Cap trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bows of blue ribbon.

No. 3.—Tyrolean Hat in black felt, encircled with a long, black gauze veil, bordered with three rows of gold braid; also ornamented with feathers and a black bow with gold buckle.

No. 2.—Plaited Coiffure of black velvet with diadem of white lace. A red flower with foliage ornaments the back of the plait on the left side.

No. 4.—Diadem Fanchon, composed of black lace, green and black ribbon, and feathers of the same colors.

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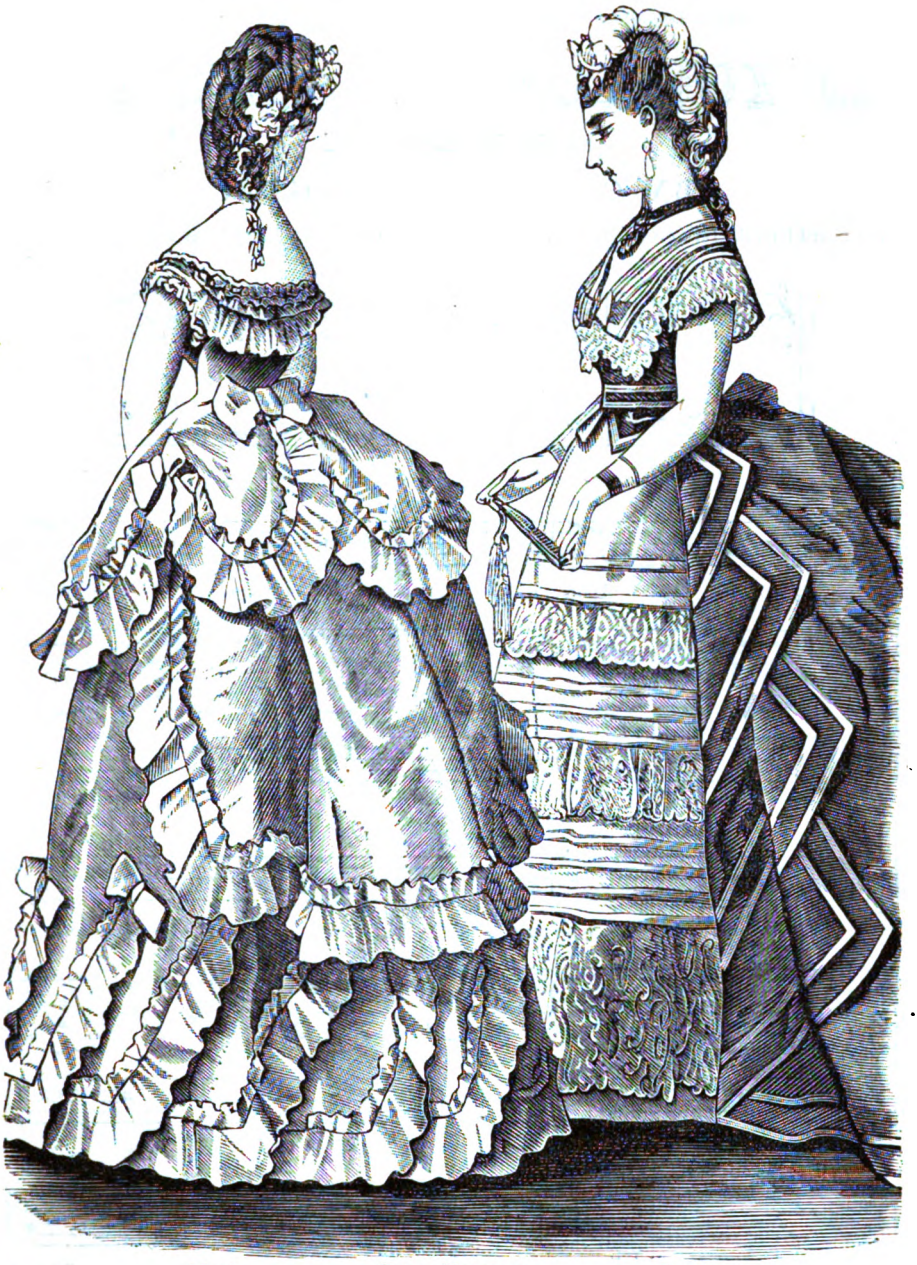

No. 1. BALL TOILETS. No. 2.

No. 1.—Dress of sky-blue silk with narrow flounces, arranged à la grecque round the bottom; each flounce is fastened by a bow of satin, the same shade as the dress. Upperskirt trimmed with a gathered flounce and rounded behind. Low bodice with long basque in front, short and cut up behind, is trimmed with a gathered flounce and three satin bows, that at the waistband being larger than the other two; round berthe edged at the bottom with a graduated flounce, and at the top with lace. Long garland of flowers in the hair.

No. 2.—Rich toilet of white and cerise satin. The underskirt of white satin is trimmed en tablier, with three graduated flounces of lace headed with bands of cerise satin. Long tunic of cerise satin with revers on each side, trimmed with bands of white satin. Two similar bands of white satin surround the long train. Waistcoat bodice of cerise satin, with waistband and basque, edged with white satin. Fichu of tulle illusion and lace, forming a square berthe. Coiffure, aigrette of flowers and a long, white feather falling to the bottom of the chignon.

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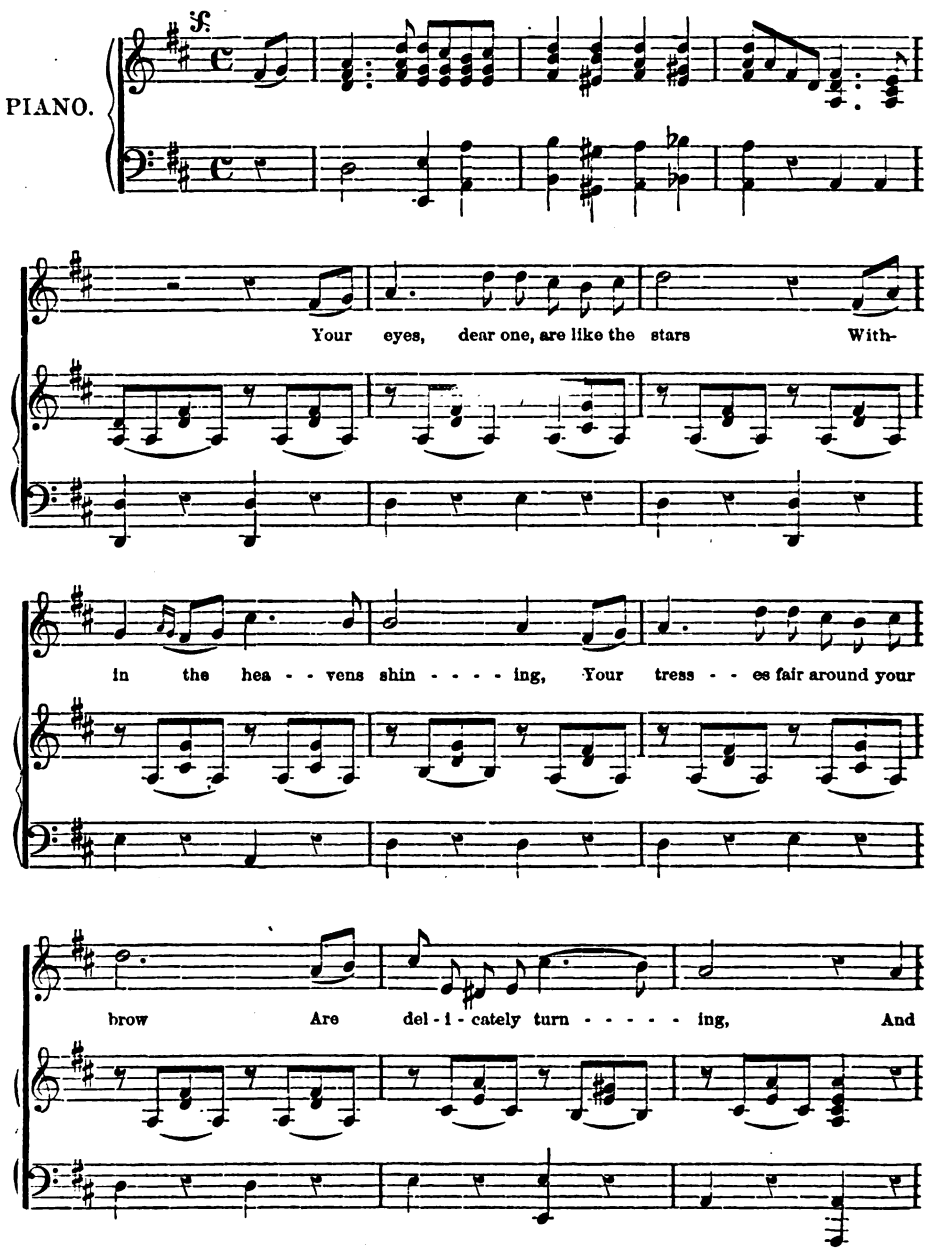
[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO.

BALLAD.

BY CARL T. BOETTGER.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1860, by Lee & Walker, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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as they fall up - on your neck They fai - ry like do play, So that

I can but this ques - tion ask, Oh! if you love me, say so. That

I can but this question ask, Oh! if you love me, say so.

Your mouth is like a rosebud, love,
With rows of pearl adorning,
Your breath is like the sweet perfume
Of a fair summer morning;
But as I gaze upon your charms
My trembling heart does ache,
So I can but still the words repeat,
Oh! if you love me, say so.
I can but still the words repeat,
Oh! if you love me, say so.

The fragrant roses as you pass,
Though in their bloom and beauty,
Within their petals shrink,
And deem it but their duty;
For they are envious of your charms.
Then why do you delay?
So, oh! why not banish all my fears,
And if you love me, say so?
And why not banish all my fears,
And if you love me, say so?

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INDOOR AND DINNER TOILETS.

No. 1. INDOOR OR TOWN TOILET.—Dress of Russian gray poult-de-soie. Short skirt trimmed with a gathered flounce headed by two flutings of velvet divided by a cross-strip of velvet the same shade as the dress. Two long points on each side simulate the second skirt. Long train trimmed to match the skirt. Bodice with basque fastened by a waistband of velvet with a simple bow behind. Coat-shaped sleeves. Embroidered stand-up collar, and cuffs to match. Bow in the hair.

No. 2. DINNER TOILET.—Dress of ruby satin trimmed en tablier with cross-strips of satin and point d'Angleterre fastened at each side with a bow. Deep scalloped basque trimmed with satin, satin bows without ends, and a flounce of point d'Angleterre. Bodice open à la châle and trimmed, like the sleeves and skirt, with lace. Artistic medallion on ruby velvet is worn round the neck. Coiffure. The hair is combed up straight at the sides; bandeax à la russe and thick plaits form the chignon. A bow of satin and lace is placed in the centre of the coiffure. Shoes of ruby satin with Louis XV. heels.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Vol. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1870. [No. 6.

MARRIED AT THIRTY-FIVE!

BY LUCY LEA.

"Thirty-five years old to-day, and have never had an offer! I wonder how many women—who are not positively hideous or entirely disagreeable—can say that? I never have set myself up for a beauty; but, on the other hand, I know that I am not ugly. In the words of the smallest beau in the metropolis, 'I know I'm not handthome, but I'm dem dithtinguè!' No one has more *friends* than I have. I can bring statistics to show that I am a favorite. My gentlemen friends never allow me to ornament the wall at a party—and yet no man has ever seen fit to ask me to marry him! What can be the reason, I wonder? Oh! it is useless to act the hypocrite to myself, and try to disguise the true reason. Until I can forget Alfred Howard, I feel that it will be impossible for me to show sufficient delight in the society of any man to induce him to believe that I am in love with him. And the 'Young Man of the Period' seldom 'proposes' unless he feels sure of landing his fish, even though it be only for a short time. Oh! how I wish that I had never seen that man. How I hate myself for loving him as I do. Since we first parted, ten years ago, I have hardly seen him a half a dozen times; and yet I can't get over it. Hearing to-day that he was coming here, put me in a flutter. Why am I such a fool?"

"Maude! Maude! What are you doing? Have you grown to that rock like a lichen? You look the impersonation of 'Blues.' Was it depressed?—and has it lost its johnnie-cake? It shall have another one, it shall!"

A gay party of young people came suddenly upon a young lady seated on a rock by the seashore, where she had been, lost in a deep revery, for hours, watching the waves dash up almost to her feet, and entirely unconscious of the shower of spray that now and then fell upon her. Of what she was thinking we know; and some of us will find it easy to understand why it depressed her. No one would have believed Maude Merivale if she had openly asserted that she was thirty-five years old, for she did not look a day over twenty-five. She was one of those brunettes who never fade, whose black hair never turns gray, and whose bright, sunny temperament keeps them always young. It was only on an occasion like this terrible birthday that she gave way to sadness, so that her friends would have found it difficult to believe that she had ever had anything like a disappointment.

The young ladies of the party seated themselves around her on the rocks, and every one rallied her as to the cause of her depression.

"Ah!" said one of them, "you don't know what you have missed by moping here all the afternoon; the stage came in gayly; it was full of people, and all of them stopped at our house. It was such fun to see the unloading. No young ladies came, but plenty of gentlemen (all the better for us), and one family of mother, father, three children, and nurse. One handsome man was with his mother and aunt. But the most stunning of all, a superb-looking fellow, was alone, and from the number of guns, fishing-rods, and such like arrangements that were carried in by his man, we decided that he intends to stay all summer."

"I heard his elegant valet call out to the porter to take that trunk to Mr. Howard's room, in as lofty a style as if he was used to waiting on royalty."

"He's come, and I will have to see him.

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Can't I hear his name mentioned yet without a thrill?" thought poor Maude.

While they were still talking of the new arrivals, the tea-bell rang, and they had to rush back to the hotel.

This sea-shore resort was not one of the large, fashionable places where people dress fine, and lose their individuality. There were only three hotels, accommodating between fifty and a hundred people each.

There was a large hall where the band (called so by courtesy) played every evening, and the young people gathered to dance. There we see our party—Maude the gayest of the gay. Now and then she looked toward the principal entrance, and you could see that she was nervously expecting some one. At length, as she glided by to the music of a delicious *deux temps*, she saw leaning against a door-post a gentleman, tall, well-built, and handsome. His fair hair, waving over a forehead of snowy whiteness, was made to look golden by the contrast, while the sunburnt shading of the rest of his face made his mustache and imperial seem several shades lighter. His face showed unmistakable signs of high intellectual power, and his athletic and well-developed figure, together with that same sunburn, proved him no mere carpet-knight. Maude, without catching his eye, felt that he was looking at her; and at first she was uncertain whether to speak to him or to take advantage of not having seen him for five years, and pretend that she did not recognize him. She decided on the latter course, and continued her waltz. By taking care to promenade on the balcony between the dances, and dancing a great deal, she managed to avoid coming into close contact with him that night at the ball, and perversely made herself miserable afterward, because, she thought, "he never came near me once. I should have gone through thick and thin to him, if he had been a woman and I a man—and—I had—loved him."

The next morning Maude trifled through her toilet more than usual, so that she might be late for breakfast, and so stand a better chance of missing Mr. Howard. But, although nearly every one had finished when she made her appearance, her manœuvre failed—for as she entered one door he came in another—evidently fresh from an early morning walk.

It took all her powers of finessing now to keep him from coming up to speak to her, for she could see that he only waited for a recognizing glance to come to her. She thought—"I cannot bear to be with him on the old terms. So well I know how it will be—how it has always been: he will pay me all those delicate little attentions that make a woman believe that a man loves her (how often has he done everything but say positively—'I love you!') for a while—and then, for no visible reason, avoid me in the most marked manner. As unaccountably and silently as he seemed to quarrel, he will seem to get over it, and be as kind and nice as ever. The last time I parted from him was during one of his kind fits, and yet never in these five years has he seemed the least bit sensible of my existence. Yes, it is far better not to know him—to try again to 'get over it!' (what mockery!) at least, as long as I have strength, I will restrain the recognizing glance, without which, I know, he is too proud to come near me."

So for days she eat her heart, striving above all things to keep her friends from knowing that anything troubled her. The many different ways that there are of quietly avoiding any one without seeming to, at a watering-place, assisted her in keeping her resolution for some time. At length, though, when all the young ladies of her party had been introduced to Mr. Howard, and continually sang his praises—telling her that she *must* be introduced to him—and when she found that no excursion was complete without him, she nearly gave up in despair, moped half the time in her room—refused to go on any boating party or picnic when Alfred went—made herself generally miserable, and, like Fanny Dorritt, "wished she was dead."

One day, after a heavy storm, the breakers were so high that only the more courageous among the young ladies ventured into the surf. Maude was enjoying herself greatly, almost forgetting her miseries in the delight of buffeting the waves, when an immense breaker threw her over, two others, coming in quick succession, kept her from righting herself. Blinded with salt water, and almost breathless, she felt herself grasped by a strong arm and lifted to her feet. She was conscious of being carried closer to shore where the water was calmer. After what seemed to her an age, she recovered breath enough to thank her unseen friend, and opening her eyes, discovered Alfred! Before she could speak, he said—"No doubt, you would have preferred drowning to being saved by me; but I did it for the sake of a medal from the 'Humane Society,'" and he was off into the deep water where Maude could not have fol-

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lowed him had she desired to. So, worried and chagrined by the occurrence, she cut short her bath and went back to the hotel, determined to patch up some excuse to her party and leave the place, for it was impossible to stand this sort of thing much longer, and while Alfred was there she knew she had nothing else to expect.

The next day there was a grand picnic; all the young people in the house were going, and Maude was teazed by all her friends to go too; but her usual plea of severe headache served her this time without pretence, and she was left to the tender mercies of the old ladies in the house, who each had a different remedy for her headache. After having taken as many of their remedies as she could stand, out of complaisance, she took her book and hat and started for the rocks, well knowing that nothing would cure her so speedily, or at least dull the pain so effectually for the time, as the fresh salt air and the dash of the waves on the rocks.

She went straight to her favorite haunt—a hollow place in a rock, worn smooth and round by the washing of high tide, making a comfortable arm-chair—from which she had an unlimited view of sea, sky, rocks. High rocks on one side and behind shut out all view of the hotels and everything connected with them, so that she might have been fifty miles from a human being or a habitable cabin, for all the appearance there was to the contrary. The sight of the waves dashing over the rocks at her feet and all around her, and rolling tumultuously up on a little miniature beach at one side, and receding slowly only to come rushing on again, calmed her, and soothed her into a delicious, dreamy state, in which it seemed impossible to do anything except enjoy living. Those lines of Tennyson came involuntarily into her mind—

> "How sweet it were,
> With half-shut eyes—ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half dream!
> To dream and dream, like yonder amber light!"

Saying them over and over to herself, her half sleep soon grew real, and calm, and sweet as a baby's. After some time, she started up with that uncomfortable feeling of being watched that we have all felt, and looking around, what was her surprise to see Alfred Howard standing on a ledge of rock within a yard of her, looking at her so earnestly, that at first it took away her breath. At length, as he did not speak, she stammered—"Oh! I thought you had gone to the picnic!"

"Did you think about me?" he asked, with a deep tenderness in his voice.

"Oh! in a general way—yes"—Maude answered, determined to be as cold as steel. "I thought every one had gone."

"I stayed away when I found that you were not going, for the purpose of forcing an audience from you. I have watched you all the morning and have followed you, and now nothing short of an earthquake shall prevent my saying what I have come to say."

Maude, trembling with excitement, although outwardly calm and quiet, said nothing, so he went on.

"I came to this place for the sole purpose of seeing you, and telling you something that I can keep to myself no longer, but from the first moment that we met, you have treated me in the coldest, most peculiar manner, and have kept me at a distance that I dared not break through. Tell me, Maude, why have you done so? Have you forgotten our years of friendship?"

"It is not your fault that I have not; you have never seen fit to remember that we used to live in the same house like brother and sister."

"That 'brother and sister' sentiment was never to my taste, and the belief that that feeling was the only one you could ever have for me, coupled to a resolution of yours told to me years ago, has kept me away from you, and silent to you ever since, except, indeed, on rare occasions, when my naturally buoyant disposition would make me think that perhaps I judged you too harshly, that perhaps I was mistaken in my opinion of you; then I would go to you and find you the same cool, affectionate friend, treating with chilling indifference every attempt I made to change the sisterly feeling I knew you had for me to something warmer and more like my own devotion to you. And each time I have rushed away from you to make another attempt to forget that I had ever known you, to tear you out of my heart, and try to fill the place with some one who had not a heart of stone!"

"And now, I suppose, you have come to tell me that you have succeeded!" Maude exclaimed, as Alfred paused a moment.

"No, I have come to tell you that it is impossible. It is useless to fight against the fact that I love you more and more; it grows with my growth. I love you madly and against all hope. I love you so desperately that—yesterday when I had you in my arms—my impulse was to hold you under water until we both were

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dead, sooner than let you go away from me again."

"And as proof of your devotion, you made a hard, cruel speech to me!"

"Because I was stung to frenzy by the thought that it was only while your eyes were shut that I could come near you."

Neither of them spoke for a long time. Maude, with her face buried in her handkerchief, might have been cut out of marble, she was so still. At length Alfred said—"Maude, I have come here to tell you that I am a rich man now—to lay myself and my wealth at your feet. Without that assurance, I would never have dared to offer you the devotion of my life; but——"

"Alfred! Alfred! what do you take me for? Why do you say such cruel words? What would I care for wealth, if I had your love?"

"You told me once when I came to you brimming over with my love for you, that you 'would never marry a poor man—that love could never last amid poverty;' and though at first, I own, I was crushed by it, yet it has nerved me to struggle on, until now I can say truly that if you will try to love me my poverty will not be in the way."

"Oh! what a fool I was ever to say such a thing. Alfred, I would rather have had a crust, with the true assurance of your love, during all these past years, than the wealth of Crœsus, and the heart-broken feeling that you cared nothing for me, which has never left me."

"My darling, how could you help knowing that you were the only woman in the world that I ever loved?"

"How could I know it without being told?"

Maude never again had to complain of not being "told" sufficiently often.

Alfred took from his pocket a little red morocco case, and, opening it, took out a superb ring—an emerald set in diamonds. As he gave it to Maude, he told her that he had bought it in Paris four years ago, and ever since had lived on the hope of one day being allowed to put it on her finger.

"Carissima, if you will wear it I shall be the happiest of men!"

"Except me! you know!" said Maude.

As they are rapidly getting incoherent, we will leave them to their *tete-à-tete*, which lasted until they were driven home by the rising tide. As they came in sight of the hotel, Alfred stopped and said—"Maude, before we get closer to civilization, let me ask you something. Maude, we have lost so many of the best years of our lives already, let us be married immediately. I don't feel as if I could ever let you go out of my sight again."

"How could we, you goose?"

"There is nothing to hinder us. I will write by the next mail to your aunt and inform her; and that is surely the only thing that is absolutely necessary."

"My trousseau, idiot! Would you have me be married in a bathing-dress?"

"I am satisfied with all the purple, and white, and scarlet things you have worn since I have been here, running me half wild because they were so becoming and I couldn't tell you so. Maude, think how cruel you have been to me for the last few weeks, and relent; don't let a trivial matter like clothes keep us apart a day. If you will marry me this week, I will engage a passage in the next steamer, and you can get your trousseau in Paris."

"Well, that certainly is tempting. I'll think about it. In the meantime, Alfred, I beseech you don't let any one in the house suspect—suspect anything. I am too old to be able to stand their silly congratulations."

At dinner, all the old ladies and gentlemen who did not go to the picnic were huddled together at one table. Maude, coming in late, found Alfred seated opposite the place left for her. She very demurely took her seat without looking at him, and was amused presently to hear the lady next her say—"My dear, let me introduce Mr. Howard—Miss Merivale, Mr. Howard. How is it that you two have not been introduced before?"

Alfred and Maude bowed across the table, and Alfred said in a formal manner—"Didn't I meet you at Newport one summer, Miss Merivale?"

"Yes, some years ago, I think," Maude answered; and then they talked about mutual friends during the rest of the meal, so that the old ladies were not surprised at seeing them walk off after dinner together like old friends.

The only confidante that Alfred and Maude made was Mrs. Glaston, the lady with whom she had come to the place, whose husband was Maude's cousin. She espoused warmly Alfred's plan of an early marriage, and soon talked Maude out of the idea of delaying it. She took upon herself the arranging of the whole thing. One morning she said at breakfast—"Girls, I hear there is to be a wedding in the village today; let us all go; it will give us an opportunity of seeing the interior of that beautiful little

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Gothic church; and then, too, we can see how these villagers conduct these things, and may learn a lesson in simplicity from them."

The girls were delighted at the prospect of a village wedding, and one of them proposed that they should take that opportunity of exploring the whole village; so that Mrs. Glaston succeeded perfectly in her ruse, and got rid of them all early in the day, making some excuse about not starting soon. She and Maude promised to meet them all at the church in time to see the ceremony.

The surprise of Maude's friends, collected in the church, can better be imagined than described, when, after the usual stir at the door on the approach of the bride, they saw Mr. and Mrs. Glaston, looking vastly important, enter and walk rapidly up the aisle, and, just behind them, Maude hanging on Alfred Howard's arm, rosy with blushes, her dress a light gray travelling suit, proclaiming her unquestionably the bride. Before they could quite make up their minds as to the reality of the thing, the marriage was over, and Maude and Alfred were whisked off in a travelling-carriage to the station to take the cars, leaving poor Mrs. Glaston to answer all the tumult of questions levelled at her by the party, who could not reconcile themselves to the fact that the nicest young lady and the most charming beau of the whole set had gone off together. Could they have known how long these two had waited for each other, and how overwhelmingly happy they were now, their sympathy, as well as their curiosity, would have been aroused.

HER SAILOR.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Sailors, have you come from sea?
  Saw you, on the treacherous ocean,
Where the winds sing in their glee,
  To the waves in wild commotion—
Saw you anything of one
  With a face as fair as morning?
Is his voyage almost done?
"Yes," they said, with look of warning.

Ah! thank God! I almost feared
  That he never would come sailing
Back again to home and me,
  Over wind and wave prevailing.
Did he send some word to me?
  Is his voyage almost over?
Tell me, sailors, for you see
  This young sailor was my lover!

"He is dead," they gently said;
  "Drowned five fathoms deep in ocean!"
Down she sank upon the sands,
  In a sudden, swift emotion.
"O poor soul!" they sadly said,
  And they went their ways and left her,
With her sorrow for the dead,
  And the sea that had bereft her.

SIGH NOT FOR THE PAST; "ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT."

BY GENEVA.

Oh! do not sigh
  For days gone by,
Losing the present time in sad repining;
  This hour alone,
  Friend, is thine own;
Wisely improve it, vain regrets resigning.

"Could I live o'er
  The past, no more
I'd misapply the precious hours, God-given,"
  You often say.
  Prove it to-day
By toiling now, for right, for truth, for heaven.

'Tis weak to mourn
  For what is gone
Beyond recall. The past is past forever.
  This hour alone,
  Friend, is thine own;
Spend it in earnest, righteous, brave endeavor.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 335.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[*Gerard's letter resumed.*]

It seems that my supposed absence hasn't caused any great excitement in the other part of the house. Affairs progress as usual, and if they are enjoying themselves half as much as I do, in *my* part of the house, they must be having a very good time indeed.

Leslie is wonderfully amusing and entertaining, and Mrs. Cascannon is the easiest and blindest of chaperones; one could flirt under her very nose without her knowing it. Not that Leslie and I *flirt*. We are very good friends—that is all: I play cribbage with Mrs. Cascannon, and chess with Leslie; and instead of Leslie reading aloud now, we "do" scenes from different plays, and act charades. Of course, I have to get out of the way when any of the family present themselves; and last evening I was very nearly caught. They almost always knock before coming in, but this time the door opened, and in walked somebody. If the room had been lighted, it would have been all up with me, but, fortunately, we had been "enjoying the twilight," and it had grown imperceptibly darker, without our thinking of the lamps. I did not know who had come in until she spoke, and then she was so near me that I could have touched her with my hand. It was little Zollicoffer, and she said—"I suppose *somebody* is here?" seating herself upon the very sofa on which I was. I got up very quietly, and groping my way to one of the windows, concealed myself behind a curtain. Leslie was a good while lighting the lamp, but when it was lighted she did not look around to see if I had disappeared, but went directly to a seat, and then I saw her, after speaking to Miss Zollicoffer, glance easily and naturally around the room.

"How you startled me!" said Mrs. Cascannon. "Why didn't you knock?"

"If I had thought you were about any mischief I should have done so; but such good people as you are can be surprised."

"And they can be made to jump out of their skins."

"Not when they fit as tightly as yours does, Laura. People who doze in their chairs must expect to be startled."

"I was not asleep; and if I had been, this is my own room."

"And a very pretty room, too. I like those hangings amazingly. Are they not something new?"

She got up, and came toward the curtains. I felt absurdly alarmed by the approach of a creature that I could put into my pocket, but she did not come to my window.

"They *are* new," said Mrs. Cascannon, "and *I* paid for them."

It would have been none of my business had *Mr. Sunderland* paid for them," said Zoe Zoll—and when she spoke my name I started in my hiding-place.

"We don't see much of *you*, now, Leslie," she said, turning to Miss Tilden.

Leslie was about to answer, when Mrs. Cascannon interposed—"She gives so much of her time to an invalid that she has none to bestow on you."

"You do look wretchedly, Laura," said her sister—"hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and your figure all wasted away."

"I'm sure I don't look like that!" said Mrs. Cascannon indignantly, glancing at a mirror that hung opposite, in which she was in the habit of contemplating herself at odd moments. "My face is as full as yours."

"That you believe that, confirms my worst fears," said Zoe Zoll. "The disease has almost reached its termination, when the pallid, emaciated patient fancies herself to be still plump and blooming."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Cascannon, with considerable energy, "I am no nearer dying than you are."

Zoe Zoll sighed, and shook her head. "Have you made your will?" she asked.

Miss Tilden looked up quickly.

"No, I haven't—I have nothing to leave."

"Your diamonds—our mother's diamonds!"

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"Zenobia Zollicoffer, you will drive me frantic!"

"I don't wish to drive you frantic, but, in your state of health, I do feel anxious about the diamonds—those diamonds which should be Elizabeth's when she marries."

"Those diamonds will belong to whom I shall choose to give them."

"Most undoubtedly; and you will choose to give them to Elizabeth. They were given to you as the elder daughter, and *she* is *your* oldest daughter."

"I presume I know that. My senses have not altogether deserted me, although I may be ill."

"I hope you may continue to retain both your senses and your diamonds. Should I see any appearance to the contrary, I shall consult Mr. Cascannon."

Why did the two women look at each other so, when Zoe Zoll had left the room? Mrs. Cascannon was about to speak when Leslie ran up to her and began to kiss her with an unusual display of warmth. I thought she whispered to her between the kisses. When I came out from my hiding-place, she turned to me, laughing—"I thought, once, you were caught," she said.

"I am not easily caught."

"What! with both feet in a snare!"

"What if I do not consider it a snare?"

"Of course you do not."

"Why of course?"

"Does a man ever acknowledge himself to be or have been ensnared?"

"Perhaps not; but he sometimes sees a snare and avoids it."

"And he sometimes imagines a snare where there is none."

"Perhaps."

"Oh! men are very suspicious—and women, also. I can't help thinking that Miss Zollicoffer imagined you to be behind those curtains."

"I hope not."

"Do you fear the all-powerful aunt?"

"I fear the construction she might put on my being here."

"What construction?"

"That I had ceased to care for Elizabeth."

"She could have no fear of me, for she knows that my heart is already devoted."

"To whom?—pardon me, I spoke involuntarily."

"To my art."

As she spoke, I felt that she was indeed devoted to art—a born actress—and I began to long for Elizabeth's simplicity of manner and freshness of feeling. It seemed to me as if I had been living in a green-room, and I felt a desire to see something natural, something genuine—even a bit of commonplace conversation would be refreshing—as one who has long been on stilts delights to feel his feet press the greensward. I was weary of the mouthing of high-flown sentences, of the bickerings of Benedict and Beatrice, of Lady Teazle, and the inevitable Lady Gay Spanker—and Phædra, *a la* Rachel. The only one of whom I could think with any complacency was Perdita—Perdita, who was not in Miss Tilden's role—the modest maiden, with her pale, spring flowrets, shyly sweet, with her tender grace and innocent daring. What a charming Perdita Elizabeth would make! I think I must *return from the Stanleys!*

CHAPTER XII.

[*Narrative resumed.*]

"What is the matter with you, Rosamond?" asked Zoe Zoll.

"Nothing is the matter with me," retorted Rosamond rather savagely.

"Something *is* the matter. You are pale, you are cross, you eat next to nothing."

"How do you suppose *you'd* feel if you'd killed anybody?"

"*Killed anybody!*"

"I have killed Jerry."

"Nonsense, child!"

"Has any one seen him since that time?"

"I presume, several."

"But you don't know it."

"I am not alarmed about him."

"I don't care so much about *him*. He was only a man, and there are plenty more—but—E-e-lizabeth!——"

"Why, Rosamond! Elizabeth does not worry."

"She's afraid—I may see it—and fee—feel badly."

"Do you suppose she thinks he is dead?"

"Where is he, if he isn't?"

"Gone away somewhere to frighten you."

Rosamond shook her head.

"What do you suppose killed him?" said Zoe Zoll.

"I think he tried to get out, and got into the wall——"

"And stuck there?" interrupted her aunt, trying to keep from laughing.

"Yes."

"But we should have heard him."

"*I* have heard him—groans, and cries, and—and——"

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"But if you heard him, why didn't you go to him?"

"It wasn't *him*, it was *his ghost*."

"The rats and the wind are the only *ghosts* you have heard. Gerard is somewhere, alive and well, and isn't worth worrying over, anyway."

"He *is*. I like him. I—I cry about him every night, I am so sorry."

"He is only a man—there are plenty more."

"You're a beast, Auntie Zoll!" said Rosamond in sudden fury.

"Pray, who said that first?"

"Oh! I did. I forgot. I didn't mean it, but I am so miserable."

"Don't be miserable any more, then, for I think I know where he is."

"Oh! *do* you? Where?"

"S-h! It's a secret."

"Oh! *please* tell me! I *never* will tell."

"I am not *sure*."

"But where do you think he is?"

"In your mother's part of the house."

Rosamond stood silent for a minute, and then she bent her black brows terrifically.

"With the 'orphan!'" said she.

"With the 'orphan,' I suppose."

"He had better have been dead," said Rosamond ferociously.

"Oh! there is no harm done. He is only playing you a trick."

"*The beast!*"

"Only an animal."

"He is animal, vegetable, and mineral, for he's a brazen-faced, cabbage-headed donkey."

"Pray, don't speak so loud. You know this is a secret?"

"O Auntie Zoll! won't I fix him!"

"You mustn't be violent about it; but I wish you could find out if he is really there."

"Can I be of any service?" said a pleasant voice close at hand.

Zoe Zoll turned quickly around, and looked up into a pair of bright, blue eyes, which were regarding her with considerable interest. He had removed his hat, and the sun glittered in his bright, brown locks. His dress was quiet, and his hands carefully gloved.

"A gentleman," thought Zoe Zoll; "and he takes us for village girls. If you would be so kind as to carry this basket, sir?" she said, with an appearance of great simplicity.

"With pleasure. You are going to the village?"

"Yes, sir. Do you find the basket heavy, sir?"

"Not in the least. I am in the habit of carrying bundles. But this is the way I do." He hung the basket on his cane, laid the cane across his shoulder, and asked if it was not an improvement.

"It would hurt *my* shoulder. But I suppose you are used to carrying your pack in that way?" said Rosamond.

Zoe Zoll opened her eyes very wide, and frowned at Rosamond across the stranger; but Rosamond did not, or would not, see it.

"When I carry my pack it is in this way," responded the stranger.

"Oh! I wish you had it with you now, sir, for I do so want to buy a ring."

"What kind of a ring?"

"One with a big, red stone, such as Sallie's beau brought her."

"Like this?" He took off his glove, and showed a ring in which was an oval-shaped stone, with a coat-of-arms cut in it.

"Oh! that's fine," said Rosamond. "A dear, little goose, with an awl in its mouth! Will you sell it to me?"

"Rosamond!" said Zoe Zoll.

"It is yours," said the stranger, putting it in her hand.

"But I haven't the money."

"I will consider a kiss ample payment."

Rosamond hung her head. "Not here," said she bashfully.

"Anywhere you please."

She put her finger on her lip. "Come in here," she said, pointing to a very small cottage by the roadside.

"Rosamond!" said Zoe Zoll, seizing her arm; but Rosamond broke from her and went into the cottage, followed by the stranger.

Zoe Zoll ran in after them, and a strange figure darted out of a chair as they opened the door, and flung herself upon the stranger, to whom she clung, with both arms clasped tightly around his neck, weeping, and calling him her "own dear Richard."

"Come away," said Rosamond, grasping her aunt's arm, and dragging her out of the house; and, still holding her by the arm, she began to run toward the park, pulling Zoe Zoll after her.

"What does it mean?" asked Zoe Zoll at last, when they stopped, panting, under the trees, and safely within the gates of the park. "Who was that woman?"

"A crazy woman. She thinks everybody is her husband, who was drowned."

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"O Rosamond!"

"You began it. You said he might carry your basket."

"I know I did wrong. But his ring!"

"Isn't it a beauty? See, the eagle's pulling out an arrow that's been shot into him."

"A ruby, too! It's the same as stealing."

"Pooh! he only asked one kiss for it, and he's had twenty. I heard them going off like pistol shots."

"And he was a gentleman, Rosamond!"

"Can't help it."

"I wish you could get his ring back to him."

"I guess he won't ask for it. He won't like to tell how he was tricked."

"I hope your father won't hear of it."

The man doesn't know who it was, and we can find out where he stays, and send it to him. There's Elizabeth! Now let's look as brazen as we can."

But Elizabeth did not seem to remark their looks, appearing preoccupied, and with two delicate lines of anxiety between the brown arches of her brows. "Dear Zoe Zoll," said she, "my patience has its limits, and I can wait no longer. I agreed to two or three days, and it is now nearly a week. I feel intolerably anxious, and so oppressed by forebodings that I *must* speak."

"I think I know where he is," said Zoe Zoll.

Elizabeth stopped, and clasped her hands together. "You *do*, and you did not tell me?"

Rosamond saw Zoe Zoll look at her significantly, and taking the hint, ran ahead.

"He is—in——"

"Go on."

"Your mother's apartments, or, at least, her part of the house—her suite, as she calls it."

Elizabeth changed color. "How do you know it?" she asked, almost with a gasp.

"I don't absolutely *know* it, but I was in there last evening—the lamps were not lighted, but I am positive that some one moved off from the sofa on which I had seated myself, while Leslie was lighting the lamp."

"And is that all your reason for supposing so?"

"I could almost swear that I saw his face at a window, yesterday morning."

"Pray, be sure of everything before you tell it to me."

"I am—quite sure, but I have told Rosamond——"

"You have told Rosamond!"

"Yes. She is so bright that she would find out the truth sooner than any one."

"I can't have my sister spying upon my—upon Gerard."

"My darling Bess, Rosamond was worrying her heart out over you both—Gerard as dead, and you as wounded, and I felt that I must tell her—as a *secret*, however."

"I am glad you put it that way, for Rosamond never betrays anything."

"And then she would have a thousand ways of finding if he were there, that we——"

"Why should he be there?" interrupted Elizabeth, in a tremulous tone.

"To give Rosamond a fright."

"But he might have chosen—some other place; and then—did he never think of my anxiety?"

"Boys are so thoughtless," said Zoe Zoll, with an air of infinite age—then brightly—"And, you see, he would rather be where he could see you occasionally, even if you couldn't see him."

Elizabeth smiled faintly, but her lip quivered. "I wish"—she began—then stopped.

"You wish?"

"That Rosamond would find out pretty soon."

"She will. She is keen on the scent."

"It may be a disappointment to Miss Tilden," said Elizabeth, her lip writhing.

"Oh! Leslie is actress enough to enjoy the dramatic situation!"

"It makes such a difference whether one is before or behind the scenes," said Elizabeth bitterly.

Before Zoe Zoll could speak, Rosamond came running back to them, dismay in every feature. "*He is here!*" she said.

"*Gerard!*" cried Elizabeth.

Rosamond shook her head. "It is that man?" said Zoe Zoll.

Rosamond nodded.

"What man?" asked Elizabeth.

"I wish I could tell you, but I can't. Oh! if it were a wolf, a bear, or a boa constrictor! Anything but *a man!*" said Zoe Zoll so excitedly, that Elizabeth looked at her in astonishment.

"What has Rosamond been about? for I know that *you* never do anything, dear Zoe Zoll."

"*I* began it," said Zoe Zoll penitently.

Elizabeth began to look horrified—"Began what?"

"There he is!" interrupted Rosamond. Eliza-

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beth looked, and saw a young, gentlemanly looking man examining the front of the house, with an appearance of interest. Zoe Zoll pinched Elizabeth's arm in the intensity of her anxiety. "What shall we do?"

"What have you done?" responded Elizabeth.

"'Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred,'"

quoted Rosamond, leading the way with the air of a forlorn hope.

The stranger turned as they approached. "He has my basket," whispered Zoe Zoll to Rosamond.

He scanned them coolly as they came toward him, then raised his hat. "Miss Cascannon?" he said to Elizabeth.

She assented. To whom had she the pleasure, etc.

"Lancelot Redmond, at your service."

"I have very often heard your name," said Elizabeth, blushing a little as she welcomed him, and then she introduced him to her aunt and sister. He bowed as if this had been their first time of meeting, and turning to Elizabeth, said, "And how is my friend Gerard?"

Elizabeth flushed painfully as she replied—"Unfortunately, I cannot answer that question. He is not here."

"He has not returned?"

"I—I do not know where he is."

A quarrel! he thought quickly, then aloud—"I am afraid I may appear to be an intruder, but Gerard——"

"Gerard's friends are welcome for his sake." said Elizabeth sweetly, "and indeed, you are welcome for your own, for I feel as if I already knew you."

"You are very kind; and, as I am tired and somewhat hungry, you must excuse me for grasping eagerly at your assurance, particularly as I establish some claim upon our possession of a 'mutual friend.'"

Elizabeth smiled brightly. "Perhaps you would like to go to your own room before seeing the rest of the family? Your baggage——"

"Is at the Blue something or other, in the village."

"It shall be sent for."

As they entered the house, Rosamond and her aunt lingered behind and looked at each other; then they began to laugh.

"I wonder if Elizabeth thought he brought his shirts in the basket," said Rosamond. "Did you see her look at it?"

"I am glad it is no worse a person," said Zoe Zoll.

"Gerard thinks *heaps* of him. Do you think he is handsome?"

"I don't think anything about him," said Zoe Zoll, which reply seemed very much to astonish Rosamond. "He seems to take it as a matter of course that he was to come here, and I consider him an interloper."

"Ah! but Jerry isn't around, and its rather amusing to have a man in the house."

About ten minutes before dinner-time, Sir Lancelot came into the drawing-room, looking very fashionable and very elegant, and apparently as much at his ease as if the Cascades had been the home of his boyhood. He took Zoe Zoll out to dinner, where he was seated next to Miss Tilden, whom he very coolly scanned, in the interval before the dessert, having been, apparently, too much occupied in appeasing his hunger to do it before. Miss Tilden bore the inspection very coolly, as she had borne her part in the previous conversation, and he turned to Rosamond, who sat on his other side. "I have heard so much about the cascade," said he. "Will you take me to see it, after dinner?"

"Can't you walk?" inquired Miss Impertinence.

"I learned to, once, but as it is more than twenty years ago, I may have forgotten."

"Old people forget," said Rosamond.

Mr. Cascannon now addressed the baronet, and confined his attention until they left the table, when he said to Rosamond—"I am going for my hat."

"I am so glad, for I don't believe it would know the way," said Rosamond, and followed Zoe Zoll into the dining-room.

"He has asked me to show him the cascade," she said to her aunt.

"Who?—Sir Lazy-a-lot?"

"I sort o' like that way, just as if he didn't care." Then the baronet came back, and Rosamond joined him.

"When did Gerard go?" asked the baronet, as soon as they were out of sight of the house.

"He didn't go, he disappeared."

"What do you mean by *disappeared?*"

"I don't make dictionaries."

Sir Lancelot smiled. "How did he disappear?"

"That is just what we want to know."

"You don't know *how* he disappeared?"

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"Not in the least."

"But what were the circumstances?"

"I don't like circumstances. Here's the cascade. Won't that do as well? They both begin with a C."

"But I wish very much to know about Gerard."

"'I believe you, my boy.' But telling's a bore."

"Then you won't tell me?"

"Perhaps—some time. But not now. Can you climb trees?"

"Perhaps—some time. But not now."

Rosamond laughed. "I guess you *are* Sir Lazy-a-lot," said she.

"Who called me that?"

"There are some things it is not best for us to know."

"So you seem to think. Shall we go back to the house now?"

"You may. Perhaps you can get Auntie Zoll to tell you."

"When I invite a young lady to walk with me, I always wait for her return."

"No matter how long she may choose to stay?"

"Certainly not. It is for the lady to say when she will go back."

"But *you* first proposed to go back."

"You must excuse my want of breeding."

Rosamond seated herself on a rock near the cascade. The spray saluted her rosy cheeks, and shook its veil over her curls. Very pretty and very naughty she looked, but Sir Lancelot did not seem to remark her, for he was looking at the sky, that was silver and amethyst, with just a rosy hint of what the burning glory of the sunset had been. Presently his eyes reverted to her.

"Maid of the mist!" said he.

"Made of the dust," said she.

The baronet smiled, and looked up at the cascade, the waters of which poured from a considerable height into a pretty basin of white, sparkling rock, and then leaped with a roar from another declivity, plunging, white with foam, into the sullen stream below. The spray shone silvery in the moonlight, and Sir Lancelot, feeling very damp himself, asked Rosamond if she were not afraid of taking cold.

"I never take cold," said she composedly. "If you are afraid of it, you had better go home and wrap yourself up in a blanket."

Ignominious thought! The baronet set his teeth, and quietly placed the trunk of a tree between himself and his enforced wetting. Rosamond grinned under her curls, and then turned a tranquil face to the moonlight. Gradually an expression of profound melancholy crept over it, her head fell on her hand, and her elbow on her knee.

"What is the matter?" said Sir Lancelot.

"I am thinking of the legend of the cascade."

"Is there a legend? Oh! let's hear it," said the baronet, who began to feel very shivery, and slightly bored. He was afraid that the moonlight had inclined the merry maiden to sentiment, and this was not in his line, albeit he had inspired it in many.

"It is in verse—in rhyme," said Rosamond. "Do you like it?"

"I must wait until I have heard it."

"Rhyme, I mean."

"I never read rhyme, or—poetry, so I don't know."

"Well, here goes. You can decide while I am repeating it," said Rosamond.

"Did you make it yourself?" asked the baronet.

"Am I a hundred years old?" counter-questioned Rosamond.

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said Sir Lancelot; but Rosamond, ignoring this remark, began:

In the shadow the waters leap,
In the moonlight the waters sleep;
  Hey! for the maid o' Lowrie!
Eyes dark as the shadow, skin white as the light,
And a foot like the chamois, to climb a height—
  Her face was all her dowry.

Voice of honey, and velvet hand,
Narrow of mind, and broad of land.
  Hey! for the eagle feather!
"Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,"
He hunted the child of his father's foe,
  And they clasped hands together.

The throstle sings in the evening hush,
And the sly snake slips where the grass is lush.
  Hey! for the old man's darling!
A shadow slides o'er the garden wall,
And the turf is mute 'neath the light footfall—
  Unheeded the watch-dog's snarling.

"They're dark when they leap, where they fall they're white,
It shows like a ghost through the darkest night."
  Hey! for the bonny water!
He heard not the light feet fly from his door,
Their voices were lost in its sullen roar—
  Farewell to the old man's daughter.

The way was slippery with ooze and slime,
She grasped not her lover's hand in time—
  Hey! for the waters leaping!
Her cry was lost in their angry roar,
And she was tossed past her father's door,
  While the old man lay a-sleeping.

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"That shows how wrong it is to deceive," said Sir Lancelot gravely.

"And that the wicked stand on slippery places," said Rosamond, rising.

Instantly, to the baronet's horror, she disappeared over the edge of the rock on which she had been standing. In vain he sprang to the edge, and recklessly flung himself over, as far as he could without falling. The foam flew, the waters rushed, roaring, downward, but bore neither flashing garment nor tossing limb; and no despairing cry mingled with the dash of the cascade. Like one beside himself, Sir Lancelot ran toward the house, shouting hoarsely.

(*To be continued.*)

LOOKING BACKWARD.

BY CHARLES W. HILLS.

I muse on each remembered word,
  And treasure every written page,
As one who mourns a singing-bird
  Retains and loves the empty cage.
I throve in trade, and got me gold,
  I felt no fear to deal with men;
The world esteems me hard and cold,
  And none may speak of what has been.

I've gazed on many a blushing rose,
  Content to gaze, nor cared to wear:
They wither all—the soonest those
  That women bind among their hair.
A curious thing the human heart,
  So prone to yield, so hard to break,
So slow to speak when lovers part,
  So firm to dare, and yet so weak!

We wandered when the night was near,
  One hazy Indian Summer day,
To mark the glories of the year
  By spendthrift autumn flung away.
We sought the sea-side, hand in hand;
  We paused by echo-haunted caves,
And heard across the beach of sand
  The myriad voices of the waves.

A ship, whose white sails seemed to breathe,
  Reposed upon the ocean's breast,
As childhood rests and hears beneath
  A beating heart that knows no rest.
In playful thought to cross my path,
  My darling named a theme forbade;
I shook her off in sudden wrath:
  "Go seek to win him, and be glad;

"But let him doubt a faith like thine,
  So little worth when sorely proved:
Go, and in other love than mine
  Forget that ever we have loved!"

A cloud rolled o'er the risen moon;
  We parted in a wrathful mood—
I to life's sunless afternoon,
  She to a worse than widowhood.

To pride, the tyrant of the heart,
  We owe this shipwreck of the mind,
That those are drifting far apart
  Whom God but not the law had joined.
I was too proud to own the wrong,
  And she, it seems, was proud as I,
So when we met we hummed a song,
  And coldly passed each other by.

Young lives, half ripened, droop apace
  And fail, but wherefore none divine,
Disease may leave no outward trace,
  And hearts may break and give no sign.
The violin, attuned aright,
  Untouched, hangs on the wall alone,
But often in the solemn night
  The strings are sundered, one by one.

Abroad, alone! the sad sea lifts
  Its fitful voice, to sing of one
To whom my spirit bore its gifts,
  As Sheba's queen to Solomon.
And Myra, seated by the sea,
  What time the evening sun is low,
Goes back, in thought, to youth and me,
  As tides and memories ebb and flow.

With whisper to the waters wide
  She lays old sorrows down to rest:
"The heart is but a dubious guide,
  And what God wills is for the best."
A pilgrim, I, in stranger lands,
  And she beside the sea, alone,
Await the laying on of hands
  And final rites, to make us one.

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BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY M. V. T. Y.

So much has been said and written upon this subject in all ages, that I doubt if anything more remains to be said; nevertheless, as I have one or two questions relating thereto to propound, and a few views of my own to express, I shall not be deterred by the knowledge that what I shall say has already been expressed in some way or other, and far better than I dare hope to express it.

First of all, I wish to ask why it is that sweethearts cease to be angels as soon as they become wives? Nay, to go farther, why is it that in the transformation they not only lose all their angelic attributes, but become the most commonplace of mortals?

We are quite prepared to find our lover's eyes, after he has merged into the husband, opening by degrees to the fact that we are not the creatures of celestial mould he believed us. We have even assured him beforehand, that he most certainly would awaken to the truth after having lived in daily communion with us long enough to find out our imperfections, and our lips have been sealed with kisses, and our silly hearts made to throb exultantly with the assurance that what we might in our humility term failings, he, in his boundless love, will consider virtues of crowning merit.

Is it any wonder, then, that it is a painful shock to us to find ourselves in time virtually declared a little less deserving of the trifling attentions and minor acts of courtesy of everyday life, than any of those by whom we are surrounded?

Is it not a notorious fact, that when any difficulty exists in deciding whether two persons of opposite sexes are man and wife, or only lovers, a strict attention to their deportment toward each other at once settles the point? Does not every one know, that should the lady wish to change her seat, and the gentleman fail to place a chair for her, or to pick up her handkerchief, if she drop it, to open the door for her if she desire to leave the room, or to perform a dozen other trifling acts of attention, insignificant in themselves, but always promptly tendered by the lover, the voice of the world, without fear of refutation, at once loudly declares him to be her husband.

I have seen girls who as *fiancées* were flippant, capricious, and exacting to the last degree, leading their lovers such lives, that I have wondered at their long sufferance and forbearance, metamorposed into as true and devoted wives as need be; yet, strange inconsistency, receiving, when at their worst, far more deference and outward manifestations of love, than they do after this saving change has been wrought in them.

Our husbands may tell us that we are dearer to them, that they love us more truly and fondly after marriage than before, but our hearts cry out unceasingly for the proofs. Why are kisses and caresses at so much higher a premium with them before marriage than they ever are after? Why are they then lavished upon us, if we permit, even to the extent of sometimes annoying us, and now doled out as parsimoniously as though each one were worth its weight in gold? If such things are all "nonsense" now, I think it would go hard with our "liege lords" to prove that they were anything else then.

It may be a proof of weakness in us to admit that these things are much—very much to us, and the withholding of them keenly felt, but I for one make no attempt to vacate the position assigned me by Providence—that of the "weaker vessel," and confess without hesitancy, that in my opinion deeds of kindness, loving words, and tender smiles go very far indeed toward making up the "sum of human happiness."

We are taken from our homes—it may be from the midst of loving sisters and brothers, and tender, devoted parents, and we enter upon the untried existence with hearts overflowing with love for him whose voice would lure us to the farthest end of earth; with whom, in all sincerity, we avow ourselves willing to share the lowliest of cots, and to whose comfort we are desirous of ministering with the best of our abilities; but we expect our labors to be lightened by love, and when we find ourselves after a while deprived, not only of home affection, but also of those tender demonstrations erst so freely bestowed, and now, as then, dear to our hearts, things drag heavily, and our whole world wears a sad-colored look. We have but one now to make our happiness, having forsaken all to cleave to him.

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Men complain in after years that the affections of their wives are transferred from them to their children, and that after the advent of these domestic treasures, they occupy only a secondary place in the hearts once entirely devoted to themselves; and while I am far from granting this, for I know of no true wife who does not always place her husband first, even if it were so, whose fault would it be, pray?

We *must* have something to lavish our affection upon, many of us—I might say the most of us, by outward signs and caresses, and when we see that our husbands have no longer time or inclination for such things, is it a wonder that we turn to our innocent little children, who pay us back so freely love for love.

Better a thousand—yea, a million times better to turn to them, than to seek in the world the excitement which with some will answer for happiness.

I may be wrong, but from my heart I believe that many an erring wife would have remained pure and spotless until her last hour, but for the growing indifference of him who had solemnly promised to love, honor, and *cherish* her as long as they both should live.

Not that I make his error any palliation for her irreparable one; still, with the safeguard of his affection no longer surrounding her, and her heart thirsting for love, she is more apt to turn aside to drink of polluted waters, believing, as she does, that the pure springs from which she once drank are drying up from their very source. Have I spoken too warmly? If so, it is because this is a subject on which I feel deeply. And to you who read this, if my picture seems overdrawn, be thankful that your experience of married people and their ways, has been happier than my own.

I may not have had a very extended view of life, but I have observed, thus far, that when hard words and sharp replies fall from the husband's lips, it is the wife who is generally the recipient of them.

SONG.

Ask the young and bright-eyed morning,
  Why it streaks the east with red;
Ask the dew the the rose adorning,
  Why its radiant pearls are shed.
Ask the gale, in summer sighing,
  Why the trembling blossoms shake;
Or the snows, in winter lying,
  Why so lightly falls each flake.
Whence its music, ask the fountain,
  Why so soft of heart the dove,
Why the streamlet leaves the mountain;
  Only ask not why I love.

When I see a cheek revealing
  All the charms of breaking day;
Softer tears of rapture stealing
  Than the dewdrop on the spray;
When I see a bosom trembling
  At the praise of its own worth,
Footsteps light, the snow resembling,
  As it falls upon the earth;
When I hear soft accents flowing,
  Clear as streams from rocks above,
From a heart with kindness glowing;
  Can you ask me why I love?

DEAD.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Fold the white hands tenderly
  O'er the cold and pulseless breast;
They are weary of much toil,
  And 'tis meet that they should rest.

O'er the blue, untroubled eyes
  Press the snowy, waxen lid—
Ah! how much of love and hope
  Has the sheeny curtain hid.

Twine a garland for her brow—
  Weave it 'mid her sunny locks,
Which shall never turn to gray
  'Neath the surge of sorrow's shocks.

Not a line has marred the bloom
  Of our darling's sainted face;
Sorrow in this pulseless heart,
  Ne'er shall find a resting place.

Tears? Oh! they but mock her rest;
  For the living they are meet;
Not for her who has laid by
  Shoon and sandal from her feet.

Not for her who stands to-day
  Fairest 'mong the angel throng;
To the hearts that struggle on,
  Only do those tears belong.

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WEEKDAY.

BY E. B.

Dun colors relieve the eye in contrast with a brilliance of varied hues, and after all, plain Mondays and Tuesdays are not unpleasing when they follow hilarious festivals; so there may be some who will like to read this quiet story of a quiet life, as for a moment they'd pause to rest, may be, and let the shining flosses of their rich embroideries lie idly in their laps.

Desire Werner—her girl friends used to laugh at her plain, old-fashioned grandmother's name, but she wore it with a willing grace, and said she loved it for the sake of those who had the handling of it, because, linen or not, anything that lay among mignonette would be sweet.

Her mother had only lingered to give it, and then closed her eyes wearily. There was a rejoiceful "Harvest Home" sung among the angels, but it was long before the silent, self-contained man, the strength of whose life she had made, caught any echoes of it. He only plodded on with a more dogged persistence and a more taciturn lip at the bleak ridges and the reluctant fields of his outlying farm.

The homestead was of a type not uncommon in New England, set apart among its own acres, and receiving from them only by dint of stubborn exaction and toilsome solicitation the grudging tribute of a scant subsistence.

Among many homely economies, therefore, and in quietude almost unbroken, grew the first docile, dreamy years of Desire's life, yet gathered to themselves unerringly their own in all that touched her, whether of lip or life of circumstance or surrounding. So from all that lies about it does the soul, albeit unreasoning, attract its like, and reject the dissimilar. The magnet and the steel obey here also their unfailing instinct.

Meanwhile Aunt Janet came to guide the house, for the sweet elder daughter was a missionary's wife far over the southern seas.

Desire was still a child when she came back again—a slight, wan woman in widow's black—and she shrank fearfully, as sensitive children will, from the presence of one whose great sorrow seemed to create about her a solitude full of awe and solemnity.

But it was not as a black shadow upon the hearthstone that David Clyfft's widow returned to her father's house. As white, and with a step almost as soundless as the early snow, she crossed again the familiar threshold; but her voice was sweet and clear, and she had said that she would not lock all her smiles away, lest she should forget the key. So when her young sister crept close to her and sobbed with a nervous excitement of strangely mingled emotion upon her breast, it needed but her tender soothing to bind the motherless heart to her with fervent fondness.

And now a great change befell the still, old farmhouse, for it came to pass that two little lives awoke in it; and when the atmosphere of a great and proud mystery pervaded it, and a rustle of whispering was perpetually in the air, and the neighbors came in softly at the back door, and Aunt Janet put on all the airs of a zealous and jealous mother-hen, that it was grandpa who had the naming of the babies. So he was seen to put on his spectacles and peer through their misty glasses into the old Bible, and sit looking thoughtfully into the fire at twilight in unaccustomed wise, until at last he said, "Then, if you like it, daughter, they shall be John and Gillian." And she smiled assent, knowing that those names were on old and carefully kept stones in the mossy graveyard.

Thus the twin babies fell heir to stately names; but when they grew old enough to trot about together, and play in the sunny yard, and love the taste of mischief, it had come about that they were oftener known as Jack and Gill. Of course, that was Winthrop Dane's doing, the roguish, wilful boy, whose native gentlemanhood, despite his mischief and his teasing, had always made him Desire's favorite playmate and Aunt Janet's secret pet, until he was scarcely less at home in the old farmhouse than in the parsonage.

His white-haired father sighed over the proud plans and lofty ambitions of the boy's advancing years. For now these ambitions and these plans bore him away from the safe fireside, the worn books over which he and Desire had pored together under the good minister's guiding, and the dozing town. He could not follow in his father's steps; he must cut a different way for himself, and opportunity offered in the crowded,

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bustling city. Now all was arranged; he would enter the lawyer's office; the future opened hopefully before him; he would gain well-earned wealth; he would wear worthy honor.

And yet, as he stood with Desire, that autumn day in Featherfoot, a lovely glen to which they had so often walked together, life looked a very simple thing. The sprays of flaming bitter-sweet were noble prizes, the handfuls of maiden-hair were royal gains. Instinctively they avoided the thought of the future.

"It is a Sabbath," said Desire, with a long sigh.

A green coolness was about her, an overbrooding calm. The patriarch pines stood grave and reverent. It was only through them that she caught sight of the massive hills, as it were, fire-lit in the dyes of October flame. Under her feet lay the mossy carpet, with here and there stray drops of sunshine dripping down upon it.

The path by which they had come wandered away wilfully, and lost itself—one wondered where.

A tiny brook, stained with sunshine, sang a hymn very low to itself while it went on about its work, and clinging ferns fringed the rough selvedges of the cliffs above and the lichened rocks around. Even the vain birch seemed awed in the silence, and ceased the coquettish flutter of her pale, gilded leaves.

So that involuntarily Desire spake low.

"Would you live in a Sunday forever?" said her companion abruptly.

"Yes," answered Desire dreamily, "would not you?"

"No;" and at his resolute tone, Desire looked up. "No; I must have the weekday first, the noise, the strife, the fight, the strain of nerve and will. And you would choose rest always then, Dèsir?"

His voice shaded into a lingering tenderness over the dainty word, a reminiscence of the chance French caught from one and another teacher.

"But you see," she answered wistfully, "there is so much more of weekday than Sunday——"

"But could you bear it so, do you think? Could you bear the work and the waiting for Sunday—the Sunday should surely come some time—for the sake—O Dèsir! could you?"

She was only a girl, and how could he know the level weekday monotone that grew so irksome sometimes to the poetic, sensitive nature, as it lay in the years behind her?

She was only a girl, and Harris Conant was so fascinating, so courtly. Life, with him, meant perpetual luxury and ease. Dèsir's refined instincts had longed for it all her life, had missed the pictures from the bare walls, the books from the bare, glistening mahogany of the old-fashioned tables, the music from the still sweet-toned piano that had been her mother's.

And Winthrop—why, Winthrop was her brother; he had always been that. He had even told her all the economies of the parsonage. She knew why Mr. Dane's coat was so rusty, why even the cherished son could graduate from no college but his father's study, and how entirely he could wear but as he won. The same way of work and waiting lay before him that the young girl had come thus far. And she had looked for Love to come (ah girls! you all do) in purple of regal state and pomp of kingly retinue.

She trembled; a hot flush mantled her brow—of pain and doubt, Winthrop Dane read too plainly. "Shall we go now?" he said calmly.

The leaves rustled, and stately Miss Talcott came down the glen with her cousin, Harris Conant.

Did they see only the picture of a fair girl, as she stood there with the fern in her hair and the red shawl she wore slipping to the ground, or did they note the scarlet blush through the wood-twilight, and the crumpled maiden hair in Dèsir's hands?

The four walked home together with their spoil of leaves and berries, but the little path wandered on alone, nobody knew where.

And so the lush, late days of the year burned out. The November hills were bronze, and wore no softening glamour of purple hazes. Little Desire wondered at her own loneliness, now that Winthrop was gone. There were no more wood-walks, no more exchanging of books, no more giving and taking of sympathy and service. And she wondered why of a sudden her life grew cold and empty, why she felt so small, and the world seemed so broad and so high.

She trailed her leaves and vines about the walls in graceful ways of her own, but with a lack of heart that made her sister look at her with yearning eyes, and she forgot to sing about her work, that importunate woman's work—the babies to tend, and the housework to do, and the invalid to pet. Dèsir made a tangle of it all.

The dull routine irked sadly. She wearied even of the children's naive questions, and shrank from the homely work of every day with sore discontent. But whatever stirred

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thus within her she bore, as was her instinct, dumbly, and even the gentle invalid, reading the unyielding pride she wore for a shield, waited with hand on the latch till the key should be turned from within.

She only said one day—"What troubles the child, Aunt Janet?"

"Don't you worry, Ruth," replied Aunt Janet in staccato, "human nature lies mostly in streaks. It will come up in lumps, like saleratus in poor cooking, sometimes, and you can't help it!"

Dèsir had but one outlet to which she would trust her heartaches—the yellow keys of the old piano. She had slight musical education, but she had the musical instinct in common with the orioles. Sitting there in the little, useless, three-cornered piece of time between sunset and lamplight, she found an unspeakable soothing in the confessions she made through low andantes, the longings and the grievings of plaintive minor tones, the spent strength and utter weariness of sobbing *pianissimos*.

Harris Conant came not unfrequently to the low-browed farmhouse. He liked the simple rooms, garnished with the dainty devices of leaf and spray which grew naturally from Dèsir's beauty-loving nature; he liked her fair, young face, her sweet, unstudied poise of manner; and further than that he did not care to think. His indolent nature yielded to any smooth current, and went drifting, drifting at its will. The idol of his widowed mother, his own choice was always his only law.

But Dèsir's heart never timed itself to a quicker beat by his step. It was a truer and more constant heart than she knew.

The Thanksgiving festival approached, and so once more the "evening" of the year

". . . brought a' hame."

Gentle, faded Mrs. Dane moved with quicker step around the house, for sight of her boy would soon again delight her lonely eyes. Her husband, in his study, smiled tremulously as he heard her quavering voice wander through some long-untried Psalm tune.

Hallowed by the richest and dearest associations of many heaven-looking years, how unspeakably precious to these saintly souls had grown these songs in the house of their pilgrimage. Around their pure and holy faiths and aspirations, out of a soil enriched by many tears, by many dead hopes, by much buried treasure, these had grown to twine like ivy with their lives, till they were inseparable.

Through them, Faith lifted her folded hands; through them, Hope sang her Glorias; through them, Love cried, "My Lord and my God!" I cannot hear the old hymns, common heritage of the vast communion of saints throughout the world, without thrilling as much to their unwritten history as their recorded word. What would that history be if we could read it as angels, I think, have written it out, and see how they have been woven with the dumb pathos of uncounted lives, sung by the baby's cradle, uplifted by the coffin-side, interlinked inseparably with the Holiest in every humble, struggling soul, pressing so heavenward?

At the farmhouse, pantry and closet overflowed with marvellous creations which rose from skilful hands, mysteriously sculptured out of inexhaustible Carraras of snowy flour.

Most happy times for Jack and Gill! With them clean aprons and white stockings were accounted as less than nothing, and vanity. To have one's face washed was barbarous; to have one's hair brushed was intolerable; and to keep from under foot when anything was going on was impossible. Wherever Jack went, followed his satellite, Gill. Whatever Jack might choose to do, Gill considered the perfectest and most praiseworthy of deeds, and whatever he might choose to decree, she was only too happy to obey. If Jack fell into disgrace (and, to tell the truth, Jack generally *was* in disgrace with somebody), Gill invariably considered herself under the same condemnation. Therefore, this opportunity of honorable distinction was certainly not to be overlooked by either.

One night, after they had spoiled the cake-batter by adding, in their generous zeal, a liberal sprinkling of pepper at some unwatched moment, after Jack was discovered fallen into the half-empty flour-barrel, and little Gill had been half drowned under an overturned pan of milk, Aunt Janet took it upon herself to talk very solemnly to the two little culprits.

"Don't you know that naughty little children never go to heaven?"

"Why?" inquired Jack curiously; "don't they have any dark closets up there?"

"Or any swishes?" added Gill.

"None of the children there," resumed Aunt Janet severely, "are ever bad like you. They——"

"Then do they give 'em sugar-plums?" queried Jack, brightening up.

"Or—or any frosty cake?" followed Gill.

"No indeed," answered Aunt Janet; "nobody is ever hungry in heaven."

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"Poh!" said heathenish little Jack, "'taint much of a place if th' aint any candy shop!"

"Poh!" echoed little Gill, "it's nicer where mamma is!"

Poor Aunt Janet retreated ingloriously, but their mother called them to her and told them many fairer and sweeter things about the land of heaven, which dropped deep in their childish memories.

Unconsciously, now, Dèsir's step grew more blithe, and she hummed unthinking the fragment of an old song which she used to play for Winthrop:

> A ship sails the sea, sails, sails silverly,
> O'er her foamy-flowered track, coming back,
> Coming back!

When the chain of uncles and cousins that had met around the hospitable hearth had again parted, bright Jennie Morris lingered behind the rest. She had been a frequent and favorite guest, and many a frolic had she shared with Dèsir and Winthrop. Her light fingers woke from the piano unaccustomed strains of opera music, mad waltz, and merry polka. The whole house seemed a-flicker with her rustling ribbons, and the warm colors with which she loved to wrap herself. She seemed a thing of light and warmth, airy as a thistle-down, changeful as the sky.

When Winthrop came to see them he watched her as if fascinated by her humming-bird ways. True, he told them all of his new life with frank confidence, and deferred to his old playmate, Desire (he did not say Dèsir now), with even an added gentleness. But a new dignity was growing over him, and while she shrank from it half afraid, Jennie's music and Jennie's dauntless talk filled up every pause. The child began first to realize why she felt so sick hearted when Winthrop held out his hand and went away.

Mrs. Conant gave a small tea-party the night following Thanksgiving. Her son brought the informal invitations, and when they were alone again, Jennie whirled Dèsir round in an ecstatic waltz.

"Delightful! never went to a country tea-party in my life! And you never told me a word about your lover! But don't trouble yourself to say anything now, you dear, deceitful Dèsir! Just as though I couldn't see for myself when 'the mouse had run up the clock,' even if I didn't hear the clock strike *one!*"

In the same gleeful mood she entered Mrs. Conant's handsome parlors at the appointed time. The dozen people assembled looked at her with admiration. She had the art of wearing her pretty robes with perfect naturalness.

Many people carry their "fig-leaves" with Eve's own shamefacedness. It is plain that they are anxiously and studiously *assumed.*

They assert themselves apart from the individual, and impertinently demand separate attention. But never flower of the field wore purple and gold with more apparent adaptedness than Jennie did her rich attire. Her free, joyous way pleased irresistibly, and her merry sayings made the usually quiet level of conversation all a-glitter with sparkling nothings.

Yet Dèsir suffered nothing in comparison.

There was an unusual transparency about her pure, perfect face, which gave it an almost pearly light. The shadows of new thoughts lay deep in her eyes, eyes less brilliant than crystal clear, and the lovely mouth had a peculiar wistful look, with all its firmness, that made motherly Mrs. Conant call her "child," when she kissed and welcomed her. A new dignity enwrapped her every motion, a dainty film that was neither coldness nor haughtiness. Only a woman's way. It was a face that thrilled unwontedly Harris Conant's even pulses.

With a shyness like her own, Winthrop stood apart and watched his lover-like ways, then turned with an involuntary clinching of the hand, as if from physical pain, to meet and parry Jennie Morris' laughing badinage.

Dèsir strayed by and by into the conservatory, broidered over with its flossy greenery, and fragrant with the breath of bursting blossoms. The luxury and loveliness about her in this tasteful home of opulence, seemed but her natural atmosphere. She stood in a dreamy, delicious repose amidst it, lulled into forgetting the new, perplexing thoughts but half awake within her. Jubilant music filled the air, and through the half-open doors she noted how Jennie's brilliant execution, succeeding the simple harmonies which had preceded it, was delighting her hearers. Here Harris Conant, seeking her out, found her bending over the flowers. He cut of them lavishly for her, but when he poured forth impetuous words above them, and pleaded to wear her love for the one queen-flower of his life, she started in pain and fright—only a girl, still. And yet—and yet—a home so fair, a lover so chivalrous, a life so soft and unfretted in its gliding, and the contrast of the homely economies, the bare corners, the lacking and the relinquishing, the denials, not so much of ease

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and comfort, but of the very dearest askings of her inmost being—do you blame her?

Her eyes wandered unconsciously to the piano.

Winthrop chanced to be turning the leaves for Jennie, and at this moment some low speech seemed to pass between them which brought a deeper crimson to the girl's cheek, and her saucy eyes dropped to the ivory keys.

A sharp, intolerable pang of jealous agony cleft through the watcher's being. She needed to waver no longer. She knew henceforth that she had turned away ignorantly that royal Guest, a lifetime's only Love.

She took up this knowledge to bear without plaint forever, if must be, and girded herself thereto; then turning her back on the Paradise, guarded by its flaming sword, she knew what it is to be a woman.

One sunny morning, not long after that, Jack and Gill, left to play in the yard for a little while, made a discovery.

"Why! the sky stoops!" cried Gill, pushing back her little red hood, and peering up at the horizon line where it caught against the east.

To Jack, following her example, a grand idea suggested itself.

"Le's go and punch a hole in, and look through into heaven," said he.

"Well, we will," obediently responded Gill, and half an hour after Mrs. Acre, the seamstress, who lived in a sort of little dove-cote just above the meadow, and was always "buried in a thimble," she laughingly averred, seeing the pair from her little, twinkling window, cried to her sister—"My grief! if there ain't the Werner twins trottin' along as cool as a span of turkeys! It stands to reason they've run away," and down went scissors and spools, while the good soul ran out to lure the little pilgrims in.

It wasn't her way to say—"None of my business."

"Won't you come in and see me, dovies?" she entreated.

"No, fank you," answered Jack coolly—"we're in a hurry."

"But if you only knew what I've got in my cupboard," coaxed Mrs. Acre, "such nice little seed-cookies, and such cunning little cakes——"

"With any *roof* on 'em?" questioned Gill, getting interested.

"Yes, frosted, too, left over from Thanksgiving."

"Oh! well," hesitated Jack, "mamma says—'Be p'lite!'" and veered toward the gate, a gate that was always swung open, as never becomes a dignified gate, we all know.

The kind woman had scarcely set a little feast for her unexpected guests, before there was a hurried knock at the door, and Dèsir running in breathless, advanced no further in her proposed scolding than kisses and caresses.

"Where were you going, naughty little folks?" she cried.

It certainly was surprising to be told—"Where the sky stoops, so's to look into heaven."

"Did you ever see in?" added Gill, innocently looking up into Mrs. Acre's face, as she pressed another cake upon her.

"No, indeed, I never did," and she laughed merrily.

But little Gill looked at her with a kind of grave wonder.

"Why! why not?" she queried, "when it's such a small ways from your house?"

Somehow Dèsir could not forget the childish question. Their mother smiled brightly when she heard it.

"Think of it?" said she; "after all, they're nearer right than we. Why *don't* we look in? Heaven is not all those miles of immensity away. For every life may open right into it, and after that nothing can be cramped, or narrow, or mean. It's like a bird's-nest, then; the merest tiny brown hollow of them all has no less than the grand sky for a roof."

Aunt Janet wiped her glasses.

"It's just so," said she, "life needs piecing out with heaven, and we get it that heaven needs piecing out with life, so instead of taking the good of the glory as we go along, we fret and complain if we miss the good things of this world anywhere on the way."

Dèsir's father, growing old so fast day by day now, could not forget the sound of these words, as he sat there, gloomy and taciturn, behind his newspaper.

Mrs. Clyfft looked at Dèsir with silent wistfulness. She could guess the lack and the emptiness of her life, and she did not hear the grieving of the old piano with no guess of it's meaning. Dèsir met her significant look with brave, honest eyes, despite the quiver of her lips, for these were sweet and helpful words. They clung to her, and were like perfumed leaves among her plain, daily doings, while winter folded the world in a silent, marble whiteness, as though it were all but one wide place of graves, and in neither earth, air, nor sky did

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there seem to shine any graven *Resurgam*. Her days were often written in the close, fine type of stitches, but the homely routine of the needful work which fell to her share roused no more bitter rebellion. She was learning to let out her life wherever it was cramped into all heaven.

The Conants had closed their pretty summer home, having delayed longer than usual that year, and from Winthrop she heard only through the brave and cheerful words sometimes proudly repeated by his parents. It was up-hill work, but a tense will like his would succeed yet, he said.

She thought of him when daily the locomotive rushed swiftly through the village, the one vigorous waft from the outer world which broke the sealed stillness of the hills. Beside his strong man's work, his good fight for wider ends, her own being looked shrivelled and trivial.

Her sister watched her face grow sad one day, as, sitting at their work, they could just see the flashing flight of the engine across the distant meadows.

"What a vast strength it is, Dèsir!" she said softly.

"It dwarfs our work and our power so," answered Dèsir, and sighed a little.

The shadow of a living struggle fell on the wan face of the invalid, for was her life anything but a barren waiting? But she answered low—"Lichens or steam-engines, darling, God never gets out of patience with either—the slowness of the one, or the impetuosity of the other."

I said that tidings of her old friend came to her only through his parents; but now and then a chance word would fall through Jennie's rare letters, for of course Jennie hated letter-writing.

He had spent an evening at her home perhaps, or they had met in some public library, or they had continued a chance walk together—the merest bald mention—and yet that lawless heart would throb with jealous anguish at it, and it was a sore struggle to grapple it down.

Once in the course of the winter he spent a Sunday at home, and Mrs. Clyfft—it being one of the rare days when she was able to bear church-going—felt the quiver that ran through Dèsir's frame as they shook hands in the porch.

Why did the aged minister preach that day a sermon that had a trumpet sound—a sermon about Victory? A tremulous shimmer of pale sunshine shafted down on the simple communion-table, and lingered for an instant on the walls above him, as he closed the Bible at last:

"And so, 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Victory! The grand, martial word! How it showed against the dull colors of Dèsir's life. It seemed as though it were a vivid flame, and in its light she beheld the gray and the homespun transfigured. She did not forget the mendings, and the piecings, and the relinquishments, nor the scarlet fever, nor Aunt Janet's rheumatism, nor those other burdens—ah friend! you have such, too—that she never called by any name even when she prayed; she did not think they were easy, but she felt strong to bear them before this "splendid hope," this Victory.

Victory! And on the full, triumphant surge of the sound the heart of the storm-worn woman beside her seemed for the moment to be swept past every hour of faint loneliness and sickness of heart, past every weary night of suffering, past every thought of pain and perplexity, over into that calm that is after the conflict, the rest that comes after the stress, the heaven—forever that arches over the earth. Nevermore.

Victory! And the man's heart leaped at the stirring word. With nerve of steel, with purpose of fire, Hope leaped forward to the goal. But above the honorable ambitions and the honest aims that even here might stand upright, above the dearer aspirations yet unsleeping—and looking with unutterable yearning at Dèsir's rapt, uplifted face, the words of the Psalmist rose and fell to his thought—"And he shall give thee thy heart's desire." Through the clear, crystal calm a vision of whiter, loftier heights began to rise before him, and from them rang in far-off cadence of sweeter, tenderer music, the echo—Victory!

Another year glided away, and the second spring woke slowly from the long winter trance. Dèsir put on with all a girl's pleasure her fresh, light garments once more. If they were fewer and less fastidiously appointed than she might choose, that had lost now the power to chafe and fret.

"Desire has grown very lovely," said Mrs. Dane to her husband, getting now to be very, very feeble, one day after she had been in to see them.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "a dear child—one of the very 'little ones,' Dorothy, I think."

It was one of the last times that Dèsir ever saw the faithful minister, for very soon, with great weeping, his people saw him laid in the grave, and in heaven they sang, "A Victory!"

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Then the gates of the city were shut, and they saw him no more.

The shock of his death was great to the devoted wife, and her son relinquished all else to care for her shattered health. Of what he sacrificed thereby, he made no mention, and wore his victory so, uncrowned among his fellows.

At this time, Winthrop's name vanished from Jennie's letters, and they made coy mention of Harris Conant, whom she had met often in society during the winter.

Mrs. Conant re-opened her house for the summer, and filled it with guests whose rich attire and gay doings gave the villagers plenty to gossip about. But her son soon left her again to travel with a merry party, among whom Jennie Morris was one.

Winthrop Dane saw no light of eagerness in his old playmate's eyes at meeting the polished gentleman again.

It was once more an October day, after the fragile mother he had cared for so tenderly had slipped from his clasp, and taken hold of her husband's hand again—after the old parsonage was shut and empty and in another day he would return to the city, that Winthrop Dane knocked at the farmhouse door and called for Dèsir again in the old, boyish way—"Would she come and walk with him?" And again he guided her into the brown hair-line of a path that wended to Featherfoot.

Dèsir thought she could trust herself even here now, a habit of calm, even poise, had so grown upon her; but a faint color would flutter in her cheeks, and in spite of herself her voice was a trifle unsteady when she said how beautiful it all was.

"Yes, beautiful as ever," said her companion, "and as Sabbath-like. But for me, Dèsir, it is not Sunday yet—and never will be, unless—unless—O Dèsir! O my darling!" he cried impetuously—"unless I dare ask you once more, Can you bear the homely weekday with me till we find it together?"

And Dèsir only put her hand in his with a great pride and thankfulness that transfigured her to a rare beauty, and said—"O Winthrop! it is all Sunday for your sake."

Then together they traced out the wandering path into the wood, and found that it led home at last.

Thus it was the prophecy he had dreamed of came true. He heard it ringing over and over with new, exultant rhythm—"And He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

So it was only the same woman's life that she took up, after all. But she had learned that all our days are holy days for the one heaven above each. And whether in the years when Winthrop's unyielding will and stalwart effort had won for his heart's desire the service of every luxury, or in the years of work and waiting which lay before, weekday and Sunday were alike for her thus held and hallowed.

LEONE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Where the tempest fiercely raves,
White billows onward sweeping,
And the deep sea hollows countless graves,
My lost Leone is sleeping.
Wild winds moan
With pitying tone,
And the skies above are weeping.

'Twas the sunset of the year,
And leaves were falling, dying,
When I called her first "My love! my dear!"
And heard her voice replying.
Full of woe,
Soft and low,
The autumn breeze was sighing.

But they forced me, in despair,
My treasure to surrender;
There was never face so sweet and fair,
And never heart so tender.
Robed in white,
She comes at night,
Amid angelic splendor.

We shall meet again at last,
When mortal bonds are riven,
And these earthly trials all are passed—
That promise God has given.
O lost Leone!
My love, my own!
Wilt thou wait for me in heaven?

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MY GRANDFATHER'S GARDEN.

Like nothing in these latter days of busy florists and ambitious landscape gardeners, was this Eden of my childhood. No sudden creation of wealth in the hands of artistic taste and skill, but the slow growth of a lifetime, and, descending from father to son, enriched by another lifetime of love and care. Every tree, and shrub, and flower, from far and near, from the ends of the earth and from the outlying woods and fields, was set in its appointed place with the reverent solicitude of the lover; planted tenderly, and watched in its growth and trained to its fairest effects—all under the guiding, controlling force of that creative ecstasy which holds in its absorbing trance the enthusiast of natural beauty. So it came to pass that a spirit brooded over the place, and that a visit to the old ancestral home meant to my childish intensity of feeling a stepping out of the common world and into a region of enchantment.

A poetic dreamer, in youth and in age, was the maker of this garden, planning and laboring to the music of Milton's Paradise, until the work of his hands gradually took the shape of that first and fairest home of humankind—

"In narrow room Nature's whole wealth—
* * * * * * *
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste."

That there was no formal division between fruit and flower-garden, I had good reason, as a child, to notice—wandering at will in the dim, sweet quiet of the summer dawn, and coming unexpectedly upon an open, green space where stood a full-fruited pear tree, and scattered thickly beneath it, blushing invitingly among the dewy grass, the night's windfall of luscious pears

"Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams."

That lake, and the spring which fed it—thereby hangs a tale. Long ago, when the country was first settled, a vision came to this ancestor of mine in the old world, a clear, well-defined picture of a beautiful, sparkling spring, the hill rising behind it, the valley spreading broad and smooth before; and that inner voice to which Friends hearken reverently, whispered, "This shall be the place of thy abode in the new world over the sea. Seek and find." And he took it for a heavenly vision—crossed the ocean, and travelled on and on, until the picture met his eye—unquestionably the scene that his dream had painted—and he settled, and built him a house, and handed down the estate to his son; and in that divinely indicated spot, the descendant of happy and peaceful generations is living at this day.

So the clear, bubbling spring that sparkled forth its greeting to my ancestor's eye as he journeyed on in faith and hope through the shadows of the primeval forest, became the nucleus of that venerated garden—the central heart of all its beauty. There arose the picturesque, stone greenhouse; and there, around the tiny lake, clustered the fair, exotic strangers that brought with them, and breathed abroad upon the charmed air the life and glory of their glowing tropic home. Stately orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit, saw their golden abundance reflected from the "crystal mirror," myrtles whispered of Italy, and passion flowers, starry and mystic, gleamed mid their dark, rich masses of leaves and twining tendrils, like spirit eyes veiled in the tender shadows of their sacred, sorrowful significance. But sweetest of all the treasures there, known and unknown, was the cape jessamine that stood on the north border, and was always full-laden at midsummer with large, creamy blossoms of luscious fragrance. They were brimming cups of nectar—those jessamine flowers from far-off Africa:

"The very sweetness of their name has gone
Into my being"—

and no hot-house splendors beheld in later years could ever match those marvels of my childhood. In the still August mornings, when no other creature was abroad save the early birds, holding carnival in every bush and brake, I hovered about, and hung above them like a devotee in-

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haling incense. And those musk-roses clustering upon the gray walls of the greenhouse, how their odor entranced my senses! Lord Bacon speaks of "flower-scents in the air, that come and go like the warbling of music." So is the breath of those roses sweet as a gush of remembered singing.

"Of all the pictures
Hung upon memory's wall,"

few are clearer than that of the broad south-eastern slope, where the gayest and rarest flowers grew, which the morning sun streamed over earliest and freest. And stealing through the trellised entrance as into the fruition of some coveted happiness, along the gravelled paths by the brilliant, box-bordered parterres sparkling with dew, the figure of a shy, dreaming child, wholly at home in the sweet company of birds and flowers, and rustling leaves and rippling waters, least alone when alone under the still, blue dome of heaven with the spirits of all who love the ministry of nature. Stooping to some wondrous blossom that had opened in the night, twining the tender vines that were reaching out for support, inhaling with a separate ecstasy for each the odors that are freshest and richest at sunrise, lifting a listening ear to the dove's low plaint, amid

"—— the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough,—"

Ah! that was life! So had the planner and creator of all this beauty lived a full, satisfied life amidst it; missing no aspect of its manifold charms—

"Neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds: nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight"— * * * * *
* * * * * * With no more
Of his sweet gardening labor than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful."

Lying down at night with thoughts for the morrow, which were not so much cares as joys:

"To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease."

I can fancy the dear, old man, in his intervals of labor, or days of rest, repeating the poetry he loved in the presence of the beauty it conjured up, and luxuriating in the floral wealth of an English garden:

"Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown:
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and, while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose,
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom."

Thus to the music of poet-thoughts the work went on slowly, year after year, like the building of a temple; and it gave one the feeling of walking apart from the world to tread the cloistered aisles of the grand old garden, with its dim, receding archways of stately trees, and its incense from innumerable flowers.

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY NARCISSA E. DAVIS.

There is something still to cheer us;
Though to-day may dawn in sorrow.
God's watchful eye is ever near us,
The sun may shine to-morrow.

We have Hope left still to cheer us;
Though our paths seem dark and dreary,
The Star of Faith shines o'er us;
Faint-hearted, be not weary.

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"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."*

("A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.")

After the German of Elise Polko.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

"The great artist, in that hour when, like Moses, he stands face to face with his God, and from the mountain of the eternal Law receives his art, must forget his lower life, with its pleasures and sorrows, and, while he mounts to heaven, the earth with its petty realms must shrink beneath him, until at length, lost in clouds and distance, it vanishes from his sight."—JEAN PAUL.

CHAPTER I.

An autumn evening full of premonitions of winter had been followed by a cool October day. Vague, ghostly shadows flitted over the field; and the icy wind remorselessly stripped the many-hued leaves from the forest-trees, and strewed them under the feet of the wanderer. Over all nature lay an oppressive anxiety, a brooding sorrow. It was as if the voice of winter toned from the distance, and in malicious whispers, told of shivering days and long, dark nights—of ice-flowers and snowflakes soon to come.

But in the city which lay in the centre of the great plain, it was more cheerful than in the outside solitude. Here men laughed at autumn's cold and winter's threats, and withdrew into their warm houses, from whose windows beamed friendly lights, tokens of domestic comfort and happiness.

The year was 1732, and the city of which we speak, Leipsic. It was surrounded by a deep moat and a high wall shaded by stately lindens; its houses were nearly all high and narrow, with curiously carved projecting balconies and little towers upon the roofs. But of church-towers the city possessed very few.

But it boasted one stately church, and near by it was the cantor-house attached to the venerable St. Thomas school. From this quaint old house gleamed cheerful lights, and merry children's voices told that here dwelt a happy family.

At the heavy, oaken table which stood in the centre of a room, adorned with great, dark presses and curiously carved chairs, sat a man in a stately, but somewhat rumpled, curled peruke, and a suit of plain black. His face was full and blooming. A grave sweetness played around the corners of the firm mouth, the forehead was wonderfully beautiful and transparent, and the fiery black eyes had an indescribable power, a might no human soul could easily withstand. One must ever and ever again gaze into those enchanted eyes, which spoke of things too high and beautiful for earth. To him on whom those eyes rested, it seemed as if not to blind him, a black veil had been thrown over that fathomless sea of light, which in them rose and fell.

This man was John Sebastian Bach, the renowned musical composer and organist. The Leipsic people called him a very odd fellow, and often shook their wise heads over his incomprehensible phantasies upon the organ. But, when the cantor played, not a single one of them could leave the church, and a thrill, now of ecstasy, now of awe, would pervade the souls of the listeners, when the mightiest of tones rose, swelled, and roared as if they would burst the church walls, and bury beneath the ruins that poor little company of trembling mortals.

At the right of the cantor sat his wife, a rosy, healthy matron, with refined, good features, and gentle eyes. She wore a plain, neat dress, a snow-white cap and a kerchief smoothly folded across the breast. On her lap she held her youngest son, Christoph, a lusty little fellow three months old. Several other blooming young urchins hung around her, and amused themselves in playing with their baby-brother.

Bach's eldest son, Friedemann, a tall, stately youth, like his father in all save the old man's mild sweetness of expression, stood near the giant stove of Dutch tiles, and looked thoughtfully upon that noisy group of young brothers. At the cantor's left was a slender, finely dressed young man, with thick black hair, his dark, amiable, tender face bearing a striking resemblance to the head of the family. This was Bach's second son, Philip Emanuel, now come from Frankfort-on-the-Oder for a short visit to

* "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,*
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen;
Er hilt uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen."

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

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his dear home. Both these elder sons were children of Bach's first wife.

Philip Emanuel had been telling his father of the musical academy of which he was director, and after dwelling much on the talent of his pupils, he timidly drew a manuscript sheet of music from his pocket. Blushing, he handed it to his father, saying: "See, dearest father, if it amounts to anything." It was a beautiful *sonate*. The elder Bach went through it with joy-moistened eyes. Then, handing the roll back, he said, smiling:

"Only be industrious, my boy, and with God's help, in time, you will make something. Friedemann, too, is doing bravely: he plays very well. I shall perhaps live to have much joy in you, my sons."

Both young men listened, smiling, and delighted as little children, to these words of their venerated father, and thankfully pressed his hand.

Suddenly, the hurried tramping of a horse was heard, soon followed by a loud knock at the hall door. Both the eldest sons sprang to the door, the children became quiet, and the mother turned pale. But Bach said, with a peaceful smile: "How can you be so disturbed? We have none of us a bad conscience; let come what will."

After a few moments a postilion appeared. He came, he said, directly from Dresden, and would speak with Cantor Bach. Then he reached Bach a letter from the powerful minister, the much-feared Count Brühl. The cantor drew forward the lamp, shaded his eyes with his hand, and read:

"MY DEAR CANTOR: Our gracious sovereign, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, wishes to hear you, the renowned organist, Sebastian Bach, in his capital. Therefore, on Sunday, the 24th day of October, you will play in the royal church at Dresden. Two days after the reception of this letter, a royal coach will take you to the capital, where we await you with great impatience. Prepare yourself worthily for this high honor, my dear cantor.

"By the command of my gracious master I salute you.

(Signed) COUNT BRUHL."

For a long time Bach sat lost in thought and uttered no word. Scorn and repugnance were written on his face, and his eyes glanced from one of his loved ones to the other. Friedemann and Philip modestly kept silence.

"Mr. Courier," said the cantor at length, slowly and with great dignity, "tell Minister Brühl, that I, Sebastian Bach, cantor of the St. Thomas school in Leipsic, will obey the command of my prince, and come to Dresden."

"But I must have your written promise," replied the courier.

"Man!" thundered Bach, rising in his full majesty, "do you know what you ask? Did you not understand me? Have I, Sebastian Bach, not given you my word? Do you hold me for one of those perjured villains who move in the atmosphere of courts, and whom a miserable shred of paper binds more strongly than a true man's word spoken before the face of God?"

"Dearest father—" interposed Philip Emanuel.

"Silence, boy! you understand nothing of all this," replied the father hastily. Then, turning to the courier, he said: "Now you have your answer. If you tell every word of it to Count Brühl, it will not trouble me in the least."

The messenger, pale with terror, ventured no reply, and Bach added gently: "This, I hope, will be a wholesome lesson for you. The capital is not over all, neither is Prince Augustus nor Count Brühl. Now, if you will help us eat our evening meal, and taste our beer, we shall be very happy."

The courier did not accept the invitation. He took a hurried leave, and our cantor serenely seated himself again at the table. His family anxiously crowded around him, and Frau Gertrude said:

"Ah my husband! you will go forth into the wide world—forth to Dresden, to the pomp and splendor of that sinful city. Oh!—and the long, weary journey. No, dear, for your wife and children's sake you must not go!"

Then she burst into tears, and fell sobbing on his breast. The children, when they saw their mother weep, began to cry lustily, and threw their arms around their father's neck; the oldest sons also loudly and excitedly condemned the count's order, and there was a terrible uproar in that simple family-room.

At last the full, strong voice of the master of the house rose above the tumult. "Wife," cried the cantor; "take these noisy little fellows into the nursery. Only Friedemann and Emanuel shall remain here." So saying, like a lion, he shook off the screaming children, and the mother took her little flock to the old nurse.

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Meanwhile, the cantor, with great strides, walked up and down the room; but the true wife soon returned, and with moist eyes seated herself at the table.

"Do not grieve over this journey, Gertrude," said the husband gently. "In fourteen days, with God's blessing, I shall be back again in my own nest; and I have decided to take these two boys with me," he added, pointing to Friedemann and Emanuel. "They shall see all the vain frippery there, and, above all things, bravely care for their father."

The sons thanked their father with beaming eyes.

"Yes, children," he continued, "with this pure, glorious voice of our Lord God"—so he often called the beloved organ-tones—"we will so move the hearts of these children of the world that they will cry, '*Pater peccavi;*' and Maestro Hasse shall learn that there are higher, more heavenly sounds than the sweet, voluptuous melodies of beautiful Italy!"

He looked inspired as he uttered these words, and his wife and sons gazed upon him with the deepest veneration.

Soon after, he said cheerfully—"Now, mother, let our little screamers come in again, and we will have supper."

The table was covered; a great stone pitcher, filled with foaming beer, adorned the place of the master of the house; a mighty loaf of bread was laid near it, and the cantor, after a short grace, with loving care served out to each his portion, beginning with the eldest. Meanwhile, Frau Gertrude dispensed the steaming broth, and they all feasted and chatted right merrily.

CHAPTER II.

Never in the great, beautiful Catholic church of ostentatious Dresden, had so select and brilliant an audience assembled as upon that Sunday afternoon, when Cantor Bach, from Leipsic, was to play the grand organ. The numerous courtiers in their elegant costumes, the magnificent women in costly silks, laces, and jewels, many of them beaming in the still more royal adornments of youth and beauty, formed one splendid, living garland, in whose midst sat throned the princely figure of Augustus of Saxony.

The form of the old prince was still unbowed, and his head erect; but the features, little trace of whose youthful beauty remained, were worn and sunken, and the eyes had lost their early fire. He chatted with his darling Brühl, who, with the elegant repose of a cultivated man of the world, stood by his side, and seemed to listen deferentially to every word that fell from the lips of his exalted master. Untamed pride was written on this man's clever forehead, insatiable avarice beamed from his restless eyes, a quenchless thirst for power trembled upon his haughty lips.

"This droll cantor would not come to court last evening," whispered the prince, laughing; "but I will torment him so much the more today. As soon as the concert is over, I will demand to see him. He shall be enticed to a supper and a ball, and the most beautiful young ladies of our court shall invite him to dance."

Brühl bowed in silence.

"We have all a great deal of curiosity about this renowned organist," continued the prince. "Every face here shows suspense and eagerness. Hasse expectantly raises his heavy brows, and even his beautiful wife, Faustina, with restless glances looks around the church, as if she feared to find in Bach a musical rival. Still, I see our *virtuoso* Marchand has not laid aside his derisive smile.

"But silence! Three figures have just entered the choir. Look, Brühl! The two very youthful men modestly take their places at one side—dear, innocent faces they are."

"These are the eldest sons of the cantor, your majesty," returned Brühl.

Then an organ-tone swelled upward like a breath of heaven, purging all souls from idle thoughts. Deep silence reigned. An undefined feeling of devotion pervaded every heart, and all eyes glanced upward. A magnificent prelude welled forth like a full, golden stream, on whose banks stood celestial flowers, and it bore the longing soul ever floating higher upon its mighty waves, into that all-powerful, all-conquering choral—

"*Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott!*"

That proud song of songs of the evangelical church rolled down from the choir. Father Bach let it echo along, and accompanied every tone with a peaceful smile. He celebrated at this moment in a Catholic cathedral the triumph of his own beloved Lutheran church. Like a crowned conqueror, the sacred melody passed through nave and arches, as if numberless invisible members of the angel choir joined in that song of praise.

Gathering power in its course, still the stream

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of harmony rolled onward. The spirit of the great master rose higher and higher; ever more wonderful and more holy became the bewildering tones, as if some high, unearthly voice were mingling with their melody.

Ever higher rose and roared the sea of sound, beating mightily against men's hearts, its waves dashing wildly against men's heads. And now the pillars of the church seemed to heave; for it was as if the lamenting voices of the whole human race united in one agonizing appeal for mercy—as if a whole world had arisen to implore God's grace. Yet, between these strains, still arose, like the sweet incense of pious souls, the melody—

"*Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott!*"

And then the mystic accords grew deeper, as if in answer to the lamentations of believing love and sorrow. At last the entreating voices sank lower and lower, softer grew the lamentations, fainter the weeping—and there came, O wonder! the sweet voice of forgiveness. It pervaded the high arches of the church like enchanting perfume or the sweet breath of spring. It filled the vast auditorium, this voice of heavenly pity, according to all sins eternal absolution.

A joyful astonishment, a pious ecstasy, now broke forth in pure, holy tones, and at last, overmastering, all-powerful, as from a thousand holy human voices, with exultant hallelujahs, the victor song of the evangelical church arose on high—

"*Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott!*"

The wonderful tones were hushed. John Sebastian Bach sat upon his organ-bench with folded hands. Heaven's own inspiration lighted up his face. Deadly pale from excitement, trembling with delight at this victory of their revered father, his two sons stood near him. Suppressed murmurs of admiration ran through the church. A side door leading to the choir opened, and Prince Augustus appeared, behind him, at a respectful distance, a brilliant retinue.

Almost timidly, Augustus of Saxony approached the great man who sat so meekly before him, his head bowed, and so absorbed in pious reveries that he had not remarked the entrance of his sovereign. At last Augustus lightly laid his hand upon the cantor's shoulder. He rose, and, unembarrassed, looked into the face of his prince. What, in this moment of rapt inspiration, were worldly power and splendor to the great soul of the master, so filled with the glory of his God, into whose heaven he had just ascended on the wings of holy melody? Even to find the words of the earthly speech was difficult.

"Gracious prince," he said softly after a long pause, "I see that the dear Lord God's voice has also deeply moved your heart. Is not this a wonderfully blessed feeling? Is it not to you as if all around had become sunshine? And is your heart not lifted up to nobler, greater worlds than this? Does not all earthly glitter fade into nothingness before the glory of Heaven? Will you not in life and soul obey this heavenly voice, so that it may lead you whence it comes into eternal life and blessedness?"

"Bach," answered Prince Augustus with trembling voice, and drawing close to the great musician, "when I heard your playing, there came to me a presentiment of my speedy death; but the thought of death lost all its horrors. I did not tremble at its aspect as usual, when in silent hours I have sought to solve the dark riddle of human life. O master! if I could only hear you in my dying hour."

Bach answered not a word. He looked upon his deeply moved sovereign with eyes overflowing with tender emotion and holy joy. His pious heart in this moment celebrated a greater triumph than artist-pride.

And now there was a sound at the door. A woman hastily pressed through the throng of courtiers—a woman in the full bloom of life, a stately, voluptuous figure, with proud, Juno head. It was Faustina Hasse, the adored singer, the idolized darling of the royal capital. With all the passionateness of a true Italian, glowing, weeping, she rushed up to the cantor, fell upon his neck, and, sobbing half audibly, kissed him upon both cheeks.

"Blessed, oh! eternally blessed, be thou, inspired musician, beloved of heaven!" she cried in the highest excitement.

Bach was taken by surprise. The courtiers smiled; but Signor Hasse, entering, drew his wife away, and reverently pressed the great master's hand. The trifling French scoffers, and the fastidious *virtuoso* Marchand, also approached. No scornful smile now played around his fine lips, but his eyes were moist with tears. Silently he pressed the musician's hand to his heart. The prince's retinue followed the example of his favorite. The charming ladies of the court did not keep back, and soon the most beautiful hands pressed those of the cantor, and the loveliest lips spoke their thanks.

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But the great master suddenly broke loose from the admiring throng.

"Enough!" he cried. "These weak caresses and flatteries are no fitting reward for holy, serious organ-playing. Leave me, enticing forms! I will see you no more. Know that ever since I entered this luxurious Dresden, amid all its splendor, I have been longing for my dear, lowly home, for my wife and children. Gracious prince," he added, turning to Augustus of Saxony, who with a sad smile had gazed upon the scene, "let me go; you see that this is no place for old Sebastian Bach. He cannot swim in these waters."

"I shall not let you go," answered Prince Augustus, "until you ask some favor from me."

"You could give me nothing, my prince. *I am richer than you.* But I thank you."

"Think of your sons," said Augustus gently.

"Oh! yes, dear prince, if you would do something for Friedemann"—here he drew the blushing youth to his side—"I should be very glad. But not for the next two years. I need my boy, who is an excellent engraver on copper, to engrave my music. We are now working on the Passion music. My Philip"—here he nodded to his second son—"is well provided for, God be praised. I thank you with my whole heart, gracious prince."

Augustus of Saxony assured the venerated master that Friedemann's future should be his especial care. At parting, he gave his hand to the father and sons, with many protestations of his high regard. The most distinguished cavaliers crowded around, eager to accompany the departing visitors to the carriage, into which they lifted the quaint Leipsic cantor with as much reverence as if he had been the mightiest sovereign on earth.

The next morning, John Sebastian Bach and his two sons were rolling along in one of the princely coaches to their own dear home. As they drove past the magnificent royal palace, and the lovely region of the Elbe unfolded before their eyes, Philip Emanuel, greatly excited, cried—"Father, dear father! Dresden is wonderfully beautiful! But the most beautiful of all is—Faustina Hasse!"

"Silence, lad!" returned the great musician, while a mischievous smile played around the corners of his mouth. "Be silent, my son; of such things you know nothing."

SPRING SNOW.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

All winter the sky was kindly,
With glimpses of gracious sheen,
And the tender plants in the garden
Forgot not their summer green.

The chickweed was white with blossoms,
The clover was green and fair,
And the honeysuckle's tendrils
Grew fast in the humid air.

And we said, "The tyrant winter
For once has forgotten his power,
Has fallen asleep, like Samson,
In a soft, unguarded hour;—

"In the lap of the smiling springtime
He has laid him idly down,
While she, the lovely Delilah,
Has shorn him of strength and crown!"

But when in the bright March morning,
Forgetful of storm and blast,
The shrubs were budding for blossoms,
And the boughs were thickening fast—

The giant awoke from his slumbers
In a passion of rage and shame,
And breaking the bands which bound him,
Made haste to retrieve his fame—

For lo! as we gazed one morning
With scarce-believing eyes,
The gardens, and fields, and hillsides
Lay hushed in a white surprise;

Silent, and snowy, and pallid,
The world was in winter dress,
And the peach-trees stood affrighted
And blushed at their forwardness.

Alas! for the sorrowful moral
That the freakish seasons bring—
Who misses his snow in winter,
Shall have it two-fold in spring!

But alas! it is nowhere written
In truthful prose or rhyme,
Who misses his flowers at May-tide
Shall find them in winter-time!

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MERMAIDS.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Were there no genuine coin, counterfeits, of course, would have no existence. So fiction will always be found to have had its *origin* in fact, however far the latter may have been stretched or altered to weave out the fanciful tissue of the former.

Thus, the marvels and absurdities that attach to the existence of *mermaids* and *mermen* must have had *some foundation* upon which to base the thousand and one fanciful pictures of the daring exploits of this fabled myth, its wondrous power and beauty, and the peculiar fascination of song by which the siren has been believed to lure the unwary sailor to his destruction.

In all countries, as far back as we have any record, the existence of the mermaid has been largely credited on what seemed good and sufficient authority. Nor have its advocates been found simply among the illiterate or superstitious, but grave historians and learned naturalists, the poet and the painter, the scholar and the divine, have been alike ready to admit, at least, the *probable* existence of these fabled "women of the sea."

In our own day, the only half-admitted belief is doubtless based upon the songs and stories that, starting in the nursery, have gone with us, on through maturer years, fair visions of life's young morning that we love to cherish, and closely intertwined with a thousand better and truer theories of home's hallowed memories.

Now, as I write, I can vividly recall, among the sunny dreams of my own happy childhood, fanciful stories of the weird beauty and fascination of the cruel, mocking mermaid—dwelling far down among the trackless coral-fields of the deep, blue sea, decoying, by her sweet, wild songs, the hapless sailor-boy to his untimely grave; weaving of sea gems rich and rare chaplets to bind the fair curls that play about the boyish brow; and at last, uniting her wailing dirge with old ocean's perpetual requiem to his memory.

Crossing the ocean for the *first* time, most vividly were these memories recalled by every dash of the diamond spray, by every moan of the surging waters; and often have I stood at the ship's side, at the still hour of midnight, peering out into the dim mists, far away over the wide waste of waters, not *expecting*, but *longing*—aye, longing with the intenseness that is born only of *childhood's* bright visions—for one passing glimpse of the long-haired, pale-browed "woman of the sea"—some faint echo, though ever so distant, of her siren song.

Subsequently, when voyaging in the Malayan Archipelago, and again in the Gulf of Siam, where it enters the China Sea, I heard, several times, coming up, apparently, from the very bosom of the deep, deep sea, just such wild, enchanting strains of unearthly melody as one naturally associates with his visions of the fabled *mermaid*.

At first, it was only a subdued humming sound, or soft trilling, as of a single voice—then the rich, full notes of a powerful soprano, sinking gradually to the sweeter, tenderer strains that belong to sentimental song—then suddenly there would peal forth what *seemed* a full chorus of clear, loud female voices, rivalling in sweetness and power the music of a brilliant orchestra, subsiding presently into the muffled tones of the native drum, or *tom-tom*, or the deep-toned bass of a fine organ; and at last the enchanting strains would die away in the distance, leaving the electrified listener perfectly lost in wonder and delight.

All the time our ears were being thus regaled, we *saw* nothing to enlighten us as to the *source* of this wondrously sweet music; but we were all conscious of a peculiar, thrilling sensation, not unlike that produced by the charge of an electro-galvanic battery. This emotion was quite perceptible in every part of the vessel, but with peculiar distinctness on the lower deck, and we learned, to our unspeakable surprise, that the delicious strains that had so enchanted us were emitted by shoals of *singing-fish!*

These, coming in great numbers and clinging to the bottom of the ship, caused the vibration we felt so distinctly, as well as the sweet music we had heard. Alas! for the fairy-fictions in which fancy had been roaming unrestrained—the beautiful visions of golden-haired mermaids

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and fabled sirens with which imagination had been so busy.

Our much-lauded vocalists were *only little, brown fish*, about six inches in length, oval-shaped, awkward-looking, ugly, and quite unfit for food—apparently of no use in the world but *to sing*.

It was, then, these insignificant little creatures that had been prima donna, stars, and company entire in our brilliant concert, and upon their wondrous performances, I have not the slightest doubt, have been based all our pretty fictions of the MERMAID, its *songs*, and *fatal fascinations*.

STAINED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Once, when the summer lay on the hilltops,
  And the sunshine fell like a golden flame,
Out from the city's dust and turmoil
  A gallant, fair-faced stranger came—
Came to rest in our humble cottage
  Till the winds of autumn should blow again,
To walk in the meadow and lie by the brooklet,
  And woo back the strength that the town had slain.

I was young, with the foolish heart of a maiden
  That had never been wooed; and the stranger bland
Woke that heart from its idle dreaming
  And swept the strings with a master hand.
I remember the thrill, and the first wild tremor
  That stirred its depths with a sweet surprise,
When I glanced one day at the handsome stranger,
  And caught the gaze of his deep, dark eyes.

My cheek grew red with its tell-tale blushes,
  And the knitting dropped from my nerveless grasp;
He stooped, and then, as he gracefully gave it,
  He held my hand in a loving clasp.
We said no word, but he knew my secret,
  He read what lay in my maiden heart;
No vain concealing was needed longer
  To hide the tremor his voice would start.

We walked in the meadow and by the brooklet,
  My sunbrowned hand in his snowy palm.
He said my blushes would shame the roses,
  And my heart stood still in a blissful calm.
He stroked my tresses, my raven ringlets,
  And twined them over his fingers fair;
My eyes' dark splendor was full of danger,
  He said, for Cupid was lurking there.

And once he held me close to his bosom,
  And pressed on my lips a passionate kiss.
Oh! how I tremble with shame and anger,
  Even now, as I think of this.

But in that moment I thought that heaven
  Had suddenly opened and drawn me in,
And I kissed with passion the lips so near me
  Nor dreamed I was staining my soul with sin.

But there came a letter, one quiet evening,
  To the man that was dearer to me than life—
"A picture," he said, as he tore it open,
  "Look, sweet friend, at my fair young wife."
A terrible anguish, a seething anger,
  Heaved my bosom and blanched my cheek,
And he who stood there, holding the letter,
  Watched me, smiling, but did not speak.

I took the picture and gazed upon it—
  A sweet young face, with sunny hair
And eyes of azure. "May the good Lord keep you,"
  I said aloud, "in His tender care—
You who are wedded and bound forever
  Unto this man"—and I met his eyes—
"This soulless villain, this shameless coward,
  Whose heart is blackened with acted lies."

My heart swelled full of a terrible hatred,
  And something of murder was burning there,
But a better feeling stole in behind it
  As I looked on the picture sweet and fair.
I turned and left him, and never saw him—
  Never looked on his face again,
And time has tempered my shame and sorrow
  And soothed and quieted down my pain.

But I always tremble, in awful anger
  That wears and worries my waning life,
When I think how he clasped me close to his bosom,
  He—with a lawfully wedded wife.
When I think how I answered his fond caresses,
  And clung to his neck in a trance of bliss,
And the tears of a lifetime, and all my sorrow,
  Can never remove the stain of his kiss.

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COURTING BY PROXY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

"Indeed," said the deacon's wife. I knew by that she hadn't heard a word I had been saying.

"Why, yes," I repeated, a good deal discouraged, for I saw I must begin again at the very beginning—"she is more than a hundred years old, and entirely destitute. Yet she did not complain of anything but the cold. She was formerly a slave in Kentucky, but somehow strayed away up here, and now has outlived everybody that ever belonged to her. If I could manage to get her in the Colored Women's Home for the rest of her life, I should be glad. But as she isn't a resident of the city it will be necessary to pay her board. A dollar a week, Mrs. Hoyt thinks it is."

"Certainly, that would be the best thing to be done," replied Mrs. Deacon, waking up a little. "Still, I don't know what we can do until we have called a meeting of the society."

That was so much like her! If the vestry had been on fire she would have stopped to call a meeting of the society before she would have ventured to throw on a dipper of water.

"But the poor creature is freezing and starving," said I impatiently. "Can't you, as president of the society, empower me to give her at least one of those wadded sacques we have on hand?"

"I don't know but I might go as far as that, though I suppose it isn't exactly in order," returned the deacon's wife, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing the table-cover between her thumb and finger.

She seemed to be meditating, so I waited for a minute, and then she said abruptly—"What do you think of Mr. Brodhead, Bella?"

"There! I shouldn't wonder if he would give us something handsome!" I exclaimed, going down on my knees in my heart to the deacon's wife for my injustice. "He is a man of means, and a generous man, I've always heard."

The deacon's wife looked puzzled.

"Oh! your old colored woman?" said she directly. "I wasn't thinking about her, I was thinking of *you*. Mr. Brodhead has a very high opinion of you, Bella, did you know it?"

"What *do* you mean, Mrs. Shackelford?" said I, as surprised as though the man in the moon had winked at me. For my friends all know how I detest such talk. And besides, I never considered Mrs. Shackelford that sort of a woman. Her attention is usually centred in the sewing society and her flower-garden.

But for once some other idea had taken possession of her mind, and as her thoughts always ran in grooves, she never could harbor more than one at a time.

"Mr. Brodhead is a nice man, and a fine-looking man," said she, looking at me sharply. "A man of means, and a generous man, as you say."

"I suppose so," I replied, gathering my shawl about me.

"Oh! don't go yet, Bella. I was wanting to see you, and I consider your dropping in quite providential. The deacon and I were speaking of calling on you this very evening," said the deacon's wife, putting out her hand to keep me from rising; "and when I saw your blue shawl turning in at the gate, I said to myself, that's as marked a token as Rebekah at the well, with the pitcher on her shoulder. I haven't the golden earrings and bracelets to offer you, but I have all the rest," she added, laughing nervously.

Just then the deacon came in. Now there is in the opinion of his wife but one reason why Deacon Shackelford did not make the world. He found it already made. And when he came in she looked up at him as though Atlas had come, and she could safely drop the world on his shoulders, and go off picking golden apples.

"I was just speaking a good word for Mr. Brodhead to Bella, deacon," said she.

"Ah! And what does Bella say?" returned the deacon, looking as though it were a question of investing in real estate, or of the price of gold.

"Bella doesn't say anything," I replied. "Certainly not before she is asked."

"You needn't wait long, if that is all," answered Deacon Shackelford. "I'll ask you now. Have you any objection to an offer of marriage from Mr. Brodhead? There!"

"He is a very bashful man, Mr. Brodhead is, Bella, and so he got us to help him along a little. Why, he is in love with you," interposed Mrs. Deacon Shackelford; "he is in love with you down to his boots."

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"Let it run out at his toes, then," said I, beginning to feel like new yeast.

"But you can't have anything against the man," persisted Mrs. Deacon. "And, think! after awhile you won't have your grandfather and your Aunt Susanna to talk to, and you will miss it if you don't have somebody in their place. It is best to think of these things. And you won't find a kinder man if you search the world over with a wax candle, than Mr. Brodhead."

"Mr. Brodhead is well enough, Mrs. Shackelford. I don't deny that. But the idea of making a proposal of this sort through '*middle-men!*' It is too absurd!" I said, laughing, and putting on my hat.

So I went home to my classes in embroidery, and drawing, and wax-work—to making Aunt Susanna's caps and grandfather's coffee. My life was full of monotonous work in those days; and sometimes I had a strange, uncomfortable impression of being a machine wound up and running without any act of its own.

One evening when I was putting away the silver after supper, and feeling the creak and crank of the wheels more than usual, as though the machinery needed oiling, the front gate slammed, and steps came along up the walk.

"I knowed some one was coming. I've knowed all day some one was *talking* of coming," said Gitty Pullen, who, "to accommodate," as she often told us, had kindly consented to rule over our kitchen and us with a rod of hard pine (in the form of a crutch).

As Gitty had no home, no money, and only one foot of her own, but as good as four ears and two tongues, it might seem sometimes the accommodation was two sided. However, things are not what they seem.

"I knowed it was Mr. Corliss!" pursued Gitty triumphantly, as grandfather opened the door and disclosed the figures of our minister and his wife. "I can tell his step as far off as I can hear it. Did you ever notice his eyes?" she continued. "They look like two holes burned in a blanket. And he holds his head just like Deacon Shackelford's old white horse."

Then she disappeared into the kitchen with her crutch and the cat, while Aunt Susanna put in her teeth, and on her black silk apron, and went with her meeting-house step into the parlor. When I followed soon after, I found her talking, in as steady a flow as the waters came down at Lodore, to Mrs. Corliss, who sat by the woodbine window, with her hands folded in black netted mitts across her lap, and her tea-colored curls shaking their heads, as it were, at the world and its vanities. While grandfather, who had been the senior deacon for fifty years, and who had no idea that even the church edifice could stand without him, was already deep in discussion with Mr. Corliss upon the question then absorbing and disturbing us, as to whether our Sabbath-School should hereafter be called a *Sunday*-School.

"I can never consent to have a religious organization known by a heathen name," grandfather was saying, as I had heard him say half a hundred times before.

And Mr. Corliss, with his serene white head bent toward him, was thinking how he could braid in one the fossilized fathers and the versatile sons of the church.

So there was nothing for me to do but to sit, and smile, and listen; for grandfather and Aunt Susanna were not the persons to yield the floor when it was once theirs by priority.

"Mr. Corliss, is it not time for us to go?" said Mrs. Corliss at early star-rising, with her measured dignity.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Corliss, rising at once, with his head still bent to catch grandfather's last sentence.

"Bella, put on your hat and walk out with us a little way. It is a charming evening," said Mrs. Corliss, turning to me after taking a ceremonious leave of Aunt Susanna.

Of course I went for my hat. I should as soon think of insisting on breathing in an exhausted receiver as of refusing to follow a suggestion of Mrs. Corliss. Or so I supposed then. But I trembled in my heart, and began to run over in my mind all my little over-dones and under-dones. She had such a Lady Superior way, that, though I really loved our minister's wife, I always felt a sense of guilt, and never at ease, with her.

But it seemed it was not that I had been late at church, or absent from sewing-society, this time. Neither had I a bow too many or a bow too few on my Sunday bonnet. Worse, though, Mr. Brodhead had been to her.

"My dear," she began, as sweet and as cold and as stiff as a dish of frozen custard, "I want to have a serious talk with you on a serious subject. And perhaps I may as well say at once, Mr. Brodhead has solicited the good offices of Mr. Corliss and myself between you and himself.

He seems to be an earnest admirer, but a very

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diffident one. What should you say to the idea of entertaining a proposal of marriage from him?"

"I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, Mrs. Corliss. I have no expectation or wish ever to marry any one," said I, feeling very much annoyed.

Mrs. Corliss sighed severely. "Marriage is a divinely appointed institution," said she, "and not to be lightly set aside without due consideration and prayer. You are not now prepared to give a final answer in so important a matter. It comes upon you suddenly. Take time, my dear young friend, to think it over carefully, prayerfully, and with a view to what is your duty."

Mrs. Corliss shut her lips tight, as though to keep her teeth in, and then kissed me good-night—a soft, clammy kiss that made me feel as though I wanted a lump of sugar. Accordingly, I went in the house and ate one, and thought no more about Mr. Brodhead for a month and a day.

At the end of that time, Aunt Kent asked me to go down and do up her caps. Aunt Kent was a dear, good, old lady, who lived in a little yellow and white cottage at the end of the graveyard, where her husband and her seven children were lying in one pathetic row, under beds of heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. But when they went she adopted all the world into her great, warm, motherly heart. So though she lived alone with a little cream-colored greyhound, she had a large family, and whoever was sick, or sorry, or needy went to her, as well as whoever wished for sympathy in health and gladness.

Dear Aunt Kent! When I went in there she sat knitting a clocked sock for young Mrs. Cables' first baby, with such a look of peaceful repose on her face, that one would be willing to go over the same weary path of suffering, if it should lead at last into such a land of rest.

"I don't know when I've felt sorrier," said she, when I was settled at my work by her side, "than I did for somebody who came to me last week in a love affair. He is a man of whose love any girl might be proud, but he is so full of humility and self distrust that he doesn't even dare open the subject to the young woman herself. And I don't know but it will cost him his life. He says he is sure it would if she should refuse him, and I guess he is right about it."

In an instant, Mr. Brodhead flashed into my mind, and my heart grew harder than the meeting-house steps.

"Why, Aunt Kent," said I, "it is too absurd! He has already been to the minister and the minister's wife, and to the deacon and the deacon's wife, to ask them to intercede for him. I wouldn't have a man anyhow, after he had made such a goose of himself."

Aunt Kent opened her eyes in mild astonishment, and then I remembered she had named nobody. So I stopped suddenly and felt my cheeks begin to burn.

"Dear child," said she tenderly, "when you have seen a few more of the ups and downs of life, you will think more of a good man's love than you will of these outside manners. Mr. Brodhead told me he had been in his strait to some of our mutual friends, but he supposed they had not spoken with you. And we mustn't judge him by the standard we would apply to some people. He is shrinking to timorousness, especially with ladies. And he says he is conscious that he always appears his worst before you. Poor man! I've seen him sit at church with his eyes fixed on the ribbon of your hat, as it fluttered a little in the wind, and look so hungry and so hopeless, my heart just ached for him."

This time my face flushed with anger as well as shame.

"I feel humiliated, Aunt Kent," said I. "I hope nobody else has seen him make such a silly spectacle of himself!"

"Bella, my dear, you are wrong," interposed Aunt Kent gently. "We must take people as they are, not as we would have made them. The man is cast in a delicate, sensitive mould, and this is nearly or quite a matter of life and death with him. I doubt if you are loved again by so worthy a man, and I am sure you will not be any more sincerely. I hope you will not be so misguided as to throw away such treasure, only for a romantic notion."

I could not laugh at Aunt Kent's tender earnestness, but I shook my head and felt immovable from the bump of firmness down to my boot-soles. And thus ended the third lesson.

Weeks after this, one day in the "dawning of the year," when the bees hummed and the lilacs bloomed, I went out to dig blood-root where the road ran through a bit of woodland a little north of the village. Because if *we* didn't need it, somebody might, and Aunt Susanna considered a few roots and herbs "so handy to have in the house." Presently I felt an unconscious, magnetic drawing to look up, and there stood Mr. Brodhead. To this day I cannot tell how

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he came there. It was as though he had shot up like a field-lily, right out of the ground, and as he stood with his eyes dropped shyly as a girl's, and his handsome lip trembling, I pitied him almost as much as Aunt Kent had done.

"It will kill me if I don't speak; and it will kill me if I do, and you don't listen," said he, throwing out his words in jerks like water running from a straight-neck bottle, and looking suddenly at me with such pathetic feeling in his great, brown eyes that I began myself to feel abashed. For what was I that he should be so stirred by me?

"You couldn't care any for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Brodhead humbly.

"Perhaps I might, I don't know," I replied almost involuntarily.

Dear me! But a love-story sounds so differently when a man tells it himself.

And so, presently, it was I who trembled, and cast down my eyes, and blushed; and it was Mr. Brodhead who looked as though he was master of the whole world, and the stars besides.

Aunt Susanna, waiting behind the woodbine window, thought I was gathering herbs to stock a pharmacy, for the sun had dropped behind the cedars on the top of Mount Margaret, when I went home with Mr. Brodhead by my side, my hands empty, but my heart full.

Yes, we are engaged, and are to be married two weeks from next Wednesday. And the moral of my story is this:

"If you want your business done, *go;* if not, *send.*"

FOUR MILESTONES.

BY ELLEN MASON.

A bridal train sweeps out of the church,
While the bells are merrily ringing;
The pathway is strewed with ivy and flowers,
And the village children are singing.
The groom is young, and a wealthy man—
The bride is a peerless flower,
But the priest has blest what Heaven will ban,
For she weds through a father's power;
And hers will be but a weary lot,
For she's given her hand where her heart goes not;
And the bridal veil, with its silvery gleam,
Blights forever the hope of her girlhood's dream—
Envy them not—that youthful pair—
Though the Present seems bright, and the Future so fair—
Envy them not.

The bells have ceased ringing, all's quiet again,
And the crowd is fast retreating;
In the place of the bride there stands a youth
Whose pulse is wildly beating.
He thinks of a sweet face bathed in tears—
With anguish his heart is nigh broken,
She had been his idol from earliest years,
And their last farewell is now spoken.
There could be, he thought, no greater love,
Than that he felt for this gentle dove,
He has seen her bound to another's side—
A gulf is between them—dark and wide—
Pity him now; in the dreamer's chain
There are missing links—'tis broken in twain
Pity him!

He had vainly bowed to the idol of Love,
And a thorny path he had trod—
But age works a change in the love-lorn youth,
And he kneels to the love of his God.
Whom the Lord loves, He chastens—a trial of faith—
Must each chosen mortal bear—
To temper the heart—the spirit to prove,
And wean from this world of care.
To comfort the widow, the orphan to cheer,
And wipe away the mourner's tear,
Bring their own reward,—and God knows best
What works for our good—whether labor or rest—
No pity now! The crown above
Is a richer treasure than earthly love—
Follow him!

Through the maze of 'the German' with giddy pace,
An old coquette is going—
No girlish blushes to cover her face,
Though girlish ringlets are flowing.
Her eyes, how they glow with a fever light,
On her thin cheek there blooms the mock-rose,
But through powder and paint shows the hectic bright—
Quick! look how her breath comes and goes!
She totters, she falls, and is borne through the door;
Then the dance (stopped a moment) goes on as before:
She lies in death's shadow—the preacher has come;
He looks on her face—he falters—is dumb—
"Ah! pity," she murmurs, "my misery sure,
Is greater than what I have made you endure—
Pity me!"

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A ROYAL BIRTHDAY IN GERMANY.

STUTTGARD, March 6, 1870.

Sunday morning, and the king's birthday. We were cheated out of an hour's sleep by the booming of Würtemberg cannon very early in the morning; roll after roll swept through the town; sleep was quite out of the question; so we made best use of the time in getting up, to be in readiness for the military parade, which we seemed to hear in the distance. At last it appeared in our street—very nice music indeed, very meagre display of soldiery, excess of gaping idlers following after. After watching the last uniform around the corner, and catching the last strain of music, we began to talk of the morning service and the court procession into church. Alas! it was already too late—when strangers wish to attend church in Stuttgard, they must make an early start, say three quarters of an hour before the time fixed, for all the churches are always crowded. Germany is not quite so irreligious as we Americans believe it to be!

On this Sunday morning we contented ourselves with thinking of the ceremonies as being much as usual. The assembled congregation sits long in silent waiting; at last there is a whispering, a rustling, and all stand; an universal stir, and royalty, with officers and servants, enter. There is such a glitter of scarlet and waving of feathers, that a stranger is often puzzled to single out the chief personages; and, too, his majesty, King Karl, of Würtemberg, is not unlike, in personal appearance, to many of his subjects. A large, florid man, with goodly spot of moonshine atop of his head, and a most phlegmatic expression of countenance. (I put it mildly and politely, remember!) Queen Olga is a tall, handsome woman, looks every inch a queen, but so sad, so sad. I never see her but I long to know the heart history she has locked behind the still face.

After the court has disposed of itself fully to its mind, congregation and clergy are at liberty to return to their places and proceed with their devotions.

Stuttgard celebrates the royal birthday by leisure, a walk in Schloss Garten, and a bountiful dinner. This was a lowering, dim, chill day, when it must have been very hard to get up any enthusiasm, and truly it was not great. From the public buildings, and from a few where the owners have to do immediately with the court, red and black, and red, orange, and black banners were drooping—the latter, the Russian colors, in honor, of course, of the queen-consort.

Schloss Garten was filled with strollers until four o'clock, coffee-time, when all return to their coffee-cups and indoor gossip. The great event of the day, however, is the opera and dress in the theatre. Germany goes to the theatre usually in its ordinary home dress, going at seven and returning at nine; but this was an occasion for dress, the very best one possesses, for the first gallery. Here I had a seat; and, making my way through the crowd, always mindful of my best dress, I at last reached my place uninjured and thankful. What a blaze of light! Twice the usual amount. I hardly knew the little theatre. Such a splendor of lights and dress I had never seen here. All the ladies in full evening toilet, *very décolleté*, many jewels, flowers, and much fantastic puffing and powdering of hair. But the gentlemen quite eclipsed them, for Stuttgard ladies are not beautiful, and every man seemed to be in officer's dress. So much gold lace, so many stars, badges, and orders, I never saw before! I had heard that I was to have a young and handsome general next me. What an honor! At last he came; I ventured to look for a moment, aflame with gold lace and shining orders, but neither young nor handsome, and—and he spoke—this horrible Swabian dialect! Think of a well-educated gentleman speaking the dialect of peasants! And yet here it is universally spoken, and the educated have a pride in it.

At length came the ominous stir; all arose, and their majesties entered the state box. I had but a glimpse of them, since my seat was very near, and the box is open only to the stage. But for a moment the king drew aside a curtain and spoke with a lady just beside me. He looked flushed and pleased, and younger than forty-seven years, on this his forty-seventh birthday. The beautiful queen, in delicate lace dress and countless diamonds, wore the same look of proud endurance which distinguishes her always.

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A minister of state stepped forward and called the "Long live his majesty the king," which all caught up, and three times repeated; then the orchestra struck up the national "People's Hymn," which answers to England's "God Save the Queen," and we sank back into our seats. The opera, Auber's "Crown Diamonds," was only tolerably well given, chief male tenor being too hoarse, and the pet of Stuttgard, Frau Marlow, not in best voice.

Between acts, the nobility, one by one and in groups, left their boxes, and found their way to the king to congratulate and drink his health. The theatre is near the palace, and there is a special enclosed entrance; I do not know where the refreshments were offered, but all returned smiling and content. Then came the other acts of the opera. The lovely music put king and queen quite out of my mind, until I found myself again on the street, and heard here and there an observation of their manner and appearance; then I fell to thinking how many birthdays still King Karl may celebrate as independent monarch, for, of course, King William does not forget him, and the German Bund is his fate.

LINDEN STRASSE.

LOVE'S SECRET.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY.

I seek love's secret in all things that are;
But sun, and moon, and star
Look down in silence on my eager heart,
My restless, eager heart,
And make no gracious sign; the sighing sea
Laments its own unspoken mystery,
And has no word for me;
The winds that whirl around the world repeat
The susurrus of ocean; at my feet
The ancient earth, enwrapped in tender bloom
That shields the steps of centuries, lies dumb
And still beneath the lofty majesty
Of overarching, solemn, silent sky:
Ah! neither earth nor heaven will give to me
The talisman I seek unceasingly!
Love's secret is not there.

Unweariedly I question fool and sage,
And study youth and age;
"I love you," passionately breathed I hear,
With willing ear I hear,
And meet the gaze of eyes that seem to speak;
I welcome touch of lips upon my cheek,
And think perchance 'twill break
The subtle spell of gossamer that holds
Me in its thrall; but never aught unfolds
The secret I would give my life to gain;
My heart is never thrilled by love's own pain,
Nor leaps unthinking, with a sweet surprise,
At touch of lips, or glance of ardent eyes:
Is it because this winged love divine
Who dreams at ease in every heart but mine
Has never rested there?

THE TIDES.

Up the long slope of this low, sandy shore
Are rolled the tidal waters day by day;
Traces of wandering feet are washed away,
Relics of busy hands are seen no more.
The soiled and trampled surface is smoothed o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.

Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul,
Sin-stained and careworn, let Thy heavenly grace—
A blest, atoning flood—divinely roll,
And all the footsteps of the world efface,
That like the wave-washed sand this soul of mine,
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine!

RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

JUNE.

Spring-time hath melted into June;
Silence hath wakened into tune;
And flowers from winter's silent sleep
Wake to exhale their sweets away,
In leafy coverts day by day.

Through forest arches old and dim,
The echoes of a mystic hymn
Repeat the tale of summer's birth;
Where wave-like shadow ebbs and flows
With light in summer's soft repose.

Thus, year by year, the joyous days
Of June repeat their Author's praise,
Unclouded by the wing of time.
Thus may our hearts, in love and truth,
Forevermore renew their youth

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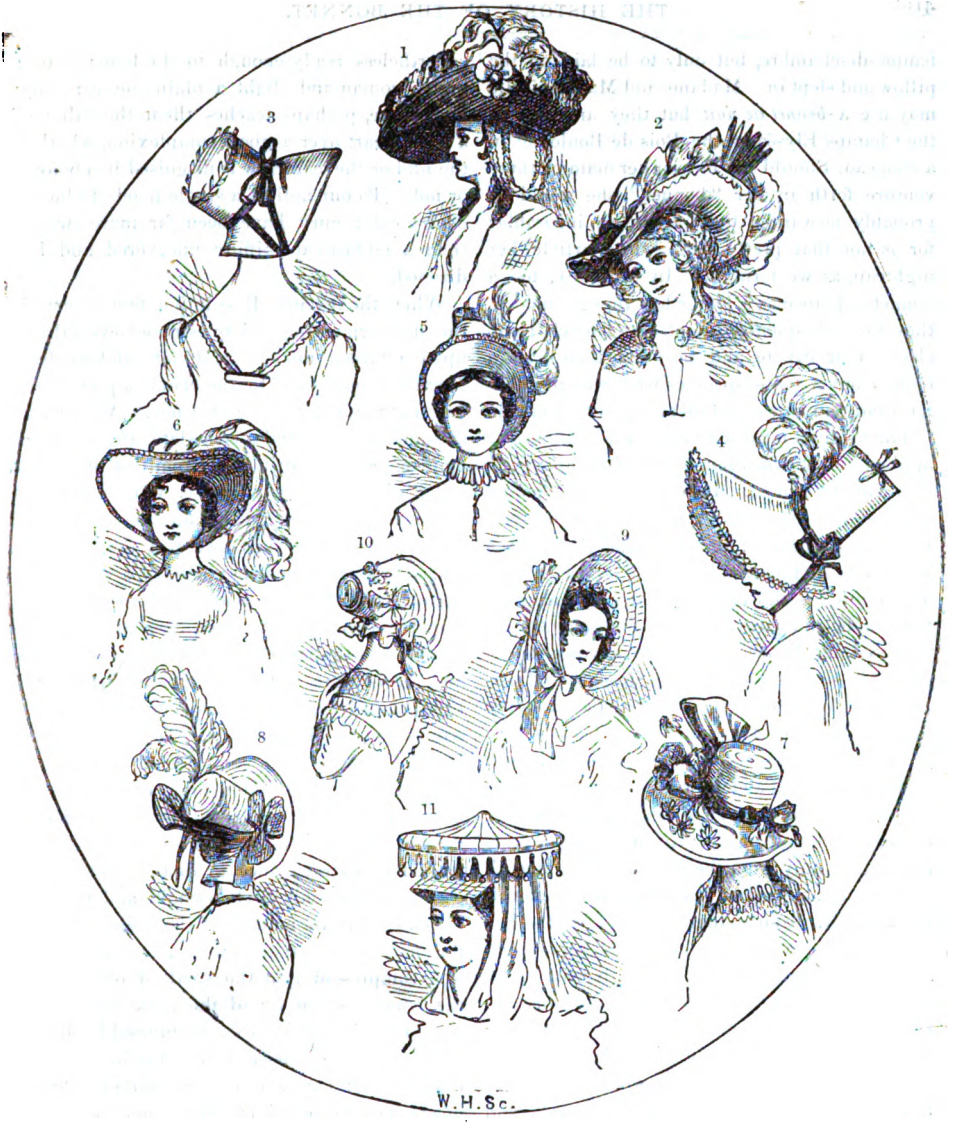

THE HISTORY OF THE BONNET.

A bonnet originally was the name given to a man's head-gear. There were the bonnets of priests, the bonnets of nobles, which were of velvet and ermine, or of velvet surrounded by the coronet, and which we still see pictured in their armorial bearings, and the bonnet of Bluff King Hal's time, which beef-eaters yet wear. Shakspeare, writing about that period, is our witness that a bonnet was a man's covering, when, in "Coriolanus," he makes one of his puppets say, "Go to them with thy bonnet in thy hand." And again in "Hamlet," "Put your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head." And Shakspeare's puppets were so life-like, they never transgressed the natural, even in an epithet misplaced. The Scotch to this day call their caps "bonnets," and Scott, writing his stirring war-song—

> "March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
> March, march, Clydesdale and Liddesdale,"

adds—

> "All the blue bonnets are over the border."

Not only is bonnet of masculine meaning, but in England alone has it been appropriated as a title for part of a lady's walking-costume. In France, "bonnet" has been usurped by the

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femme-de-chambre, but only to be laid on the pillow and slept in. Madame and Mademoiselle may use a *bonnet de nuit*, but they are seen in the Champs Elysée or the Bois de Boulogne in a chapeau. Should any miss or her mamma there venture forth in her "bonnet," she would be probably forwarded to Charente as incurable; for is not that pretty little white article her nightcap, as we term it? In Germany, too, a bonnet is known as a hut or hat, though, indeed, they more frequently adopt the French term, chapeau or capote, and now and then it is a toque; but a toque specifies what we call a hat for a lady—a sort of coronet-shaped Scotch cap.

The original meaning of the word bonnet was applied to a fortification, a sort of parapet erection without a moat. In sea language a bonnet is an addition to a sail—hence is the head covering called a bonnet: it is a fortification for the head, and, in the case of a lady, very like an addition to a sail, especially when her garments are ample and flowing. The first bonnets introduced for ladies truly were fortifications—towers in size, and amazing in strength and amplitude. To deem a bonnet the correct and only meet covering for a woman's head betrays very great ignorance, for the huge blinkers known under that name, and now happily discarded—we sincerely hope never to be resuscitated—are of very modern origin, scarce a hundred years old, dating only from the end of the eighteenth century, at a period of bad taste and bad morals in the French court—that is, soon after the Revolution had turned society topsy turvy, and scarcely skimmed off the first rough scum of the new settlement. A veil is really the only entirely feminine head-covering ladies have ever possessed. In the middle ages their caps resembled the bonnets of men when more than a veil was needed; and even to these a veil usually was added. Afterward hats were assumed. Later, hoods mantled fair heads. But the hood is not an exclusively feminine ornament. Kings, commoners, and priests have worn it. In the days of Queen Anne, Addison complains in his *Spectator* of the distracting influence of the ladies' gay-colored hoods at church, and censures their coquetry. They were just then introduced, and the height of the fashion; previously, towers of hair, sometimes covered with lace caps, or ornamented with little hats, alone rested on the head. So it is obvious enough that whatever ladies may choose to wear, every new fashion will get roundly censured by the sarcastic or witty old fogies of the day, who are nevertheless ready enough to do homage to a pretty woman and slight a plain one, till some misfortune, perhaps, teaches them the value of a good heart over a good complexion, whether the idol or the scarecrow is disguised in a bonnet or not. To our notion, a single hood of blue or cherry color must have been far more decent than a fantastical coiffure uncovered and bedizened.

When the French Revolution first occurred, the still fermenting society assumed everything upon a Greek model (*soi-disant*), and made a fancied resemblance to the classic a pretext for bad taste and a lack of decency. As matters subsided a little, and a consulate, afterward an empire, was established, extremities of scanty toilet vanished. Still, dresses were gored—as narrowing them toward the top is termed—close to the figure; the skirts were of the scantiest and shortest dimensions; and, as a wit of the period said, "They commenced too late and ended too soon." An inch was all that was accorded to the length of the waist, and the neck and arms were entirely exposed; whilst the lightness of the other garments revealed the whole contour of the figure. To make amends for this brevity and compression, the surplus material expanded like a huge excrescence in bonnets. Close observers will notice that meanness in one direction is almost always accompanied by extravagance in another, not only in character, not only in household and personal expenses, but in matters of the toilet. When, recently, hugh crinolines were adopted, the head was compressed into the smallest outline, and the bonnet, slung round the neck by ribbons, was suffered to hang like the unused hood of a mantle upon the neck behind the head. Now that crinolines are invisible and skirts shortened, heads have become huge in chignons and other expressions of fancy—the latest fashion being a kind of helmet of hair, equal in size to Minerva's, and formed of rich, loose plaitings from the very brow over the ears to the poll, high in altitude, and as much as possible in appearance like two large, braided chignons united on the head, one toward the face, the other toward the back, and both perpendicular. Of course, bonnets are, as betting men say, nowhere. The superfluity to make up for deficiency of skirt and bonnet juts out in hair.

To return, however, to the origin of the bonnet. The first thing ever seen in the annals of costume at all approaching a bonnet is the Marie Stuart hood, which appeared first in the fifteenth

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century, although it afterward obtained the name of the unfortunate young queen who always wore it. It was really a hood, and not properly a bonnet. Later, in Charles the Second's reign, a suggestion of a modern bonnet is found, much as it is worn now. This has the deep strings worn a few years back, and the mantilla of last season. But the bonnet actual and proper was not invented or assumed till after the first French Revolution, at the end of the eighteenth century, as already named.

Most fashions come in mildly, and gradually increase in extravagance, through extremes being thought stylish, and leaders of fashion increasing their measures to outvie one another, "till the force of fancy can no farther go," and the whole thing becomes exquisitely absurd. Chignons, for instance, commenced in neat little rows of the natural hair very tastefully arranged on the poll, but grew larger and larger, and rose and rose, like a stormy sea, till they literally enveloped the little island of a head, and became what we now see them. Not so with bonnets. The bonnet was born old—that is, huge, and ugly, and wrinkled, and fantastical—and has grown younger and younger into its present pretty insignificance and youthful grace.

The first actual and proper bonnet we meet with is illustrated in Fig. 1, which represents a noble French lady of the eighteenth century. Her hair is cut half short and slightly curled over the temples, and on the neck hangs in two large ringlets. Over this she wears a cap of batiste, or lawn, made round, and with three or four frills edged with lace. Her bonnet is exactly like an enormous cocked hat, and was a flattering tribute of regard to Napoleon the Great. Its material is black velvet; a rosette of crimson satin ribbon loops the broad brim, and a plaiting of crimson piece satin shows above the peaked flap over the face. Three feathers, the largest white, the second yellow, and the last crimson complete the monstrous structure.

Fig. 2 illustrates a grande dame of the same period. Her bonnet is of amber satin, lined with sky-blue velvet, the edge of the brim, both in and outside, trimmed with a narrow, vandyked white blond; huge puffs of amber satin form both a crown and an ornament, and on one side an aigrette of black cocks' feathers is noticeable. This lady's hair is dressed with powder, in large French curls.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the bonnet began to assume a more decided shape.

Fig. 3 shows one made of Leghorn, with a pale, pink ribbon tied round it, and the crown edged with a myrtle wreath.

Fig. 4 wears a white chip bonnet, with a pale, faded-looking blue satin ribbon as a trimming. The edge of the brim has a white taffeta ruche round it, and the crown is surmounted by a plume of three white marabout feathers; this is really a most grotesque shape: add four wheels at the base and a little smoke from the top of the crown, and the resemblance to a railway steam-engine would be complete. Leghorn and chip, pale-colored satin ribbon and plumes of ostrich and marabout feathers were the favorite materials at that period.

Fig. 5 and 6 are of later date. All four of these latter illustrations are those of citizens. Fig. 5 wears a Leghorn bonnet; plumes of white feathers, tipped with pink, surmount it; round the top of the crown a pink and yellow ribbon form alternate loops, which are repeated at its base, and a narrow quilling runs round the bonnet's brim. Fig. 6 has a chip bonnet lined with violet, and bearing a large ostrich feather with a violet tip. In those days it was called "plum color"—even colors change their names: to-day the appellation is "pansy."

Fig. 7, taken from an illustration of the year 1829, displays the bonnet in the very height of its glory, with its shape larger and more strongly defined than ever; this is of white chip, with a double edge; the ribbon round it is a pale pink of a rich satin, with three plain bars woven in it on either side; the flowers are orange-colored China asters, with leaves of the natural green. Well does the writer remember an old chip bonnet of her grandmother's—the very counterfoil of this illustration—kept in an old bandbox along with a chip hat of her mamma's as curiosities. The price of this bonnet (gentlemen so wish their wives would wear sensible bonnets again!) was four guineas, without a morsel of trimming, and every one knows what rich ribbons, good flowers, and real laces cost; and it took a good quantity to set off such a "fortification" as a real old-fashioned *bona fide* bonnet—not that a large amount of faith, good, bad, or indifferent, was required in such a case—for seeing then was really believing.

Fig. 8 portrays what architects call "the south elevation" of the structure, and gives a good view of the steeple, and its vane, represented by plumes of feathers.

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It will be seen, also, that in the latter illustration the shape is to some extent modified, for a few years have passed, and we now approach the year of grace 1834, which boasted of the charming and voluminous "coal-scuttle." It is said of the huge Leghorn bonnets of that time, that their big, flapping fronts, when blown by a strong wind, used to lap over first one way and then the other, completely across the wearer's face, shutting in her pretty, little features like the heart of a rose buried under two great petals, and leaving her at the tender mercy of pick-pockets and charioteers.

The Quaker bonnet was one of the shapes introduced in George the Third's reign, and was worn by country children less than twenty years ago—nay, in some places it is still worn. It is made of pieces of printed calico over bonnet-board, and designated in some localties a "sun-bonnet," and in others a "poke."

We have seen a chip bonnet of 1830, made in the extreme of the fashion. In shape it resembles Fig. 7. Its trimming was a broad, white satin ribbon measuring about eight inches across, and rich in quality; eight ends of these fell on one side, below one another, every end finished with a lattice-work, and fringe of ostrich feather also white, and about ten inches deep; these ends hung one over another so as to give the appearance of a single feather to the fringed ends; a rich Brussels veil hung from the bonnet below the waist, measuring about three feet wide and four long; inside the bonnet was a blonde cap-fringe with orange-blossom. The dress worn with this was of Brussels lace, with a deep flounce on the hem; it reached to the ankles, and measured about three yards round the skirt; the bodice was low, with the berthe pointed and deep on the shoulders, over short, puffed sleeves. On the neck and arms were pearl ornaments; round the former a scarf of Brussels lace three parts of a yard wide, and two and a half yards long, tied round the throat like an old-fashioned long bow or single ribbon. Kid gloves with six or eight buttons covered hands and arms. The feet and ankles were visible in dainty stockings of silk and white satin sandalled shoes. Through the lace skirt glittered a rich, white silk pipe. Such was the wedding-dress of a lady of the period. Apropos of bonnets, she "travelled" in one of black velvet, trimmed with white satin ribbon, also in scarves edged with fringes of ostrich feather.

Hats were also worn then. A friend presided at that same wedding in a white silk dress brocaded with colored flowers, and a black velvet hat edged with pearls, and plumed with white feathers. But hats are not our subject; the bonnet was far more universal.

In 1837 the bonnet had modified itself to the dimensions shown in Figs. 9 and 10, which represent bonnets of stone-colored silk, drawn, and lined with primrose silk. Satin was out of date, and dull silks the mode. Fig. 11 represents a Circassian lady's headgear. Could our fair readers take a hint from it?

IN MEMORIAM.

Gone to the quiet land! to tranquil bowers,
Where bloom those unfading mystical flowers,
The lilies pure, whose fragrance, like a prayer,
With tender sweetness fills the twilight air;
Where a sea of chrysolite, as a glass,
To thee pictures all earth's scenes as they pass.
Yet its fleeting griefs, and the tears that are shed,
Stir not the repose of the holy dead;
For they, in their deep, mysterious rest,
Share in God's knowledge, and so are blest.
Years pass to thee as "a watch in the night;"
Beyond shadows and darkness thou seest the light,
And, knowing the end, can'st serenely await
Till we too pass the star-begemm'd gate,
And thou'lt greet us then with the angel smile
Which shone o'er the dark hour of parting erewhile;
For the radiant calm in thy dying eyes
Was the light from the dawn of Paradise.

COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.

She thought by heaven's high wall that she did stray
  Till she beheld the everlasting gate:
  And she climbed up to it, to long and wait;
Feel with her hands (for it was night) and lay
Her lips to it with kisses; thus to pray
  That it might open to her desolate.
  And lo! it trembled, lo! her passionate
Crying prevailed. A little, little way
It opened: there fell out a thread of light,
  And she saw winged wonders move within,
Also she heard sweet talking as they meant
  To comfort her. They said, "Who comes to-night
  Shall one day certainly an entrance win;"
Then the gate closed, and she awoke content.

JEAN INGELOW.

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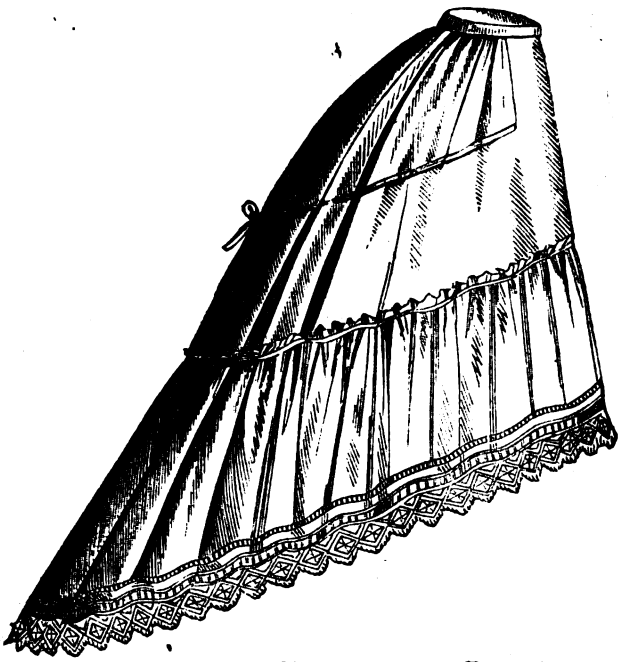
NOVELTIES FOR JUNE.

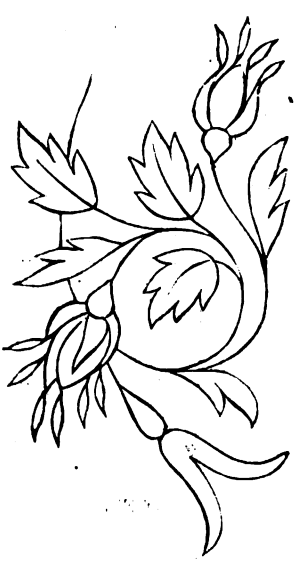


MUSLIN PETTICOAT, FOR WEARING UNDER TRAIN SKIRT.—This petticoat is made of white muslin. The deep flounce is edged with lace and trimmed with two rows of embroidered insertion, in and out of which satin ribbon the same color as the dress is run. A length of tape is sewn on each side and tied in the centre, and over this the petticoat is drawn to form a panier.

DIADEM CAP of oil-silk with ruche and Grecian pattern of blue wool.

GUTTA-PERCHA CAP tied under the chignon by a bow of mauve wool: mauve ruche.

JACKET FOR A GIRL FROM SEVEN TO NINE.—This Jacket is made of the same material as the frock with which it is worn. It is double-breasted, and has revers. The frill is cut on the cross, and box-plaited. The trimmings and buttons are velvet.



SPRIG FOR EMBROIDERY.

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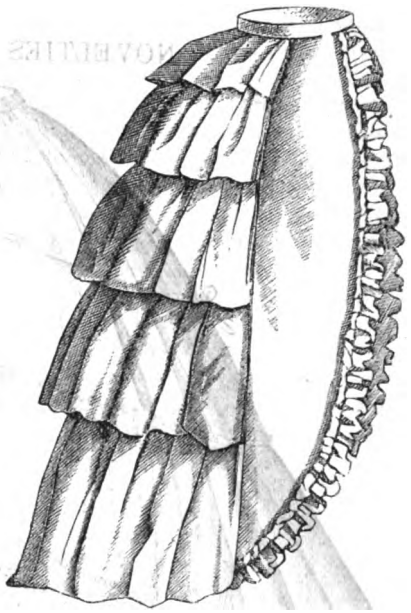
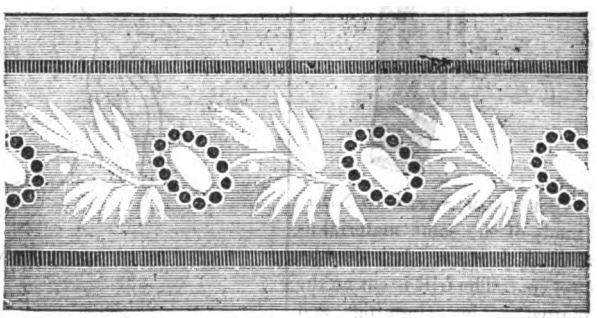
(*Front view.*)



(*Back view.*)

EUGENIE PETTICOAT FOR WEARING UNDER SHORT COSTUMES.—The skirts of dresses are still made to hang considerably fuller at the back than in front. As lined dresses are not much in vogue, the Parisian modistes have devised an ingenious plan of so trimming the petticoat that it serves to give the desired fashionable effect to the dress—it keeps it well out at the back. Our pattern this month is the model for the best of these petticoats. The pattern consists of four pieces—the side breadth, half of back breadth, the half of lowest flounce, and the half of dress improver or bustle. The pieces may be distinguished as follows: the side breadth is rounded off at one edge, and has a single notch at the other edge. The half of back breadth is gored at one side, where it has a corresponding notch to join on to the side breadth. The flounce is rounded at one side, and the bustle has two pricked lines on it to mark where the steels are introduced. The petticoat has no front breadth, but, as will be seen by the illustration, it is bordered at each side by a four inch frill. There are four flounces on the back breadth, and their position is marked with pricked holes in the paper. The bustle should have horizontal as well as perpendicular steels, three of the former and five of the latter. The bustle meets in front below the waist, where it is fastened with three buttons; a string is added at each side, which, when tied, makes more or less protuberance as desired. The material may be scarlet camlet, crinoline, muslin, or brilliante.



EMBROIDERY.

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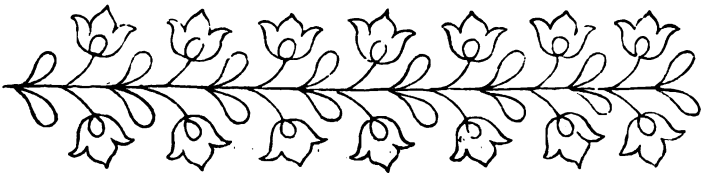
DESIGN FOR ORNAMENTING TOILET CLOTHS, ETC.—This design is to be worked in either scarlet or black silk, which is now made in two sizes, and warranted to boil. The stitch used is back stitch. It can also be worked on mull muslin or as white embroidery



INSERTION.

EDGING.

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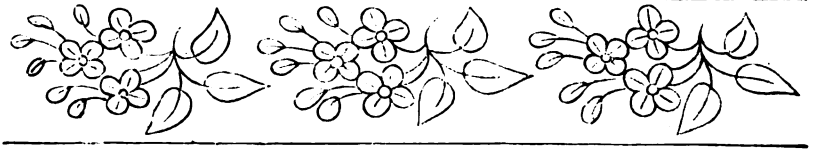
ALPHABET AND VIGNETTES.—The letters of this alphabet are particularly suitable for handkerchiefs; without the ornaments, they can be employed for marking underclothes. The letters are worked in satin stitch and point d'or, with white embroidery cotton.



INSERTION.

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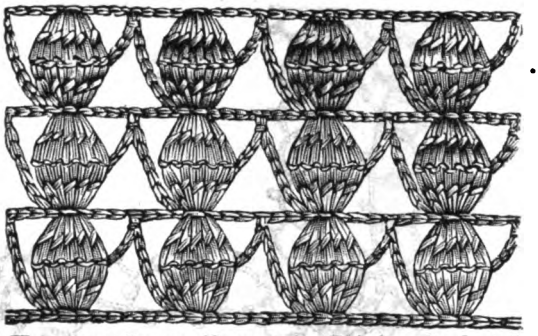
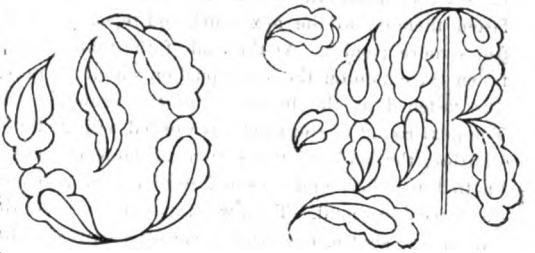
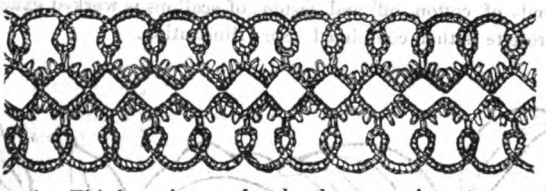
BATHING COSTUME of white flannel; trousers fastened at the knee by a cross-strip braided with a Grecian pattern in black wool. Peplum blouse, with short sleeves, with a braided Grecian pattern, buttoned on each side and on the shoulders.



HANDSOME STITCH (CROCHET).—This is well adapted for cushions, &c. Use double Berlin wool and a short, thick crochet hook. Make a chain the length you require the work; fasten off. 1st row: Work 5 long in the 4th chain stitch, * turn, 3 Ch., 1 long over each of the 5 long, and in working these long stitches you must keep the last loop of the first long stitch upon the needle, until all the other 4 have been worked, and work it off with the last long stitch, turn, 7 Ch., miss 3 Ch., 1 DC. upon the 4th, 3 Ch., 5 long in the 4th chain from the DC.; repeat from * and fasten off. 2d row: 1 DC. upon the loop that was held of the first long stitch over the first set of 5 long, * 7 Ch., 1 DC. upon the next long; repeat from * and fasten off. 3d row: As the first, commencing upon the first long of the 2d row.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



INSERTION (TATTING).—This insertion can be worked in either cotton or black silk; in the latter it makes a very good and inexpensive gimp for dresses. You must use string black machine silk for it; two threads are required for it throughout. Commence in the middle of the insertion, work over the 2d thread, * 2 D., 1 P., † 1 D., 1 P. 4 times, 2 D.; repeat from * the length required, shaping each small scallop by the engraving; turn, and work back in the same manner, joining this side to the last * at the end of each scallop after the 2d double cut the thread off; and work—

The outside row: An oval of 5 D., join to the 3d purl in the scallop, 5 D., draw up, over the 2d thread, work 7 D.; repeat the row, joining each oval to the 3d purl in each scallop. The other side is worked in the same manner.

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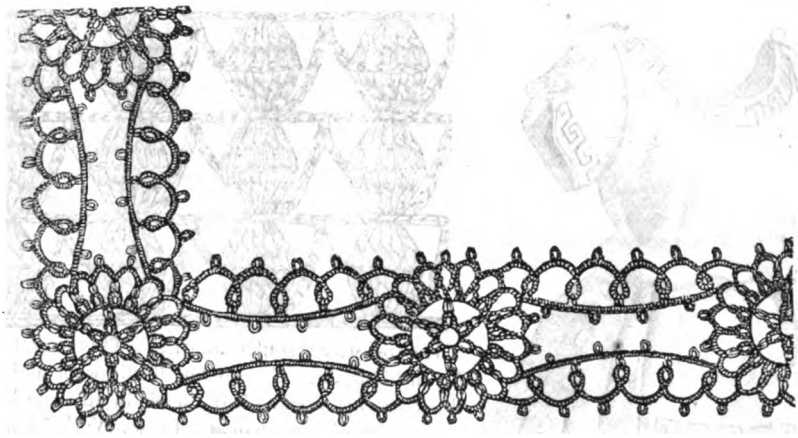

CORNER BORDER IN TATTING FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.—This border is worked with very fine crochet cotton. It consists of small rosettes, joined on to one another by means of scallops. Work the rosettes with one shuttle only as follows: Work 6 small circles consisting each of 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double; these circles must be worked close to each other. Then knit the beginning and end of the cotton together so as to form the six-leaved pattern in the centre of the rosette. Then fasten the cotton on one purl of the six-leaved pattern, * work 3 circles as before, fasten them on to the next purl, and repeat 5 times more from *. At the end of the round fasten the cotton on the same purl on which it was fastened at the beginning of the round. The next round of the rosette is worked with 2 shuttles; the ends of the cotton on both are knotted together, and fastened on to a purl at the preceding round. Then work over the cotton on one shuttle one scallop consisting of 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double, fastened on to the next purl, and repeat from *. At the end of the round, cut the ends of cotton off and fasten them well. One rosette is then completed. For the scallops which join the rosettes on to one another, fasten both ends of cotton from illustration on one purl of a rosette; * work over the cotton on the 2d shuttle a scallop consisting of 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double; work close to it, with one shuttle only, a circle turned downward, consisting of 3 double, 1 purl, 5 double, and repeat 4 times more from *. Then work another scallop, and fasten the ends of the cotton on a purl of a 2d rosette. The circles of the row of scallops are joined together by a row of stitches worked over the cotton on the other shuttle. For working the latter, fasten both ends of cotton from illustration on a purl of the rorette, and on to the next circle of the row of scallops; * work over the cotton of the 2d shuttle 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double; fasten on to the next circle of the row of scallops, and repeat 3 times more from *; in fastening the cotton on to the last circle of the row of scallops, fasten it at the same time on to a purl of the next rosette, as can be seen in illustration; cut off the threads and fasten them well. The second row of scallops is worked exactly like the first, from illustration.

SILK EMBROIDERY.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

ROYAL SIMPLICITY.

We had lately the pleasure of seeing a book of photographs brought over sea by Mr. George W. Childs, of the *Ledger*, in which one could read the home-life of Victoria and her family. The portraits were those that the distinguished personages themselves accepted as the truest. No beauty among them of course—everybody knows what the Guelphs are—except the

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!"

But what was striking to an American eye was the extreme plainness of their dress. It was evident that all costly array was reserved for state occasions, and that among themselves, their appearance was the simplest possible for ladies and gentlemen.

We sovereign Americans, newly rich, and each one as good as anybody else, are too apt to make a state occasion of every walk abroad, sporting velvets, and laces, and jewels as if nothing less would become our rank. The royalty of the old world often sets us an example of simplicity. Miss Harrie Boyer's entertaining "School Girl's Story" in our April number, affords several illustrations—King Leopold, of Belgium, wearing no gloves in a procession, and another exalted personage disappointing the young American's exaggerated notions of what a countess should look like.

"When I did see the Countess of Flanders, I was very much disappointed—not but what she is just as pretty, and sweet, and graceful-looking as one need be, but both Daisie and I had a childish republican idea that the wife of the king's brother would be arrayed in velvet and ermine, at the very least, summer time though it was. We even acknowledged to each other undeveloped notions concerning a small coronet or something equally regal and definite, and were much disappointed when she made her appearance in a black walking-dress. 'Very pretty and well-fitting,' said Daisie patronizingly, as we passed her on the Digue, 'but alpaca, bah!'"

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

With the warm weather begins a term of anxiety for the mothers of teething babies. And it is opportune to say that teething, although inevitably troublesome enough, gets blamed for many disorders it is not responsible for. As every derangement of the child's general health aggravates the difficulty of dentition, and finds expression in certain well-known symptoms, mothers are apt to rest in the explanation—"the baby's teething," and so fail to look for the immediate cause, and apply the necessary remedy. Errors of diet are oftenest to blame. If the child is given a sufficiency of proper food, and fresh air, and exercise enough to favor its digestion, the teeth will come with very little fretting or sickness. One of the commonest mistakes is to consider starchy food peculiarly proper for infants. It is a most mischievous mistake. So many think they are doing the very best for baby, especially when diarrhœa troubles it, by feeding with the finest food—arrow-root, barley, corn-starch, &c. It ought to be remembered that when a mother cannot nurse her child, the substitute nearest in character to her milk is the best. Cow's milk, unskimmed, diluted with as much *boiling* water as will make it the proper warmth, we know to be good, and all that is necessary for the first six months.

The following gives the reasons why animal food is the right thing for infants; and the appended directions for making starchy food available when desired, are from a journal which we have remarked as a sound authority:

"In a paper read before the Obstetrical Society of London, Dr. Silby Norton contended that the diseases usually attributed to teething were due to the unphysiological use of starchy foods. Such food, not having the advantage of saliva to convert it into sugar, was indigestible by the stomach, proving an irritant to it as well as to the bowels. He advocated the sole use of cow's milk diluted with water. In the discussion which followed, several members coincided in the view that farinaceous food was improper for children under six months of age. Dr. Routh considered no point more evident than this: For, 1, the assimilation of starch depended on its conversion into sugar by the saliva; but infants secrete no saliva for the first two or three months; 2, in infants dying after the use of starchy food, examination showed that it passed through the intestinal canal unchanged; 3, the alimentary canal of a baby was that of a carnivorous animal; 4, the food supplied to purely herbiverous animals recently born, was animal. Therefore starchy food should not be given to infants, until at all events the appearance of teeth.—*Ec. Med. Jour.*

"[The difficulty about starch, correctly stated as above, can be avoided if care is taken to cook the starch until the starch-cells are broken. By adding a little salt, some *fresh* butter or milk, an artificial food for infants can be produced of great value under circumstances requiring it.—*Ed. Good Health.*]"

IVY.

Evergreen ivies are much grown for parlor-gardens in England. There are many varieties—different sizes of leaf and shades of green. The green is also in the various species veined and marbled, and mottled, and bordered with creamy white or golden yellow, or even a dash of rose-color. The ivy is invaluable for house decoration. The beautiful shape of its leaf, its graceful habit of growth, and crowning all, its hardiness, make it the most available of plants for summer or winter ornament.

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This, the growing season, is a good time to cultivate ivy and train it in whatever shape you desire for next winter. An ivy screen is a beautiful way to make private one corner of a large living-room. And a pot of it in luxuriant growth set upon a bracket will be a daily refreshment to the eye, festooning the window with living drapery, and twining round the picture frames.

OUTDOOR WORK.

It would have a beneficial effect upon the health, and consequently the beauty of women, if the present search for new occupations were not confined so much to indoor employments. Field *drudgery* is degrading and stupefying, and destructive of beauty, as all drudgery is; but outdoor work will not be avoided by women who know what is good for them. In this country it is the farmer's *wife* who sinks into the confirmed invalid upon the same bad cookery that her husband manages to get strength out of, thanks to the counteracting healthfulness of pure air and exercise. It is not fair that these tonic medicines, the best the world affords, should be taken daily by one party and withheld from the other.

It is the custom among the small farmers of Japan for the family to assist with the farm work.

"This field labor, however, does not appear to have the same effect in destroying their personal attractions that it has in other countries upon females who assist in farm or garden operations. The Japanese women are very careful to protect themselves from the embrowning effects of the sun and wind upon their complexions, and to this end protect their heads with immense straw or splint hats or flats, and envelope their necks in muslins or similar fabrics, and protect their arms and hands in a similar way, and also by gloves."

DRESS-MAKING.

(*From the "American Housewife."*)

"For a waist, five measures must be taken. First, the length of waist from the collar bone to the belt in front, in the back, measuring from three inches below the roots of the hair to the belt. Then draw the tape measure under the arms close, and *above* the bust loosely. Third, take the same measure three inches lower, to get the proper size of the front and back; then take the size of the waist and the length of the seams under the arms and the shoulder seam. Mark these measurements down in inches.

"Have a yard and an eighth of satin jean for lining—white, of course, for light dresses, gray for dark ones. Fold the edges together, and mark the length of the back on it, with three inches added. This allows for cutting out the neck in front. Mark your pattern on cloth with soft lead pencil or chalk; baste, sew the hooks and eyes on in front, and try on with the seams outside. In fitting, be particular to have the waist high enough behind, the armholes not too loose or too tight, the darts evenly sloped, neither too high nor too low, and tapering to the left, below which they are sloped out to fit over the hips a few inches. Cut the outside from the lining, and stitch up, allowing an inch for the seams.

"Turn the shoulder seams back when finished, but those under the arms forward. The whalebones should be held by a few stitches through a hole drilled in the end by a hot awl, just as corset whalebones are fastened. If buttons are used, put four hooks and eyes between them on the lower part of the waist, to avoid the strain on the button-holes. It is quite proper to fasten with hooks, and trim the edge of the fronts without buttons.

"Measure the length of the sleeve from the inside; sew it with the inner seam just in the centre of the front of the armhole; let the back seam go where it will, only not in front of the shoulder seam. Coat sleeves are the usual style.

"For the skirt, gore all but the back width. From three and a half to four yards is the proper width for a short dress; five is enough for a demi-train of a few inches; seven yards is the width of a train of twenty inches. Gore the front width plain; a narrow side gore comes next, then a wider one; both these two and the back are gathered on the belt, the back, of course, the fullest. To shape the lower edge, pin the pieces together even at top, lay together on the floor or a large table, putting a straight side next a gore always, unless there are two widths in the back, and trim evenly from the front, cutting all the corners and preserving a uniform slope to the back, which should be three inches longer than the front, while the sides are only three half inches longer. Hollow the front width out at the top an inch or more to fit the waist."

AUNT MELISSA.

HOW TO PREVENT FERMENTATION IN PRESERVES.

Last summer the *Saturday Evening Post* received a communication announcing a certain preventive of fermentation, to be used by housekeepers in their canning operations. It received no notice, because the chemical agent employed was not specified; and the editor, of course, would not make himself responsible for possible mischief, by recommending in the dark. Neither were we willing to experiment so seriously as to mix in our preserves any substance of which we were ignorant. Perhaps the following clipping from a scientific paper throws some light upon the secret:

"The fact has long been known that sulphurous acid absolutely prevents the fermentation of ordinarily fermentable things. In the year 1849 a considerable amount of sugar-cane juice, charged in Barbadoes with sulphurous acid, was brought to this country uncharged, and its full complement of sugar extracted. The Devonshire cider maker, wishing to produce sweet cider for the London market, had long been in the habit of sulphuring his casks, as he called the process, *i. e.* burning a sulphur-match inside the bunghole before turning in his yet unfermented cider. What he wished to effect was thus actually effected—the sugar yet present, but which under the ordinary march of fermentation would have been changed to alcohol, remained sugar, the cider kept sweet. Another illustration: Certain makers of fruit preserves in the city had discovered, whether by reasoning or practice I know not, that by rinsing out their preserve-vessels with the soluable bisulphite of lime, fermentation of the preserves was obviated."

Sulphite of lime is sold by most dispensing chemists as a remedy for the diarrhœa which precedes cholera.

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OUR LETTERS.

INGLESIDE.

Your LADY'S FRIEND has been a sunbeam in my studio in Virginia, and I want it to follow me wherever I go. I am only an amateur, but my pictures that have been *most* admired were copied from the little, choice engravings of that publication. "On Guard," in the last number, is "cute." J. H.

—

COURT-HOUSE, CAPE MAY CO., N. J.

The Saturday Evening Post and LADY'S FRIEND are always welcome visitors to our house. My father having taken the *Post* for nearly forty years, and I the LADY'S FRIEND since the first issue, feel that we cannot do without them. We always hail them with joy. The literature is most excellent. The premiums are all beautiful, and I appreciate them very highly. The portraits of the authors in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND I value very much, and intend having them framed. E. L. B.

—

COLFAX, SULLIVAN CO., MO.

I sent you my subscription for the FRIEND some six weeks ago, and received the premium sent. I can't do without the FRIEND; have taken it for five years, and think it the best published. Will you please send them to MRS. E. H. T.

—

LANCASTER CO., March 29, 1870.

Have been taking your magazine for the past four years, and we must say that we have not read the "Editor's Department" when it contained *more sensible* reading than this April number.

We always delight in the style of questions and answers in any reading matter, and we do think it would add considerably to that department if it were more frequent in your book. I have been trying to persuade my sisters that we would not subscribe another time, as the patterns, remarks, etc., etc., were not suitable for country folks or plain faces, but still we send on each year. Now, what I most wish to say, cannot you in your remarks give a description of quite a plain style of dress—of what material, how to cut, how to trim, and what to trim with, etc.

The plates, etc., you give are very pretty, and no doubt suit many. But they do not suit us that have plain faces and are *past twenty-five*. We would like something plain and in style. How would you cut a black alpaca suit? What will do to wear on shoulders? Are sacques or paletots going to be worn again?

THREE SISTERS.

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HOW TO MAKE A BLACK ALPACA SUIT.

In the first place, we will describe a black mohair, made this season, which we find entirely satisfactory. The short gored skirt, cut like the "All-Round Skirt" announced among the patterns for December, 1869 (the illustration has a train, but that is removable, and is not included in the pattern), is lined throughout with gray muslin, and trimmed at the bottom with a bias pleating of the same, quarter of a yard wide, the pleatings all running one way. The upperskirt, cut with the same number of breadths as the under, is somewhat narrower. Measured round the bottom, the front and back breadths are exactly as wide as those of the underskirt, the two breadths each side the back two inches narrower, the two each side the front four inches narrower, than the corresponding breadths of the underskirt. It is lined with black crinoline, and bordered with a pleating of the same kind as the underskirt, but half the width. The plain high bodice is trimmed with the same, put on around the shoulders. The outdoor sacque is like the "High Corsage with Round Basque," announced among the patterns for December, 1869, except that the front is loose and belted in to the waist with a belt of the dress material, which has a bow with short ends behind. These ends are finished with the same bias pleating which borders the sacque; and also trims at the wrist the coat sleeves of both dress bodice and sacque, the latter cut slightly larger, to slip over easily. The neck is cut lower than used to be the practice, and finished with a sailor collar.

This forms a complete suit for indoors and out, and will require the full-dress pattern sold for suits, but there will be no extra expense for trimming.

If wanted chiefly for midsummer, it is cooler to have no dress bodice, but wear the skirt with a white waist; or adopt the "Louis XV. Bodice," announced in October, 1869, which would be suitable for indoors and out. The small bows up the front are still a favorite mode of trimming. Another style, much used this season, is to have bodice and upperskirt in one, like the "Mantle without Sleeves" announced last September. Sleeves could be added to complete the suit.

Bows of the material should be cut the straight way of the stuff, and lined with crinoline. Run the outside and lining together on the wrong side, and turn; the process is expeditious, with a machine to help.

The short, loose sacques so long worn are made smaller than ever, and very many prefer them to the close-fitting styles.

Dresses of washing materials were never made so conveniently as now, since the short costumes suit both the house and the street. A postilion basque and narrow, gored skirt is a pretty, simple fashion for pique dresses. White Marseilles trimming on the sleeves and basque is all that is necessary. This is as easily washed and ironed as any one could desire.

A more dressy style is to make an overskirt forming large leaves, something like the skirt of the "Mantle without Sleeves," and for an over garment a short, loose paletot, left open half way up the seams under the arms and in the middle of the back, and with large, flowing sleeves; overskirt and paletot trimmed with slightly gathered strips of Hamburg embroidery, which is machine made, and comes cheap.

The remarks on "Dressmaking" which we publish this month will be found useful. We do not, however, endorse the recommendation to put hooks and

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eyes on the lower part of the waist "to avoid the strain on the buttonholes." If the dress is sufficiently easy, there will be no strain. Also, we have never found the necessity of drilling holes in whalebones. The few that are necessary are inserted in the seams of the darts and under the arms, and a few stitches keep them in place.

As to the width of a short dress, three yards is more usual than four; fashion, so far, has gone on decreasing; and if you take your pattern from the ripped up widths of an old dress, a plan which will answer if it is not too old, it will be necessary to lessen the slope of the gored sides, to make the dress narrower round the bottom.

If we have still not met our correspondent's difficulties, we shall be happy to try again.

MENTAL TREATMENT OF THE SICK.

Under this head a writer in *Good Health* records a number of valuable observations, among which the following commends itself to us as impressively true:

The history of many and many a sad bereavement might be told briefly in this wise:—The mother of a family, or some one dearly loved, is taken ill. She needs no surgical treatment, no scientific nursing, nothing (the doctor says) but ordinary care, such as any commonly intelligent woman is qualified to give—nothing, in fact, except quietness and *plenty of light, nourishing food.* A hired nurse would be a needless expense, and the patient would rather not have a stranger about her. Her daughters and friends could have no greater pleasure than to wait on one so good, so unselfish, so beloved; and so the matter is settled; and a very right and wise settlement it would be in many (though not in all) cases—if only the friends knew how to accomplish that which they have undertaken. But the very essence of all goodness and piety is a certain tendency to devotion and self-denial, which, when good and pious people are cut off by illness from their ordinary ways of exercising it, often manifests itself in the most unexpected and unaccountable ways. The patient, accustomed to minister to others and to spend her time in planning to spare them trouble, now employs her faculties in inventing ingenious devices for preventing her attendants from "having the trouble" of carrying out the doctor's instructions; the unsuspicious friends fall into the trap, and the patient dies of starvation in consequence. One of the best and truest women I ever knew, deceived her daughters for six weeks by protesting that she could not bear beef-tea (which the doctor had prescribed for her), and that it was of no use to make it, for she couldn't and wouldn't touch it. At last she was surprised into tasting it, and pronounced it delicious. And then she confessed that she had never tasted it before, and had only professed to dislike it because she supposed that it was a "troublesome thing to make." Another, a pious Christian, and most affectionate mother, was reported on several successive mornings by the friend who had charge of her during the night, to have been "free from pain, and quietly asleep for many hours." I thought it strange that if she did sleep so quietly, she should look most tired in the morning. She could only swallow a very small quantity of food at a time. The doctor had therefore ordered her never to be left more than an hour and a half without nourishment. With some difficulty I got her to confess that she feigned sleep, although suffering great pain, to save her attendant the trouble of warming her food in the night. Both these ladies died; and in each case the doctor protested to the last that there was no real disease, and that the patient was sinking from pure exhaustion.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Miss Mitford's memoirs make the following mention of the poetess in her youth.

"A sweet young woman whom we called for in Gloucester Place went with us, a Miss Barrett, who reads Greek as I do French, and has published some translations from Æschylus, and some most striking poems. She is a delightful young creature, shy, and timid, and modest. She is so sweet and gentle, and so pretty, that one looks at her as if she were some bright flower."

CHOICE OF COLORS.

A lady had for a long time been afflicted with eruptions over the lower portion of the face, producing numerous red and purple spots. She was advised to trim the inside of her bonnet with small flowers of a very deep purple and crimson, avoiding white. The effect was to completely subdue the aggravating spots on the face, and she was told a number of times she never had a bonnet so becoming to her as that one.

CALIFORNIA FLOWERS.

The fuchsias in San Francisco grow up the houses and on frames like honeysuckles at home, and the geraniums grow up into little trees as large as our lilac bushes, and you can see no green leaves for the scarlet flowers that cover the bushes.

Apt and charming herald of the sunshine, flowers, and bird-songs of May comes THE LADY'S FRIEND, filled with sunshine, flowers, and bird-songs of pure and refreshing literature. No monthly is so popular with the gentle sex, and no magazine more deserves its popularity. The steel engraving, "The Return of the Swallows," is a marvel of beauty, and tells a story that will find a warm place in every heart, for it is a story with which every heart has been familiar in the days of its young freshness. $2.50 a year. Deacon & Peterson, 310 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.—*Missouri Democracy.*

High, square-cut bodices, with square basques in front, and upright frills of either tulle or blonde, all round the top, are very fashionable. The sleeves are either ruffled at the elbow or bouillonne to the wrist.

The new square veil is three fourths of a yard of dotted net, perfectly square, and edged with lace. One point falls over the face, the opposite point at the back, the others are pinned back at the sides with jet-headed pins.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The May number of this valuable magazine lies upon our table. A single glance is sufficient to assure one of its merits. The engravings and colored fashion plate are superb. The stories contained in THE LADY'S FRIEND possess the virtues of originality and freshness, and are the productions of only such writers as have met the public approval and have run the gauntlet of criticism. We don't know of a superior, in its line, to this magazine. Send the subscription price of $2.50 per year to Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and procure this handsome present for your wife, or your sister, or somebody else's sister.—*Democrat, Chippewa Falls, Wis., April 24th*, 1870.

IMITATION OF GROUND GLASS.

I cut pieces of window-blind muslin (with a neat, small sprig) of the size and shape of the panes of glass. Then I melted gelatine in hot water so as to be not very stiff. This I daubed on the glass with a common pasting-brush, and then quickly stuck on the muslin, taking care to get it quite smooth. The gelatine, being transparent, is better than paste.

MRS. C.

Whenever glycerine is applied to any part of the body where there is hair, care must be taken to have it *chemically pure*, as otherwise the salts of lime, one of its most common impurities, will injure and finally destroy the hair bulbs, and cause baldness, dropping of the eyelashes, etc.

[Announcement.]

LINENS.—The Peake brand of Irish linen and linen handkerchiefs are pronounced to be the best in the market, having gained a reputation for strength, durability, and beautiful finish unequalled by any; and are in the highest favor everywhere. They can be found at most any dry goods store in city or country, and can be distinguished from others by a mountain peak stamped on each piece.

New Publications.

George Canterbury's Will. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c., &c Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This novel, which the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* have had the privilege of seeing by instalments during the past spring, is one of the very best that Mrs. Wood has written. Signally good as her stories generally are for moral lessons, we cannot now think of one so powerful in this respect as "George Canterbury's Will." The grasping covetousness that dictated the unjust will is fearfullly punished—fearfully, yet in strict accord with the usual workings of Providence, the ways of God to man. By a blighted life, and an early, unhappy death, the beautiful Caroline expiates her fatal error; never ceases to long for the true love she had rejected and thrown from her; never really enjoys the wealth for which she has sold herself.

There is a peculiar pleasure in reading a good story like this in weekly instalments. Faithful pictures of real life as all good stories are, they are, of course, condensed; much of the monotonous and commonplace omitted, the prominent interests selected and effectively grouped—waiting from week to week corresponds with the slower evolution of events in fact than in fiction, making a truer impression upon the mind than if read all in a mass. The shadows close in so gradually around the doomed pair revelling in their ill-gotten riches. At first merely careless and pleasure-seeking, the major is led on, step by step, the exigencies of his prodigal life pressing thick and fast upon him, to a consummation he would not have believed possible. It was natural that the selfish man should wish the boy-heir out of his way. The wish once definitely formed, the dark whispers of temptation, and the seductions of opportunity soon ripen it to crime. The working of evil thoughts to their logical conclusion makes an impressive warning.

The story has a most satisfactory ending—the poetic and retributive justice of the last will restoring the fortune to its rightful owners.

Farming, as a Profession; or, How Charles Loring Made it Pay. By F. A. Bland, editor Northwestern Farmer. Boston: Loring.

A very pleasant little story to those who feel the charm of country life. We enjoy the successful career of the young man of talent and culture who takes up farming from choice, and lifts it to the dignity of a profession by his enlightened management. And there is a word for the ladies, too:

"'Why should not women strive for excellence in their branches of industry as well as men in theirs. I am sure there is as much need of reform in the modes of housekeeping, and especially in cookery, as in the prevailing systems of farming.'

"'Much more,' rejoined Charles, 'for the reason that in a large measure, health, and even life depends upon the selection and preparation of food. It was no mere criticism or cynicism that the editor of a Georgia paper uttered when he said that "'died of a frying-pan' might truthfully be inscribed upon a majority of the tombstones of the South." Surrounded with a profusion of the good things of life, as the farmer is, or may easily be, he is as a class the worst liver in this country. Partly because, through parsimony or necessity, he sells the best he raises, but mainly because the popular system of cooking is so miserable that the best food is rendered unpalatable and unwholesome. For example, a first-class breakfast in the country is composed of soda biscuit soggy with lard, and often yellow with alkali, pork, beef-steak or chicken, fried and swashed in grease, till the juices and natural sweetness are all destroyed, and it is so saturated with lard and hardened by over-cooking that it is both unpalatable and indigestible, potatoes, also fried in lard or boiled in a gallon or more of water, hence greasy or soggy, and coffee, so strong as to totally suspend digestion for at least two hours, or until the vital powers have rallied from under its paralysing influence.

"'No wonder dyspepsia, liver disease, scrofula, bilious fever, sick headaches, etc., etc., prevail in the country; and no wonder that notwithstanding the

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healthful exercise, fresh air, and other life-sustaining influences surrounding the farmer and his family, he is the shortest lived of any class in this country, and his wife an almost universal invalid, who performs her daily tasks with dragging limbs, flagging energies, and aching brain.

"'Here is a contrast to all this: bread made of flour and sweet cream, and baked in the aerating pans; no seasoning in it but salt, and no acids, alkalies, or yeast, to destroy its sweetness or healthfulness.'

"'Pardon me for asking what makes it so light?'

"'Aeration. The construction of the pan is such that the air incorporated into the flour in mixing, is retained, and getting hot, it expands and lightens the bread; and as pure air is wholesome, and carbonic acid gas is a deadly poison, so this bread is healthful, while soda biscuit is really poisonous in proportion to the soda and acids used in making it.'"

This last assertion we doubt, because aerated bread, which is raised by carbonic acid gas, seems to us, tested by long experience, perfectly healthful; and we are now trying Professor Horsford's self-raising flour, into which soda enters, with, so far, entire satisfaction. It has just crossed our mind that Professor Blot, who is very good authority, says it is wicked to use saleratus. Well, so we have always been inclined to think, and have been shy of such recipes accordingly. But it is not a settled matter whether it is the use or the abuse of these agents that does the mischief. When you prove that a thing is poisonous, you do not prove its unfitness for our use, so long as nature herself secretes the most deadly poison, prussic acid, in the core of the most delicious fruits, and we find that by allowing the seed of the apple, the peach, and the pear to remain where she has placed them, we get the last dainty finish of flavor for our cookery. It may be that carbonic acid gas, passing through the dough to raise it, goes off altogether in the process of baking, leaving *nothing* hurtful behind. However that may be, one thing is certain—we, who prepare and dispense the staff of life, we ladies (Saxon, *hlæfdiga*—loaf-givers), must keep our eyes wide open to all the lights of reason and experience, as we need all the knowledge and all the wisdom we can command to fit us for our duties.

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Illustrated Library of Wonders.

We have received from Scribner & Co., per Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, two more volumes of this excellent series:

The Sublime in Nature. Compiled from the Descriptions of Travellers and Celebrated Writers. By Ferdinand de Lanoye. With large additions.

The class of readers represented by Baron Humboldt—genuine lovers of Nature, will find this a fascinating book, put together by no cold-blooded business compiler, but one whose spirit is stirring and heart-glowing as he works. The description of the famous Yosemite Valley, by A. D. Richardson, begins—

"See Yosemite and die! Here might the author of the 'Divine Comedy,' whose troubled brow and yearning eyes appeal to us through the shadows of five centuries, despairingly repeat—'I may not paint them all in full, for the long theme so chases me that many times the word comes short of the reality.'"

And concludes:

"On the whole, Yosemite is incomparably the most wonderful feature of our continent, and unless the unexplored Himalayas hide some rival, there is no spot, the wide world over, of such varied beauty and measureless grandeur."

The same writer says of the giant trees of California:

"They are children of a long-ago climatic era. The age of giants lingers on the entire Pacific coast. It was once thought incredible that the yew should live a thousand years. But these monster *sequoias* are the world's patriarchs.

"Some botanists date their birth far back of earliest human history; none estimate their age at less than eighteen hundred years. Perchance their youth saw the awkward, thundering mastodon canter over the hills, and the hundred feet long reptile of many legs, and mouth like a volcano, crawl sluggishly through torrid swamps. They were living when the father of poets, old, blind, and vagabond, sang his immortal song; when the sage of Athens, 'that most Christian heathen,' calmly drank the hemlock; when the Carpenter of Judea, from whom the whole world now computes its time, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, despised and rejected of men."

Wonders of Glass-making in all Ages. By A. Sauzay. Illustrated with sixty-three engravings on wood.

This volume is brimful of the curious and interesting. Ladies who do not incline to scientific details generally, will like to know how jet and false pearls are made. These last, it seems, used to be colored by means of quicksilver, which made the wearing of them injurious to health. But in 1686 a French workman, puzzling over the problem of an unobjectionable coloring, was attracted by the pearly, iridescent lustre of the scales of a little fish called bleak, which, after several trials and disappointments, he found out how to use instead of quicksilver. So the false pearls of modern times are safe to wear.

This also is interesting:

THE BARBERINI OR PORTLAND VASE.

"We could not better conclude this chapter on glass of two layers than by giving a description of that wonder of wonders, the vase designated by the archæologists successively under the names of the Barberini and the Portland Vase.

"A few words will explain the origin of the two names. This vase, found about the sixteenth century in a marble sarcophagus in the environs of Rome, after having been for more than two centuries the principal ornament in the gallery of the Princes Barberini at Rome, was bought at a sale by auction by the Duchess of Portland, for the sum of eighteen hundred and seventy-two pounds.

"Although the legitimate and sole proprietress of this *chef-d'œuvre*, the duchess, who doubtless did not recognize the right of hiding from public admira-

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tion such a unique object, lent this vase to the British Museum, where it is still to be seen. Thus it was preserved, admired by all the world. One day, however, there nearly remained nothing more than the resemblance of it, for a lunatic, named Lloyd, smashed it in pieces by the blow of a stick. This injury committed by a madman, was repaired by an artist in such a manner, and with such skilfulness, that it is impossible to distinguish the numerous places where it is joined together.

"This unique vase, which is supposed to have been made in the time of the Antonines (about 138 years B.C.), is composed of layers of glass one over the other. The lower one is of a deep blue color, and the other of opaque white, so that the figures stand out in white on a deep blue background.

"These two layers lying one over the other so much resemble an onyx, that for a long time the archæologists described this vase as being an ancient cameo; whilst it is now well known that it is, as we have just said, a glass vase composed of two layers."

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Edward Wortley Montagu: An Autobiography. "Let the day perish in which I was born." Philadelphia: Turner & Co.

This book is as romantic and high-wrought as any sensational novel, and as little to be depended upon, it seems to us, in its pictures of historical characters. For the author writes like a madman—dips his pen in gall and wormwood, and spatters recklessly, right and left, as he hurries over the story of his life like one pursued by the furies, stung and scourged at every turn, till not a sane thought is left him. If a tithe of what he tells is true, he was frightfully abused as boy and man; but then one cannot tell what are truths and what are ravings. When a man's will is crazed to that extent that he would rather believe and tell evil than good, his statements are mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. The worst that can be said of Lady Mary is that she gave to the world such a man-child as this—the most savage of cynics, the most unnatural of sons, the child of hate, it would seem, and not of love. His heart holds one little, pure, sweet drop. In the love-dream of his youth he shows himself a man; but a frantic spirit of hate possesses all the book beside—such a dreadful calling of things by their worst names we have never before come across.

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An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women." With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We do not remember anything like the rush after this little book, set a-going by the enthusiasm about "Little Women." It proves that the young people's hearts are in the right place, and that the good and simple, the pure and sweet, commends itself to them as best. The Old-Fashioned Girl brings a fresh breath of truth and nature into the close atmosphere of city life, and makes a delightful contrast, which is easily seen and admired when it is painted out so clearly.

The girls of the period, with their rich fathers enabling them to live useless, aimless lives, are joyless, insipid creatures compared with Polly's poorer friends—that bright bevy of self-reliant girls whom necessity has stimulated to cultivate their talents and to have aspirations.

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The Lost Daughter; and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena, the Snow Bird," "Love After Marriage," &c.

This is the eleventh volume of the series, and contains beside the main story several others, on such feminine topics as "The Pea-green Taffeta," "The Purple Satin Dress," "The Red Velvet Bodice." Of course, Mrs. Hentz may be trusted to invest these showy articles of a lady's wardrobe with that halo of true sentiment which her warm heart and romantic brain throw around every subject she touches.

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Sorrento Wood Carving: What it is. How to do it. By R. S. T. Boston: Loring.

This kind of fancy work is popular to some extent in England, judging by the space given to designs and instructions in a lady's paper. Brackets, picture-frames, book-racks, &c., are made by these directions. The work, if not too laborious, might be found a good resource for invalids or others in need of light and amusing indoor employment.

—

Rational Temperance. By Henry G. Spalding, Pastor First Parish Church, Framingham. Boston: Loring.

An able pamphlet, by one who has deeply considered the evils of intemperance, and points out where the reform should begin. He quotes from Parton:

"Drinking is but a symptom which reveals the malady. The thing for us to do is to strike at the causes of drinking; to cease the bad breathing, the bad eating, the bad reading, the bad feeling, and bad thinking, which in a sense necessitate bad drinking. For some of the teetotal organizations might be substituted physical welfare societies."

—

Tales of European Life. (St. Cecilia, Prato, Florito, Salvi and Cesare, An Adventure in Prague. Boston: Loring. For sale by Turner & Co., Philadelphia.

Four new and attractive tales, got up in convenient form for railway and holiday reading.

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The Banished Son; and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "The Lost Daughter," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This collection of short stories forms the twelfth and last volume of the series. We hardly knew how much attractive fiction Mrs. Hentz had written until presented in this beautiful green and gold edition. Her stories were extensively read when they appeared in the columns of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and we should think there would be many, remembering the delight of their perusal, who would enjoy presenting them in their present handsome form to some appreciative young lady.

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The Macdermots of Ballycloran. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "He Knew He was Right," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have not read this book, but whatever its author writes is sure to be entertaining.

"The objection urged of old times against novels, that they give false views of life, does not apply to Mr. Trollope's books. They are characterized by a fidelity to nature, and a skill in seizing and transferring her salient points, which make them strike home to the consciousness of his reader, and commend themselves to his judgment. Without much sentiment, or ideality, or poetry, there is a healthy commonsense which goes straight to the mark.

Receipts.

RICE A LA MACCARONI.—The true Italian maccaroni cannot often be got in country places, and it is expensive everywhere. A substitute very much liked in our family is the following:

Boil rice in water, with salt, twenty minutes, when the rice will be soft and the water boiled away. Then empty into a pudding dish, scattering among it grated cheese, or bits of cheese, and a layer of the same on top; brown it in the oven, and serve warm. The cheese should have a good flavor. It is a most savory, relishing dish, and one does not tire of it readily.

RHUBARB.—We have told our readers several times already the best way to cook rhubarb, and the receipt is so important that we will repeat it. Cut up the stalks like green apples, strew sugar over, and bake in a covered pie dish, until soft—fifteen or twenty minutes. Never stew rhubarb, nor add any water, save that which remains after washing the stalks. It makes a most acceptable and healthful dish for the tea-table in spring and early summer, before fruit is plenty.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Half cup butter, two cups sugar, three eggs or eight yellows, keeping the whites for frosting; one cup sweet milk, five cups flour, half teaspoonful of soda, and whole one of cream of tartar. Bake in layers as for jelly-cake. Prepare your frosting and spread each layer, in the top of which spread grated cocoanut about an inch in thickness. This cake is very nice, and quite suitable for evening parties.

TO PRESERVE RHUBARB.—Cut the stalks into pieces an inch or so in length; string and dry the same as apple, and stow away in a dry place for winter and spring use.

A CHEAP OMELET.—A large cup of bread crumbs, soaked in milk and beaten soft; four eggs, yelks and whites separately beaten; salt and pepper to taste. Fry in lard or butter and turn out in a dish the size of the pan in which it is cooked.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.—Wash and pick one quart of gooseberries; put them into a stone jar, and having covered it, let it stand in a saucepan of boiling water until the gooseberries are quite tender, and then pulp them through a horse-hair sieve. Beat up the yelks of two eggs and the white of one. To these add, by degrees, a small quantity of milk and a little pounded sugar. After this, put in the pulped fruit, whisk it all up, and add gradually half a pint of cream (or milk, if cream be not plentiful), and sugar to taste.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one pint of sweet milk. Take nearly flour enough for a thin dough, thoroughly mix it with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and then rub in one half teacupful of sugar, nearly a teacupful of butter, with a little salt. Mix the whole, adding flour enough to make it as thick as tea biscuit. Bake, split into thin slices, and butter the pieces. Have a good lot of strawberries previously well sugared, and put them between the pieces and on top, dipping over the whole a little of the juice of the berries. Let it stand in a warm place until the berries are partially cooked, and eat with sugar sprinkled over, or butter, with sugar and cream if you have it.

N. B. *Raspberries* answer just about as well as strawberries for this short-cake.

PINE-APPLE JELLY.—Take a perfectly ripe and sound pine-apple, cut off the outside, cut in small pieces; bruise them, and to each pound put a teacup of water; put in a preserving kettle over the fire; cover the kettle, and let them boil for twenty minutes; then strain it, and squeeze it through a bit of muslin. For each pound of fruit take a pound of sugar; put a teacup of water to each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved; then add the pine-apple juice. For each quart of the syrup clarify an ounce of the best isinglass, and stir it in, let it boil until, by taking some on a plate to cool, you find it a stiff jelly. Secure it in jars.

CURRANT WINE.—To one quart juice add two quarts water, one pound sugar; mix well together, and let it stand twenty-four hours, without stirring: then skim it, putting it in a jug or keg, leaving out the cork, and let it ferment in a cool place for a week, or till done fermenting: then cork tightly, and when clear it is fit to bottle.

FLAKY PIE-CRUST.—We agree with a writer in the *Household* in the following method: After having gathered together all the ingredients necessary for making a rich pie-crust, I rub the shortening into the flour, very slightly, instead of thoroughly, as is generally advised; then put in the cold water and just barely mix the whole together; and this, I can assure Mrs. G., is the secret of making flaky pie-crust.

BUTTERMILK.—This is advocated as food for very young children, in conjunction with rice or wheat flour. Besides being easier of digestion, it is cheaper and less liable to adulteration than milk from the cow. Dr. Van Maanen, of Barneveld, says that buttermilk is invariably used by the children of that district, and with the best effects. They get through their infantile disorders with wonderful celerity, Scrofula is unknown, and the bills of mortality are reduced to a minimum, all owing, according to the doctor, to the use of buttermilk.

TO DRIVE AWAY ANTS.—We told our readers in April that powdered borax, scattered on closet shelves, &c., would clear the house of roaches: it seems that the same is equally obnoxious to ants. The large black ants that infest sugar boxes, and the smaller fry that are still worse nuisances, made their appearance as usual with the warm weather, but they fled precipitately before the first sprinkle of borax. It spoils all their fun; they cannot scamper over your shelves with any comfort.

PATTERNS FOR JUNE.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Peplum Bathing Costume, . . . 40 cts.
Petticoat for wearing under short costumes, 50 "

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Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Little boy's costume. Suit of black velveteen, Tyrolean hat with feather.

FIG. 2.—Short skirt of striped blue and white silk, with a bias flounce ornamented with butterfly bows without ends. Tunic of blue silk, trimmed with a ruche a la veille of blue satin. Corsage trimmed with the same.

FIG. 3.—A half-trained ball dress of salmon silk, with tunic and trimmings of crape, the same tint. The tunic is edged with silk frige, and tied behind.

FIG. 4.—Dress of sea-green silk. Sortie de bal of scarlet cashmere, lined with white silk, and trimmed with gold braid and tassels.

FIG. 5.—Little girl's dress. White muslin, embroidered round the bottom. Mantle of red and blue striped cloth. Straw hat trimmed with blue velvet and fuchsias.

FIG. 6.—Short dress of velvet silk with five flounces. Overdress of fawn-colored gauze, with a flounce of the same, puffed behind, and trimmed with violet ribbons. Straw hat with a bunch of flowers; veil the color of the tunic.

CHILDREN'S TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Girl from eight to ten. Round skirt of blue cashmere, terminating with a five inch flounce, sewn on with a heading and a narrow cross band of silk to match. Second skirt bordered with a four inch flounce, and looped up at the side with a silk bow; short paletot cut up at the back, and edged with a frill to correspond with those on the skirt; long sleeves, with a frill round the epaulette and cuff. Linen collar and cuffs. White felt hat, bordered with blue velvet, and ornamented with a rosette.

FIG. 2.—Child from two to three. Short white pique frock, with bodice high at the back, and open and square in front. A row of large pearl buttons decorates the front, and on the left side is bordered with a line of embroidered Nainsook muslin festooned at the edge; pique waistband edged with embroidery, commencing at each side the buttons. Grosgrain hat, with a tuft of feathers and rosette.

FIG. 3.—Boy from four to five. Plaid poplin costume; the skirt is on the cross, and plaited like a kilt; a row of narrow velvet borders the wide plait in front, and three rosettes ornament the centre. Small jacket with basques bordered with a double row of velvet; it opens and discovers a small round waistcoat fastened with velvet buttons. Black felt hat with a tuft of feathers in front.

FIG. 4.—Girl from seven to eight. Cinnamon brown poult de soie skirt, edged with a plaited flounce, vandyked, and bound with black velvet. High bodice, with square basques trimmed with a double row of velvet; a square is simulated in front with two rows of the same; velvet buttons. Large velvet bow at the back of the waist.

FIG. 5.—Girl from five to six. Claret poplin redingote, bordered with three rows of black velvet. It fastens at the side; bodice open heartshaped, trimmed with velvet revers, and fastened with velvet buttons; velvet cuffs and two rows of velvet round the epaulettes. Embroidered muslin chemisette and cuffs.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Personal taste has never been so apparent in the fashions as at the present moment. Each lady dresses according to her own fancy. And tastes are so different that a dress ball very much resembles a fancy ball, for historical costumes, more or less altered and modified, are now preferred to all others.

For low ball-dresses, ladies of taste adopt cloud-like scarfs of white or colored gauze, veiling the shoulders, bosom, and arms, and tied at the back upon the skirt.

Tunic of crape de chine over silk dresses of the same color make elegant toilets for the opera or concert.

Tulle dresses trimmed with garlands of flowers, skilfully imitated from nature, are among the most beautiful of modern ball toilets.

Checked and figured muslin dresses are made short, or rather just clearing the ground, with a flounce at the edge, and panier upperskirt, or the bodice is cut jacket fashion, and forms deep basques upon the skirt. The trimming is insertion, through which ribbon is passed; this is removed when the dress is washed, and replaced. One or two sets of ribbon will last the entire season with care, while a variety of colors will make the dress look "new" every time it is washed.

The short, loose paletot and the tight-fitting casaque will both be still worn—the former more suitable for spring and fall, and the latter for summer, when it is so much more cool and comfortable to have but one bodice either for indoor or outdoor wear.

The outdoor coverings of last season may be readily altered into the new shapes—paletots by being slashed at intervals, and casaques by adding a double bouffant skirt. The coat sleeves may be improved by putting widely plaited frills of silk or lace at the elbow. It is always possible to match grosgrain sufficiently well and to re-trim it, and as these garments may be worn with any dress, it is economy to purchase a black silk casaque, or to restore an old one.

Japanese pongee (or the material that is called such, though, like China crape, it is manufactured in France) is of the same texture as crape, but has a smooth surface. It is a most durable fabric in ecru and dust color, is narrow, and sold in a roll pattern of twenty yards. The substantial pongee poplins, so much in favor last spring, are again brought out in various shades of gray. These are prettily made up with two skirts and loose slashed paletot, trimmed with black velvet, and scant gathered frills edged with Tom Thumb fringe.

[Announcement.]

I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in May, 1858, and have used it constantly ever since in making all kinds of garments worn in the family, with *no repairs* of any sort whatever. *I have never broken but one needle*, and that not until I had used the machine *more than seven years*, and the eleven needles remaining of the original dozen are all in good working order. I cannot see why my machine will not last ten years longer without repairs. MRS. C. A. ROGERS.

[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—The first day I grumbled all day at my wife for buying a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine; but the next I learned to work it myself, and I felt prouder of hemming a sheet than I have of leading a brigade to victory. It is so simple and so easy that a child can manage it, and I am continually congratulating myself for having purchased it. MANUEL EYRE, JR.,
1st. Lieut., 14th Infantry, Drum Barracks, California.

[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—"We have been using a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for about ten years, and it does as good work now as when new. I feel free to recommend it to the public as the best sewing machine in use." R. E. BARNETT, M. D.
Greenfield, Ind.

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They are the **True, Rich Flavors of the Fruits,** *of remarkable strength* and *economy*, requiring much less than of the ordinary Flavoring Extracts, and are securing an unparalleled and constantly increasing trade, and always *reliable*—**the Best. Colton's Rich Vanilla Extract is sought by many who prize the delicious purity.** References from **Families, Dealers,** and **Hotels,** who use them, and say **"Very Choice!"** *Gov. W. A. Buckingham*, Conn.; *Gov. J. Y. Smith*, Prov., R. I.; *Dr. J. G. Holland*, the Poet, Springfield, Mass.; *Julius Sayer*, Newport, R. I., and *I. Miller & Sons*, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., among the largest dealers in American and Foreign Luxuries and Fine Groceries. Proprietors of the following well-known Hotels: **Delavan,** Albany; **Congress Hall** and **Clarendon,** Saratoga; **Fort William Henry,** Lake George; **Arlington,** Washington, D. C.; **Massasoit,** Springfield; **Ocean,** Newport; **Profile,** White Mountains; **International,** NiagaraFalls; and many others who seek **the Best.** *First-Class Hotels, Confectioners, and Ice-Cream Makers seek them.* Dealers in Choice Flavors treble their sales with them. Sold by Grocers and Druggists, Wholesale and Retail.

J. W. COLTON'S N. Y. Depot, 71 Maiden Lane.

THE HUMAN TELEGRAPH.

The nerves are telegraphic fibres operated by the brain; but if the stomach, the great vitalizer of the system, is disordered, the whole nervous organization is partially shattered for the time being. TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT works wonders in cases of nervous debility arising from dyspepsia, by restoring the stomach to its normal condition, and keeping the bowels free.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Payne's Improved Common-Sense

FRUIT PRESERVER!

The above cut represents an improved apparatus for **Preserving by Steam,** Fruits, Vegetables, &c.; an arrangement regarded by scientific judges as the most *complete* for that purpose ever offered to the public. Its construction is perfectly simple and easy to manage. Six or more jars can in as many minutes be preserved, with one-fourth the labor and fuel usually required by any other process. The fruits retain all their **Solidity, Flavor & Beauty,** requiring *no sugar*, unless preferred. As a practical fruit-packer, the inventor speaks advisedly. When perfect jars are used (those represented in the cut, with **Mason's** *Union and Standard*, are regarded by him as among the best), and our directions followed, *success is guaranteed!* **Price of Preservers:**—Single pipe, $3; two pipes, $4; four pipes, $5; six pipes, $6.

Liberal arrangements made with the trade and good canvassers. For particulars, address

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☞ Purchasers will know these goods as a mountain Peak precisely like the above is stamped on each dozen and piece. WM. I. PEAKE & CO., **46, 48,** and **50** White St., N. Y *Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.*

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND IN CLUBS FOR 1870.
See Prospectus on third page of Cover.

Vol. VII. JULY, 1870. No. 7.

THE

Lady's Friend.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

EDITED BY MRS. HENRY PETERSON.

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INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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... add other names at any time during the year. The Magazines for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices. Back Numbers can always be supplied.

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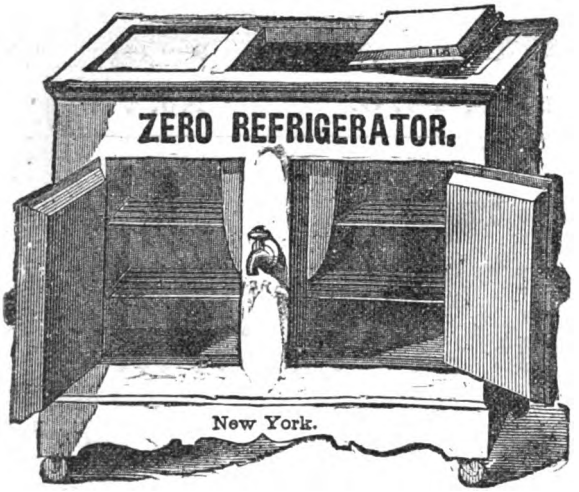
The Zero Refrigerator Triumphant!

At the Fair of the American Institute, 1867.



Report of the Committee on Refrigerators.

THE ZERO REFRIGERATOR is the best, not so much by possessing novel features of great merit, as by being extremely well-devised, effective, and economical construction. The principles it involves are long tested and approved. It preserves the meat and vegetables at a low temperature, with the consumption of less ice than any other known to us.

THOMAS D. STETSON,
JAMES B. OGDEN,
IRA L. CADY.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman, June, 1867.

"LESLEY'S REFRIGERATOR."—After a full trial, we have found this Refrigerator a valuable household convenience. The ice is preserved in the central part, and the inclosed shelves, on each side, receive articles of food, fruit, etc., which it is desired to protect from the heat of summer and the cold of winter. It is a handsome piece of furniture, painted oak color, with white porcelain knobs, and will grace the handsomest pantry or kitchen hall. The ice reservoir is a most convenient place for depositing this material, where it will keep from one to three days, according to the heat of the weather, maintaining a temperature in the adjoining apartments lower than that of the coldest cellar. We have never found anything to freeze in it in winter, and in making an experiment by placing it out of doors when the thermometer was 20 deg. below freezing, found that a small cup of cold water required five hours for a thin film of ice to form, at the same time it froze in fifteen minutes if exposed.

THE ZERO REFRIGERATOR.—This Refrigerator, manufactured by A. M. LESLEY, 605 Sixth Avenue, is acknowledged by all who have given it a trial to be one of the best Refrigerators now in use. At the last New York State Fair the highest premium awarded Refrigerators was awarded the "Zero;" and the Committee on Refrigerators at the Fair of the American Institute in 1869, also awarded the highest premium to the "Zero." Mr. LESLEY may well feel proud of the high encomiums lavished upon his invention. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that they are well merited. Long may he maintain the position he now occupies—the first and foremost in his business. "LESLEY'S MILK AND WINE COOLER" has also received several first premiums at the fairs at which it has been exhibited.

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"PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION,"

the only Reliable and Harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discolorations from the Face. Prepared only by

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Sold by Druggists everywhere.

The Bright Side; A PAPER FOR CHILDREN, now published weekly at $1.00 a year. Eight beautifully illustrated pages. No continued stories. The very best writers. Large premiums for clubs. A success beyond all example. 30,000 circulation, though less than one year old. Specimen FREE.

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LADIES' GEM. A combination of Scissor-sharpener, Ripper and Button-hole Cutter, and also convenient as a Pencil-sharpener and Nail Cleaner. Suitable for the Work-Basket, Portmonaie, or Vest Pocket. Price, 25 cents, sent by return mail. Package of half dozen for $1.

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RELIABLE PLACE TO GET CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

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CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,

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NOTE.—This is the Largest Clothing House in the city, and so well organized, that it has no superior in the United States. Reasonable Prices, First-Class Workmanship, and Reliability, are the features of the house. Orders by mail have special care. Samples sent when desired.

CURL YOUR HAIR THE RECEIPT, an entirely new Discovery for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address

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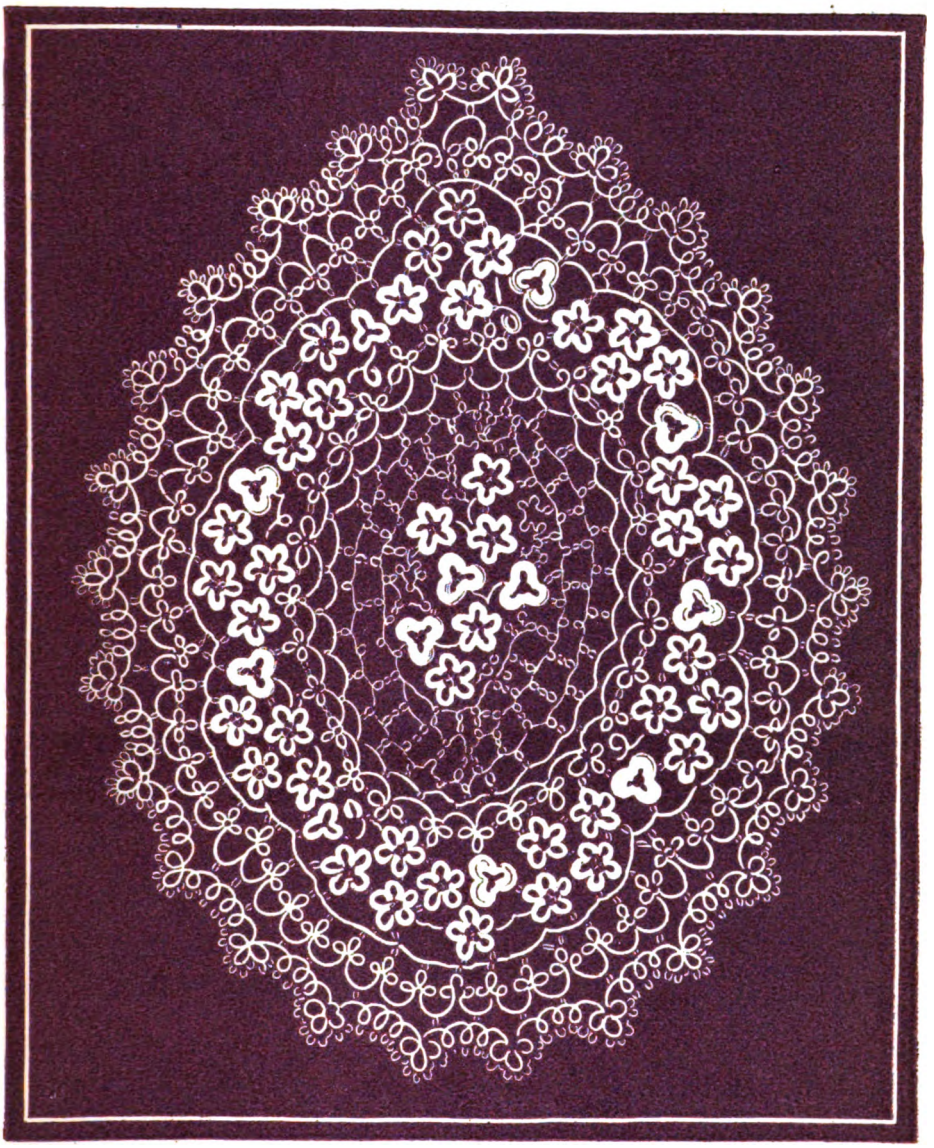

MORNING CAP.

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IN THE FIELDS.

Broad tracts of meadow and moor,
  With copse and woods between;
Blue depths in the ether pure
  Of the firmament serene;
And the breath of the day in the trees
  Is singing a sweet "hush song,"
While the note of the bird has failed by degrees,
  As the noontide creeps along.

Down by the verge of the stream,
  All through the grass and the heather,
Brightly the flowers gleam,
  Closely they lie together;
For Love, as the Herald of heaven,
  Hath blazoned the earth with its hue—
With the golden clouds of its even,
  And the light of its heavenly blue.

Come! we have garlands made
  From the spoil of the skylark's home;
Come; let us rest in the shade
  Of the beech-tree's sylvan dome.
By-and-by the birds will sing,
  To the closing in of the even,
And meadow and woodland shall ring
  With their chorus of joy to heaven.

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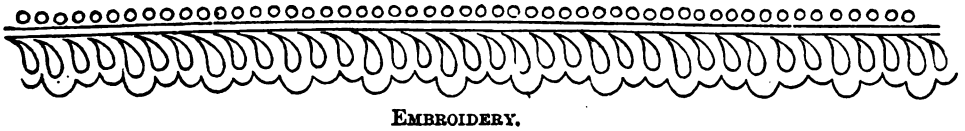
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Little boy's suit of summer cloth.

No. 2.—A white piqué dress richly braided in black or colors.

No. 3.—A mode-colored mohair, ornamented with silk fringe and velvet bands.

No. 4.—A costume of summer silk, with flounces made with revers of velvet.



EMBROIDERY.

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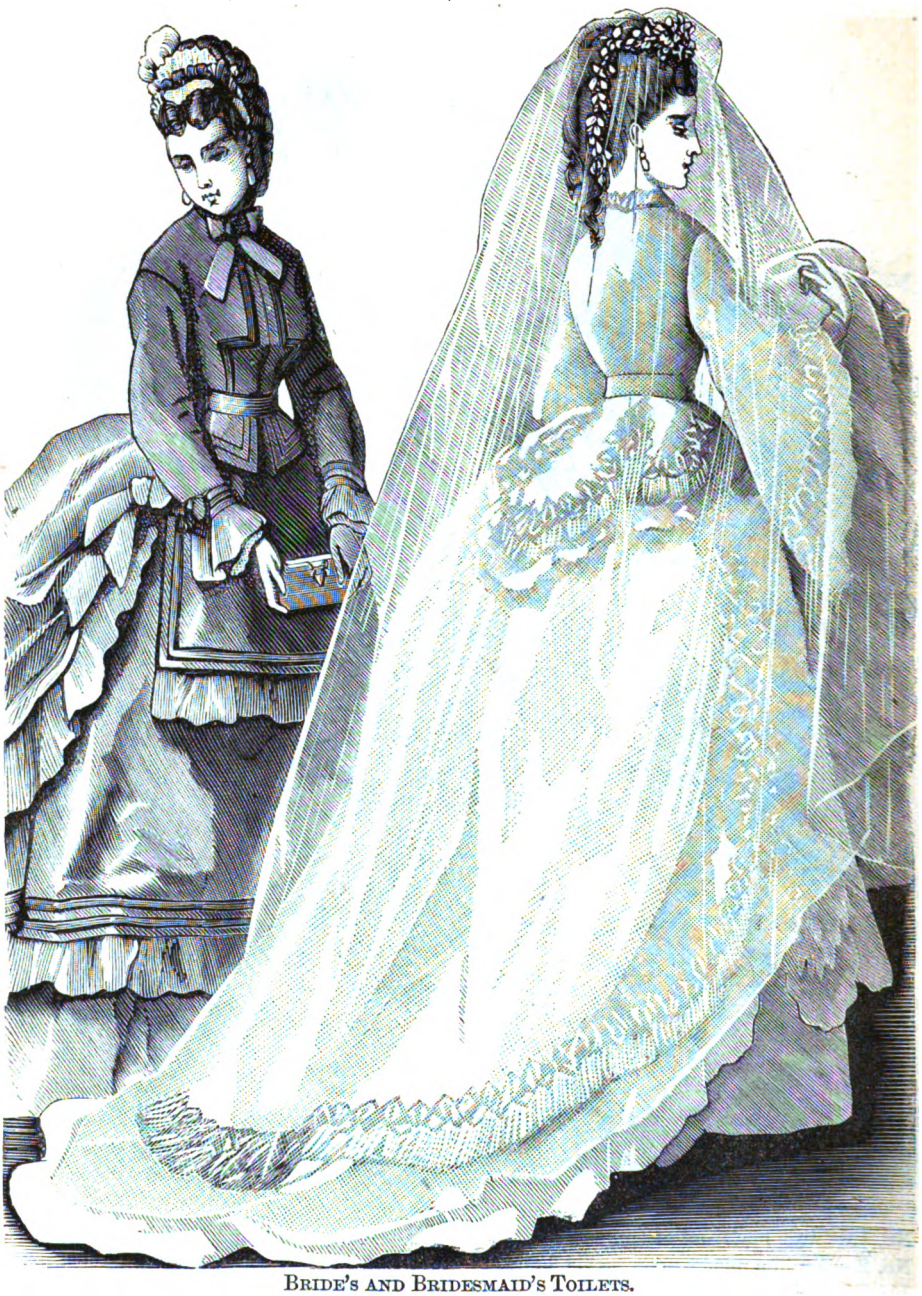

BRIDE'S AND BRIDESMAID'S TOILETS.

No. 1.—Bride's dress of white poult-de-soie, forming an apron in front and a tunic behind, by a trimming composed of a double ruche simulating coquillée shells of white satin, a silk fringe, and a gathered flounce. Bodice with basque cut in tabs, the back one being much longer than the others. Long, hanging sleeves showing under one, of lace. The bodice, open à la châle, shows a fluted Valenciennes lace chemisette. Coiffure of orange blossom and long tulle veil, enveloping the whole toilet.

No. 2.—Bridesmaid's dress of mauve poult-de-soie, trimmed round the bottom with a flounce surmounted by three cross-bands of satin the same shade. Tunic forming an apron in front, rounded behind and looped up to form a puff on each side. A narrow flounce edges the bottom of tunic; bands and bows of satin. Bodice with very short basque, simply trimmed with a cross-band to simulate a veste. Waist-band of satin. Coat-sleeve with flounce at the bottom; satin band and bow ornaments the top of flounce. Bonnet of white lace, with bouillonnée of mauve velvet; feather at the side, and narrow strings of velvet simply tied under the chin.

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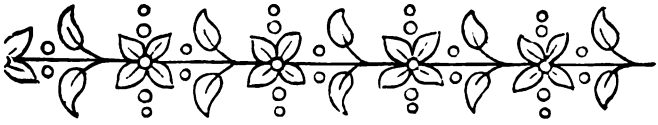
WALKING, INFANT'S, AND NURSE'S TOILETS.

No. 1.—Nurse's toilet. Dress of plain maroon merino; linen collar and cuffs to match. Striped shawl pelerine, edged with fringe. Cap of white muslin, with black velvet bow. Apron of white percale.

No. 2.—Costume for baby boy. Pelisse with large cape of white piqué. Hat trimmed with a blue feather. Blue and white striped stockings and blue shoes.

No. 3.—Walking-costume of Russian gray poplin, trimmed with a gathered flounce with heading. A narrow flounce simulates an apron and tunic; pouff looped up behind, and ornamented with a gathered flounce. Short casaque half fitting behind, and forming open basques; bow at the waist. Bonnet of the same shade as the costume in crêpe de chine, trimmed with feathers and flowers at the side.



INSERTION.

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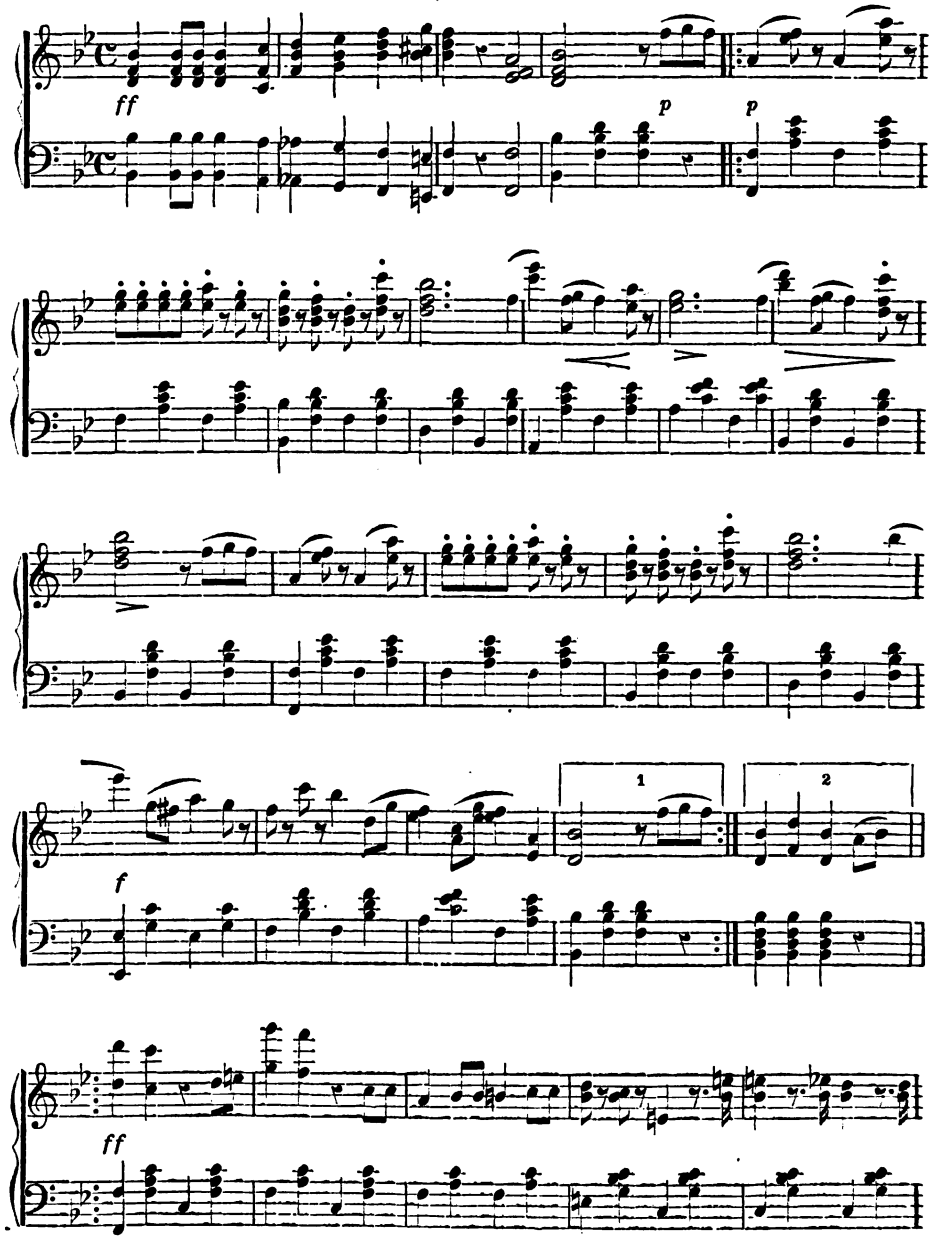
[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

GREETING TO PHILADELPHIA.

MARCH.

BY PAUL SENTZ.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



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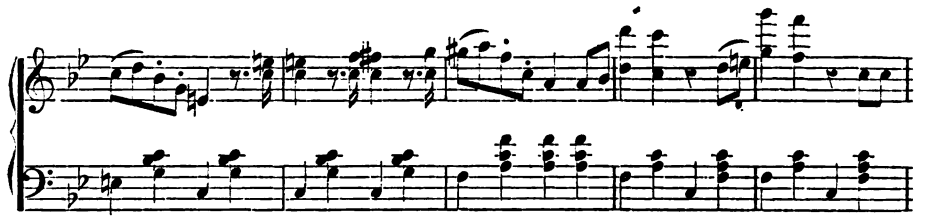

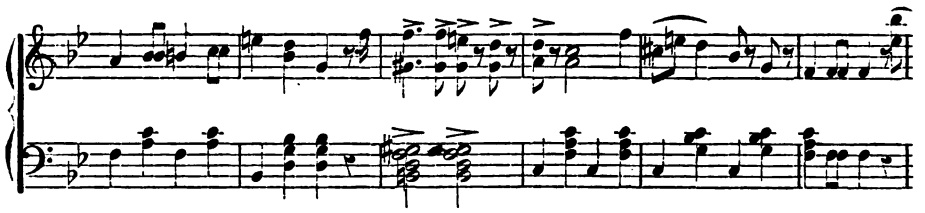

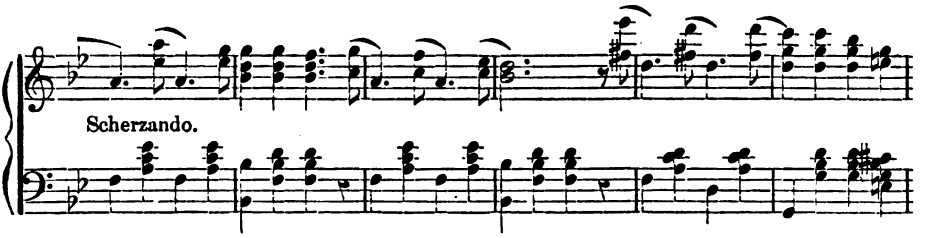

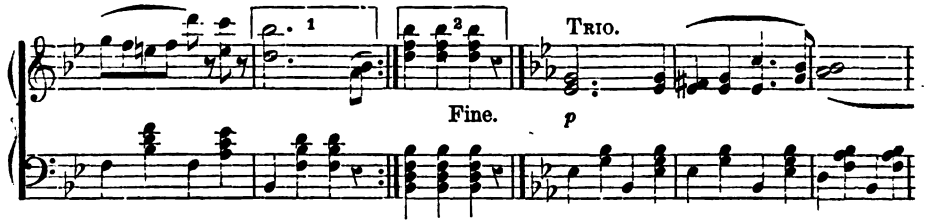

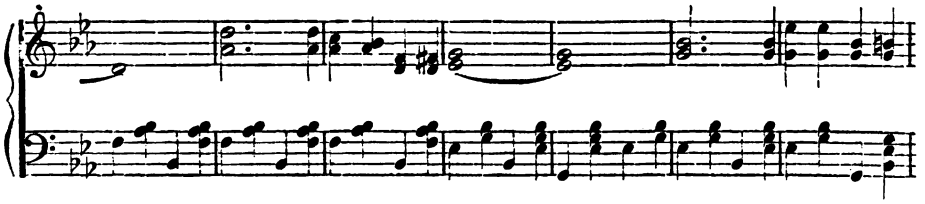

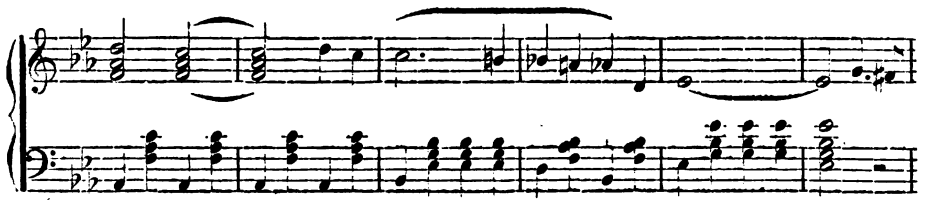

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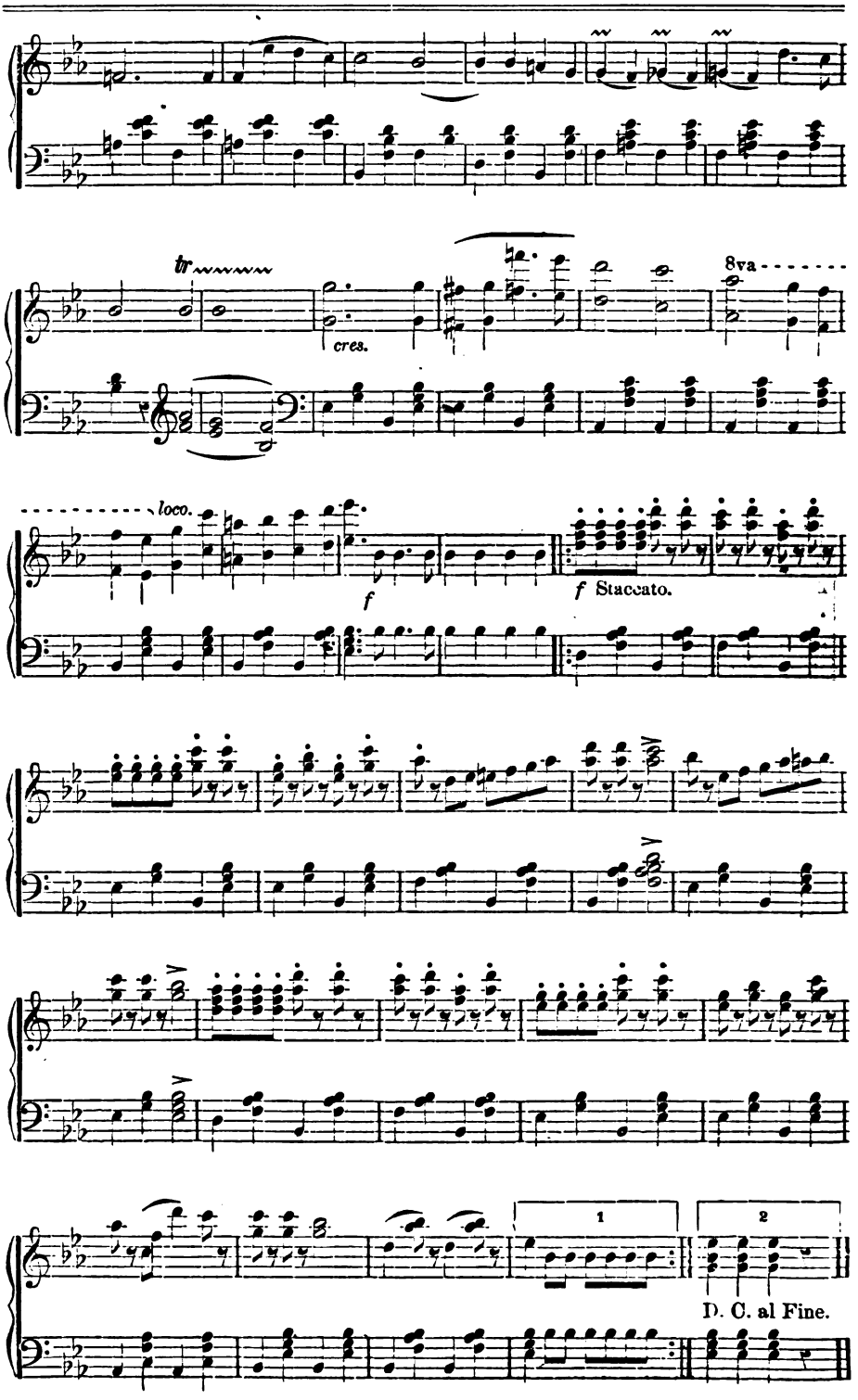

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1870. [No. 7.

AN ARREST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Twenty years—well, that's not so bad; but I thought the very first time I ever saw him, that it would have been for life. However, there's no great difference between that and life, so far as he is concerned; when he comes out he'll be too old for anything that makes life pleasant to him now, and I'll be bound there's a golden nest-egg in some savings bank or other that, with twenty years' interest, will take care of him between the turnkey and the undertaker, better than he deserves. He'll be sixty then, I reckon, for he was all of thirty when I saw him; and, said I to myself then, after taking a long look at him through my eyebrows—that's why they're made bushy—while my head was over my books. "You're here now on your own errand, my man; but if you're not here by and by on somebody else's errand, I'll never guess again—and that time it'll be counterfeiting or forging, and you may take your choice." So I was not so wide of the mark after all, it seems.

You see, when I was captain of the police for our ward, I managed things after methods of my own; I kept a regular set of books, which hadn't been done in that station before for years; and I did as I chose generally, and not as the last captain did. That is to say, I didn't arrest everybody I was asked to arrest. I didn't send all those I did arrest over to court and the newspapers next day, but I just opened the doors in the morning after their night's sleep, and let them walk out, when I saw that it was nowise detrimental to the public interests, and that the humiliation of a night in the lock-up was more medicinal than the total destruction of shame in the bravado of the prisoners' box; and when the men brought in Terence Sullivan, who had taken a drop too much of beer on a Saturday night, I told them consistency was a jewel, and unless they were going to bring in General Von Tromp, who had taken a great many drops too much of champagne, they might lead Terence directly home, for I was not going to commit one without the other—and the men, being machines brought up by routine, used to stare at me with their mouths open—but I was captain, and they obeyed. And in all that ward I was respected by high and by low; they called me the right man in the right place, and order was preserved as it had not been before for many a stormy day.

Well, one morning, I being busy with my ledgers, and all alone in my office, there walked into the room, as I said, a dapper gentleman, whose air and bearing was of a kind not often seen in station-houses, except just after a raid on some splendid gambling-den; his clothes were fine, his linen was spotless, his hands were well gloved, he wore no jewelry of any kind, a black ribbon carrying his watch, but there was a flower in his buttonhole; and his whole style was better than that of a royal prince, if all we hear of royal princes now-a-days is true. He was a handsome fellow, too, after his kind—at least I suppose some would think so—he had brown hair, and a hazel eye, with straight enough features—features which somehow suggested falseness, after all—for when he spoke he never smiled, and they remained as unvarying as though they were something to take off and put on like a mask; though what he couldn't hide under any mask was a sinister sparkle that lurked and leered under the light lashes of that hazel eye, like a thief peering

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from a hedge, and that, after my good, long gaze, told me to beware as plain as words could say it.

"The captain of the station?" said he.

"Same, sir," said I, directly after I had taken that observation and put the blotting-paper on the leaf. And then I looked him full in the face—he never looked me full in the face—and said, "Do you wish for my services?" and didn't see any reason to correct my first impressions.

"Yes," said he, "I want you to send a policeman this afternoon to the Gramercy school, and arrest there a boy by the name of Hamilton."

"Hamilton," said I, making a note of it on a blank paper. "At whose suit?"

"His mother's."

I was a little startled, for I had jumped at a conclusion instantaneously, and had quite made up my mind as I jotted down the name that this boy Hamilton was to be made the scapegoat of some theft or other roguery.

"His mother's?" said I. "Where's his father?"

"Drowned at sea," said my gentleman.

"How long since?" I ventured.

"Nearly two years, as we have reason to suppose."

"What charge does Mrs. Hamilton prefer?" then I asked.

"Disobedience—insubordination—unruliness—whatever may be the proper technical term for such cases," said he, while adjusting the posy in his buttonhole. "The fact is," he continued then, having arranged the nosegay to his mind, and growing unpleasantly confidential as he leaned his arms across on my desk, "she can do nothing with the boy at all. He is utterly rebellious to all authority, and has become so indecently and outrageously insolent, that his example to his younger brother is pernicious in the last degree"—he had a good flow of words, this Lothario; he needed it. "He defies all threats to subdue him," he added. "A thoroughly bad boy. Lately attempting to correct him, at his mother's request, he ran his penknife into my flesh and made a serious wound. And we have come to the conclusion that nothing but a wholesome fright will produce any effect upon him, and hinder the necessity of our seeking stronger measures yet; and so we have resorted to you."

"Hm. How old is this little monster?"

"Twelve years old, or thereabouts."

"Twelve years. He must be a prodigy of sauciness, or else his mother must be a prodigy of incapacity," said I.

"You are not called to pass upon that question," said he, lifting himself, and freezing, as you might say. "All that you have to do is to arrest the boy and to confine him here, at his mother's suit."

"His mother is Captain Hamilton's wife, who lives on the hill?"

"His widow," said my caller with great dignity.

"Is that so?" I asked, not to be disconcerted by any such fire-new assumption as that. "Is that so? I thought the underwriters had not yet given up hope—the insurance being still unpaid."

"We are quite satisfied on that point."

"Are you, indeed?" said I, falling in with him. "That is very gratifying. Well, as this case is a little out of the common, permit me to ask why Mrs. Hamilton doesn't prefer this charge herself?"

"Simply because it is a disagreeable duty, of which I, as a friend of the family, am glad to relieve her."

"Ah! Acting for Captain Hamilton. I am sure he will be obliged to you when he comes to hear about it. The case shall be attended to. Good-morning."

And off he went, twirling the waxed ends of his mustache with one set of his dainty fingers, and twirling his little cane with the other—long fingers that bent back, with long nails, and put you uncomfortably in mind of the phrase in the church catechism about keeping one's fingers from picking and stealing.

He having gone, I called Glegg, our oldest hand, and sent him down to the Gramercy school to make some inquiries of the teachers concerning various scholars, and, among others, about this little monster; to fall in with him when school was done, to scrape acquaintance, and get some talk with him, about the profession, for instance, telling him, in an accidental way, some one of our stories, Brighton Bill's, perhaps, unless he could think of one likelier to fire a boy's fancy, and finally, in a friendly and careless freedom of conversation, to tell him we had no end of curious tools and implements at the station—burglars' complete sets, jimmies, dark lanterns, bowie-knives, brass knuckles, loaded dice, Brighton Bill's own Derringers—and to remark that he, Glegg, was going that way now, and if he, Hamilton, chose to come along, he might see them; and so to bring him, chatting all the way, and unsuspecting, to the place, that I might look the matter over for myself.

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"Well, late in the afternoon, Glegg came into my room with a nice, bright-looking little chap in hand. Neat as a new pin, and just as straight, that boy was; fair-faced, blushing when he spoke; but his great, honest, blue eyes, meeting you squarely—as frank and ingenuous a youngster as ever I came across, if looks are anything. And that was young Hamilton, Glegg intimated to me, leaving him after awhile busy trying some cruel knuckles on his innocent hands where the dimples had hardly gone for good, and laying a scrap of paper on my desk. On the paper was scrawled in Glegg's fist—"Teatures giv good karakter—hed of his clas—bidds fare to take meddle. Obejunt, very feckshunit, uncommon forrud;" and presently, after making out that puzzle, I stepped down, and put in a word or two myself, and explained here, and joked there, and told an anecdote in the other place, and, Glegg being called out, I soon had the little lad's good will, and felt myself in a fair way to get his confidence. But that was reckoning without my host, for I found that, boy as he was, he was of altogether too manly a sort to unburden himself to strangers. He was his father's own son, and no mistake.

"Let me see," said I. "Aren't you Captain Hamilton's boy?"

"Yes," said he proudly. "Captain Hamilton is my father."

"I thought your face was familiar. For your father was a good friend of mine," said I. "The truth is, he got me this place."

"He did? This place? Why, I thought——"

"You thought captains of the police were born captains. No; I owe my place to your father's influence—and a good man he was."

The boy's face flushed a bright crimson. "He *is* a good man," said he.

"What! you've heard from him? He's all right then?"

"O sir!" said he; then, suddenly turning on me with swimming eyes—"is it true then, as Avery says, that every one has given him up?"

"Given him up? My dear boy, I expect him to walk into this office any day."

And with that the child burst right out crying.

"Who is this Avery?" said I then—a little too soon. A red-hot iron would not have dried his tears more quickly, and in a minute the stout-hearted fellow was a man again, as reserved as though he knew the value of words to a tittle.

"Oh!—a person that visits at our house," said he carelessly.

"How?" said I. "A bad lot, isn't he?"

"Oh! I'm sure he is! I'm sure he is!" cried my little man, forgetting all about his dignity. "If you could only make her see——"

And here he remembered himself, and colored again up to his eyes, and bit his lip, and examined the slung-shots as though he were choosing one to use; and I began telling him how it was that we happened to have those particular ones in keeping, and what execution they had done in their day—he quite rapt and breathless in listening—and was just at the climax of the interest when the door opened, and a lady dressed in crapes entered, and put back her veil, and looked around her in a timid and wary way.

"Hallo, mother, 's that you?" cried the boy, with surprise and delight. "Why, I didn't know you knew the captain! Just look here"—and then all at once he stopped, wondering what in the world his mother wanted in a police office.

"This is the officer of the station?" she began, glancing around her, and resting her eye on me. "I need scarcely introduce myself, sir, as Mrs. Hamilton——"

"No, madam," said I. "To be hailed by that noble boy as mother, would be sufficient introduction to the king, if there were one."

She turned in a little astonishment at my address, as though having expected something entirely different, and then, fancying, perhaps, that I spoke so merely as a blind for the boy, she added in a low tone—"I see you have made the arrest that I desired."

"The boy is here, madam," said I distinctly, "but not under arrest. I should certainly refuse to commit a child at the suit of such an irresponsible fellow as came here this morning."

"Fellow?" cried she suddenly, taken at unawares, and her eyes glittering under their long, silky lashes like an angry baby's. Then, perhaps, you will commit him at my suit—at his mother's!" and her voice rang out through the room, a sweet voice, and a lady's voice even then.

"Do you mean to say, madam," said I, "that having a child like that—the image of his father—one that his teachers praise, and every one speaks well of—a handsome, truthful, gallant boy—you want to put these things on him"—and I took up a huge pair of hand-cuffs—"and lock him up in a cell, side by side with the cells of drunkards, and felons, and vile women, with all the sights and sounds of such a place, the night long?"

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I was silenced then all at once by the lad's voice, and turned to hear what he was saying.

"Lock me up, captain!" he cried, his face as white as a sheet, but the veins standing out blue upon it, and the tears fairly spirting in a sheet from his eyes, they came so thick and so fast. "Lock me up, if my mother asks you to! My own mother! Lock me up, captain!" And he held out both his little, shaking hands for the irons.

"Don't you think of it; don't you have a fear, my boy," said I. "I've not the first idea of anything of the kind;" and then I turned to her, amazed, I must say, to see her stand there just as unmoved and indifferent as a cat over the sorrows of a mouse—but that's often the way, I've noticed, with your little, soft, tender women; their tenderness is all for themselves; inside they're flint. "Do you know what it is you are doing, madam?" said I, laying down the bracelets, and leaning back against my desk as I stood.

"I know that my task is, of course, a thankless one, and that this is a very uncomfortable situation for a lady," said she querulously. "But I have no choice, as you ought to see; the boy has become totally unmanageable, and I think that a night's solitary confinement here——"

"After what I have said of such a night?"

"I had considered the subject before I came here, sir."

"Are you sure, madam," asked I then, "how far Captain Hamilton would approve of such a course with his son?"

For a moment bewildered and flustered—"Why doesn't he behave himself differently, then?" she exclaimed, flying as wide of the question as ever any woman did since time began.

"You are acting now by the advice of another party?" I said cunningly.

"Certainly I am," said she, apparently much relieved by the suggestion, for, as you understand, she was anything but a strong-minded woman, prepared to accept her own responsibility; "by the advice of a friend, who sees no other way of conquering the boy's defiance—of breaking his naughty spirit," she added, looking toward the boy, and bringing down the tip of her shoe upon the floor with emphasis.

"And did your husband leave his boy in the care of that person, or in your care?" urged I.

"He left my mother in my care!" suddenly cried young Hamilton. "The very last thing he said to me was, 'Take care of your mother, my boy. Remember, you stand in my place, and don't neglect your trust.' And I haven't neglected it! And it's because I won't neglect it—oh! if you only knew all, captain." And there the plucky little rascal stopped short, without another syllable, lest he should betray the weakness which he, boy as he was, had discerned in the woman—weakness that in his eyes seemed outrage and sin; and he threw himself on a bench, sobbing with shame and grief.

"I do know all," said I. "That is, I know enough, and more than enough, to quite explain this case. And you will excuse me for saying, madam, that there is no law to punish this boy for taking care of his father's honor——"

"What am I to understand by this, sir?" said the little woman, drawing herself up like an enraged robin, and turning on me fiercely.

"Understand that I advise you before taking any further steps——"

"I did not come here for advice! I came here to have that child punished for unruly conduct! And it shall be done, if I have to send him to the Reform School! If you will not commit him, as I desire, Mr. Avery will have him served with a warrant for assault with a penknife——"

"It can't be done, madam. Fortunately, I comprehend all about that little matter; for if a man undertakes to snatch an open knife from the hand of a child, he must run the risk of being cut. And if Mr. Avery enters this office again, by George! ma'am, I'll commit him for trespass."

She blanched at that a trifle, and the boy looked up and laughed; and at the laugh—a wicked laugh, a hateful one at his years—I saw the injury these two were doing the child—if it was not done already—in corrupting at the heart anything so whole and sound as he must have been in the beginning; and my blood boiled.

"Look here, Mrs. Hamilton," said I, leaving all manners out of the question, "this boy is not so unfriended as you two think. And if you choose to waste his and his brother's property, his and his brother's honor, on an adventurer, and to marry a man who may have wives living, for all you know to the contrary—and that before you are authentically aware of your own husband's death—why, you shall be estopped in your proceedings. And there's an end of it."

I don't know what I meant to do, I'm sure. But something certainly—if there was any justice in the land—even to the point of getting myself appointed the boy's guardian, or of tracing some felony to Avery's door—some felony

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which it was absolutely impossible but that he should have committed—unless nature lies, and you can't tell roses from wolfsbane by the looks, as I said before.

"Come now, if you please," said I, for it was getting quite dusky in the office. "This is no place for a lady or a child, where the disorderly people will be being brought in presently. I will escort you safely home, and trust that the morning may bring you better counsels," and quite cowed—for the only way with her sort is just to bell the cat, and be done with it—she stepped on before me with the boy at her side. Captain Hamilton never married her for her sense, I'll dare be sworn, thought I, as I marched the pair along—and when you marry one of these pink-and-white faces for its beauty, why, it's rather surprising to see your picture suddenly show a life of its own—and I'll be bound Avery is ten times the fitter mate for this one than that great, gallant Hamilton, fighting his hundred battles with wind and storm.

The sunset was just dropping down behind the hill as we climbed it, for our city's a place of hills, crowded streets all but tunnelling them; and the sky was a purple flush of soft gloom, and a great, white evening star was hanging in the air before us as we walked. I remember loitering a little behind them as we went up the sloping walk, and thinking, as the late chirp of a mother bird over her nest in the square reached me, and all the sweet smell of the blossoming honeysuckles there, that those two figures in advance were the only things out of tune with the hour, and wondering why any providence allowed that mother, for her own selfish ends, to sweep her jangling hand across all the chords of this young boy's nature, and weaken, and break, and ruin them forever. But no one would have suspected that anything was wrong between the two, as they walked along side by side; and, although not holding hands, or even touching one another, yet her head a little bent, as became the wife of a man whose fate at sea was still uncertain—and his held erect, as became a brave boy who meant to stand between his mother and the world,and who was doing it, too—for being young, and weak, and pretty, she had always been a sort of playmate for her two children, I fancied, putting them more on an equality with herself than they would have been, so that it was not so difficult for the boy to remonstrate when this Avery stepped in with his airs, and graces, and fine clothes.

So we three went up the hill, while the light faded and the shadows fell, and just as we reached the gate of their house, which stood back a little way upon a grassy sward, a coach wheeled about from the curb and drove away; and looking up, by the light of the hall-lamp—for it was then as dark as a pleasant summer's night ever is—we saw the porch piled full of trunks.

The woman stopped, and trembled visibly, and leaned against the railing of the walk a minute. There was only one meaning to that sight, the open door, the coach, the trunks; it struck her like a thunderbolt—that is, as severely as a thunderbolt could strike so soft and yielding a little body—her husband had returned. It's hardly possible that she was sorry; it's entirely probable that she liked him best of the two—pulled a little both ways, it must have been a relief to have fate settle the thing—but for all that it was a shock. As for the boy, he gave a cry and a bound forward—then, suddenly remembering himself, came back, and put his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her—kissed her rapturously—her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes, just as one would kiss a lost child who had been found at last. Neither of them said a word—but it was plain enough that in that brief action she had asked, and he had promised, silence. Then she turned timidly back to me and paused, and reached out her hand doubtfully; I gave her mine, and the same to the boy, and we all understood each other and separated without any waste words. I waited a minute—perhaps in an idle curiosity—to see them go in; and while I waited an inner door opened, and Captain Jack Hamilton burst out of it, just as she crossed the threshold, and caught her in his arms, and there she was lying limp, and lifeless, and fainted quite away—an evidence to all eyes of wifely affection and womanly sensibility. I don't believe Hamilton ever doubted her being an angel, and I imagine that as soon as she could take her bearings, and see what a scrape she had escaped, she was well enough contented at having him back again, for he was one of those noble, commanding fellows that every one loves, because it is impossible to do anything else in their presence; and she was not really bad, only a little, fickle fool.

Well, there was the whole of it. Avery left town next morning, and I never heard the rogue's name from that day to this. So it's the same man, is it? Twenty years? Just sentence—just sentence. If it had been threescore and ten, though, I shouldn't have said a word—however, I'm not his judge, thank heaven!

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ROSINE MILLER'S VELVET CLOAK.

BY SOMEBODY.

"They are all alike!" exclaimed pretty Milly Thorne, impatiently tossing aside the new magazine over which she had been poring for the last hour.

"What are all alike?" queried her uncle, looking up from his paper.

"Oh! the people in books. They meet, love, and marry, and that is the sum and substance of the whole! I do wish that somebody would write something new, and not tell the same old story over and over again."

"Is it the 'old, old story of Love' that has so wearied you? I thought that was always new and fresh in a maiden's ear."

Milly blushed a little as she replied—"But we don't want to be always reading about it, you know, Uncle Charlie. Now don't you think somebody *might* tell us a story, and an interesting one, too, about something that actually happened in somebody's life, and not wind up the whole affair with a white veil and orange-blossoms?"

"Well, yes, Milly, I suppose the thing is possible; indeed, I am not sure but that I could succeed in it myself."

"Oh! will you, you dear, good uncle? wait a minute," and Milly sprang from her sofa to a low stool at her uncle's side, her head resting upon his knee, her favorite position during story-telling. "There, now, I am ready, please begin."

"Well, then, darling, I'll tell you about Rosine Miller's Velvet Cloak: For the last three winters Rosie had wanted a velvet cloak. Now, if she had only been the fortunate daughter of some millionaire, it would have been so easy to drive down to Stuart's and give the order, with no more serious expenditure of thought than would be required to decide upon the shape and style; but poor little Rosie was only a school-teacher with a moderate salary, and there were numerous questions of economy to be met and considered before she could venture upon so expensive a purchase—moreover, her taste in dress was a trifle extravagant; the velvet must be of the very best, and the trimming of rare and dainty lace; nothing less would satisfy the ambitious young lady; so she had wisely waited until she could fully realize her ideal, for young ladies sometimes have other ideals than ideal lovers.

"'I shall want you to go shopping with me to-morrow,' she said to her Cousin Helen, one day shortly before Christmas. 'I am going to buy my velvet cloak.'

"'At last!' exclaimed her cousin. 'Really I began to think you never intended to allow yourself that luxury, Rosie. You are such a little miser, I don't see how you can make up your mind to afford it?'

"'Well, you see, Helen, I didn't want it until I could get precisely what suited me; besides, I needed dresses to correspond. I couldn't very well wear such a cloak with an alpaca dress, could I? And you know I am to spend Christmas week at Glenwood, and I want to look real nice, for there are to be hosts of people there.'

"'So you have decided to accept Nell's invitation?'

"'Yes, and you——'

"'Oh! I shall go, of course; I wouldn't miss it for anything. There isn't another place in the world equal to Glenwood.'

"'When do you go?'

"'It will be impossible for me to leave until the day before Christmas. You, I suppose, will go sooner?'

"'Yes, next week. But I must be off. Call for me to-morrow.'

"Left alone, Rosie put her little feet up to the grate, and leaning back in her chair, was soon lost in a delicious revery. Nellie Howard, an old schoolmate, and a very dear friend, had laid a positive injunction upon Rosie to spend the holiday season with her, who, nothing loth, consented. 'I want you to look your very prettiest,' so the letter ran, 'for we shall have lots of people here; but the special attraction for you is to be my wonderful Cousin Charlie, concerning whom you have been forced to listen to so many rhapsodies, and whom you used to style my king among men. You see, Rosie, I am opposed on principle to marrying one's cousin, and being unable to appropriate him myself, I shall magnanimously deed him over to you. Isn't that what you would call pure generosity?'

"Rosie laughed a little as she read this, then took a rapid survey of her wardrobe and its

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belongings. Even her dainty taste was satisfied with one exception—her cloak was certainly getting shabby, and since she must get a new one, why not make the long-coveted purchase. A short calculation in mental arithmetic ensued, and then she decided the cloak should be bought the very next day. She was aroused from her revery by a knock at the door, and a little head was thrust inside—'A letter for you, Miss Rosie.' With a kiss and a smile, Rosie thanked the messenger. 'Ah! from Bessie,' she said, glancing at the superscription. Bessie was her only sister, and ten years her senior. Their mother dying during Rosie's childhood, Bessie gave her all the love and tender care that a fond sister could bestow. She married, very young, a man who seemed born to be unfortunate; nothing prospered in his hands. Failing in business within a year, he accepted, after months of idleness, a situation as clerk at a miserable pittance. He either was, or fancied himself to be, a confirmed invalid, thereby excusing himself to his conscience for his weak performance of manly duties, as well as the life of slavish servitude to which he subjected his meek, young wife. Then it was that Rosie remembered the love and care lavished upon her childhood. Many a needed gift came from her generous hand, and not infrequently liberal sums of money were freely given to relieve the necessities of her sister and the little ones. One child, a little girl, named for her, Rosie had clothed and educated. For her brother-in-law she felt but little sympathy, being keen-sighted enough to see him as he really was—a weak, inefficient, selfish tyrant, whose misfortunes were to be attributed solely to his lack of management and energy. But Bessie and the children she tenderly loved, and could not endure the thought of their suffering for the want of anything which she could supply. Of late such demands upon her generosity had been more frequent than usual, but the last letter had seemed to promise better things. For a wonder, all were in good health. Mr. Lee's salary had been increased, and altogether Bessie wrote in a hopeful tone that was very cheering to Rosie. It was, therefore, with no painful misgiving that Rosie opened her letter; but as she read the smile vanished from her lips, and the happy light faded out of her eyes. She laid it down with a sigh, and no wonder, for thus it ran:

"'I have not written you for the last six weeks, partly because I have been too busy, but mainly for the reason that I have nothing but bad news. Fred has been obliged to give up his position on account of sickness; his cough returned, and he found the work too confining. Two of the children are down with scarlet fever, and I am just recovering from a severe attack of pleurisy. What with doctor's bills, nurses, and the innumerable expenses of illness, we are entirely out of money. The children need shoes and warm dresses; Fred has no overcoat; our stock of fuel is almost exhausted, and I am completely discouraged. I don't see how we are to get along through the winter, Rosie, dear, unless you can help us. I know you have already done more than we had any right to expect, and I am ashamed to ask you again; but if you *can*, help us through this difficulty. I hope we shall be able to take care of ourselves hereafter.'

"'The next day one hundred dollars found its way to Bessie, and Rosie called on her way from school to tell her cousin that the contemplated shopping expedition was to be indefinitely postponed.'

"'What! you haven't repented of your extravagance already?' queried Helen in surprise.

"'Not in the least.'

"Then why in the world have you so suddenly changed your mind? Do tell me, I am dying to know?'

"'Notwithstanding her disappointment, Rosie laughed as she answered, 'I have sent the money to Bessie.'

"'Now, Rosie,' began her cousin indignantly, 'has Bessie Lee had the assurance to send you another begging letter, after all you have done for that family? Why don't that lazy husband of hers go to work and support his wife and children? I should think he would be ashamed to take money from you.'

"'I do not know what you mean by a "begging letter," said Rosie, quietly ignoring Helen's last question. She has written a very sad one, to tell me that Fred is in poor health and out of employment, two of the children are sick, money is not very plentiful with them; and there are so many things absolutely needed, that I have decided to wear my old cloak one season longer, and send them the money. That is all there is about it.'

"'Well, my dear, I have learned by past experience that when you speak in that positive tone, it is useless to attempt to alter your resolution; you are flint itself.'

"'I hope I am, when I have decided to do

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what is right,' rejoined Rosie, with a comical assumption of dignity to cover her disappointment; 'and, Helen, it is quite possible that I may be unable to go to Nellie's. If Bessie needs me, I shall spend the week with her.'

"'Rosie, dear, you *are* the most unselfish darling in the world!' exclaimed Helen, returning her cousin's good-by kiss.

"A week later, Helen, comfortably domesticated at Glenwood, was having a long, confidential talk with her friend as they sat together over their worsteds.

"'I am almost crazy to see Rosie Miller,' said Nell, composedly matching the shade of brown that was to finish the dog's nose in the slipper she was embroidering. 'I can hardly wait until Christmas, and if anything *should* happen to prevent her coming, I believe I would go wild.'

"'If you seriously apprehend any such catastrophe, I think it advisable for your friends to procure a straight-jacket in anticipation, for Rosie told me herself that it was quite possible she should be unable to come,' was Helen's answer.

"'Why, I have a note from her giving me a positive promise. It is not one bit like her to be so capricious.'

"'Oh! it is not caprice.'

"'What *is* it, then?'

"'I'll tell you.' And thereupon followed an account of Rosie's sacrifice and disappointment, winding up with, 'You know, Nell, she *is* proud, and I don't believe she will come and wear her old cloak.'

"'Nonsense! she will never be so silly as to imagine that her dress makes any difference. I've half a mind to write and tell her so.'

"'I wouldn't, if I were you,' was Helen's quiet reply, as she leaned forward to close the register in the side of the wall.

"Immediately after, the one on the opposite side, which warmed the library, was softly closed by 'Cousin Charlie,' who had been comfortably ensconced in the room, not so deeply buried in his paper as to be deaf to the conversation in the adjoining room.

"'What a dear, unselfish creature Miss Rosie must be,' he said to himself. 'It is a pity she should be so disappointed; and Nell, too, for she *is* half crazy to see her friend. I wonder if I could possibly manage to send the young lady a velvet cloak without exciting either suspicion or indignation. I believe I would risk it if I only knew her address. I'm sure I've seen it somewhere. Let me think. Ah! I have it. It was in Nell's autograph-book, when I was looking it over yesterday. Now, if she only has not carried it off somewhere. Blessings on the girl's carelessness!' as he caught a glimpse of the book on the library-table.

"A train for the city left in thirty minutes, and without a word to any one, Charlie reached the depot just in time to catch it. Arriving in New York, he called upon his friend, Mrs. Mount, the wife of a college chum and a lady of wealth and fashion.

"'I am come to ask a favor,' he said. 'I am commissioned to purchase a velvet cloak for a lady whom I have never seen, and of whose taste in dress I am profoundly ignorant. Will I be taxing your amiability too severely if I ask you to help me out of my dilemma?'

"'No, indeed; I shall only be too happy to accompany you, and give you the benefit of my judgment in the selection, if that is what you wish,' was the smiling answer.

"'Precisely,' he replied.

"The same day, upon Rosie's return from school, she found a box in her room, which she opened with some curiosity. Imagine her surprise at seeing the very thing she so much desired. 'Oh! what a beauty,' she exclaimed, adding, in a disappointed tone, 'but of course, it must be a mistake; it cannot possibly be meant for me. Anyway, I'll just try it on; that cannot do any harm. A perfect fit,' smoothing the soft folds and adjusting the lace ruffle about her throat. 'I do wish it was mine,' reluctantly folding the cloak. As she did so, a card in the inside pocket fell upon the floor. Stooping to pick it up, she read, 'A Christmas gift for Rosie, from Santa Claus.' Turning to the box with nervous haste, she saw written plainly, beyond the possibility of a mistake, 'Miss Rosie Miller, 14 West ——th Street.' 'It must be mine, after all. Somebody knew just what I wanted. But who *can* it be? Thanks to you, whoever you may be, dear Santa Claus!' and the happy girl wafted a kiss from the tips of her rosy fingers to the unknown fairy who had so mysteriously gratified her most ardent wish.

"Of course, Rosie went to Glenwood, and enjoyed her visit hugely, but not an inkling did she get as to who was the donor of her wonderful present. Nellie and Helen both disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, so Rosie was fain to content herself with wearing her new cloak, and leaving the mystery for time to solve."

"Is that all?" asked Milly, as her uncle paused.

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"All! why, yes. What more would you have?"

"Oh! I don't know. I think she ought to have fallen in love with 'Cousin Charlie' and married him, from sheer gratitude, if she could find no other motive."

"But, then, Milly dear, don't you see that my story would, after all, have 'wound up with the inevitable white veil and orange-blossoms,' and so have been 'just like all the rest.'"

Milly looked as though she thought the conclusion both incomplete and unsatisfactory, but, after her sweeping condemnation, she had nothing to say.

LOVE IN THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

A wreath I would give thee,
But it will not take less
Than the wealth of a garden
My thoughts to express.
The Violets around us,
The Cedar above,
Say, "I cannot forget thee,
Thou claimest my love."

Nay—heed not the shadow
Which darkens my brow;
Yon bright, crimson Poppy
Tells what I feel now;
It speaks Consolation
As in thy bright eyes,
I see o'er my sorrows
Hope's day-dawn arise.

Before I beheld thee,
Ah! long it was mine,
The Arum and Nightshade
With Cypress to twine.
But the Wallflower informs thee,
"Misfortune grows dear,
When it proves the heart's chosen
In sorrow sincere."

And now, my beloved one,
The hours gayly roll;
Thy presence is Balm
To the wounds of my soul.
And when clasped to thy bosom
This Lychnis will say,
"Thy captive would ne'er
Wish her fetters away."

The Lilac thou pluckest,
With rapture I take,
And this bright Polyanthus
My answer shall make.
I will crown thee with Ivy,
And, dearest, for me
This delicate Jonquil
A token shall be.

But, sweet one, though happy
Beside thee to rest,
See—the roses of sunset
Are wreathing the west.
Thou hast duties, my darling—
My fond heart is weak,
But this proud Digitalis
My meaning shall speak.

The Pine and the Holly
I'll pluck for thee now;
"Farewell, I must leave thee—
Remember thy vow."

EXPLANATIONS.

Violet—I shall never forget.
Cedar—Thou art entitled to my love.
Poppy—Consolation.
Arum—Treachery.
Nightshade—Suspicion.
Cypress—Despair.
Wallflower—Misfortune grows dear when it proves the truth of friendship.
Balm—Sweets of social intercourse.
Lychnis—I am a willing prisoner.
Lilac—First love.
Polyanthus—I trust thee.
Ivy—I have found one true heart.
Jonquil—Affection returned.
Digitalis—I am not ambitious for myself, but for you.
Pine—Farewell, for I must leave thee.
Holly—Remember your vow.

THE SPARROW.

"He providently caters for the sparrow."—*Shakspeare.*

A sparrow lighted chirping on a spray
Close to my window, as I knelt in prayer,
Bowed by a heavy load of anxious care.
The morn was bitter, but the bird was gay,
And seemed by cheery look and chirp to say—
What though the snow conceals my wonted fare,
Nor I have barn or storehouse anywhere,
Yet I trust Heaven even on a winter's day.

That little bird came like a winged text
Fluttering from out God's Word to soothe my breast;
What though my life with wintry cares be vext,
On a kind Father's watchful love I rest;
He meets *this moment's need*, I leave the *next*,
And always trusting shall be always blest!

RICHARD WILTON.

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MAGGIE'S MISTAKE.

BY A. M. DANA.

Margaret Osgood sat in the counting-room of the Lauderdale Paper Mills, tapping listlessly upon her desk, and gazing far up the creek beyond the dam, where the water was dashed into snowy foam, to where the same water lay calm and pellucid in the November sunshine, reflecting, as in a mirror, the gray persimmon-trees with their golden and purple fruitage which fringed the borders of the stream.

"Suppose I call them olives, and imagine it's Italy. I'm sure the sky is blue enough," she soliloquized, with the true human longing for something better—or, at least, different—from what we possess. Nature intended Miss Osgood for an artist, but fate made her a bookkeeper; and she took her revenge by illuminating the dry pages of day-book and ledger as missal and psalter have seldom been decorated. But as the same pages also held long columns of neatly rounded figures and carefully balanced accounts, Mr. March, the proprietor, only smiled at her fanciful headings and margins. Once he said—"Maggie, if our books should ever have to go to court, you would win more fame as an artist than an accountant." But it did not need the indulgent tone, or the kindly smile following his words, to convince her that he would feel no shame in showing them anywhere.

As the daughter of an old friend, and the promised wife of his nephew, Maggie's position in Mr. March's counting-room was perhaps a favored one, but none the less upon this account did she strive to do her duty faithfully, or to repay the uniform kindness which she received with the best labor of her clear brain and practised hand. It was seldom that she sat in this listless way, but now her idleness was compulsory—evidently distasteful, too, for presently the tapping became impatient, and as she turned and touched a spring-bell upon her desk—sending a sharp reverberation out into the adjoining rooms and passages—one might have noticed the beginning of a frown upon her usually sunny brow.

A keen little office boy answered her summons.

"Harry," she said quickly, "did you see Mr. Wirth? did you ask him for the time-book? I'm waiting."

"Yes'm, I saw him, an' he says you'll *have* to wait. He hasn't got it made up yet."

The frown grew deeper, and she bit her lips to suppress some exclamation, but after a moment she spoke calmly—"Go," she said, "and ask Mr. Wirth to come here. Tell him I wish to see him immediately."

"O thunder an' lightnin'! but won't he blaze," exclaimed the little rascal. "Better not send him that word, Miss Maggie."

"Go at once, as I tell you," cried the girl, rising to her feet in a burst of anger, caused less, however, by Harry's merry impudence than by the thought of her coming interview with the foreman. Against this man she had taken one of those unaccountable prejudices which sometimes possess even the wisest of persons—the genuine Dr. Fell antipathy—and under its influence she loathed his very presence. Her intercourse with him was restricted to the very narrowest bounds of decent civility, and many times it required all the force of her sound reason, combined with the thought of the mortgaged homestead and her struggling student brother, to prevent her from throwing up her situation, and thus ending the *felt*, if unspoken, contest.

As soon as Harry left the room she began to brace herself for the encounter. For a moment she buried her heated cheeks in the cooling bosom of a great bouquet of autumn flowers, which stood upon her desk, and who knows but a silent prayer for strength may have mingled with their delicate fragrance? For this was no sharp-tongued Amazon, eager for combat. Ah! no. No woman living would have nestled more contentedly into the quiet duties of home and fireside, had not stern necessity and unselfish love driven her into the world's battle-field. I wonder whether those who prate of the stereotyped "household angel," know how many such ladies there are; or, if knowing, they guess of the sad revelations daily made by that Ithuriel's spear—the keen intuition of the women they scorn?

As for Maggie, there was no trace of either timidity or anger upon her face, as, after a few minutes, Mr. Wirth hurried into the room.

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He seemed an energetic business man, gentlemanly looking enough, too; and, beyond the fact of an irritable temper, it might have puzzled one to find cause for Maggie's dislike.

"What is this, Miss Osgood?" he said hastily, coming toward her, his eyes sending forth a gleam of what the "hands" called blue blazes. "What is it you want? I have but a minute to spare—hardly that."

Maggie did not like the tone, but she answered quietly—"The time-book, if you please. I've been waiting for it."

"I told Harry it wasn't ready yet. Didn't he tell you?"

"Yes, he told me," was her reply; adding, "I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Wirth, but I must ask why it is not ready? You know to-morrow will be pay-day, and I must get the wages account settled to-day. Besides, as I happen to know, Mr. March is going away in the three o'clock train, and he will want to leave the check."

"Ah! No doubt you have superior advantages for knowing of Mr. March's movements," he answered, almost insolently, as she thought. "But I have other duties in this establishment too important to be laid aside even at *your* bidding. You will have to wait a little longer."

Maggie passed by the sneer, and though her temples throbbed with suppressed anger, she forced herself to answer calmly.

"Well, Mr. Wirth," she said, "you know the rules of this office as well as I do. Whether you observe them or not, is, of course, optional with yourself. Meanwhile, as I have no employment here, I will go out for a walk. You can leave the book on my desk when it is ready."

"Stop!" he exclaimed, starting forward, and grasping her arm as she moved toward the place where hung her hat and shawl—for Miss Osgood wearying in impatience and losing precious time here in the office, was one thing; but Miss Osgood wandering about the village or along the creek-side, liable to be met and questioned by the proprietor, was quite another. "The only plan to satisfy a woman is to let her have her way," and, relinquishing her arm, he strode angrily to a desk in the opposite corner, where, producing a black pocket-book or memorandum, he began making copies and entries in the larger book with the combined rapidity of haste and fury; while Maggie, glad to gain her end at any price, quietly resumed her seat and her outlook from the window.

How much beauty yet lingered in the landscape, though the freshness of summer and the glowing tints of autumn were alike departed! The steely blue water, the dark verdure of the evergreens, and the sparkling sunshine, made up a picture scarcely less charming than a midsummer scene; and as Maggie became absorbed, taking in with nice, artistic perception each tender shade and delicate outline, the nervous scratching of the pen across the room disturbed her no more than a sound heard in a dream.

After an interval of perhaps ten minutes, she was abruptly aroused from her revery.

"There!" cried Mr. Wirth, clapping the book down upon her desk. "Now, Miss Osgood, don't say that I can't work fast when I get started." The irritation was all gone from his manner, and he seemed anxious to be friendly; but Maggie, whose feeling for him was more than passing ill-humor, thanked him coldly, and at once began her task.

How rapidly the busy little hand ran over the figures! She felt that she must redeem the time, and so scarcely paused a moment. Two or three girls from the finishing-room, who came in at noon hoping to have a little gossip, found her bending patiently over the tiresome pages; but as this was apt to be the case whenever they paid a visit to the office, it was attributed, as usual, to Maggie's pride and lack of sociability.

About half past two, when Mr. March, who had been out all morning, entered, it was the same.

"Not through yet, Maggie?" he asked, a little surprised.

"Not quite, sir," she replied, without looking up, but scorning to tell why she was so late.

Mr. March went to the desk in the corner, where the foreman had stood, and wrote for a few minutes.

"Well, Maggie," he said presently, "here is the check. I have signed it. When you know the amount required for wages, you can fill it up and give it to Wirth in the morning. Now I must be off, or I'll lose the train."

"O Mr. March!" cried Maggie earnestly, "aint you going to give us anything for our missionary-box? We are going to pack it to-night and send it to-morrow."

There was none of the pert freedom of the society beggar so often disgusting to business-men. It was more like the appeal of a daughter for something which she knew he was forgetting. And as a daughter he answered her.

"I guess it will be time enough for me to go into that business when you and Parson Will

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are to be the recipients." But ere the vivid color he so loved to call up had faded from her cheek, he took up the pen, not yet dry, and dashed off another check for fifty dollars in favor of the Rev. Howard Warden, of Blanktown, Nebraska.

Whether from the cause hinted at by Mr. March or not, Miss Osgood took a great interest in Home Missions. She had an idea that the gospel pioneers upon the frontiers, with their families, stood in more pressing need of warm flannels and shoes than the natives of Timbuctoo, and when the ladies of the sewing-society invited her to become their secretary—though she felt a little hesitation, owing to inexperience—she cheerfully accepted the appointment.

This honor, of course, brought its duties; and one of the reasons of her impatience in the morning, and of her haste since, was the fact that she had some writing to do for the society, and hoped to find time for it ere she left the office. At last she managed it. The accounts finally settled, she closed the books, filled in the wages check with a sum away up among the thousands—for the business was a large one—then copied an inventory of the things promised for the box, wrote a kindly letter to the missionary, and placed all together in her desk.

How she ever came to go off and leave them there, I do not know. But that evening when Will March—home from the Theological Seminary for a short vacation with his widowed mother—was driving her over to Farmer Lyle's, where the mission-box was to be packed, she said suddenly—"O Will! you'll have to drive me round by the mill. I've forgotten something."

And handsome Will—in whom metaphysical investigations had not yet repressed the soft passion of youth—was only too glad of a longer ride with his sweetheart.

At the door of the office, coming out, she met Wirth, the foreman, and there, in the gas-lighted passage, they took a curious look at each other. He only thought how pretty she looked in her blue merino and the Marie Stuart hood of soft, white zephyr, framing eyes illumined by the light of happy love, and cheeks glowing with its *drapeau rouge;* but she, true to her prejudice, said to herself—"What sneaking work has he been at now? In among my papers, I'll venture!" For the desk was one of which, for convenience, he held a duplicate key. The other one, that of Mr. March, was never opened by any one but himself.

More angry and confused than she would have cared to own, she passed in, and, as she expected, found things generally topsy-turvy. It did not occur to her that, as she had been so thoughtless as to leave the papers, she might herself be accountable for the disorder. She was too much disturbed, and in too great haste, to reason calmly. Nervously tossing about the contents of the desk, she gathered up her treasures—the letter, the missionary's check, and the invoice of presents. But where was the check for to-morrow's wages?

"That's what he was after," she murmured, as, thinking she might have overlooked it, she again tumbled up the wild disarray of papers. "I suppose he's going to town early in the morning, but he might have asked me for it. I wish I had put it in the safe. I ought to have done so."

Coming out again into the passage, she thought of seeking him to satisfy herself; but the long tank and machine-rooms, with their wet floors and scores of staring eyes, was an ordeal through which she did not care to pass. Harry was not at hand, and, besides, Will was waiting. Of course, it was all right, and, though a little offended, she understood it perfectly.

"Still, I wish I had put it in the safe," she whispered to herself more than once during the remainder of the drive.

It is well known that young persons of the male persuasion do not, as a rule, affect sewing-societies; indeed, the fact is that they fight shy of them. Therefore, though the ladies thoroughly understood that the young minister, as they called him, did not count for matrimonial purposes, they were disposed to make the most of him, and the evening was far advanced before they entered upon the ostensible object of their coming together.

"I declare, Mr. March, it's too bad to set you to work, and you such a stranger," said old Mrs. Hallifield, as Will attacked the great packing-case. "Now, my 'Binadab's a master-hand at packin', and I fully allowed to bring him along to-night, whether or not, but he had to go and take the fever an' ager with standin' out in the rain at Evans's sale last Monday week. Men are the queerest critters anyway. *Give* 'em an amberill, and it's a chance if they'll hist it till they're soaked through. For my part, I always thought the reason why the Lord shut Noah in was because he couldn't trust him hangin' round the door of the ark. O merciful goodness! there's a fire!"

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All hastened to the window near which the old lady stood, and, true enough, there was the whole western sky illumined by a fearful conflagration, which threw its lurid splendor from horizon to zenith, making the rest of the heaven, by contrast, one vast gulf of inky darkness.

"It's the mills, Maggie—and my uncle away!" exclaimed Will March in a horror-stricken tone. "We must go at once. Put on your things while I get the horse." And without waiting for an answer, he dashed out, followed by two or three sons of the house eager to assist him.

Within, too, all was confusion. There were others there whose interest, if not so great, was sufficient to make them anxious to reach their homes in the neighborhood of the fire, and upon all sides it was agreed to allow Mr. Lyle to finish packing and to nail up the box.

"Here's the inventory," said Maggie; "but no matter about reading it. I'm sure everything is here. And this is the letter," holding up an envelope. "No time to read it either. Mr. Lyle, perhaps you'd better get it registered, as it contains the check of which I was speaking. A post-office order would have been better, but—O Mr. March! are you ready?" and hastily passing the gummed edge along her lips, she pressed it down, handed it to their host, and hurried away with her lover in a state of agitation scarcely less than his own.

Will's guess was only too true. It was the mills. As they drew near the fearful scene, he recognized one of his cousins and Mr. Wirth working, directing, and gesticulating in a frenzy of excitement; and fastening the horse at the opposite end of the bridge, while Maggie sought shelter in a house near, filled with frightened women, the young divine sprang forward and joined in the contest with the raging element. Other help, too, came pouring in every moment, but their best efforts were in vain. Bravely as they fought, the enemy was stronger, and when, the next day, Mr. March, summoned by a hasty telegram, arrived at home, of his beautiful mills, with their mighty machinery, there remained only a heap of smoking ruins.

The loss, owing to liberal insurance, was not so great as many feared. But the employees well knew that even were Mr. March left a much poorer man, their case would not be neglected. Nor was their confidence mistaken.

For a day or two following the disaster, Maggie saw neither uncle nor nephew. How strange it seemed to her to rise in the morning without the necessity of hastening to the office! She scarcely knew what to do with herself at first, and, upon the principle of blessings removed, she sometimes almost longed for the routine against which she had so often inwardly, if not visibly, rebelled.

It was upon the third evening, when Will, at length relieved from his voluntary service among the ruins, sat by her side in the parlor at the homestead, that Mr. March came in.

Maggie rose to meet him, giving him her hand, and offering some little word or two of respectful sympathy as she did so.

"Yes, Maggie," he said with assumed cheerfulness, "it's a bad business. It puts me back ten years in my life, and"—passing his hand over his brow, around which the silvery frosts of winter were beginning to gather—"I feel that I haven't the ten years to spare. You and Master Will there may be glad that your outlook is all toward the future, as well as that his stock in trade lies in a surer storehouse, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt. But"—brightly—"I won't complain. Perhaps this may be the means of setting my big, lazy Fred to work."

"He worked well on the night of the fire, uncle," said Will warmly. For, though he and his mother had each at times experienced some arrogant patronage from their richer relatives, the sweet charity which thinketh no evil prevented him from being otherwise than generous in his praise.

"Yes, yes," said the uncle quickly, "I'm sure the boy will do well enough when he gets started. But, Maggie, if you will spare me a few minutes, I would like to talk business. I'm sorry to interrupt Will, but his affair can come on later. What I want to know is this—can you remember the amount of the wages account? I am anxious to settle with the hands first, and Wirth's pocket memoranda is far from satisfactory. It will be pretty much guesswork, do as we may. And, by the way, about the check. Did you fill it up? I couldn't find it in the safe, though all the other papers were preserved intact."

Maggie looked up quickly. "Hasn't Mr. Wirth," she began—hesitated, then said, "Don't he know the amount?"

"Why, no; how should he? You didn't give him the check, did you?"

"No," she said, paused strangely, and then added nervously—"Oh! please let me think;" and, scattering all the bright wools she was knitting, she rose hastily and walked over to

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the window. But the calm autumn starlight gave her no help. What *should* she do? Her brain was in a whirl. Should she accuse the man of that for which she had no proof? No. Common justice forbade that. Besides, there was a strong possibility that in her flurry that night she might have overlooked it. But yet, reason as she might, she was firmly impressed with the idea that he—her *bete noir*—and no other, held the missing paper.

"Mr. March," she said at last, coming forward, her countenance a shade paler than usual, "I remember the sum exactly: it was three thousand, four hundred, and fifty-seven dollars. But oh! I am so sorry that I didn't put it in the safe! I——"

"Then you left it in your desk?" he interrupted.

"Yes, sir, I left it there, but——"

"Oh! well, well, never mind," he said, noticing her distressed face. "If it was there, it's burnt, and there's no more about it. To be sure, the safe would have been preferable, but there's no harm done. Better for it to be burnt than to have fallen into improper hands."

What *ought* she to do? She asked herself the question in an agony of uncertainty. If Wirth really had the check, and denied any knowledge of it, there could be no doubt of his intention to draw the money and abscond. But had he it? There was the point. She realized that her ground was very insecure, and while she yet hesitated to make a frank avowal of her suspicion, Mr. March spoke a few words upon general topics, and rose for departure.

"Won't you go into the sitting-room, and see mother?" Maggie asked, rising.

"No, not to-night, daughter," he answered, unconsciously using a word familiar in his home, but one which, somehow, made her feel doubly guilty.

"How strangely you acted, Maggie!" said Will, as soon as he had gone. "If it were anyone else, I would say that you were concealing something."

Maggie started, and a strong temptation or impulse to make a confidant of her lover came over her, but an overstrained sense of justice—all the more powerful because the accused was her enemy—held her back.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, laughing away his but half formed doubts. "What could I have to conceal?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," he replied, half ashamed of his fancies. "But you know you went to the mill that night, and I thought—well, indeed, I hardly know what I thought."

"See here, Will," she said eagerly, "don't you say anything about my being there that night, there's a good fellow! I really had to go. I had forgotten the missionary's letter, and other things. But it was a little out of the ordinary way, and in a time like this, so much is made of trifles. Some one might even say that I fired the mill."

Will laughed, and allowed the subject to drop.

But though her high sense of honor prevented her from revealing her suspicions, Maggie had no idea of allowing her kind friend and benefactor to suffer loss through her carelessness. Calmly, solemnly, she appointed herself a vigilance committee of one, and no trained detective ever dogged more perseveringly the steps of a criminal, than did she watch the movements of the suspected foreman.

As day after day glided past without his making any sinister demonstration—each day finding him quietly and unconsciously busy at his work of clearing a place for the new building—her doubts of his integrity became gradually less, but not less alert grew her watchfulness.

Her mother, in whom, spite of loss and misfortune, there lingered a trace of aristocratic prejudice, protested mildly against her daughter's constant walks and loiterings about the village, where she now had no real errand, but without avail. Maggie felt that by her own act, and especially by her reticence, she had become responsible, and neither gentle rebuke nor querulous complaint could win her from her self-imposed task.

One thing, she had plenty of leisure for her espionage. Plenty of time, too, for reflection, and sometimes her thoughts were not pleasant ones.

One day, as often happened, she extended her walk, after leaving the village, far up the creekside, and as she passed along among the rustling leaves under the naked branches of the winter woods, her mind was filled with the saddest conjectures and forebodings. Several times, of late, she had fancied that there was a coldness in the manner of Mr. March when she chanced to meet him; and only a few minutes before, passing his daughter Augusta in the village street, the latter had responded to her cordial greeting with a haughty bow, which Maggie, in her morbid sensitiveness, was not slow to construe into something more than silly arrogance toward her father's bookkeeper. "It didn't use to be so,"

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she said to herself, while a flush of indignation at the insult burned upon her cheek. But greater cause for distress than this was the fact that the mail of the previous evening had brought her a letter from her lover—now returned to the seminary—in which, begging her pardon for alluding to the subject, he besought her if she had any secret knowledge of the missing check to make a full confession to his uncle.

"I cannot help it, Maggie," he wrote ;. "but the remembrance of your unnatural conduct haunts me like an avenging spirit. I thought I had forgotten all about it, but here I find it risen, phœnix-like, to torment me night and day. Do not imagine, my darling, that I accuse you of anything wrong, even in thought. God forbid that I should. But you know we are told to avoid the *very appearance of evil.*"

There was much more of it—for lover's letters are proverbially lengthy—but these few words held the pith of it, and Maggie felt as if they would become stamped upon her brain. Were the suspicions she had been harboring about to recoil upon herself? The thought was terrible, and as she turned and walked backward again, it appeared to her that were she to lose the love and confidence hitherto enjoyed, life henceforward would become a matter of very small moment.

Absorbed in these gloomy reflections, she was nearing the village again, when a little crowd of persons, close by the creek, attracted her attention, and going forward to see what was the matter, she found what appeared to be the dead body of a young lad, lying upon the bank, surrounded by a group of excited men and weeping women.

"What is it?" cried Maggie. "Is he drowned? Can nothing be done to save him?"

"No, marm," answered a rough man—his manner a little softened in the presence of death. "Nothing, now. We've been a-doin' all we know how, but it's no use. He'll never waken agin till he hears Gabriel's trumpet. God help his poor mother!"

The man, who was a father himself, turned away to hide the noble emotion of which he was ashamed, but Maggie, whose young spirit had not yet learned to calmly accept the inevitable, pressed closer to the body.

"Is there no hope at all," she asked—pressing her hand lightly where the busy little heart was wont to beat—"are you sure? It is so *terrible* to give up trying! Is there no physician, or experienced person at hand?"

A comprehensive glance over the crowd convinced her that there was no more help to be obtained from the simple working-people, and with the courage born of extremity, she took a sudden resolution. She had been reading an article lately upon the French method of resuscitating the drowned, and though her knowledge was, of course, only theoretical, the desperate nature of the case prompted her to venture the experiment.

Quick as thought, from the dimpled leg of a child in its mother's arm, she slipped the tiny elastic garter, and parting the compressed lips, passed it over the tongue and under the chin of the lifeless boy. Then dropping upon her knees at his head, she grasped the arms firmly, and slowly, cautiously—yet resolutely—began the plan of simulating breathing by alternate elevation and compression of the chest.

"For God's sake, miss, stop that!" cried one of the bystanders, unable to bear the sight longer. "It's a fearful thing to handle the dead that way."

Maggie knew that it was, and her own heart almost stood still as she realized her temerity. But there is a persistent courage—peculiar, I believe, to women—which acts entirely independent of failing spirit and quivering nerves, and at last this patient continuance in well-doing had its reward.

"Brandy!" she almost gasped, after a breathless examination of her patient; and taking two or three drops from the abundant supply offered, she passed it gently into the open mouth. A few minutes more of artificial respiration were followed by a struggling sigh—a convulsive shudder. Then the wondering blue eyes slowly opened—and Maggie—who saw that the time for bathing and warming had come, left him in the hands of the kindly, if ignorant spectators.

She could not have endured the strain upon her nerves much longer. Before she reached the path leading homeward through the wood, she was obliged to sit down, and let a few hysterical tears have their course. Her own private grief, no doubt, helped to bring on this result, as it likewise threw a shadow over her noble act itself.

"But for his mother's sake, it were a pity," she soliloquized, thinking of the little feet drawn back by her hand almost from the golden street of heaven, to tread earth's thorny pilgrimage, perhaps amid the wilderness of sin to lose the shining way altogether. And as she once more rose and started homeward, her mind was filled with darker ideas of life and Providence than

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the reverend Will would have believed possible. In this gloomy state of feeling she reached the stile, and was about to cross it, when hasty footsteps behind arrested her, and looking back, she beheld, of all others—Mr. Wirth!

"O Miss Osgood!" he cried, coming up, and grasping the hand she never dreamed of offering—"How am I to thank you for what you have done for my boy? I reached the place just as you left; and when I had seen him carried into old Martin's cottage, where he is rapidly recovering, I hastened after to try to thank you. But when I think of what my home might have been to-night, I—I don't know what to say."

Overcome by the thought, the strong man turned away his head, while unconsciously he wrung her hand till the pressure became absolutely painful.

Maggie, who in her excitement and preoccupation had not even asked to whom the boy belonged, was genuinely surprised. For a moment she looked at him, scarcely comprehending.

"I didn't know it was your child," she said at last.

She really meant no more than her words implied. But the treacherous tone uttered something which, prejudiced as she was, her heart would never have dictated. It sounded like—"*Had* I known, I would not have taken so much trouble."

The man caught the inflection, and his voice thrilled with honest indignation as he exclaimed—"Oh! shame! shame! Miss Osgood. To spoil a deed like that with such an ignoble sentiment! What have I ever done that you should regret saving the life of my child?"

A flush, that was not all anger at his words, sprang to her brow.

"I do not regret it!" she cried impatiently. "Do you take me for a heathen?"

"Ah Miss Osgood!" he rejoined, "plausible words will not undo the impression you have made. I do not have to learn now for the first time how bitterly you hate me. But perhaps now I may be able to learn the cause of the enmity which you bear, and which, so far as I am concerned, is utterly groundless. I implore you to tell me what I have done to merit it."

At another time, Maggie might have evaded the question; but now, in her nervous excitement, the angry words broke forth impetuously.

"What have you done?" she cried. "Destroyed my happiness for life. Caused my truth and honor to be doubted by those whose love and esteem I prize dearest on earth. Made——"

"I? How?" he interrupted. "As God is my judge, Miss Osgood, I never knowingly harmed you even in thought. I may at some time have spoken less respectfully to you than I should—for my temper is a most unfortunate one—but there has never been a moment when I have not regarded you with the highest consideration, even when I could plainly see that I was the object of your dislike and scorn. In what way is it that I have wronged you? I entreat—I demand an answer!"

"Where is the check you took from my desk on the night of the fire?" she asked pointedly, carried beyond all prudence.

It was his turn now to stare at her in bewildered astonishment. "I do not understand," he said.

"The check for pay-day," she explained. "I left it in my desk when I went to supper, and when I returned in the evening it was gone."

"And you thought I took it?" he asked, half incredulously. "Why, what good would it have been to me? Don't you suppose Mr. March can take better care of his interests than that?"

The almost merry tone made her suspicion seem really silly.

"Ah! no, Miss Osgood," he continued gravely, "I can solemnly declare before the God in whose presence we stand that I never either saw or touched it. But, of course, all such protestations to you are futile. I can only wait and hope for a day when you will voluntarily acquit me of this accusation. Meanwhile, it will be impossible for me to think otherwise than kindly of one who, however unjust, has saved my home from desolation and my wife from a broken heart. Knowing how useless it is to talk farther upon the painful subject, I gratefully bid you good-evening."

Maggie stood and watched him for several minutes as he walked sadly away through the wood, and the thought of his manly dignity brought about one of those sudden revulsions of feeling which even the most consistent people sometimes experience.

"He never did it!" she said emphatically, as she ran across the orchard to her home.

"Here is a letter for you, Maggie," said her mother as she entered. "But don't read it now, dear. Tea is waiting."

But Maggie was already over at the window among the myrtles, with the envelope torn off,

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trying to catch the lingering gleams of daylight. Eagerly, breathlessly, her eye ran over the pages; then turning, with an expression in which surprise, joy, and horror were strangely mingled, she grasped the shawl hastily tossed upon a chair, and threw it around her shoulders.

"My child!" exclaimed her mother, coming toward her, her placid serenity shocked beyond all precedent. "*Surely* you are not going out again? I cannot let you. Indeed, I cannot."

"Just this once," urged Maggie. "I must! O mother! you don't understand. It's something in the letter. I'll tell you by-and-by. But I *must* go"

Poor Mrs. Osgood had a trying time in these days with her wilful daughter.

"But your supper, dear." She pleaded in the plaintive tone of one who knows that her remonstrance is in vain.

"Oh! I could eat nothing now. It would choke me!" cried Maggie, the scarlet spots of excitement coming and going upon her cheeks. "Well, then, motherdie," she added suddenly, as she noticed the pained look in the face of her long-suffering parent, "pour me a cup of tea, I'll drink it. And, mother dear, don't be vexed, I'll be good after this. Hastily swallowing the fragrant beverage, and kissing the agitated little woman, she hurried forth upon her mysterious errand.

First to the home of Wirth, the manager, where her communication—whatever it was—was so overpowered by a father's gratitude and a mother's tearful blessings, as to sink almost out of sight, and whence emerging again into the frosty evening air, something brighter than the starlight sparkled in her eyes. Thence to the handsome residence of Mr. March, where Augusta, recovered from her ill temper of the afternoon, received her so cordially, and was so determined upon having her company for the evening, as almost to prevent the desired interview with her father, and late at night, in her own, snug room at the homestead, Maggie wrote:

"Dear Will: If ever a poor girl had to go down into the valley of humiliation, it was I to-day. Yet paradoxical as it sounds, I have not been so happy for weeks—I might say, for months. As old Bunyan puts it—I have more of the herb, heart's-ease, in my bosom than I have worn for long, and, Will, it makes a most pleasant *bouquet de corsage.*

"But to explain. Let me begin at the starting point—the missing check: You remember the night you drove me round to the mill—the night of the fire? Well, I missed it then from my desk, but merely supposing that the manager had taken it to draw the money early in the morning, I said nothing about it. Afterward, when he made no sign of having it, I suspected worse. I never did like the man. Well, but of course—indeed, all the more because I didn't like him—I couldn't accuse him without proof. But, oh! through what weeks of evil-thinking and weary espionage I have passed. I had been growing daily more unhappy, until your letter brought the climax, and to-day—O Will! I blush to think of it—to-day I boldly and shamelessly taxed the man with his guilt. Just think of it! and then judge of my horror and mortification when, half an hour later, I opened a letter from the Rev. Howard Warden—the home missionary, you know—containing the very check which I, through my own unpardonable carelessness, had gathered up and sent along with his own, but which he—God bless his honesty—knew was never intended to find its way there. It may be you can imagine something of the haste with which I got down to Wirth's with my apology, but what you could never guess of, was the wonderful kindness I received—the total *blotting out* of my transgression. Indeed, Will, judging from the way the coals of fire have been heaped on my head to-night, I ought to be bald at least.

"Then your uncle—for I went there, too—he is just a—gentleman! What do you suppose he said when I gave him the check? Can't guess, can you? Well, I shall have to whisper. He asked me all about our prospects, and when I had told him about your promised call to Windthrope, and of your wishes for—for Jane, you know—he laid his hand so kindly upon my head, and said:

"'My dear, your father was as a brother to me, and you have long seemed like what you will soon be in reality—a member of my own family. You must allow me to change the name upon this little piece of paper, and give it to you for a dower. It will help to furnish the parsonage.'

"So you see, dear, old, patient Will, how everything is turning out well for us at last. How even my faults and short-comings have led to undeserved reward.

"Verily, for once, evil has brought forth good; and the bitter produced its honey-drop of sweetness."

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 380.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Tilden, leaving the dining-room, and returning to Mrs. Cascannon, reported Sir Lancelot's arrival.

"Lance here!" cried Gerard joyously, starting up, and then remembering that he was not supposed to be at The Cascade, and could not, therefore, fly to his friend the instant he heard of his arrival.

How he recalled his every look and tone! How he longed to grasp his hand in that silent but hearty English greeting! How he fretted against the chain of circumstance by which he had fettered his own free motion! How he almost detested Miss Tilden, and thought Mrs. Cascannon an "unmitigated bore!"

Miss Tilden saw all this, and wished that he might break his chain. She, too, liked novelty, and thought that the baronet promised it. She would be willing to make an exchange. Gerard saw her yawning, almost in his face. She talked of blue eyes—and his own were hazel; but Lance's were a true blue, with curled lashes to shade them, and had done more execution than all the rest of his features put together. Oddly enough, the tide of jealousy set not toward Leslie, but Elizabeth—Elizabeth, who must feel herself neglected, if not offended. And then for the first time he realized the position in which he had placed her.

"What a fool I was to get angry with Rosamond! Dear little Rosamond, what fun Lance will have with her! I don't believe that Elizabeth said she would give me up if her aunt didn't like me. And if she did—such a girl as she is always shy of letting any one see how much she loves a fellow."

Gerard went into his chamber, where he was permitted to smoke, lighted a cigar, and leaned from the window, "sighing like a furnace."

"What is that?" said Elizabeth to Zoe Zoll.

They were in the drawing-room, one of the windows was open, and a strange sound rushed in with the breeze that just then disported itself with the muslin curtain.

"It sounds like a banshee?" said Zoe Zoll.

Elizabeth smiled, and said something that was lost in a hubbub at the lower part of the room, where the children were assembled. In the midst of it, the door opened, and the baronet rushed in, pale and breathless. He did not speak, for his eye fell instantly on Rosamond, who was standing behind Elizabeth's chair. Elizabeth's eyes opened in response to his look of amazement, and Rosamond said—"Have you seen a ghost, Sir Lancelot?"

"I, thought you went with him!" said Elizabeth, looking back at Rosamond.

"She did; and we have been running a race, in which she has beaten, as is her custom," said Sir Lancelot.

"And you are all out of breath," said Elizabeth.

"That is only momentary," and the baronet approached them with his usual composed and rather languid air—the manner that impelled Zoe Zoll to call him Sir Lazy-a-lot.

"How did you like the cascade?" asked Elizabeth.

"The cascade is beautiful; and the legend—I like it so much—*illustrated.*"

"It has never been in print."

"It is imprinted upon my memory," said the baronet. "But I should prefer not to see the lady again after the flood has devoured her."

"Rosamond has such a fancy for horrors," apologized Elizabeth. "I hope she spared you a very vivid description."

"I think the picture was frightful enough even to please her taste. When one is not naturally handsome, drowning does not improve one's looks."

"But the lady of the legend is supposed to have been very beautiful," said Elizabeth, still speaking in the dark, while Rosamond flashed at the baronet a glance that acknowledged him to be a "foeman worthy of her steel," and then said—

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"I am going to see mamma," and darted away before any one could speak, but not before Sir Lancelot had watched Elizabeth's eyes follow her to the door, with such an expression of anxiety, that, wondering what caused it, his attention fixed itself more definitely upon Gerard's betrothed than at any time in the few hours he had been at The Cascade; and he thought she did not look quite happy, and marvelled anew at Gerard's absence, and that no one would tell him where he might be.

Rosamond rapped at her mother's door, and was bidden to "come in." When Mrs. Cascannon saw who it was, she said—"So your aunt could spare you this evening?"

"I don't think she knows if I am there or not. There is such a splendid young man come to see us, and everybody is taken up with him."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Sunderland had been here some time."

"Pooh! not Jerry, nobody thinks of *him now*. This is a baronet, and whoever marries him will be a lady. I wish Elizabeth were going to marry him."

"Perhaps she will," said her mother. "Perhaps she is already engaged to him. *I* should know nothing about it if she were. *I* am nobody."

"You should come around where we are, mamma, and not coop yourself up here."

"Am I an *old hen?*" said Mrs. Cascannon pitifully.

"Sally said the other day, that you were *no chicken*."

"Sally is a disgraceful girl, and you ought to be whipped for listening to her."

"Who is going to whip me, mamma? You are not strong enough, Auntie Zoll is not big enough, and papa won't."

"If he had whipped you more when a child, I should have had peace and quiet now. Pray, go back to your aunt. You have set my head to aching again."

"Let me get some cologne, and bathe it for you, mamma."

"No, Leslie will do that. I am glad that I have some one to take the place of a daughter to me."

"Your daughters have had to take your place, mamma. Papa says that Elizabeth is the *nicest* housekeeper, and Madge——"

"Haven't I told you that my head aches? Pray, split it, and kill me at once—then your sisters and aunt can rule here."

"O mamma! you are so queer," sighed Rosamond.

"Send her away, Leslie," said Mrs. Cascannon, sinking back in her chair, as if exhausted.

"*She* had better not try to send me away!" said Rosamond. "This is my own papa's house, and she is an interloper."

To Rosamond's astonishment, her mother sprang out of her chair, and taking her by the shoulder, pushed her out of the room. "You see that you don't come here again, until I send for you," said she.

As she came back to the drawing-room, Sir Lancelot again remarked that anxious look on Elizabeth's face, and again wondered what had caused it. Zoe Zoll took the first opportunity to walk away to another part of the room with Rosamond. "Did you find out anything?" she asked.

Rosamond shook her head, and then hung it. "I made mamma angry," said she.

"Oh! you should not have done that—for two reasons."

"Yes. She won't let me come there again," said Rosamond.

"And it was wrong," added Zoe Zoll.

Then Rosamond told her what she had said about Sir Lancelot. "If he heard, it plagued him finely," she concluded.

"Yes, *if* he heard," said Zoe Zoll; and then she added—"I am sure he is there."

"We shall find out some way," said Rosamond hopefully.

"I had so depended on *you*."

"And you may depend on me still," said Rosamond stoutly. "I'll do it one way, if I can't another."

"Thank you, my dear," said Zoe Zoll, kissing her.

Alas, for poor Elizabeth! Another night of tormenting doubt—another agonized awaking! But she neither beat her breast, nor tore her hair, only went about her daily duties with a paler face, and less bounding step. At the breakfast-table, the baronet looked questioningly at her pallid features, and made a resolve. "Where are you going to be this morning, Miss Zollicoffer?" he said, as they were going out of the breakfast-parlor.

"Why don't you ask where *I* am going to be also?" said Rosamond.

"Because I don't wish to know."

"He won't forgive me, because I couldn't tell him where Gerard is," said Rosamond, tossing her head.

"*Wouldn't*, you mean?"

"Allow me to know my own meaning," retorted the young woman, with a haughty air.

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"If you *can* ever know it," said he, following Zoe Zoll, who had slipped away while they were exchanging these passes. The room into which he pursued her was long and ample, and had wide window-seats, very much banged and battered, a worn carpet, a comfortable lounge, serval large easy-chairs, one or two tables more or less hacked and dented, and scratched and bruised. A baby-house, toys of every description, and a variety of warlike weapons and agricultural implements of a diminutive size, showed this to be the nursery. Zoe Zoll stooped over something tossed and snowy, with pale gleams of blue showing through it, until she was half hidden in the draperies. A little, murmuring cry came somewhere from the depths, which was responded to by a storm of kisses, and incoherent, liquid-toned protestations of undying affection and intense admiration; then she emerged, and confronted Sir Lancelot with the baby in her arms and surprise in her face.

"You would not tell me where you were going, and so I found out for myself."

"So I perceive," very coolly.

"Could you spare me a few moments for conversation?"

"I am very busy. But, if you would hold the baby?"

Sir Lancelot's eyes opened a little wider than usual, but he said—"With pleasure," and received the crowing bundle of muslin and pink ribbon.

Zoe Zoll did not even smile, but went to a basket, from which she took out a pile of tiny garments, and having fitted on a thimble that looked as if it had been made for a large doll, began to repair certain rents and gashes.

"What I wished to say to you," began the baronet, when baby, seeing the busy fingers moving, and catching the glitter of the thimble, stretched out his hands for it with a little, impatient cry. "No, my boy!" said his guardian, interrupting himself, and turning him around, when he immediately clutched at the carefully arranged violet tie, and, possessing himself of the ends, proceeded to strangle the wearer with it.

Zoe Zoll just glanced up. Sir Lancelot was red in the face, but he had managed to untie the cravat, leaving it as a trophy in the hands of the young savage, who waved it triumphantly, and, trying to stand on one leg, in the height of his triumph, lost his balance, and came down with a bump on his nurse's knees. "Wah! wah! wah!" he went; but Zoe Zoll sewed on, and left the baronet to quiet him. On the cessation of the sounds, she looked up, and found king baby absorbed in the contemplation of the watch and seals of his victim, winking intensely as he eyed the diamond crest and initials.

"I wished to inquire about——"

"Ooo! oo! oo!" said baby, making a plunge at the glittering toy, and wresting it from the hand that held it. The baronet seized the chain, and got it back again, when baby went over on his back, and became a mass of writhing legs and arms, while protesting loudly against the cruel deprivation. Of course, he had to be set upright again, soothed, and permitted to inspect the watch, which was now held to his ear.

"About Gerard. Miss Rosa——"

"Goo! goo! goo!" interrupted baby, swinging the watch, pendant from its chain.

"Mustn't do that. See here," and the watch was opened, and the whirling wheels presented to the wide, fascinated eyes.

"Ah! ah! ah!" shrieked baby in a paroxysm of delight.

Dash!—grab!—plunge!—the chain is torn from its buttonhole, and the watch crashes on the floor. Zoe Zoll does not even look up. Baby, alarmed by his performance, subsides for a few moments, looking doubtfully from the shining wreck to the face of the baronet, who continues—"Miss Zollicoffer, have you any idea where Gerard may be?"

"He wrote to my niece from Lawn-Askin, the Stanleys' place."

"I understood from her that she did not know where he was."

"Then I think it very strange that you should ask me. She should know more than I about him; for, I am happy to say, *I* am not engaged to him."

"Gerard is a capital fellow; but still it was hardly wise——"

"The only foolish thing I ever knew Elizabeth to do," said Zoe Zoll decidedly.

"I suppose she loved him," said Sir Lancelot in a slightly nettled tone.

"I suppose so, singular as it may appear."

"I know of no one more winning," the baronet began.

"A gambler?" said Zoe Zoll interrogatively.

Sir Lancelet smiled. "I see a strong family likeness to Miss Rosamond."

"I am not sitting for my photograph, I believe."

"We are wandering from the point, I think."

"Mr. Sunderland being the point, I prefer to wander from it."

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"May I ask how far Lawn-Askin is from here?"

"Five or fifteen miles. I don't recollect which."

"There is some difference," said the baronet, again smiling.

"Ten miles," said Zoe Zoll sententiously.

Baby, who had fallen into a species of doze, now roused up, and loudly demanded something or other, which Zoe Zoll interpreted as an appeal for his breakfast.

"He is hungry, the darling. Arny'll bing he beckus in one 'ittle 'mall minute."

She flew out of the room, and the small tyrant applied himself to one of the baronet's sleeve-buttons, which he sucked placidly until Zoe Zoll returned with a small silver porringer, in which was something steaming, and a spoon. These she presented to Sir Lancelot, who received them with a look of despair.

"How am I to feed him?" he asked. "It takes both hands to hold him up."

"Tuck him under one arm, and then you can use the other," said Zoe Zoll, going back to her work.

Sir Lancelot attempted to follow directions, but the sight and smell of the food had made baby outrageous; and as soon as he had him tucked under one arm, to the best of his ability, he had squirmed himself free, making vigorous plunges at the porringer, and vociferating loudly in baby language. At last the baronet, perceiving that Zoe Zoll continued deaf and blind to all the proceedings, picked up the wisp to which his cravat had been reduced, and pinioned the little pink boots at the ankle, then passed his left arm around the baby, grasped the two fat hands tightly in his own, and with his right hand carefully conveyed a spoonful of the mixture to the widely opened lips. Baby, having swallowed it, seized the spoon between his teeth, and held it so firmly that it could not be withdrawn. In vain Sir Lancelot attempted it with his one hand; he was obliged to have recourse to the other; when the small monster, finding his hands free, grasped at the porringer, upsetting its warm, liquid contents over himself and the baronet, who sprang to his feet, and held the writhing, dripping, yelling creature at arm's length.

"What is the matter?" said Zoe Zoll, looking up.

"Nothing," replied Sir Lancelot, depositing his charge in her lap, and hastily leaving the room.

Zoe Zoll, having quieted her refractory nephew, went up to the place where the watch was lying, entangled in its glittering chain, and, with a smile, lightly set her foot upon it, as if in token of a victory.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Miss Cascannon!"

"Sir Lancelot!"

"I am going to Lawn-Askin. Have you any commands?"

"I! Oh! no. I did not know that you were acquainted with the Stanleys."

"I do not know them. I am going to see Gerard."

"Gerard! He is not there."

"Miss Zollicoffer told me that he is. Or, let me see, she said that he wrote to you from there."

"He did purport to write from there; but he is not there, for I went to see."

"And you have no idea where he may be?"

"I have—or, rather, my aunt has an idea."

"May I ask what it is?"

Then Elizabeth told him, in a few words, of Rosamond's trick, Gerard's disappearance, and Zoe Zoll's surmises.

"This is really too bad," said the baronet, after a short silence. "And yet it is no more than a frolic on Gerard's part. He will never be anything but a boy grown old."

"If I were only sure that he is there—and still——"

"You need feel no anxiety on his account. I could almost swear that he is there."

"It would relieve my anxiety on one score; but——"

"You must introduce me to Mrs. Cascannon, if she does not object to seeing strangers."

"Mamma rather likes them, if they come in the shape of young gentlemen," said Elizabeth, smiling. "I am sure she will be very happy to see *you*."

The baronet bowed in acknowledgment of the flattering emphasis.

"Now I have another request to make—that is, that you will drop the Sir, and call me Lance, Sister Elizabeth. If I can in any way act a brother's part, if I can be of any service to you, pray call upon me. I have always looked upon Gerard as a brother, and Gerard's betrothed claims from me a brother's care and affection."

"You are very kind," said Elizabeth in a low

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voice. "I have sometimes felt the need of a brother's counsel. My father is goodness itself, but——"

"I understand," said Lancelot.

"I have sometimes thought that perhaps—(I do not understand men as a man does, and Gerard is very young—to be engaged, I mean—perhaps I accepted him too hastily—before he had time to be sure of his own feelings)." Here Elizabeth's voice failed her, and a rush of tears followed the words.

"Pray do not distress yourself. I am sure it was not so. You should have seen the letters he wrote me. He seemed almost to adore you."

"Such affection is not supposed to be lasting," murmured Elizabeth, "and first love——"

Lancelot could not help smiling. "Gerard has had several attacks of the heart, but nothing, I assure you, that equalled this in violence."

"There! you are laughing!" said Elizabeth, crimsoning to the hair. "You have no belief in the stability——"

He stooped, and lightly kissed her cheek. "Dear sister, I never laugh at real sorrow."

Gerard, hidden in a thickly fringed alley, had watched their approach. His eyes and heart were both aching for his friend, and the sight of him was doubly welcome, as it brought with it the vision of Elizabeth, so sweet and fair in her blue morning-dress, with her brown hair looped under a broad hat.

"How earnestly they are talking!" he thought, and then he started at the sight of Elizabeth's tears. A guilty thrill shook his heart. He felt that they were speaking of him. But when Lancelot kissed her, he, who so well knew Lancelot, so well knew Elizabeth, stood as if stunned. Lancelot would never kiss a woman, unless he loved her with all his heart—and Elizabeth—instead of turning from him, as if her dignity and delicacy had both been outraged—continued to walk by his side, and listen to his words. What else could he think but that she had speedily consoled herself? "She seems to have adopted Rosamond's opinion," he said to himself bitterly, "and to think that it would be 'splendid to be a Lady.' If an angel should come down from heaven, she would sell herself to the first wicked old duke who might offer his strawberry-leaves. Confound all women, and all false friends! But I did not think it of Lancelot. After all his talk about hating women, too! O Elizabeth!" and the poor young fellow's pale face glared through the thickly set shrubbery, twenty Lancelots and Elizabeths dancing in the mist that dimmed his hot eyes.

They passed him, and at a turn of the path met Zoe Zoll. She looked at Sir Lancelot with such an unmistakable Am-I-to-meet-you-everywhere? expression, that murmuring a few words of excuse to Elizabeth, he raised his hat and disappeared down a side-alley. Zoe Zoll shrugged her shoulders, and then looked point-blank in Elizabeth's face, at which Elizabeth blushed, and tried to shake off the drops which still hung on her lashes.

"What has he been saying that could make you cry?" asked Zoe Zoll relentlessly, with a world of scornful emphasis on the "*he*."

"We have been speaking of Gerard."

"I am sick and tired of Gerard. And why doesn't that fellow go off, when he knows that Gerard isn't here, and that he, himself, isn't wanted?"

"You made him think that Gerard is at the Stanleys'!" said Elizabeth, rather irrelevantly.

"I meant to. What has he been harrowing you up about?"

"I harrowed up myself. He was so kind, and asked me to look upon him as a brother——"

"Oh! he did—did he? Look upon him as a brother, by all means. We all know what that arrangement leads to. I don't fancy him particularly, but I prefer him to that Gerard."

"*That Gerard* is not so easily superseded," said Elizabeth, her usually mild eyes flashing.

"I can't see much to choose between them, except that one has blue, and the other green eyes."

"Gerard's eyes are hazel."

"So are the cat's."

Elizabeth turned away in high displeasure—"Dear Bess, don't," said Zoe Zoll, springing after her. "You see that I am worried, too—and as I have not a particle of the angel in my disposition, it makes me cross, and I scratch—so *I* am like the cat."

Elizabeth smiled, and turned back.

"I—I really think there is more in him"—Zoe Zoll pointed in the direction in which Sir Lancelot had disappeared—"than I thought—I'll give the devil his due, anyway." Then she related to Elizabeth the episode that closed the preceding chapter, and they both of them laughed so heartily, that the sound reached Gerard, and made him writhe.

"He wants to be introduced to mamma," said Elizabeth.

"Will she see him?"

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"I think so."

"You will have to find out first."

"I know it."

"Hem! I wonder"—said Zoe Zoll, patting the ground with her foot in a meditative manner.

"What do you wonder?"

"When all the fools will grow wise. Let's go in. I'm broiling in this sun."

"*I* wonder, too," said Rosamond, sliding down the trunk of the tree under which her aunt and sister had been standing. "I wonder when mamma will see Sir Lancelot. I wonder what he will think of mamma. I wonder if Elizabeth knows that any one saw that pretty performance; and I wonder what Gerard would say if *he* knew of it. Thinks of her as a brother, does he! Is he meaning to marry Madge or me? *I'll ask him.*" This idea filled Rosamond with such intense delight that she stood on one foot, and flourished the other triumphantly, then hopped down the walk, first on one foot, and then on the other, pausing to pirouette at intervals, and bursting into a peal of laughter as she repeated—"I'll ask him! I'll ask him!" In the midst of her gyrations, she saw Sir Lancelot cross the path, and move slowly down one of the alleys branching from it. She pursued him, running until she came just behind him—but when he turned around, at the sound of flying feet, she was walking quietly, and with the utmost composure—"Good morning, Miss Rosamond," said he.

"Good morning, *brother*," said she.

Sir Lancelot knew instantly what she meant, and he blushed. He had kissed Elizabeth in the innocency of his heart, moved by her grief and tears, but he had neither expected nor desired spectators. Moreover, he was not a young man given to osculation, being chary with his own family, even when cousinship might warrant, and a pretty face make it pleasant—and then to have been seen kissing a girl in a garden was simply ridiculous, he thought. He blushed more and more deeply, every instant, with shame and displeasure. Rosamond watched him out of the corners of her eyes—"Shall you marry Madge or I?" she said.

"*Me*," corrected the baronet.

"Oh! it's me, is it?"

"*I*," again suggested Sir Lancelot.

"Please, may I talk, now I have said my lesson?"

"Yes, but remember, that having said your lesson, you had better lessen your say."

"If I lessen my say, will you lessen your *stay*?"

"I think I shall go in, when I get ready to do so."

"Oh! I mean at The Cascade. Auntie Zoll said she should think you would go, now that Gerard isn't here."

"She is mistaken."

"But then, if you are going to take care of the baby, it will be a help."

"You think that everybody should pay their way, do you?" said the baronet, coloring again.

"Did you get it all off?" asked Rosamond, looking him over with an appearance of great interest.

"Every bit," said the baronet.

Then Rosamond began to laugh, overpowered by the imagination of his predicament, looking at him, from time to time, as he walked gravely by her side.

"Rosamond! Rosamond!" said a voice.

"Coming," said Rosamond.

"Stop a moment, Miss Rosamond," said the baronet. "You won't——"

"Yes, I will, if you have anything to say."

"I mean, you won't say anything about what you saw this morning?"

"No; the boys said they wouldn't do so again."

"You know what I mean—not that there was any harm in it."

"Then, why shouldn't I tell?"

"Because it might make mischief—since I am not really her brother."

"I understand," said Rosamond, nodding her head.

"I knew you were a sensible little thing."

"Pooh! I don't do nothing for nothing."

"How horribly ungrammatical you are!

"I can keep a secret, in bad grammar."

"There is no such thing as bad *grammar*."

"*Are* you a schoolmaster?"

"I feel as if I ought to be, when I hear you speak."

"If you don't look out, I'll recite the future tense of the verb to tell."

"What am I to look out for?"

"Breakers ahead, if you don't do as I tell you."

"I listen."

"I should think you might, with such ears. I won't say anything to anybody, if you will promise to do the next thing I ask you to."

"If it is nothing outrageous."

"It shall be nothing outrageous."

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"But you might not call that outrageous that other people——"

"You must say yes or no," said Rosamond, stamping her foot impatiently.

"Yes, then."

"Now, remember!" and, holding up her finger, she walked backward a few steps, and then, turning, quickly disappeared.

"Where have you been, Rosamond?" said Zoe Zoll.

"Oh! I've been," was the enigmatical reply.

"You answered me some time since."

"And you called me some time since."

"Elizabeth wants you."

"Does she? What for?"

"She wishes you to ask your mother if she may bring Sir Lancelot to call upon her, and at what hour."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"Mamma fell on me the last time I was there."

"You must not say anything that she does not like to hear this time."

"Then I sha'n't be myself."

"Be somebody else, then."

Rosamond walked slowly to the door, and as slowly opened it. She stood for a minute with it in her hand, and, as she shut it, Zoe Zoll heard her laugh, and then run quickly down the hall. She returned presently with the answer—"Mamma would see him any time after dinner."

Having delivered her message, Rosamond ran out into the garden again, and, picking a blossom here and there, came upon the baronet, who was solacing himself with a cigar in a shady spot.

"I was looking for you," said she.

"Were you?"

"Yes. Now is the time to keep your promise to me."

"Very well. What am I to do?"

"Have you friends in the neighborhood?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"You can pretend that you have, can't you?"

"Why should I do that?"

"Because I want you to be out of the way this afternoon and evening."

"May I ask why?"

"You may; but I shall not tell you why."

"You think that 'to hear is to obey,' I find. I shall be obliged to excuse myself to your sister."

"You needn't go to the house to do that. You can write a note."

"I believe I have a card in my pocket."

He found one, pencilled a few words upon it, and gave it to Rosamond.

"Unavoidably detained. Do not expect me to dinner," she read, and pocketed it with an air of satisfaction.

"Are those all your commands?" he asked.

"That's all."

"But how am I to do about dinner?"

"Dear me! can't you go two minutes without eating?"

"Two minutes, certainly; but eight hours, certainly not."

"Well, you shall have your dinner, but you mustn't be sticking around here all the afternoon. Somebody will see you."

"Where shall I *stick*, then?"

"I'll show you a capital place."

She led the way to a summer-house in a secluded part of the grounds. It was a species of temple, and was completely masked by flowering vines. The interior was quite a large, comfortable apartment, with a table, a bookcase, two or three lounging-chairs, and some flower-vases freshly filled, by way of furniture.

"I think you will be very comfortable here," said Rosamond.

"Don't forget my dinner," said Sir Lancelot.

"Not if I can help it," she said, going out and shutting the door behind her. It closed with a peculiar sound, and the baronet jumped up and tried it.

"Locked in!" he said.

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS OF MADAME SWETCHINE.

Let our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

In the season when nature is despoiled, there is no lightest breeze of wind which is not strong enough to detach the leaf from the tree which bore it. So, in the autumn of the heart, every movement deprives us of a joy or a hope.

It would seem that by our sorrows only we are called to a knowledge of the Infinite. Are we happy? The limits of life constrain us on all sides.

In retirement, the passage of time seems accelerated. Nothing warns us of its flight. It is a wave which never murmurs, because there is no obstacle to its flow.

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HOW I LEARNED TO SEW BUTTONS ON.

Any one looking into my chamber at about half past ten o'clock on the morning after Mrs. Granger's great party, would have seen me, Frederick Elliot, in my shirt-sleeves, and with my hair dishevelled, pulling viciously at my boot-straps, and, I acknowledge with sorrow, swearing fearfully.

The truth was, I had overslept myself, and was, accordingly, in a very bad humor; besides this, I had promised faithfully to be at Jack's office at eleven, and as a matter of course, everything conspired to hinder me.

In the first place, I had lost the key of my wardrobe, and, therefore, was obliged to put on an old shirt which had been left out by accident; in the next place, I had, in my hurry, spilled a glass of cold water over the only pair of socks outside of the wardrobe, and consequently, when I attempted to pull on my boots they strenuously resisted.

All this was bad enough; but to cap the climax of my troubles, as I gave an unusually savage jerk to the straps, which forced my wet foot solidly into my boot, the impish little button on my left wristband gave an exultant leap, and disappeared under the wash-stand.

"Here's a pretty go!" I ejaculated, as I dropped down on my knees and groped vainly around after the truant. "A very pretty go indeed! I can go down-town without my breakfast, but I can't go with my sleeve flying in this style; and as for pinning it, I could pin a board sooner," and rising from my suppliant position, I looked dubiously out of the window.

"Confound it all!" I said at last, "if it hadn't been for that party, I should not have lost that miserable little key, and—and"—but talking did no good, and I sat down on the side of the bed to cogitate.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my brain. Why couldn't I sew a button on myself? I mentally congratulated myself on the brilliancy of my intellect, and began to consider the best way of accomplishing the feat.

I knew that Mollie kept her work-basket on the little table near the fire-place, in the sitting-room; there I was sure to find "thread and needles, thimble, too," as the children say; and trusting to the fatigue of the girls to keep them in retirement for some time to come, I softly opened my chamber door, and casting no thought on my somewhat startling appearance, stole down the stairs, and entered the sitting-room.

Once there, I felt safe, and drawing the piano-stool up to the glowing fire, I sat comfortably down, and began to investigate the contents of the dainty basket with its bows of blue ribbon, which held my Sister Mollie's sewing implements.

With all my comfortable appearance, however, I had an uneasy and a stinging conscience. I knew in my heart of hearts that Mollie would not have allowed me to touch her pretty basket for anything in the world; and my fingers, always awkward and clumsy, seemed ten times more so when turning over the bright silks and many-colored worsteds.

I tried my very best not to tangle the things, for I intended, if possible, to conceal my raid from Mollie; but they, like everything else on that particularly ill-fated morning, seemed imbued with the very spirit of mischief, and I looked with horror, while my ears tingled prophetically, at the complicated, and, as it seemed to me, inextricable snarl of silk, worsted, and thread of every description, which my prying fingers left behind.

At last I succeeded in drawing out from the confusion which I had created a small needle-book, adorned, like the basket, with infinitesimal bows of blue ribbon, from which I extricated a large-sized needle, and a very small-sized, gold thimble, then, with a last, frantic dive at a card of buttons which I had shaken out of one of the little bags of blue silk which were attached to the affair, I sat the basket down on the floor beside me, and prepared for work.

I threaded the needle easily enough, with the very finest thread which I could find, and then, after trying the thimble on each of my fingers in succession, and finally crowding it down on the only one which it could be persuaded to remain on (that being the last finger on my left hand), I held the button firmly on its proper place, and began to sew.

I will drop the veil of oblivion over the next fifteen minutes. Let it suffice to say, that at the end of that time I had broken the points off of half a dozen needles, split four buttons, and met with difficulties enough to have discouraged any but the hardiest and most determined of mankind.

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I was, however, nearly desperate by this time, and looking fiercely at the clock on the mantel, whose slender hands pointed mockingly at five minutes to eleven, I held the fifth button on its proper place, now stained with drops of blood from my lacerated fingers, and repeating grimly the time-honored motto relating to perseverance, began once more to sew.

At this stage of affairs I was aroused from my labors by a giggle, a veritable, school-girlish *giggle*, from the direction of the door.

Now, if there is anything hateful to me on earth—if there is anything which exasperates me beyond measure—it's a giggle; and as I had often told Mollie so, I considered that she was doing it on purpose to aggravate me, and determined to treat it accordingly.

In my excited state of mind, I lost all sight of my own treacherous and under-handed proceedings, and, man-like, was only too glad to find some one whom I could blame for my broken engagement and smarting fingers, therefore, without turning my head, or deigning to cast a glance at her, I commenced in a dignified way, which sat badly on my coatless shoulders—"I declare, Mollie, this is a pretty state of things! No one up in the house but the servants, and the bell has been rung already three times. I guess that the next time I take you to a party, you'll know it, any way."

How much longer I should have continued in the same strain I cannot tell, for the insulting giggle turned suddenly to a ringing laugh, which I knew never belonged to Mollie, and wheeling around wrathfully on the music-stool, I confronted the intruder.

To say that I was humiliated, would express only slightly the feelings with which I looked at the plump little figure of Primrose Darley, in a bright-colored morning-dress, her brown eyes dancing with merriment, her red lips smiling in spite of her efforts to look grave, and the dark hair bristling with crimping pins.

"I didn't know that you were here, Mr. Elliot, indeed I didn't!" she deprecated, beginning to retreat as she saw the expression on my countenance.

In order to explain this young lady's appearance at that unseasonable hour, it will be necessary to say that Primrose Darley was my Sister Mollie's best friend, and the two girls were in the habit, although they lived not a dozen squares distant from each other, of visiting back and forth to an alarming extent.

For the past week Primrose had been visiting Mollie, for the purpose of mutual assistance in planning their toilets for the party, and as they had been for nearly all the time locked into Mollie's room, surrounded by, and oblivious to anything but muslins and laces, I had seen little or nothing of either of them.

Now I am not going to say that I was "in love" with Primrose Darley, but as she was Jack's sister, and Mollie's best friend, I was in a manner obliged to agree with my sister, when she declared rapturously, as she often did, that Primrose was "the dearest girl in the world," and although I will not say that I was "in love" with her, I *will* say that I would rather have been caught in that plight by any one else in the world.

There was no way, however, but to put a brave face on it, and acknowledge my failure and general helplessness, therefore, seeing that the little minx was going to leave me to my fate, I stretched forth my hand, displaying my crumpled and parti-colored wristband, and said solemnly—"Primrose Darley, do you know how to sew a button on?"

She was demure enough by this time, only a roguish twinkle in her eyes betrayed how hard it was to keep her amusement from sight, and closing the door she came across the room, and looked down on me like a pitying angel—"I sew all Jack's buttons on," she said, taking in at a glance my forlorn situation.

Here was a model sister for a young man. In imagination I contrasted her with my somewhat indolent Mollie, ending by envying Jack tremendously; but even as I did so my eyes fell on the dismantled work-basket, and I confess that I shuddered.

"Primrose," said I in a whisper, "where is Mollie?"

She understood my thought, and picking up the basket, commenced untangling the contents.

"She's got a headache, and won't be down for a long time yet," said she re-assuringly, and settling herself down coseyly in the great chair which I, having recovered my politeness, rolled up for her, devoted herself to restoring it to its former neatness and order, while I watched her attentively.

It was wonderful how deftly and easily those little pink fingers separated the snarls upon which I had gazed in despair, and wound the different threads upon the respective balls and spools. In an incredibly short space of time my mischief was entirely repaired, and I, drawing a long breath of relief and thankfulness, looked admiringly at the skilful hands.

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"Now," said she, after setting aside the pretty trifle, which I inwardly vowed never to touch again—"now for the wristband."

I held out my hand, in obedience to her merry nod, and displayed the tiny gold thimble gleaming on my finger, when, to my great discomfiture, the provoking little thing went off into a paroxysm of laughter, which made me wish that I had never *seen* a button, and wish much more that I had never tried to sew one on.

"Do excuse me, Mr. Elliot, but it is really too comical," she said, or rather gasped. "What on earth would Mollie and Jack say?" then catching sight of my shamefaced appearance, she checked herself with great contrition, and again announced herself ready for work.

"Primrose," said I, "I want you to teach *me* how to sew a button on; 'it's too comical,' as you say, for a great six-footer like myself to be so helpless," and moving up my music-stool very close beside her, I prepared to receive her instructions.

"Well," said she, "in no way resenting my unusual proximity, "in the *first* place, you *generally* ought to put your thimble on the middle finger of your right hand."

Here she looked at me mischievously, while I was conscious of blushing deeply.

"Then you thread your needle, and tie a knot in the end of the thread."

"Yes," I said, deeply interested.

"Then you put it through the cloth, leaving the knot on the wrong side."

"Yes."

"Then you slip the button on, so."

"Yes."

"Then you sew it firmly on, this way," and the little hands flew back and forth over the cloth in a manner perfectly bewildering to my masculine mind.

"Then you take a stitch on the wrong side to fasten it, and then cut the thread off. Where are the scissors?"

"I guess they are in the basket," said I, forgetful of my virtuous resolution, and reaching toward it.

"It's no matter," she said hurriedly, fearing that I was going to make another onslaught on its precious contents, "I can bite it off just as well."

"No," said I gallantly, "I will; it will spoil your teeth," and someway it happened that we bent down over it at the same time, and—well! when Primrose raised her face again she was blushing violently, two big tears were in her eyes, and the thread wasn't bitten off at all.

"How *could* you, Mr. Elliot?" she said reproachfully, and the two tears fell down on the back of my hand.

"Primrose," said I, and—but it's no matter what I said.

Fifteen minutes later, when Sister Mollie opened the door, she was, for the first time in her life, startled out of her usual indolent self-possession.

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated, with more energy than I had supposed her capable of exhibiting—"Brother Fred and Primrose Darling!" and then sank into the nearest chair to wait for an explanation.

It *was* rather startling, I must confess, the spectacle that met her gaze. I, sitting on the cosey little tete-a-tete, in my shirt sleeves, no collar on, my hair uncombed, a boot on my right foot, and a slipper on my left, one arm around Prim's waist, and her head, with its bristling crimping-pins, resting quietly on my shoulder.

"Mollie," said I triumphantly, "I've learned how to sew on a button, and Prim is going to oversee me in future, so I sha'n't forget!" and then Mollie gave a little gurgle of delight, and rushed at us both.

After we had calmed down a little, Primrose looked up at me, and said roguishly, "How about your appointment with Jack?"

"Prim," said I severely, "Jack may go and hang himself, if he wants to, for all me."

Prim stole a wicked glance at Mollie, which made her cheeks flame, and then, as I looked inquiringly at them both, she said softly, "Mollie won't let him, Fred, dear."

LOOKING BACK.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

This is the lane where we used to linger
  In the beautiful hours of love and youth;
See, how Time, with his dusty finger,
  Turns our hopes into bitter ruth!

Here is the gate where we paused to drink in
  All the calm of the summer stars,
Where we leaned silently, no doubt thinking,
  Venus a hundredfold outshone Mars.

Here is the tree which together we planted,
  Saying, like love it should grow and thrive—
All the place with its perfume haunted,
  Poor love is dead,—but the tree is alive!

Here is the threshold—is there a dent there,
  Of little feet that went in and out?—
How many years is it since she went where
  My rival might drink the Springs for his gout?

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THE OLD LIFE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

She paused a moment and gazed furtively around—this Marguerite Chantrey, beautiful enough for any king's daughter, with the peculiar something that most people admit to be the prerogative of birth and breeding, an indefinable air and grace, a certain sumptuousness, if the word is not too important to apply to seventeen, blossoming in the tender sunrise of youth.

She, with her elegance, and refinement, and rich attire, her dainty feet, that seemed too airy for the common stone flagging—and yet—to pass by on the other side—where an old friend was in view, a pale, worn face, with eyes that still bore traces of weeping, a figure bowed with the heavy burden of grief and care.

"No," she said to herself with passionate eagerness, choking down a great lump in her throat—"Lisa was always so good to me. It would be shameful ingratitude."

Then she flashed across the street, caught the cold fingers under the coarse shawl, her own warm and rosy from their nest of ermine, and in a strong, sweet voice cried—"Lisa! Lisa!"

"Oh!"—with a start of surprise, and a look of consternation out of the heavy blue eyes—"oh! it isn't Rite!"

"Yes, it's Rite. O Lisa! I haven't forgotten those old times, when you helped me take care of poor papa!"

"But you are—so different."

Lisa Du Puy drew back in sudden delicacy.

There was a great dissimilarity between them. Marguerite Chantrey, in her silk, and velvet, and ermine, and the long, white plume trailing from her hat of finest French felt, that crowned her curls of gold, everything the most rare and elegant, to the dainty boots with their buttons of pearl.

The other, in her brown dress and plaid shawl, and shabby black velvet round hat, with some tawdry, faded leaves and flowers, and three or four inches of worn, scarlet feather that looked still more forlorn. And the faces might have been a study for a painter wanting contrasts.

Possibly Marguerite Chantrey had as good blood in her veins as the proudest. Her father was that brilliant, unsuccessful artist, Paul Chantrey, whose few rare works people were unable to appreciate until the daisies had blossomed above the poor, worn soul. Then fine judges said—"Here was, indeed, a genius! If he had been more persevering, or ambitious, or—" anything but poor and proud. For he never asked a favor of any man, and the kingdom of this world, like the kingdom of heaven, is often taken by violence. He was too gentle, and sensitive, and delicate to push his way through the turbulent crowd rushing up the hill of success.

Her mother was a noble and impoverished Italian stage singer. The crime and shame was stamped there, of course. Paul lost caste when he married her, though she was lovely as a poet's dream, and inherited the grace and culture of generations of refinement. Her tenderness to him failed to ennoble her in the eyes of strict, pure souls who never know cold or starvation or hunger, or that worst of all agony—the lingering death of loved ones, when the gold lavished upon one luxury, would have saved them.

She was brought home one night to Paul, himself an invalid, with a face of ghastly whiteness, and a small, scarlet stream issuing from the pallid lips. He sold the picture in which he had interwoven the love and ambition of his whole life for a mere pittance wherewith to give her decent Christian burial. And for a year little Rite—she was very tiny then—danced on the stage, and Lisa, sixteen, but wise before her time, had been her friend and champion.

Richard Ashburton stumbled into the old rookery on the night of Paul's death. He had been to college, from thence to a German university, and made the grand tour, while unsuccessful Paul was starving and dying.

"You'll save my child, my darling, Dick?" he said, in the tremulous death weakness. "I know I shall find her mother an angel up in heaven, and Rite has been an angel here."

So Richard Ashburton carried the poor child home to his mother, who had once loved Paul Chantrey like an elder son.

Yet it must be confessed that she shrank somewhat from this little dancing girl, whose mother had been a stage singer. If Paul had married wisely—ugliness and wealth, that meant, but to some, starvation of soul is less endurable than starvation of body.

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Marguerite came out of her trance—a wonder if anything besides wealth made the difference between herself and dear, noble Lisa, whom she had loved with a child's fervor.

"But I am glad to see you—*so* glad," with a long, quivering breath. "And you are in trouble—you have been crying! How is—granny?"

"That's it, Rite," and the tears flowed afresh. "I've been to beg off, but couldn't. I'm in that 'Spirits of the Deep,' and to-night is Mademoiselle Arline's benefit. She will not give me up. O Rite! thank God every day of your life that you are not a stage dancer. We must dance, even if it be on the graves of our kindred."

There was a passionate anguish in the girl's tone, and a sob that shook her slight frame, tore its way up from the depths of her soul.

"Then gran is——"

Rite could not finish her sentence, but looked at her friend with an awe-stricken face.

"Gran is dying! It may be to-day—to-night at the farthest. And then I shall want money to bury her. Oh! it's horrible, isn't it? Do rich people know?"

"Take me with you, Lisa."

The little thing crept up close. She was not afraid of her silks, and velvet, and costly ermine being contaminated. For somehow the old life was strong upon her, and these three years of luxury were the dream.

"O Rite!—Miss Marguerite, I mean—don't they call you that?" with a little shrinking, as if Rite might be an angel unaware.

"The servants do."

There was the loftiness of an empress in her mien and voice.

"But it is such a poor place," Lisa said slowly.

"Poor! Was mamma a queen, and did papa die in a palace? O Lisa! I fancy sometimes that I never shall take root there, though it is beautiful and luxurious, and they are tender to me. But the heart seems to have gone out of it. Yes, I want to see gran. I should go if it was in a hovel. She held my poor mother in her arms."

They hurried along. It was noon of a bleak, dreary, March day. Now and then some one stared at the two girls; but did any guess the tie that bound them?

Up-stairs in a forlorn-looking place, just ready to fall into decay. Here, in the garret rooms.

"She liked it better because there was no one to make a noise over her head," apologized Lisa.

The house had been built in the reign of the old Dutch aristocracy. The room was large, with two great dormer windows, one of which was filled with vines and flowers—a perfect greenery. The place was scrupulously neat, though the furniture was old and worn. A bright fire burning in the stove, an atmosphere of warmth and faint perfume, and an air of quaintness, so unusual that Rite paused in astonishment.

In the bed, under the snow-white cover, lay a wasted, shrunken, and wrinkled figure, the face and the hands like birds' claws, alone visible. But Rite knew it at once, and was kneeling beside the couch a moment later, her great eyes full of tender pity, her own fair face flushed and tearful, and her own plump, warm hands clasping these shadows that had nearly lost their hold on life.

"You don't know me, granny, but I'm little Rite Chantrey. I've never forgotten you, nor how you held poor mamma in your arms all that long night, and how you brought some white roses to put in her coffin."

Granny looked wistfully out of her sunken eyes.

"Yes, it's Rite," certified Lisa.

"You're a grand lady, I've heard tell."

"Not so grand that I've forgotten you, or ceased to care for Lisa."

A sweet, steadfast smile blossomed on the face.

"Poor Lisa! I am glad you remembered."

How the feeble voice quavered through the words. Rite's heart was full of tenderest sympathy.

"You're a goin' to stay?"

This was to Lisa, and the slow-moving eyes questioned so hungrily that the pale girl wavered for a moment.

"I'm so glad. It will not be long, and they won't grudge you this night with your poor old granny. Rite—I'm going—to—the far country. Will there be any place for a poor old woman like me?"

"There will," said Rite, clear and sturdily.

"I sometimes think—but I never could understand all t' high-fangled notions. There's a parson comes in to pray sometimes, and the prayers are sweet; but I'm afeard of his eyes, that look you through. For I've done a many wrong things."

"Granny," said Rite, "you have fed the hungry, and sheltered the homeless, and bound up the bruised hearts. You did not give a cup of cold water only, but the best you had, and some-

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times *all* you had. I do believe God will remember it, and be merciful."

"Be merciful! That's it. Merciful to me a sinner! Can't you say a little prayer, Rite? Our Father. That was *His* prayer, you know."

Rite clasped her hands, and uttered it, in a low, faltering, reverential tone.

After that granny seemed to doze. Lisa and Rite went over to the flower-window and had a talk to themselves interspersed with many tears.

"She has not suffered for anything," explained Lisa, "only this dreadful going away. You see, she doesn't like the neighbors, and few of them care to come in anyhow, but it breaks my heart to leave her alone. And the doctor said she could not last twenty-four hours."

Lisa broke down, sobbing convulsively, but, oh! so low.

"And they would not——"

"No, it spoils the piece. But, oh! to think that while I'm dancing she may be dying."

"You don't leave her alone, then?"

"No, a woman comes in to stay. But it is the leaving *now* that half kills me. Not to hear her last word, not to kiss the poor lips as the last breath fluttered out of them."

"Let me think," said Rite.

She looked steadily over to the gray sky for many moments. Sometimes her face flushed, sometimes it was almost as pale as granny's in yonder bed.

"There is no one to take your place?" she asked presently.

"No. And it is so very important. The house is crowded, you know. I sometimes wonder what all those elegant women think."

"Tell me about it—the dancing, I mean."

Lisa described her part minutely.

"I should like to see it. I wanted Mr. Ashburton to take me, but his mother said it was no place for girls."

"I don't know as it is."

Rite sighed.

She went away presently, promising to return soon, but there was a strange look in her large, purple-gray eyes, and a peculiar expression hovering about her rosebud mouth. She hurried through the streets until she came to the Ashburton's elegant mansion. They, mother and son, had cared for her since the night of Paul Chantrey's death. They grudged her nothing, education, accomplishment, luxury, and only demanded that she should forget the old life utterly. They spoke of her father's genius and misfortunes, but the merest mention of her mother met with a frown. Yet these three years had been very happy to Marguerite Chantrey. They could not sigh over any lack of grace or refinement, or want of beauty. At times it really appeared as if Richard Ashburton took a warm and tender interest in her, but oftener she felt like a poor waif stranded on some distant shore steeped in exquisite beauty; yet one clinging, blossoming vine would have been more to her than all these stately palms.

Mrs. Ashburton had gone to a neighboring city to attend her sister's silver wedding, and make a short visit. Miss Marsh, the governess, had been called home by sudden and severe illness in her family, and Marguerite was having a rare holiday.

She went to her room now, and changed her attire a little, then ran down to the kitchen.

"Aunty Wilson," she said, "I am going to spend the evening with a friend—perhaps I may stay all night."

"O Miss Marguerite! and not even Miss Marsh here to ask—I am afraid Mrs. Ashburton would not like it."

Rite had thought of this also. Perhaps her remaining out all night might offend Mrs. Ashburton.

"You think I had better come home, then?"

"I do indeed. Let me send the carriage for you."

"No, that is not necessary. I shall come home in a carriage. By-by;" and she danced away.

"I am not quite sure that it is right," thought Mrs. Wilson. "I wish I had asked her. But then I don't know half the grand folk. Yet the child would not do anything wrong."

She bought some jellies and luxuries, and picked her way back to the dilapidated, old house. Lisa brightened at her coming, but granny had changed awesomely in these few hours. Now and then she muttered some wandering words, or smiled faintly in Lisa's face. And so the night dropped down upon them.

Lisa looked gray, and wan, and pinched, not much like the lovely mermaiden she was to represent later in the evening.

"Oh! I can't go;" with a cry of despair and pain. "And they will keep back my week's pay, besides giving the situation to another!"

"Lisa!" Rite took the tearful face in her hands. "Lisa, I have been resolving all the afternoon—you shall not go."

Lisa questioned her with frightened eyes.

"You shall dress me, and let me go instead.

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I can dance it. It seems to me the one passion of my life is dancing. You shall stay here and watch; I know all about it, and will not be alarmed at anything. I have ordered a hack to come for me, and it will bring me back safely. They will hardly know until the last moment; and if I dance as well as you——"

"But, O Rite! No, I cannot. I will give it all up first."

"Yes, you can. I am almost wild for a taste of the old life, just a glimpse of the light and glamour, and the long beats of the inspiriting music. Why, it would be delicious—for this once only."

"But your friends, the Ashburtons?"

"Mrs. Ashburton takes her guests to all these entertainments. If it is right for them to look on, will it be wrong for me to dance?"

"My head aches," said Lisa wearily. "When I begin to think of the right and wrong, I get confused. Some of the grand ladies do things that we poor girls shrink from, and yet they fancy us——"

"Hush, dear. Let me bathe your poor, throbbing temples. No one expects me home until after ten, so do not give it a thought. I am going for you."

Rite overruled. She had such a pretty, imperious way; and to-night, in her glowing health and energy, she was stronger than poor overworked and grief-worn Lisa.

She curled her golden hair in fine ringlets, until it looked like a shimmering sea. Her eyes were luminous lakes, and her cheeks blossomed like the heart of a rose. Some strange enchantment inspired her. She was going to have one taste of the old life.

"Oh! how lovely you will be. There's no rouge like that! But it seems wrong to let you go. If any evil should befall you!"

"Did not my mother keep pure and sweet through years of it? Neither shall I be enchanted; I know what it is behind the scenes."

Then she dressed herself in all except the cloudy, airy robe, and covered the glory with a great waterproof. They heard the hack in the street below. She kissed gran's cold, wrinkled face and passive lips.

"Don't leave me, Lisa," the faint voice murmured, and it made Marguerite strong.

"Good-by, Lisa," with a kiss. "I will do everything just as you have said."

She was late at the theatre. They were scolding about Lisa, and she hurried into the dressing-room. The attendant was new, and a trifle confused and cross. So, amid the hurry, she slipped into her diaphanous garments, and ran across to the stage with a question as to her own identity.

The audience waited. This creature, rising from the sea foam with the cloud of golden lights about her, was more beautiful than ever before. The surging tide of music throbbed on the air, and it touched some wandering chord in Rite's nature. Every pulse started into passionate life. The light feet were at home in those graceful poises and whirls, and that slow, floating, undulating movement, in which the very soul seemed to grow languid with overwhelming grace.

Up and down. Circles widening, narrowing, drooping arms, and shoulders, and eyes, soft lights in rose and violet, gold and purple, a glamour of beauty, a perpetual dazzle, until at last the Naiad disappeared in her sea-green foam.

Then a prolonged burst of applause. An eager, childish delight seemed to thrill every nerve.

"You are perfectly marvellous to-night!" declared Mademoiselle Arline. "I should have been a great fool to let you stay away. I wanted my benefit night to be one of the stars of the season. Why—are you a witch, child? It is not Lisa!"

"No, it is not Lisa. Her grandmother is dying, and I came to take her place."

"Who are you?"

"Call me Lisa. For I *am* Lisa to-night."

Something in the child checked further inquiries. And mademoiselle was in no wise offended, since she distanced the slender, sylph-like Lisa.

The play went on. Now it was a whirling, radiating circle, a haunting crowd of lovely forms and faces; then this peerless one, holding the audience breathless. It seemed to Rite that she could dance forever.

At the last there was some wonderful posing. Rite, on a cloud, with her own cloud of filmy golden hair about her, might have been the Peri indeed.

She hardly listened for thanks and compliments, but hurried off her stage trappings, and hurried on her mortal garments with a bewildered sensation. The hack awaited her, and she sprang in, leaving hosts of questions unanswered.

She was out again like a flash when she reached Lisa's. Up the steps, two at a bound.

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An awesome silence filled the room, and she paused on the threshold.

"Oh!" Lisa's arms were round her neck.

"I am safe, you see. It was—royal! Why should I not tell the truth? I'm not tired, but full of excitement, and throbbing with a lingering sense of music. I shall never be sorry, for—I can guess——" and the voice faltered.

"Yes, she has gone. She rallied again, and talked, oh! so sweetly. Rite, is there a heaven for us poor folks who do the best we can in our hard, thorny path? For *she* was so good in her simple, homely way. And I can never, never thank you. Not for worlds would I have missed this evening with her."

Rite was crying, too. They kissed in silence, and she ran down-stairs, the great sobs in her throat almost choking her. Oh! how strange life was. Sorrow, and death, and gayety, and carelessness, jostled each other on every side. If she dared to tell this ever to Richard Ashburton, and have him solve all her perplexities! She never should, to be sure.

She was tired now, and shivered a little in the broad vestibule, with its costly doors and marble tiling, like a bit of exquisite Mosaic. Kate would come and let her in.

The door was opened by Richard Ashburton. Pale and stern, his lips compressed to a scarlet line, his eyes steady with a relentless light.

"Oh!" with a scarlet flush, quickly fading to ashes.

She would have glided by him, but he barred her with his arm, and led her into the dimly lighted drawing-room.

"Where have you been, Marguerite?"

His voice was steely and incisive, like the axe of an executioner.

"Don't ask me to-night," she pleaded in pitiful bewilderment, shrinking at every nerve.

"I know. I could not be mistaken in that face and that shining hair. Were you among the dancers at —— to-night?"

He hoped she would give him an indignant denial. He would believe her against the evidence of his own senses.

"I was."

Marguerite Chantrey would have cut off her right hand sooner than utter an untruth.

He thought she stood there bold and defiant. Ah! how our best friends misjudge us because a tear sometimes comes too late. It seemed to Rite that she should fall on the floor at his very feet, and the room swam round to her tired and excited brain.

"So," he said, "the old life that we have striven to lead you to forget has a stronger claim upon you than gratitude. It is as my mother predicted."

There are moments in the lives of some women when a sudden revelation lifts them up to a heaven of perfect love and trust. It plunged Marguerite into a gulf of black despair. Child as they had always considered her, she knew now that she loved Richard Ashburton with a woman's enduring passion. He and his mother would always deem her a pretty enough plaything, but far beneath them in any of the finer relations of life. Yes, she might as well lay her soul bare to the crowd before whom, Herodias-like, she had danced to-night, as to this man. And yet—most torturing knowledge of all—she loved him!

"You know you were to give up all old associates, to blot out that past life. Marguerite, it pains me to say it, but there has been a course of duplicity persevered in that one would hardly credit in such a mere child. For this plan must have been in your mind for months, and you have taken the first opportunity to put it into execution. What can you say to my mother? Is this a fitting reward for her kindness?"

He had already judged and condemned her. She clasped her small white hands together, and there was a curious flickering of the lines about the mouth. One wild impulse crossed her soul to fling herself at his feet and plead for a little tenderness.

She raised her eyes. How cold and pitiless he was! Perhaps, indeed, he would not believe her. And now the whole affair looked most unreal to her.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed, with a cry of anguish. "You are cruel!"

"Cruel! What have I done? Have we not both tried to lead you to forget the poverty, and toil, and evil of the past? Have we not cared for you tenderly, surrounded you with luxury?—yet the old life is stronger than it all. But you will have to choose between, and renounce one or the other."

She flew past him like a wild, hunted thing, up the broad stairs to her own room, and locked the door. He doubted! He believed she could be base, and vile, and full of black deceit. He might forgive, but he could never, never love her. What mad folly! And to stay here, to see another honored and worshipped, kissed with all the trust and confidence of his soul—to stay

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and be nothing, worse than that—watched, suspected!

The next morning, Richard Ashburton sat a long while over his late breakfast, and yet Marguerite came not. He paced the elegant library in strange tumult and impatience, wondering that she heeded no summons. And at noon, when they could wrest no answer from her, the door was forced open. No Marguerite was there. On the table lay a slip of paper, and he glanced at it fearfully.

"I have gone back to the old life."

That was all they knew of her. The search he instituted proved useless.

"I always felt a little afraid," confessed Mrs. Ashburton in her smooth and stately tone. "There was a taint of it in her blood, an alien, gypsy element. Poor Paul! What a pity he should have wrecked himself!"

Three years had come and gone since Marguerite Chantrey had left her home of luxury and beauty—for what? Richard Ashburton often asked himself the question. He had been cold and stern to her that night, pitiless, indeed, for his disappointment in her had proved so deep and bitter, even in that sudden pang. But he knew now the light in her courageous face which he had termed hardness and duplicity, was, indeed, the truth and honor of her soul. Foolish, daring, and Quixotic as the step had been, and, perhaps, appealing to the old life with some element of fascination, it was nothing for which she need be disowned or thrust out.

He had been grave before, but now a shadow seemed to hang about him. His mother, with a woman's intuition, guessed that Marguerite had been more to him than a bright, winsome child.

"Yet it is best," she said with a little sigh, for there was some pity in her nature as well as pride. "He could not understand the wrong it would be to his children to give them such a mother."

But now Richard Ashburton had lain at death's door in a little foreign town, where neighbors and nurses either had sick or dying of their own, or were frightened away for fear of contagion. His strong constitution had finally conquered the disease, and the balmy April sunshine was doing the rest.

"I owe my life to you, Doctor Biagi," he said thankfully one morning, thinking of his mother.

The little, swarthy Italian doctor rubbed his hands together.

"It was a hard fight, signor, but the credit is not all mine. Yet the signora bade me never mention it."

"The signora?" with a puzzled expression.

"There were no nurses, you know—but the signora came one evening, and never left you until the danger was past. A beautiful woman with long, golden hair and sad eyes."

Richard Ashburton flushed deeply, and a strange thrill shot through his languid frame.

The good old doctor fancied that he understood the story. He had seen much of love and forgetfulness in his day, of heroic self-abnegation and late repentance, and the woman who hung so unweariedly over Ashburton's couch through the long night watches, must have loved with the strength of a pure, high soul.

"Where is she now?"

The doctor glanced at him steadily. But for one thing he would never have mentioned the signora.

"She is ill," he replied slowly.

"Ill? With the fever? Good heavens!" and he buried his face in the pillow.

"She saved your life," said the little doctor, in his straightforward manner. "And though the fever has not been severe, she has little strength. If you would like to send a message——"

Ashburton knew what that meant.

"Yes," he answered, with a strange hush in his tone, "I would like to send a message. When are you going? Is it far?"

"Half a league, perhaps. I shall go out again at four."

"Call then," was the brief response.

Doctor Biagi was not wrong when he fancied that Mr. Ashburton intended to go himself. He made no objection after examining his pulse.

A little vine-embowered cottage with a sturdy peasant woman for mistress. Within, the slender form of a watcher, with an anxious yet strangely familiar face.

"Lisa! And *she* is here."

"O Mr. Ashburton! It was my fault—she would not send—she does not know! But I could not bear to have her——"

Lisa's voice broke down in a sob. He knew what word would come next, perhaps best unuttered. For though he had thought of Marguerite as lost, he had never dreamed to see her die.

"How long have you been with her?"

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"A year only. I never dared to send."

"Let me go in."

Lisa stood aside. Richard Ashburton entered the chamber of death, and there lay Marguerite lily white and wasted, but with more than mortal beauty.

"O my child! my darling!"

Marguerite moved her eyes slowly, then uttering a low, passionate cry, turned as if she would have shut out the sight.

He took her in his arms, he kissed the pale, trembling lips, and downcast eyelids, still radiant with their bronze fringe.

"My little wanderer," he said, "my precious darling, you can never know my grief at finding you thus, too late. Oh! why did you leave me? I was cruel, unjust, but you need not have been ashamed of the truth. It was noble, if ill-judged. And if you could understand my soul at this moment, and believe that the old dream of those days has never utterly faded——"

"A dream!" She raised her white, wan face, into which there came something of a glorifying flush. "It was best then, for your mother's sake, for all our sakes. Let me tell the truth now—death always gives us courage, you know. Some fascination of the old life lured me, and my love for Lisa was strong. She once stood between my father and starvation, and but for her you might never have looked upon the face of your old friend. So I went in her stead, and fate sent you there."

"Oh! if you had told me all!" he groaned.

"You doubted me—before I had even spoken! And I—God will forgive it now—loved you with a child's unreasoning, jealous adoration. To be thrust aside because I was not your equal, to be held as pet and plaything, but never aspire to the height of friend—to see another loved and reverenced—ah! it was a child's daring folly."

"I loved you then. I shall never love another."

"No," and she made an entreating gesture with her wasted hands. "I am not worthy of so much. Perhaps I never would have been. But"—raising the sad, purple eyes full of their dying lights—"I want you to know that I kept myself clean and pure—that I never forgot——"

"And you came to save me, you have given your life for mine! O Marguerite! is it too late? Can no love, and no repentance bring you back? Ah God! this is bitter."

"It is best." Her voice began to waver strangely, and the dusk of twilight floated in her dreamy eyes. "I thank you for some happy years. I was glad to do it—at the last. Your life is grander and broader than my poor, pale years, gone astray among thorns. Ask God to forgive—for your sake."

He gathered her into his arms, and the warm tears of passionate regret dropped upon her pure face, slowly turning to sculptured marble. One tender, fluttering kiss, and the old life was ended.

They laid her in a quiet grave which Lisa will always tend. Whether this bright, impulsive, but grand and tender soul was wasted, God can best tell.

Mrs. Ashburton frets a little amid her state and elegance that Richard does not marry. She has wellnigh forgotten the laughing, wayward girl who once made the house bright.

He will never forget. Is it so strange a thing to be true to the woman a man has loved, and who gave her sweet, young life for his? Is it not a little fragment of the greater love, left amid the ruins of this gray old world?

THE TRUTH OF FICTION.

To give the actual, full details of any human life is simply impossible. History cannot do it, nor biography, nor yet autobiography; for, even if we wished, we could not tell the exact truth about ourselves. Paradoxical as it may sound, I have often thought that the nearest approximation to absolute truth is fiction; because the novelist presents, not so much literal facts which can be twisted and distorted to almost any shape, as the one underlying verity of human nature. * * * Any one with common sense, and common perception, studying human nature, sees that certain effects must follow certain causes, and produce certain final results, as sure as that the daylight follows the sun. Therefore, when we writers make a story, and our readers speculate about it, and "wonder how it will end," we rather smile at them. We know that if it is true to human life it can end but in one way—subject to various modifications—but still only in one way. Granting such and such premises, the result must follow, inexorable as fate.—Miss Muloch.

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SUMMER HOURS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[*See Engraving.*]

Drifting—drifting—drifting away
On the breast of White Bear Lake,
With the water a mirror of silver light,
And the summer wind in our wake;
Which of us can forget that noon
In the heart of the olden golden June?

Lazy the oars in the thowels dipp'd,
Lazy the rower lay back to rest;
While Victor, boyish and sunny-lipped,
Shook the ribbon across his breast,
And touching the strings of his old guitar,
Sang, like a girl, "I'd be a star."

Sweet as the chime of a silver bell,
His charming tenor an echo caught,
As the golden green of the bank swept by
(The water pure as a vestal's thought);
Forever anon in the light refrain,
The maiden's voices joined again.

Katie, the younger of the girls
(Looking in queenly ways much older),
Nannie, *petite*, with her childish curls,
And her summer shawl draped round her shoulder:
Why should they not grow dreamy there,
Floating along through the sunny air?

A tangle of lilies, waxen white,
Catches the boat with its pretty freight;
And a swan sails out in a stately way,
To view the spoils of the unseen net—
Sails close to Katie, who bends to shake
The graceful creature some crumbs of cake.

O *dolce far niente!* who
Shall bring a pencil steeped in balm,
To sketch the picture's bright repose,
The fulness of delicious calm?
Come toil—come care; let dark clouds fall!
There's sunshine here to gild them all.

A BACHELOR BIRTHDAY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

In the early, uncertain spring-time
Ere the mountains have lost their snow,
Comes my birthday, awaking softly
Dreams and visions of long ago.

Cares, like shadows, are thick about me,
Life is waning and wearing fast,
And I turn, as the way grows darker,
More and more to my far-off past.

Somewhere, haply, if she is living,
Sad or happy, by land or sea,
On this beautiful birthday morning
There is one who will think of me.

Think of me as a childish playmate
Whom she loved in the dear, old days,
Ere she roamed from our native valley,
Ere I walked in these weary ways.

Oh! how often, on such a morning
Sought I forest and meadow through
Weaving wreaths for her crowning chaplet—
Ah! for this was *her* birthday, too.

Happy as birds in the soft spring weather,
How we counted the coming time—
"*Then*," she said, "I shall be a woman"—
"*Then*," I reckoned on manhood's prime.

Have her birthdays been kind or cruel?
Have they made her less sweet and fair?
Are there lines on her dear, white forehead?
Is there snow in her golden hair?

Ah! no matter how time has changed her—
This fair morning, where'er she be
She will dream of these happy Aprils,
And so dreaming will think of me!

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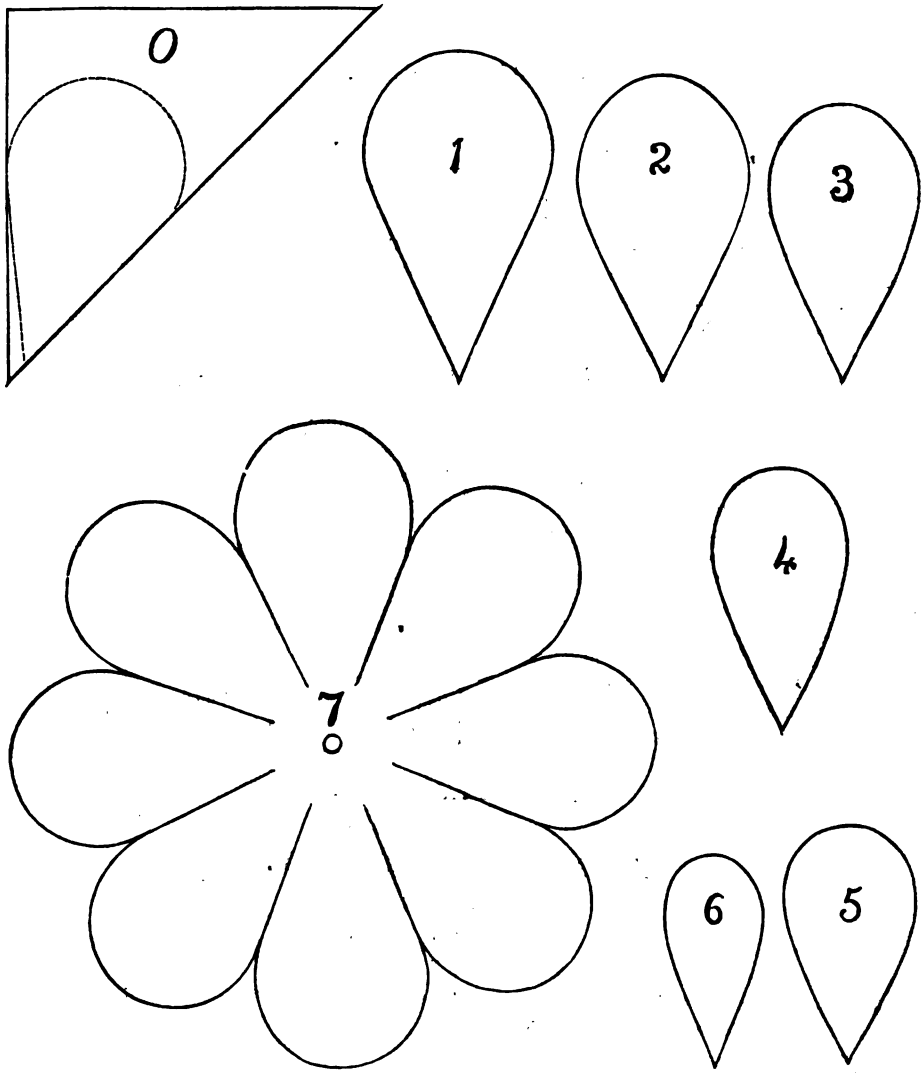

PAPER FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. L. CADY.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A PAPER ROSE.

MATERIALS: Rose-colored and green tissue paper, sharp scissors, fine wire, a small camel's-hair brush, and a bottle of dissolved gum arabic.

Make a fold, three and a half inches deep, across a sheet of tissue paper; cut it double, then fold in squares and cut again. Make a three-cornered fold of each square three times, until it is the dimension of design No. 0.

Then lay No. 1 petal upon it, and cut evenly all around it, to within a quarter of an inch of the point. Clip off the point of the paper so as to leave a hole large enough for the wire stem to pass through. Upon opening your paper you will find it to be like diagram No. 7. It will take three layers of this size for your rose, also three of number 2, and four each of all the others. Open out your petals, and lay those of each number to themselves in the order they come. Then cut a round piece of cardboard a

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third of an inch in diameter; stick a hole in the centre with the point of your scissors, and insert your wire. Push it through far enough to draw over and twist round the stem underneath.

Cover the top of your pasteboard with a little raw cotton, so as to give it the form of a button. Then put over that a double square of paper, and drawing it underneath the pasteboard, tie it firmly round the stem. This forms the bud or foundation for your rose. Trim it neatly round the stem with your scissors, then touch the bottom of it with your brush, and put on the first of No. 6 petals. Fold each separate petal down over the bud, one over the other, and hold it securely with your thumb all the time. In this manner proceed with all the others, putting them on in the orders numbered, never allowing a single petal to escape till the rose is finished. There will be twenty-two layers of petals altogether, and each should be gummed underneath, just at the stem, so that the rose may be securely fastened. After the last one is on and folded down, and held firmly a minute or two, remove your thumb, and, with the point of your scissors, open out your rose to the fulness you may desire. Next, cut a strip of green tissue paper a third of an inch wide, and, glueing it to the bottom of your rose, twist it down around your stem. Glue moss around your rose for a calyx, and trim with leaves to suit your taste. The moss and leaves you will procure at any fancy stationery department. For a bud, you must first form a bud of raw cotton, in this manner: Double down your stem a half inch, insert a bit of cotton, press close to the stem, and wind the cotton over and over, shaping the bud with your fingers till it is the form and size desired. Then tie it tightly round the stem, and cover it with a doubled square of paper, which you must fold down carefully, and tie firmly. Then trim it with moss and leaves as you did the rose.

THE TWO ROSES.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Two roses blossomed upon one stem—
  Which was the fairest none could tell.
An artist in passing glanced at them,
  And, loving the beauteous flowers so well,
He robbed the stalk of the roses twain,
  And, wandering home in the sunlight rare,
He cried as he kissed them again and again,
  "How fair, O my soul! O my soul! how fair."

The wondrous tide of a year has sped,
  In its flow to the deep, ingulfing sea,
Since the dark-eyed youth to the roses said
  The words whose echo was wafted me.
A year, and he stands in a stately room—
  The walls are a gorgeous sight to see—
Two maids by his side in their beauty's bloom;
  How fair, O my soul! oh! how fair, thought he.

One with her tawny, dusky hair,
  That swept like a veil to her dainty feet.
What wonder the artist lingered there,
  His lips half framed to the low word, "sweet."
There is love in her eyes as he reads the sign,
  And her voice is the sweetest of songs to hear;
His soul is drunk on the nectared wine,
  But not to her would he whisper, "dear."

The other's face is a sight to see,
  With its gleaming crown of fine wrought gold;
And I know, in his secret heart, that he
  Would be fully blest could he but enfold
That girlish form in his close embrace,
  Could he drink love's wine from her lips so sweet·
But her eyes are calm, and he cannot trace
  The sign that would make his joy complete.

Some day there will sit in the artist's home
  A bride with her wealth of tawny hair;
But the memory sweet, like the faint perfume
  Of the pure white rose, will be ever there.
And oft will the bride's dark eyes eclipse
  With the sheeny mist of their unshed tears,
For the name that in sleep will escape his lips
  Will not be *hers* through the unloved years.

The artist's heart is a shrine of graves,
  He cannot banish the flow of thought—
The maddening sweep of the tidal waves
  Alone this spell on his life has wrought.
Before him ever, on memory's walls,
  Hangs a face framed round with its golden hair,
And he cries, as it all his soul enthralls,
  How fair, O my soul! O my soul! how fair.

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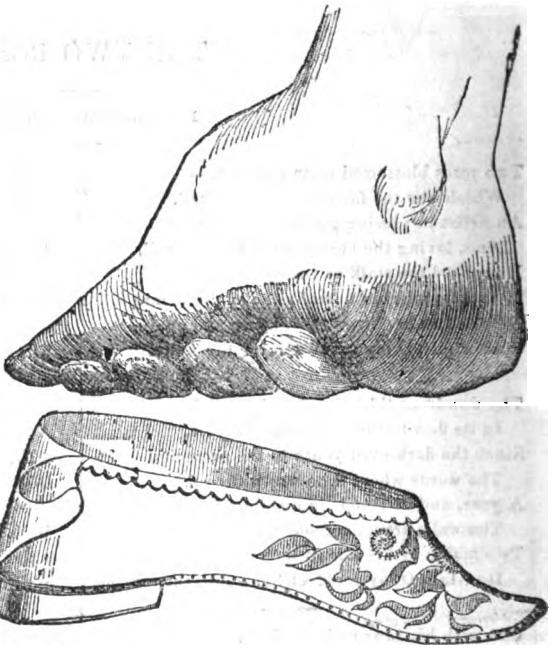
CHINESE FASHIONS.

STYLE OF ARRANGING THE HAIR IN THE SOUTH OF CHINA.—This picture is from a photograph taken in China, and shows the very curious manner in which the ladies in the southern part of that country arrange the hair. It is kept in shape by a sort of resinous gum. At night these ladies make use of a high, wooden pillow, with a soft cushion at the top, which fits the neck, and by means of which they can sleep without disarranging the hair.

Some American ladies spend as much time in dressing their hair, and have, at times, almost as foolish ways of doing it up, as the Chinese ladies.



A CHINESE LADY'S FOOT AND SHOE.—The shoe pattern in the picture given is supposed to be made of red silk, and to be handsomely embroidered.

The Chinese, especially of the richer classes, have for many centuries been in the practice of compressing the feet of their females by the use of tight bandages. The shape of the foot thus becomes very much as seen in the picture. All the toes, except the big one, are bent under the sole, and the bandages never being permanently removed, the foot remains very nearly the size it was when they were first applied. The upper part of the foot grows out of shape and proportion, and except to the Chinese themselves, becomes very unsightly. Of course, such a distorted foot makes the gait of a Chinese lady very awkward. She sways her arms to and fro as if walking on her heels, and is greatly aided by the shoulder of an attendant or an umbrella, carried as a walking-stick. But these Chinese ladies do very little walking. It is supposed by some that this practice of compressing the feet was originally imposed by the men to keep the women at home. Whether this be so or not, Chinese ladies are very seldom seen in the streets, or even in their own houses; when a gentleman enters, custom obliges them to retire to an inner apartment. They enjoy few of the blessings of social life, and the sphere of woman in China, there is reason to believe, is a very inferior and degraded one.

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NOVELTIES FOR JULY.

SUMMER TOILETS.

No. 1.—A trained crepe robe, and b'ack silk corsage-habit, the trimming scalloped and bound with velvet.

No. 2.—Foulard costume.

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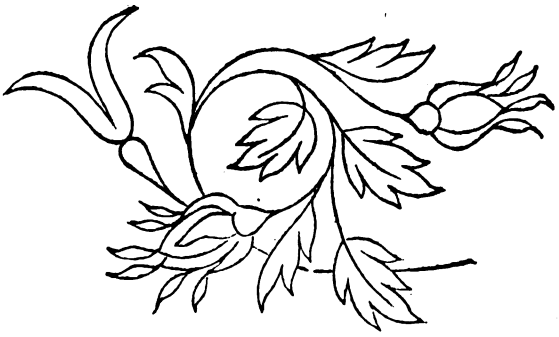
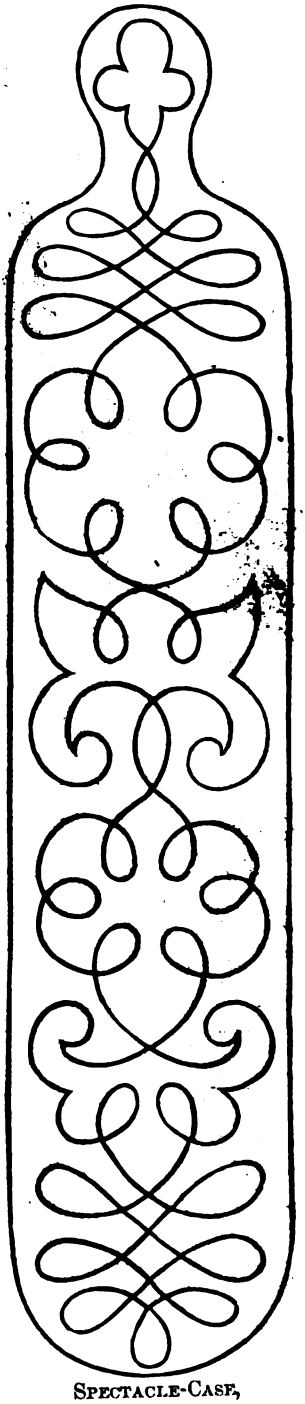
BODICE AND SHORT TUNIC FOR SUMMER COSTUME.—This pattern may be made up in silk, or in any material suitable for summer wear, except a washing fabric. The bodice is trimmed with braces, which are bound and headed with narrow satin bands cut on the cross. The tunic has a round tablier in front, and the back, which is full, has a short round basque at the top, and is trimmed to simulate two other basques.



SPRIG FOR EMBROIDERY.



SPECTACLE-CASE, to be braided on cloth or velvet.

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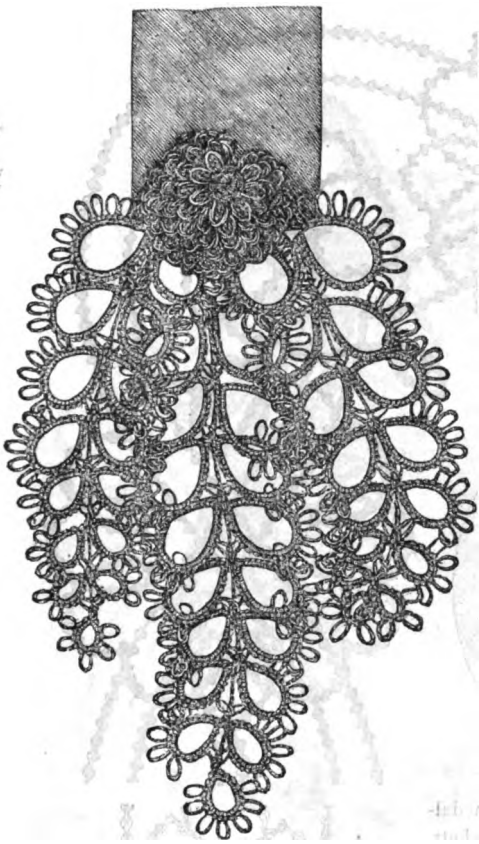
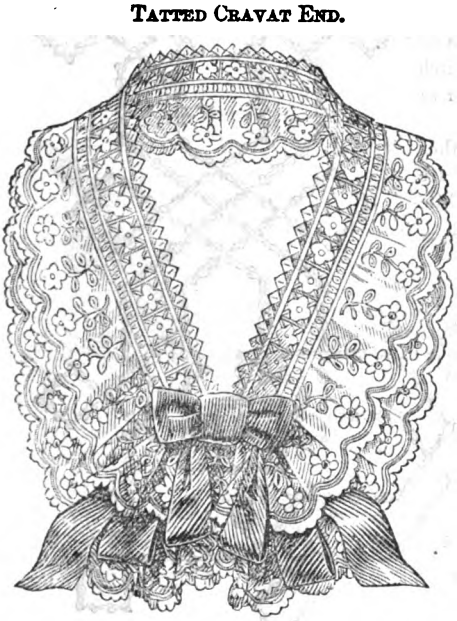


TATTED CRAVAT END.

TATTED CRAVAT END.—The lower end of this cravat consists of 3 branches of leaves worked in tatting with colored purse silk. The sewing on is covered with a small tatted rosette. Each branch is worked separately. Begin with the middle branch, consisting of 9 pair of leaves; work for each of the leaves at the upper end 5 double, 6 times alternately 1 purl, 2 double; then 1 purl, 9 double, 1 purl, 8 double; work close to this a second leaf, worked in the same manner, only reversed, as it stands, opposite the 1st leaf. Then carry the thread on the wrong side on to the separate purl of the leaves, fasten it by taking both purls together, and work close to it 2 similar leaves. Then work 2 such pairs of leaves, then again 2 pairs, the leaves of which have 1 purl less, and only 8 double instead of 9, and 7 double instead of 8. The next pairs must be decreased in the same proportion. The leaf at the point of the branch is worked from illustration. The 2 shorter branches are worked in the same manner; they consist of 7 pairs of leaves only. The rosette consists of 8 purl circles of different size. Begin with the smallest circle and work 8 times alternately 1 double, 1 purl, lastly 1 double; the purl must be one fifth of an inch long. At a distance of one fifth of an inch work a 2d circle of 12 purl, then a 3d circle of 16 purl. In the 4th circle, which counts 14 purl, the latter are divided by 2 double stitches. The following circles increase in the same proportion, so that the purl of every following circle come beyond those of the preceding one. The circles are placed on one another, and fastened with a few stitches.



COLLARETTE.

LETTER G, FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEF.

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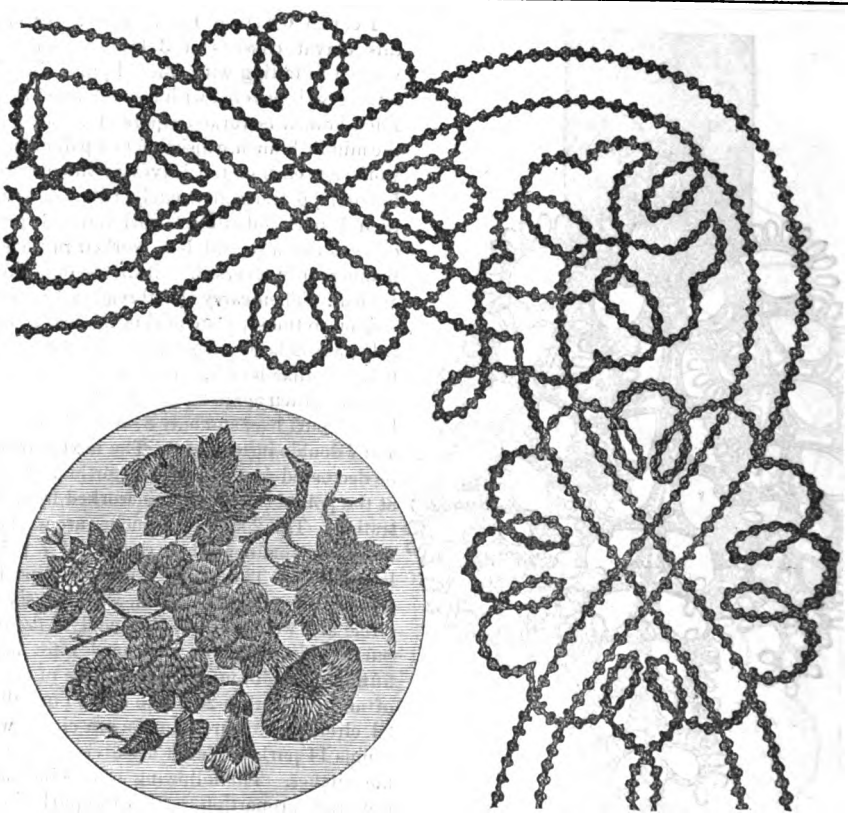
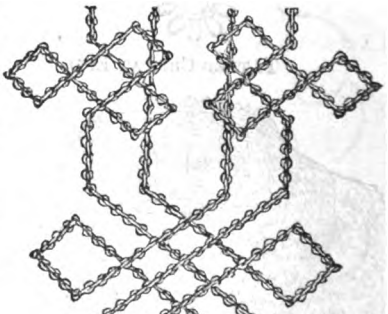
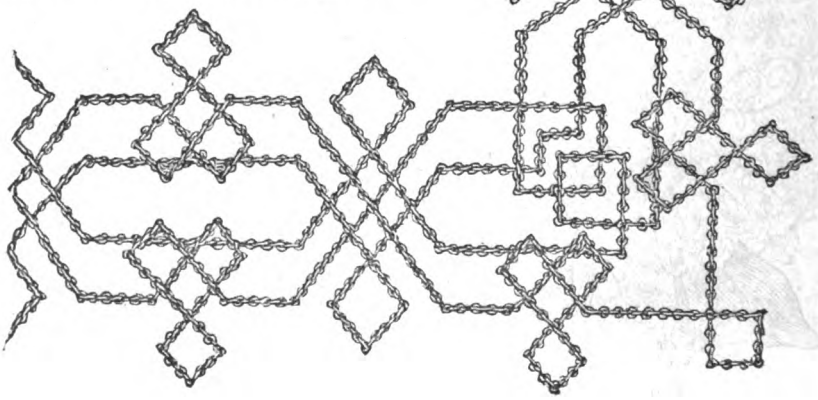


MEDALLION IN SATIN STITCH.—This medallion is suitable for ornamenting small baskets, housewives, pocket-books, pincushions, &c. The ground is made of satin, velvet, silk, or cashmere. The embroidery is worked in satin stitch with purse silk in different bright colors, or in the color of the ground.

BORDERS.—These borders may be either braided or worked in chain stitch. They are applicable to a variety of purposes, and for white pique dresses will be found extremely useful.





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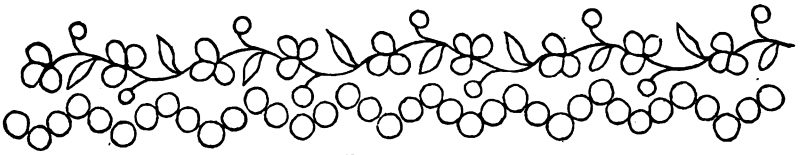
JACKET FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX OR EIGHT.

CUFF.

CUFF.

COLLARETTE.



EMBROIDERY.

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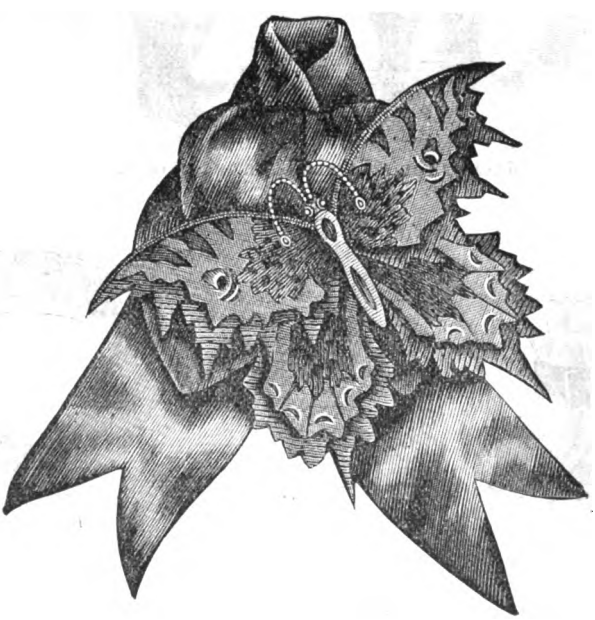
No. 1.

No. 2.

Nos. 1 and 2.—Bridal veil of tulle illusion, placed under a wreath of orange-blossom, which forms a narrow diadem; the hair is combed up straight from the roots on each side, and arranged in bandeaux and tufts of curls placed on the middle of the coiffure. The chignon is composed of thick plaits and curls, with a long spray of orange-blossom placed under the veil. Medici collarette of white crêpe lisse.



Bow for the Hair.

Bows of all descriptions are now worn in the hair, fastened among the plaits and curls wherever they are found to be most becoming to the wearer. They are usually made of satin or ribbed ribbon to match the dress worn at the time. This is made with loops and ends of green satin, and has a gold and black enamelled butterfly lighting upon it.

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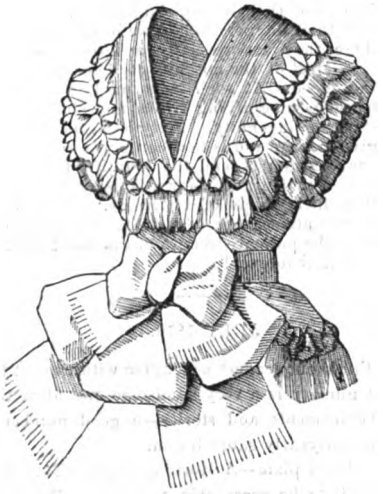
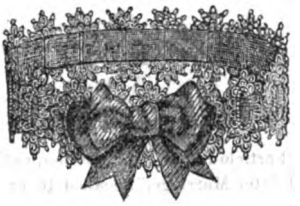
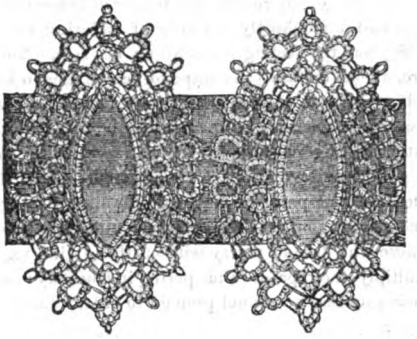
COBSAGE with frill behind; made of black silk or of the dress material. The front forms a vest, trimmed, like the back, with passementerie and guipure. A frill of guipure is about the neck.



EVENING BODICE in rose-colored silk, with square berthe composed of coquillee ruche of rose silk, with deep fringe to match. Fichu of plaited tulle, open in front and behind. This bodice has a round basque trimmed to match the berthe; large bow at the waist.



FRILL FOR THE NECK (TATTING).



DETAIL OF FRILL FOR THE NECK.

You require for this two threads, also satin ribbon, the width of the inside of the medallions. Use Evans's cotton, No. 24. Commence by working upon the second thread, 25 double; this is for the bar inside the oval, over which the ribbon is twisted. You now work the first row inside the ovals, * 1 purl (still on the second thread), 5 double, repeat from * 7 times, 1 purl, join to the thread before the 25 double, 1 purl, 5 double 6 times, 1 purl, join just between the 25th double and the 1st purl after the bar, you now work the first round of ovals, knot into the 1st purl. With the shuttle commence the first oval. 3 D., P. 3 times, 3 D., draw up, knot into the next purl, work 16 ovals altogether like the last, joining each one to the one preceding it in the first purl stitch, and knotting into each successive purl on the last round, pass the cotton to the top of the first oval, and knot it into the purl for the 2d round of ovals. Work an oval as in last row, draw close; leave a little cotton, an oval as before, joining to the last one in the first purl stitch. Do not draw quite close, but leave a little space. The engraving illustrates this clearly. Knot into the purl on the next oval of last round, and repeat in this manner all round. In working the following medallions join the two centre ovals on the side to the corresponding ovals in the last medallion. Run the ribbon through as described, and add a bow. The engraving No. 2 shows how this is done.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MARRIED LOVE.

A short article in our June number, entitled "Before and After Marriage," recalled to us some wise things that Emerson has said, and we quote below from his philosophy.

The change our contributor speaks of is a common one, and undoubtedly a source of suffering to the wife; but the feeling is not all on her side. There are, almost certainly, corresponding changes in herself which trouble her partner quite as much. Married life is a series of discoveries, good and bad, the latter calling continually for patience, faith, and hope. True love does not exempt from trouble; for pleasure and pain are as inevitably linked as light and shadow, but it is the security for ultimate peace. Those who dare to marry without this divine right, multiply their pains and perils indefinitely; into their counsels we cannot pretend to enter. Emerson says:

"The union which is thus effected, and which adds a new value to every atom in nature—for it transmutes every thread throughout the whole web of relation into a golden ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element—is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments as toys, and puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear, and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign, and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world, which is or ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman.

"'The person love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.'

"The world rolls; the circumstances vary every hour. The angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. Their once flaming regard is sobered by time in either breast, and, losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thorough good understanding. They resign each other without complaint, to the good offices which men and women are severally appointed to discharge in time, and exchange the passion which once could not lose sight of its object for a cheerful disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's designs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms—was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house, to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy, at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature, and intellect, and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium."

MOODS.

First and last, we must watch our moods. They are sly and stealthy influences that come from circumstances that disguise their tremendous power, and never show what they are until we are conquered. Sometimes they are our best friends, renewing a dead world, and filling life with gracious measures of hope and purpose. At other seasons they are fearful enemies, masking their evil intents, and even hiding us from ourselves. Whether inspiriting us for good or exciting us to evil, the rule of safety is to guard them, lest we be subjugated to their impulsive sway. Business men should be suspicious of their presence; integrity, fortune, happiness, all the products of a true life, are often thrown away in one of their inauspicious hours. Not less heedful of their dangers should we be in our homes, since here they are specially apt to show their tyranny. Most of the mischief of domestic life is done in a mood. At such times we lose our common sense by magnifying trifles, and play the fool with startling ingenuity. Petty occasions of spite often give birth to words that can never be recalled. Momentary outbursts rend the beautiful framework of a home asunder, and the wreck is never rebuilt. And even little drops of bitterness, sifting down through the atmosphere of private life, how they wear away the patient strength of the heart until all affection is lost forever!

JULY 1870.

We think our readers will agree with us that the present number is a very handsome one, attractive in embellishments and stories—a good number to begin a half-yearly subscription.

The colored plate—A Morning Cap in Tatting—cannot fail to be acceptable, as it is equally pretty and useful.

New subscriptions can either run back to the first of the year or be commenced with the present (July) number.

For $1.25 we will send the six numbers from July to December inclusive.

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AN OUT-DOOR FERNERY.

Those who love the woods, and especially the prettiest things in them, the ferns, will find it well worth while to establish a spot in their grounds where all the varieties may be collected. Few women find it convenient to leave their homes for frequent country rambles. It is very easy to have a bit of the woods near the house deliciously cool and refreshing for constant enjoyment. We have only lately discovered how well the native ferns bear transplanting, how completely at home they make themselves at once, and how faithfully they come up the next spring, each in its place, as luxuriantly as if they were still in the deep recesses of the woods. Large, full-grown specimens, from two to three feet high, may be brought home and planted without ever finding out their removal—not a leaf of the beautiful plumes drooping. Even the exquisite maiden-hair, the loveliest of all, its dark stems like polished ebony, so slender that the dainty leaflets they support seem floating in the air—this delicate beauty of the wild woods will allow itself to be taken from its native haunts and domesticated at our very doors.

The form of your fernery is not important. A pile of logs or stones, if such happen to be on the premises, may be converted into a thing of beauty by tasteful management. Ours is a circle of logs, each about two feet high, with strips of bark nailed round to keep them more steady. The space they enclose was filled in about a foot with coal ashes for drainage, then rich earth on top. Between the ferns the ground is covered with moss, and the pretty partridge-berry—mitchella repens—with its glossy leaves and scarlet berries. We tried transplanting sods of the trailing arbutus, but it failed last year. We mean to make another attempt to domesticate this shyest and sweetest of wild flowers. It is said to be an impracticable thing. As to the ferns, their hardiness is settled, and we do not see how the shady corner of a city yard, for instance, could be better ornamented than by a collection of their graceful, feathery fronds.

BREATHING THROUGH THE NOSE.

After all Dr. Tyndall's experiments upon the air we breathe, ending in the discovery that transmission through a layer of cotton wool will purify it mechanically, and more effectually for health than the most powerful chemical agents, people suddenly bethink themselves that the nostrils are provided with just such a respirator, and all we have to do is to use it. The reason why we should breathe through the nose is made clear.

HAZE AND DUST.

"Dr. Tyndall, in his lecture upon Haze and Dust, says, 'that if a physician wishes to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, he will employ a cotton-wool respirator;' and, further on, 'time will decide whether in lung diseases also the woollen respirators cannot abate irritation, if not arrest decay.'

"May I ask if there is any necessity for the unsightly respirators one sees over the mouths of people during the winter months and cold evenings? Has not Nature already provided us with an efficient one—one which, on experiment, will doubtless prove to be quite as trustworthy as the artificial one, without any of its inconveniences? I refer to the hair-sieve with which the sinuosities of the nasal passages are supplied; the hairs besetting its path freeing the indrawn air from contaminating particles of dust, whilst it is effectually warmed in its inward passage.

"That the air is thus filtered might, I think, be ocularly demonstrated by inhaling exclusively through the nostrils, and then expiring through the glass tube, when the floating matter will be found absent, having been arrested in the nose; I suggest this experiment, because, from the eminent professor applying a handful of wool to his *mouth* and *nose*, I infer that he did not give his natural respirator a fair chance of showing its capabilities.

"Apart from the use of respirators, *en passant*, I may perhaps be allowed to echo the opinion of our best medical men in saying that the mouth is not *the* organ for respiration; if it were, should we not find the olfactory nerves developed there also? By respiring through the mouth you do not properly exercise your sense of smell, you allow the hairs lining the nasal cavities to dwindle away and become suppressed through non-use, and, finally, you clog up the minute tubercles of the lungs with all kinds of rotten matter.

"It is a well-known fact, that people who habitually breathe through the nose are less liable to infectious diseases and pulmonary complaints; one very common benefit derived by such who sleep with the mouth closed, is that they never awake with the painful and disagreeable sensation produced by a parched throat and cracked lips. This may be a small matter, but I think it is deserving of attention. When we break nature's laws we must pay the penalty. A. L."

LOTIONS AND WASHES TO BEAUTIFY THE SKIN.

Is there any one, perchance, who would care to know a wash that will keep her hands soft, white, and smooth? Is there any belle desirous of preserving her complexion, with its pink and white intact? Are there any who would remove a shining, not to say greasy, appearance of the skin, or a harshness, dryness, and inclination to chap and crack? Let them lend an attentive ear, for we are now about to tell how these ends can be gained.

It is no secret among adepts in the chemistry of the toilet, that certain substances used continuously in a wash have a most excellent effect on the skin, preserving its color and health. But all the adepts like to keep the secret among themselves, and make a trade of their knowledge. We intend to draw the veil from these mysteries, and recommend a number of convenient and efficient preparations, which can be readily compounded in the domestic laboratory, and specify when they are applicable.

Thus, a person who has this shiny, polished complexion, owes it to an unusual secretion of fatty matter by the skin. Soap fails to remove it, and it is altogether better for her to use, instead, a saturated solution of *borax*. Let her wet her face with this, morning and evening, allow it to remain on for several minutes, then wash in rain or filtered water. The philosophy of this is, that borax, a mild alkali,

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unites with the minute globules of fat to form a soap, and thus the face is both cleansed and freed from its greasy appearance.

Such a solution has another delightful result. It prevents the tendency to redness which appears obstinately and annoyingly on the cheeks, nose, and knuckles of some persons. For such ordinary purposes the following receipt is a model one:

Take—

Powdered borax	one half ounce
Pure glycerine	one ounce;
Camphor water	one quart.

Mix, and use twice a day, as directed above. If the camphor-water is home-made, filtered rain-water must be used. This lotion is better than any sold in the shops for a regular, daily, cosmetic wash. It prevents chapped skin, removes sunburn, keeps the pores in fine condition, and is *cheap*. What more is wanted? We would not exchange a quart of it for a gallon of the water of the Queen of Hungary, which, in the last century, was the most famous cosmetic lotion in the world. And what was it?

Nothing but tincture of rosemary, made with the best brandy and carefully distilled.

The most serene Queen Donna Isabella of Hungary, however, set great store by it. She wrote the receipt for it carefully in her Book of Hours, and added this note: "I, Isabella, Queen of Hungary, when seventy-two years old, gouty and infirm, used a flask of this water, and it had such a wondrous effect that I seemed to grow young and beautiful. So the King of Poland wished to marry me, and I did not refuse him, out of love to our Lord, who, I doubt not, sent me this flask by the hands of an angel in the garb of the old hermit from whom I had it."

How many more flasks the old lady used, and how many more husbands she felt in conscience obliged to accept, we have been unable to ascertain.

Some of the very best washes for the complexion can be made of articles which are in every household. The celebrated Mr. Wilson, of London, recommends constantly in his practice, as of great efficacy in whitening and clearing the skin and complexion of that "muddiness," or shade which is so common, lotions of citric acid. Now, citric acid is simply the acid of lemons, and the following preparation, which any one can make in a few minutes, answers the purpose quite well:

Take—

Fresh lemon-juice	a wineglassful;
Rain-water	a pint;
Otto of roses	a few drops.

Mix, and keep in a well-corked bottle.

The face and hands may be washed with this several times a day, allowing it to remain on three or four minutes before wiping. Whenever there are any superficial and transient stains on the skin not readily removed by soap and water, rubbing the spot with a little piece of lemon should be resorted to next, as in the majority of cases it will quickly remove them.

In France they attribute sovereign cosmetic virtue to the juice of the cucumber. All the shops keep a *lait de concombre*, or a *pommade de concombre*. A German physician of considerable experience also recommends it as an excellent application for preserving the clearness of the complexion. The juice should be pressed from the fruit, brought to the boiling point over a quick fire, cooled rapidly, and securely bottled. A tablespoonful of it diluted with twice the quantity of water may be applied morning and evening.

Another contribution of the kitchen garden to the boudoir is the horse-radish. This is a more useful plant than is generally supposed. The famous botanist, Linnæus, goes so far as to call it a "divine remedy." If it can make the fair sex simulate a little more closely to divinities, we shall not think the phrase amiss. An ounce of the fresh root, steeped in a pint of cold buttermilk for four hours, yields a wash which is highly prized in parts of England for removing sunburn and whitening the skin. The juice, pressed out and mixed with twice the quantity of vinegar, has also been recommended for the same purpose, and for removing freckles.

Turning to the apothecary's shelves once more, we take down his jar of *benzoin*. This is a fragrant resin which comes to us from the sunny meadows of Sumatra, and is redolent with odors of the Spice Islands, and the mysterious virtues of tropical balms. Its qualities are strange. Mix a little of it with fat, and the latter will not become rancid. Some of the tincture, combined with glycerine, is simply the best application in the world for chapped hands, and for those sore and cracked nipples which afflict some women so severely during nursing. But this apart. We speak of it now as a cosmetic. Two ounces of it to a pint of pure alcohol (free from acrid fusel oils and the like) make as fine an application as those can ask who wish a white, spotless tint and fragrant aroma. Some of it may be used once or twice a day in the manner already mentioned.

About a tablespoonful should be poured into a small tumbler of water. It changes the water to a whitish fluid, which is known in France as *lait virginal*, virgin's milk, and is highly and justly esteemed. None of the cosmetic washes is more agreeable. Some glycerine can be added to the water if desired.—*Personal Beauty.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Would you please recommend, through THE LADY'S FRIEND, a becoming style for a white dress—material, Victoria lawn. Also for a corn-colored cambric suit. Will a sacque, basque, or cape be stylish for ladies from eighteen to twenty years of age, made from the last named material? Please give description of sleeves and waist. And would a black silk, trimmed with velvet, witho flounces, come within the pale of present fashions? Are shawls to be worn this summer? If so, what material and color for a blond—to be worn with any dress usually worn in summer?"

—

Victoria lawn is much worn this summer. We have seen in the shops ready-made suits trimmed with ruffles and machine-run tuckings, put on bias; others of corn-colored cambric. The waist is plain, and trimmed with a ruffle; coat-sleeves with a puff at the top and a ruffle at the wrist. The short, square jacket, also ruffled, is used with these for street wear. These little jackets are a very convenient fashion, as they can so easily be made from the old-fashioned sacques of flannel or cloth of any color, and trimmed with bands of pinked flannel.

A ruffled overskirt of silk or clear white muslin, worn with the black silk, would bring it within the pale of present fashions.

Shawls are worn this summer draped in a new and picturesque fashion. A cashmere pattern of many colors will suit any dress, and is universally becoming.

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MORNING CAP IN TATTING.

[*See Colored Engraving.*]

Ardern's crochet cotton No. 40. Terms: D., double; P., purl.

Begin with the group of flowers in the centre. For this you require two threads, and first with shuttle. 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Work close to this four more ovals the same; then with second thread work round each oval * 7 D., join to P., 1 D., 1 P., 7 D., fasten close down, and repeat * round all five ovals. The stalk is worked on second thread, 10 D., 1 P., 8 D. Work all the flowers in the same manner.

The shamrocks also require two threads, thus: with shuttle—6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close; work 2 more ovals the same, then with second thread 7 D., join to P. 1 D., 1 P., 7 D.; repeat this round the other 2 ovals, and work round again 9 D.; join to P. 1 D., 1 P., 9 D.; go all round the three ovals, and work the stalk on second thread, 10 D., 1 P., 10 D. Then work with shuttle only a row all round the groups of flowers and shamrocks * 6 D., join to one of the P. stitches, 6 D., draw close; reverse, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close, * repeat all round the centre. When the flowers go in a little you must put either a dot or sometimes 4 dots—thus, 6 D., join 6 D., draw close. Outside the last round is a round worked on second thread, 10 D., join to P. of last round 10 D., 1 P., 10 D., join; repeat the same all round.

The round of small trefoils you begin with 1st oval † 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Work close to this 2d oval 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close; 3d oval—6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Then with 2d thread and reverse the work, 10 D., join to P. of previous round 10 D.; reverse and repeat † the trefoils all round. Then follows the group of four flowers with their stalks and a shamrock; these are worked in the same way as those in the centre of the cap. At the top and bottom of the cap there is a fifth flower to form the point.

The row under the flowers is worked with two threads. Begin at the top of the cap † 9 D., join to flower, 1 D., 1 P., 9 D., 1 P., 10 D., join to next flower. 1 D., 1 P., 10 D., 1 P. 5 D., join to shamrock. 5 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to next flower. 5 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to next flower. 1 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to next flower. 5 D., 1 P., 9 D.. 1 P., 9 D., join to next flower. 5 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to flower. 5 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to shamrock. Repeat from †.

The small round of trefoils.—* 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. 2d oval—6 D., join to P. stitch in last round under the fifth flower at the top of the cap, 6 D., draw close. 3d oval—6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close; reverse, on 2d thread 10 D., 1 P., 10 D.; reverse; with shuttle 6 D., join to last oval, 6 D., draw close, 6 D., join in the same P. stitch as the 1st trefoil, 6 D., draw close. 3d oval—6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close; reverse, and work all round the cap, *, joining in every P. stitch of preceding round. Every 6th trefoil in the 2d oval requires an extra P. stitch, thus: 6 D., join to P. in last round, 3 D., join to next P. stitch, 6 D., draw close.

In working the outside row the trefoils are all worked alike, but the ovals between vary, some having only 1 P. stitch, others three; this is in order that it may lie flat. At the front of the cap there are 2 trefoils to form the point. Begin with the 1st of these, 6 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P. 4 times, 6 D., draw close. Work close to this 2d oval, 6 D., join to 1st oval. 2 D., 1 P. 5 times, 6 D., draw close. 3d oval—6 D., join to 2d oval, 2 D., 1 P. 4 times, 6 D., draw close. Reverse, on 2d thread 10 D.; reverse, with shuttle 6 D., join to last oval, 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Reverse, 1 D., join to P. in last round of small trefoils, 5 D.; reverse, 6 D., join to last oval, 1 D., 1 P., 3 times, 6 D., draw close; reverse, 5 D.; reverse, 6 D., join to last oval, 1 D., 1 P. 3 times, 6 D., draw close; reverse, on 2d thread; 1 D., join to next P., 10 D.; reverse, and repeat large trefoil. The next group of ovals has but 1 P. stitch in each, and so on all round.

POPULAR HYMNS.

A hymn almost as well known as "Rock of ages," is "Come, Thou fount of every blessing." It was written by Robert Robinson in his early and best days. He was but a lad when he strolled one Sunday into the Tabernacle to hear Whitefield preach. He was startled and arrested, and determined then and there to give his life to God. Gifted with extraordinary talents, he entered upon the ministry, and in the Tabernacle moved his audience to enthusiasm with his powerful preaching. But, unstable as water, and as a wave of the sea driven of the wind and tossed, he went from one thing to another—now turning Calvinistic Methodist, now Independent, now Baptist, until at last he became an avowed Socinian. No man can be brought into contact with his former self without emotion. We cannot recall the memories of a love which we have lost, or of hopes which were once the strength of our life but have passed away, without feeling the undying influence of impressions which have been made upon our hearts. It was so with Robinson. In the darkness which encompassed him, sometimes a ray of the light of former years would fall across his path, and then would flash upon him the "blessedness he knew when first he saw the Lord." One day he was travelling by coach, when a lady, a stranger, who had been reading his hymn, "Come, Thou fount of every blessing," turned to him, asking if he knew it, and telling him of the comfort and happiness it had been to her. He tried to parry her question, but she returned to it again and again, until at last, bursting into a flood of tears, he exclaimed passionately—"Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I had then!"

PIERCING THE EAR.

It is wise to have it performed by a medical man, who will take into account the constitution of the girl, the state of her health, and the season of the year, so as to avoid every possible danger. He will also complete it almost without pain by means of some apparatus for suspending sensation in the part.

The proper procedure is to mark the exact spot with a pen, choosing it near the middle of the lobe. Having then subjected the part for a few seconds to the spray of ether, which renders it insensible, a cork is placed behind to form a firm support, and the aperture made by a three-cornered steel punch. A silver or gold wire is then inserted and left for two or three days, when it is carefully oiled and moved. In a week the canal is usually healed.

No base metal should ever be worn in the ears, and no gold less than eighteen carats fine, as the substances used in the alloy of lower grades are liable to irritate and inflame the skin. Heavy rings should not be worn by girls, as the lobes are quite elastic, and may stretch out of all proportion.—*Personal Beauty.*

FEATHER WORK.

The most beautiful wings for hats may be manufactured out of feathers, by gumming them on to a frame or shape of canvas or stout net, on wire. The feathers should be laid one over another, and in such a way as to stroke them *away* from the front of the hat.

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HOME-MADE FURNITURE.

I have lately met with two or three useful and rather ingenious devices with which a room might receive very necessary adjuncts to the comfort and convenience of its owner, without any great demands being made upon the said owner's purse. I don't suppose that these things will be new to *all* who may read this, but I hope that they may be so to many. When one mentions furniture, it is always supposed that, even if *anything* in that line can be made at home, it must owe its production to the hands of one of the gentlemen who may have a taste for, and have learned, carpentering. But it is not so. All that I am going to write about can be done by any lady who can manage a hammer and nails, and the little rough work that is needed is within the power of any school-boy or man servant.

So to proceed at once to my subject. The most useful things (especially in a small room) are those that fulfil two purposes, and box ottomans certainly do this well. If bought, they cost not a little; but has it struck many of my readers what capital ones may be made out of old packing-cases? I have seen excellent and large specimens made out of Indian camphor-wood packing-cases. These were only just long enough to go at the foot of a bed (by which the foot-board formed a back to the ottoman), and held a dress skirt at full length: Their width was about three feet, they were nicely lined, and the top stuffed. A covering of pretty chintz went over all, and very nice-looking and useful pieces of furniture were thus made out of boxes that would by many people have been condemned to a lumber-room, or to be broken up. Smaller boxes of this kind are very useful as window seats, and will hold hats, jackets, work, &c. But now how to make one. Find a box of the shape and size you wish, and see that there are no nails sticking out; if so, hammer them in, or pull them out. Line the inside of the box, top, bottom, and sides, with common white or gray glazed calico, using brass-headed nails, or tin tacks, at long intervals, to fasten the calico on with. Then take a piece of the coarsest calico or canvas, double it and measure it with the top of the box; let it be nearly half a yard wider all round. Make it into a bag, leave the end open, and stuff it rather tightly with horse-hair, feathers, or even newspapers, torn into the tiniest fragments. Now thread a packing needle with very strong string, and pass it once or twice straight through this cushion; pull it tight and knot it firmly. Do the same at equal distances of six or eight inches all over the cushion, which will then, if nicely done, look as though padded by anything but an amateur hand; nail the cushion firmly to the top of the box, and so far your work is done. Now, as to the covering of the box: this must depend a great deal on the furniture of the room, of course; rep, moreen, or damask wear best, but I always think chintz is as cheap as anything, and infinitely prettier and more clean, for it washes so well. Take the piece of whatever material it may be that you intend for the top, and wherever there is a knot in the canvas below sew a flat button of any kind to it; when this is done, the covering must be nailed on all round, with a broad furniture gimp or fringe and brass-headed nails. The sides are to be covered with the same material, and can either be padded or the stuff put on plain. If this is chintz, it must have a calico lining, or probably the wood of the box will show through; fasten this on by the same arrangement of gimp and brass nails, as you did with the top. A really handsome box might thus be made for a drawing-room by covering the sides and top with different pieces of Berlin work, and it would be most useful to hold music, portfolios, &c. For such use the inside lining would look best of chintz instead of calico. These box ottomans always remind me of those pretty box pincushions, in which form so many old cigar-boxes come into use for our dressing-tables.

Chintz wardrobes are not very expensive things—certainly far less so than oak or mahogany; but to make one requires more carpentering than the two things I have mentioned, though nothing beyond the powers of a fair amateur carpenter or the village professional. They are made just the size of any other wardrobe, but are composed of a mere framework of deal spars about two inches square, with one or two cross pieces to support the said framework. Over this—top, bottom, sides, back, and front—is stretched chintz. Brass hooks are screwed into the top of the framework at the back, on which to hang the dresses, and a little brass knob by which to open the door; also a bolt at the top and bottom, to keep the second door from flying open.

One can make such comfortable, nice-looking footstools by taking a square or a round case of thick canvas, and stuffing it tightly with any of the things I mentioned for cushioning the box ottomans, or with shavings. Then stretch a piece of pretty Berlin or other work over the top, put American cloth at the bottom, and hide the joining of the two at the sides by a thick furniture fringe of any suitable color, which ought to sweep a little on the ground. These footstools are much nicer than any you can buy, and you will also have the pleasure of reflecting that they are all your own work, which is very satisfactory.

I have seen actually a very comfortable little low chair for a bedroom (just the thing for pulling close into the fire when you are having a chat to your dearest friend) formed from one of those ugly and uncomfortable cane-seated chairs, with which most bedrooms are furnished, I think. Any chair will do for the purpose, provided that the seat of it is tolerably broad. Have the legs of the chair sawn off two or three inches, in short, reduce it to pleasant diminutiveness, taking care that the "hind" legs are shorter than the forelegs. Cushion the seat and the whole of the back thickly and softly with the before mentioned canvas, stuffed and padded cushions. Make and put over all—seat, back, sides, everywhere—a loose cover of moreen or rep, leaving not one bit of the woodwork to be seen. Fringe, sewn round the seat and back, looks very well, but it is not necessary. Chintz does not answer so well as thick materials; but, should you wish to use it, you can line it with unbleached calico. When nicely done, no one can discover what was the original state of one of these chairs, such pretty, comfortable little things are they. Aye! and is it not a capital way in which to utilize shabby old chairs, no matter of what kind?

Those always popular fender-stools, too, which cost a good deal when bought, can be produced nearly as good by home work, or at the cost of a few shillings. Have a straight piece of deal, the length and width you require, and into this put (as you would into a bench) the four little feet (or six if it is to be a long stool); stain the legs and the under part of the stool with oak stain, which you can buy at any colorman's, in large or small quantities, quite cheaply. Then put a soft cushion along the top of the stool, and place over it a pretty piece of Berlin work, fastening it on by means of gimp or fringe and brass nails. By the way, I have always found it best to use beads in profusion in any work on which feet are to be placed. No matter how tiny and light those feet may be, they do wear out work, and beads prevent this wearing out to a great extent. A.

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OUR PLATE OF AUTHORS.

These valuable portraits have given a great deal of pleasure to the readers of the magazine, as our letters are continually assuring us.

"I cannot refrain from telling you how highly I prize those *pictured faces* in your January number. Sweet Florence Percy! I would love to see her living countenance. E. E. C."

"Now I can have one great pleasure while I sit and read—I can cast a glance up and look at my favorite authors. What a pleasure! I have them framed. I am tempted to have a large plate picture taken of 'my ladies,' as I call them—one more suitable for framing. August Bell well merits her wreath, lily bells almost touching her noble brow. J. L. G."

PAPER FLOWER MAKING.

A pretty bouquet of red and yellow roses and pansies accompanied this first article of the series, proving how nearly those made of paper may resemble fine French flowers. The red rose, especially, for which directions are given in this number, is beautifully natural. The contribution is seasonable. We have never known a time when it was so fashionable to wear flowers; and it seems to us that this simple, inexpensive kind would be very suitable for trimming hats.

INNOCENCE AND REPENTANCE.—God has fixed upon the earth two gates which lead to heaven. He has placed them at the two extremities of life—one at its beginning, the other at its end. The first is that of innocence, the second that of repentance.—*Saint Pierre.*

New Publications.

The Sun. By Amédée Guillemin. From the French, by A. L. Phipson, Ph. D. With fifty-eight illustrations.

Wonders of Italian Art. By Louis Viardot. Illustrated with twenty-eight engravings.

These two volumes, published by Charles Scribner & Co., N. Y., and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, belong to that Illustrated Library of Wonders which we have already commended so highly, and are valuable additions to the series. Those whom the study of astronomy fascinates, will read eagerly the numerous discoveries about the sun which modern science has made; others, of artistic tastes, will find rich entertainment in the "Wonders of Italian Art."

Carlino. By the author of "Dr. Antonio," "Lorenzo Benoni," &c. With illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Whatever this author writes is sure to be excellent in some way. His admirers will not be disappointed in this short story, though it has nothing sensational about it. Carlino is decidedly a character. He is "devoured by the zeal of doing good, and gives himself no rest by day or night to achieve this object."

Color in Dress. A Manual for Ladies. By W. & G. Audsley. Adapted from the London edition. Philadelphia: George Maclean, 719 Sansom Street.

A little work, "received with approbation in England, and acknowledged by leading artists and *modistes* to be correct." Its hints will assist ladies to dress becomingly.

Talks to my Patients: Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M.D. New York: Wood & Holbrook. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

We had the pleasure, a few years ago, of hearing one of these "Parlor Talks," and thought it at the time a privilege one might well go far to seek. Mrs. Gleason is singularly qualified for the position she occupies—the life-work that places her before the world as one of its lights of hope. Her success with chronic invalids is due to a happy combination of sound sense and right feeling, and last but not least, profound religious convictions that find expression in the faithful following of the Great Physician, who went about doing good. In the gentlest yet firmest way her patients find themselves ministered to in body, soul, and spirit.

"I have had frequent occasion to say to young ladies—'This pain in the back of the head and neck, this sensitiveness of spine, this nervous cough, these hysterical spasms, are induced and perpetuated by a morbid emotional life. You have some chronic heartache, some sorrow *not well borne*, which is the cause of your disease. Upon this come confessions, which, were they written, would make a large book."

The italics are our own. Sorrow well borne is a spring of new life, morbidly brooded over, it is "the sorrow that worketh death." Young people, especially the romantic and imaginative, do not make the distinction. It seems interesting to be melancholy, and they do not know in any realizing sense, that in yielding to it they have left the way of life until health is gone.

Mrs. Gleason has had many patients, married and unmarried, wrecked in health through their sensibilities; and with such her rare sympathetic wisdom has availed quite as much as her medical skill.

The fashionable amusements that turn night into day are mischievous in several ways. To sleep in the day-time does not regain what is lost. The following testimony would probably be indorsed by night-workers everywhere:

"Some years since we went through the dark highways and byways of the Tamaqua coal mines, where the work is kept up daily during the twenty-four hours. I said to one of the miners—'As it is

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just so dark here night and day, it makes no difference when you work?' To which the son of Erin replied—'Indade, Miss, an' a man's constitution knows the difference amazin' quick.' While conversing with the superintendent of the mines on this point, he told me the Irishman was correct, that the night workmen were much more liable to sickness, and sooner failed in strength than those for the day, though they all had precisely the same work, and all came out of the mines alike to eat and sleep.

"Some women are prone to easy indulgence, others to overwork. These last, if they do not wear themselves out, so use up their life-force that they impart too small a share to their offspring.

"One of the smartest women of business I ever knew, the mother of a large family, brought me her last daughter, a hopeless invalid, and she still in excellent health, and her husband a vigorous man. After we had talked over the case, she looked at me with peculiar earnestness, and said—'What is the matter with all my children? did I kill them before they were born?'

"The cases are not rare where the finest business women have feeble children. Thus, it will be seen, this tendency to extremes ought to be guarded against. Some need to be encouraged to exercise, and others need to be restrained from work."

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The Bible in the Public Schools: Opinions of Individuals and of the Press, and Judicial Decisions. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. For sale by J. A. Bancroft & Co., 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Price, 25 cents, postpaid to any address.

The interesting subject of this little book is to be continued in a second part to form the sixth volume of the "Library of Education."

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Marion Berkley: A Story for Girls. By Laura Caxton. Illustrated by the author. Loring, publisher, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

We should have thought this simply a pleasant book, no way remarkable, but a number of the young critics for whose pleasure it was written praise it warmly—"Just the kind of book I like!" says one. "Marion Berkley was so beautiful, and such a nice girl!" says another, continuing with some recital of her doings to show her decided character and uncommon attractiveness. So we must decide it to be a success.

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The Young Wife's Cook-Book. By the Author of "The National Cook-Book." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The directions in this book are clear, brief, and practical; and it is printed on fine, white paper, in excellent type.

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The Christmas Guest. A Collection of Stories. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and her sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A volume uniform with the series of Mrs. Southworth's novels, which the Peterson Brothers have issued in good style.

Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, at the Eighteenth Annual Commencement, March 12th, 1870. By Ann Preston, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.

We have been greatly pleased with this address. There is nothing more self-evident than that women are the proper physicians for their sister women at least; and it is gratifying to know that there are ladies of ability and culture, fully qualified to take a high rank in the profession. Miss Preston has a clear apprehension of the duties of the graduating class, and expresses her views in the brief and comprehensive manner of one whose motto is "Deeds, not words," the manner that in a physician inspires respect and confidence. We quote a portion indicating her reception of the latest lights of science, and lessons of experience:

"Physiology is now giving light and life to practical medicine. Therapeutics at last is widening into a science, as it begins to be recognized that all surrounding influences—air, sunlight, food, sleep, clothing, exercise, and mental stimuli—are within its legitimate domain as truly as iron, opium, bitters, and bromides.

"Nor do its boundaries stop here. *Morals*, also, belong to therapeutics. Temperance, purity, faith, hope, and charity modify bodily processes; they ward off disease and prolong life; and the physician who does not realize this truth, and understand something of the reactions of the moral, intellectual, and physical life, does not possess the key to the best success in practice; is not yet initiated into the sacred mysteries of the divine art of healing. The earlier physicians were the priests of their time, and amid ignorance and superstition there was in this fact a dim recognition of the truth that the same great principles subserve the physical and moral life; and, in the words of a writer in the *British Medical Journal:* 'Year by year we shall come to value dogmas and rules less, and principles more,' in their application to both.

"At present, nervous maladies, womanhood enfeebled and diseased, are the fashion of society; and perhaps the most frequent question that you will have to answer practically will be—'What can be done for our suffering women?' There is a deep conviction that these headaches, neuralgias, and weak backs are neither necessary nor destined to be the permanent condition of womanhood; and, ladies, the philanthropist and scientist, who are seeking the remedy, look hopefully to the results of your knowledge and experience in their bearing upon this point.

"When anxious fathers and mothers bring you their beautiful daughters, from whose young faces and steps the bloom and elasticity are departing, and ask your counsel, what shall you do? You look at those girls, and at once take in their history. Kept long at school, and strained with many lessons at an age when the conditions of healthful growth and development were incompatible with sedentary habits and severe mental tasks; their bodies so tightly bound with clothing that by no possibility have the ever-moving vital organs been able fully to perform their functions; their extremities cold and thinly clad, and the weight of their clothing supported, not by their shoulders, made by God to bear burdens, but by parts totally unfitted to sustain them! Released from school, they have bent long in the same posture over piano, fancy work, or exciting novel, instead of rejoicing in the open air, or in active muscular

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exercise; their homes, luxurious, it may be, have yet been grudgingly supplied with pure air and quickening sunshine; the passion for dress and company has been fostered until these have become the staples rather than the stimulants of their lives; while late hours, artificial lights, and continuous excitements have interfered with the nutrition of nerve tissue, and prevented the distribution of nerve force. You know that quiet, interesting, imperative work—work for hands and for mind—is essential to their health; and as you sigh over their wasted, suffering, unsatisfied lives, you cannot be content with the mockery of merely prescribing drugs, needful and beneficent as these may often be.

"Some morbid Micholet may speak of this feeble womanhood as the necessary result of advanced civilization, but it is very clear to us that it is not a high civilization, but the failure to reach it, to which this is due. The highest civilization will surely be in harmony with nature, with health, with the moral and divine law. It will drive out follies as well as fevers; it will foster pure, quiet, simple tastes, and will find its models of beauty in form and drapery, not in the vulgar devices by which fashionable mantua-making distorts and burlesques human proportions, but in the grace and freedom of artistic nature, and the corresponding fitness of clothing.

Ben, the Luggage Boy; or, Among the Wharves. By Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "Ragged Dick," "Fame and Fortune," &c. Loring, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

A volume that will please the readers of the series. This popular writer, without attempting anything remarkable, is always natural and entertaining, evidently painting from life, and his books, sure to be attractive, are unexceptionable reading for the young.

A Marriage in High Life. By Mrs. Grey. Complete in one volume. Price, 50 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Grey's novels are deservedly popular, and this is one of the most interesting, particularly to women.

The Men who Advertise. A book of two hundred and eight large octavo pages, containing an Account of Successful Advertisers, together with Hints on the Method of Advertising, and Advocating the Periodical as the only Legitimate Advertising Medium; also containing the Advertising Rates of Leading American Newspapers, arranged with an Index for the Convenience of Advertisers. Also an *American Newspaper Directory for* 1870, containing Accurate Lists of all the Newspapers and Periodicals in the United States, Territories, and Dominion of Canada; together with a Description of the Towns in which they are published. George P. Rowell & Co., New York, Publishers. All combined in one large octavo volume of eight hundred and seventy-two pages, printed on fine tinted book-paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $5.00.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Toledo, Ohio, Whitney's Musical Guest, containing—"I have something sweet to dream of," "I heard a wee bird singing," and the "Oriole Polka."

Receipts.

Drop Dumplings for Soup.—Beat one egg, add two spoonfuls milk, salt; beat in flour to a thick batter, drop them in the soup and boil twenty minutes before serving. A good dumpling may be made of "patent flour" mixed with the top of the soup into a batter. Okra will improve any soup. It is well to purchase it, while in season, a little every market day; slice thin, and dry on earthen plates about the fire. Be sure to take only young ones. These can be put in boxes for winter use, putting in one handful for soup.

Sago Soup.—Take gravy soup, quite clear and brown; add to it a sufficient quantity of sago to thicken it to the consistency of pea-soup, and season it with soy and ketchup; to which may be added a little lemon-juice. It may also be made as a white soup, of beef, by leaving out the soy and ketchup, and adding a little cream and mace.

Milk Soup.—Put into a quart of milk two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, two bay-leaves, and a little cinnamon; boil it; pour it into a dish in which you have previously laid some sippets of toasted bread; simmer over a charcoal fire when the bread is soft; mix the yelks of two eggs well beaten with a little milk; put it in the soup, mix well altogether, and serve up.

To Bake Tomatoes.—Select fine, large, smooth tomatoes; slice off the under side, and place the tomatoes in a pan. Prepare a dressing of bread crumbs and finely chopped pork and onions, highly seasoned with pepper, salt, and butter. Fill each tomato with this, place the slice over, and put the pan in the oven to bake, letting it remain about two hours, with a moderate fire.

To Fry Tomatoes.—Slice in thin slices, dip them in bread crumbs, season them well, and fry in hot lard or butter. A gravy may be made by adding a little water to the butter in which they are fried, and pouring over them.

Tomato Beefsteaks.—Take large, smooth, solid tomatoes, slice them in thin slices, season with pepper and salt, and broil them on the gridiron over a clear fire. Add a gravy of butter.

Cheese Straws or Fingers.—Make a rich puff paste of four ounces of butter, four ounces of cheese grated with half a teaspoonful of cayenne, and four ounces of flour; roll it out thin, and cut in strips of four inches in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth; bake lightly, and serve piled high in alternate rows on a dish.

A Pleasant Wine.—Two quarts morel cherry-juice, one quart water, and two pounds sugar; boil and skim it, and when cool add one pint brandy.

Blackberries.—Allow a pint of currant-juice, and a pint of water to six pounds of blackberries; give them their weight in brown sugar; let them boil till they appear to be done, and the sirup is rich. Blackberry jelly can be made as currant jelly, and is good for sick children, mixed with water.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To one pound of fruit pour on one quart of the best vinegar; the next day, strain the liquor on a pound of fresh fruit, and the day after the same; do not squeeze the fruit, but drain the liquor from it; the last time, pass it through a canvas, wet with vinegar; put it in a stone jar, with one pound of white sugar to every pint of juice, stirred until dissolved; then set the jar in a pot of water on a hot fire; simmer, and skim it, then take it off, and when cold, bottle it for

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use. No glazed or metal vessel must be used. It makes a delightful drink, in the summer season, used as a lemonade.

SPICED CHERRIES.—Four quarts cherries, one pound sugar, one quart vinegar; boil some spice with the sugar, and pour over hot.

CHERRIES FOR DESSERT.—Take a quart or more of cherries, and after stoning them, stew them with sufficient sugar to sweeten them. Then cut bread in thin slices, and put round the sides of a bowl or glass dish, pouring some cherries over it—then another layer, &c. This makes a very nice dessert, and will be often indulged in when once tried.

PREMIUM RYE BREAD.—One quart of Indian meal, one quart of rye meal, one quart of wheat flour, one teacup of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt. Make a thick batter with warm milk; pour into pans, and let it rise. Bake until well done.

LEMON CREAM.—Pare four fresh lemons very thin, so as to get none of the white part; soak the rinds twelve hours in half a pint of cold water, then add the juice of the lemons and half a pint more of cold water. Beat to a froth the whites of eight eggs and the yelks of three; strain the lemon-juice and water, mix it with the eggs, set the whole on a few coals, sweeten it with powdered white sugar; stir till it grows thick, then take it from the fire; stir till cold; serve in glasses.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One pint of milk, one teacup of cream, or one half teacup of condensed milk, one teacup of sugar, one teaspoonful of sea-moss farine, and two eggs. Put the milk into a farina-kettle, add the sugar, and stir till dissolved. Mix the yelks of the eggs and the farine with a little cold milk, and pour into the heated milk, stirring all the time until it is quite smooth; remove from the fire, and add the cold cream; flavor to taste, and add the whites of the two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Line the bottom and sides of a dish with thin slices of sponge-cake; pour in the mixture, and set it aside till cold. Turn out upon a suitable dish; cut into slices from top to bottom with a thin, sharp knife, and serve.

A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST DURING THE SUMMER HEATS.—Make a strong infusion of Mocha or Bourbon coffee; put it in a porcelain bowl, sugar it properly, and add to it an equal portion of boiled milk, or one third the quantity of rich cream. Surround the bowl with powdered ice. This beverage was recommended by a physician for persons who had lost their appetite or who experienced general debility.

MOCK ICE.—To a three gill mould take three gills of cream, which flavor with raspberry jam to your taste; dissolve three quarter ounces of isinglass in a gill of water until perfectly reduced, and add it to the cream when almost cold—the raspberries to be rubbed through a sieve, and the cream colored with the juice of beet-root—then pour it into a mould with holes, first of all lining the mould with book-muslin. The cream must be whisked until it will just pour into the mould. To prepare the beet-root for coloring: grate it raw, and squeeze it through muslin. Two tablespoonfuls of the juice should be enough to a pint jar of raspberries.

GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.—Half cup of butter, half cup of milk, half cup of white sugar, two and a half cups of flour, white of four eggs, half teaspoonful of cream tartar, quarter teaspoonful of soda—the same for gold cake with the addition of a whole egg. Beat all up together, and put in pans and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON JELLY.—Five lemons—rind of one, juice of four; one pound sugar, one box gelatin. Soak the gelatin one hour in one pint cold water; pour it on to one quart boiling water; add the sugar and lemons. Stir together, and strain. Pour into a jelly mould which has been previously wet, and set it in ice. If preferred, oranges may be used instead of lemons.

A VALUABLE TOOTH-WASH.—Dissolve one half a small teaspoonful of powdered borax in half pint tepid water; add eight drops tincture myrrh. This will preserve the mouth and gums always healthy and clean.

AMMONIA BATHS.—An M.D. writes to the *Transcript*: "A means for preserving health through the insuring of perfect cleanliness, of relieving the lassitude of season and climate changes, and of continuing a healthy condition, while one is exposed to changes during travelling, is certainly of public importance, and I am sure you will gratify many persons in making known the experience already gained in the use of the ammonia bath.

"Every one can have at hand for use under any circumstances of living, or locomotion, this comfort and luxury at all seasons, and there are reasons for concluding that many cases of disease where mineral water baths are indicated, may be relieved by the considerate use of this bath as a substitute. Unpleasant and disfiguring conditions of the skin are very soon changed to a healthy state, and, with proper diet conjoined, this bath insures the best sanitary habit within our reach.

"The bath is used as follows: To one quart of tepid, soft, or even hard water of grateful temperature, add from one half to one tablespoonful of aqua ammonia, as sold by apothecaries. The water should feel oily on the fingers, and have a slight odor of ammonia. Use a soft, absorbent cloth of cotton or linen, and bathe every part of the surface of the body successively, using a towel, or not, afterward.

"Twice weekly is as often as most persons will require this bath while in health, and it supersedes all other baths. Unhealthy persons may use it daily in course, with repose and exercise.

"In travelling by sea or land a moderate quantity of ammonia, with the soft and thick cloth, should be carried in the satchel, as ammonia can be purchased in every large town.

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Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Robe composed half of blue and half of black silk. The short skirt and the puff of the tunic are blue; the apron part, front, is of black silk, with two ruches and a fringe; the long train of the same, with a flounce headed by a pinked ruche. The high waist is arranged with blue revers.

FIG. 2.—Toilet of a first communion. A short dress of clear white muslin, with four pleated ruffles on the skirt. The high waist has deep basques, also trimmed with pleated ruffles; the same on the waist as bretelles, and at the wrists and neck. The belt is of pleated muslin, and the large bow behind the same. Cap and long veil of tulle illusion.

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FIG. 3.—A robe of almond pou-de-soie, the skirt a demi-traine, with a deep flounce, having a box-pleated heading, surmounted with an upright ruffle. Tunic composed of pleats laid over one another, and fringed, looped up at the sides with a handsome passementerie. Corsage trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. 4.—Robe of purple silk, with a train, ornamented with two pinked ruches put together to make a mass. The basquine corsage is made very open over a white silk waistcoat with long points, and trimmed with a pinked ruche like that on the skirt. Bow of the same behind. Coiffure—a puff of silk like the robe, and a white feather.

BRIDE'S TOILET.—Dress of white silk, with two skirts; the first skirt is trimmed in front with bouquets placed on insertion of point d'Angleterre; the second placed above the veil, and the other on each side underneath.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM FOUR TO SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Underskirt of silk, trimmed with a narrow ruched flounce. High bodice and sleeves of the same color as the first skirt. Tunic of dove-gray poplin, forming a low bodice, and second skirt scalloped out and bound with satin of the same color as the first skirt. Scalloped-out berthe and sash, bound with satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Black tulle and lace and black ribbon are extremely fashionable this season for bonnets, and are frequently enlivened by pink or red flowers. Roses and poppies are the favorite blossoms. But white and greenish flowers are also in great vogue.

Colored bonnets are only worn with dresses of the same color, or with black or white suits. It is not admissible to have the dress and bonnet in contrast, no matter how pretty the contrast may be. Uniformity of color throughout the toilet is the feature of the season, though several shades of one color are used.

In buying a bonnet to wear all summer, and to wear appropriately on most occasions, the choice still rests on black lace or tulle.

The Impératrice diadem is still worn; it is, however, much higher than it was in the winter. This style of bonnet is the most becoming to ladies who wear their hair arranged very high on the top of the head. The diadem bonnet is placed just in front, leaving the thick plaits or curls of the large drooping chignon quite uncovered, only the long lappets or large bow of ribbon falling over it. The diadem is formed of high lace flutings with flowers, and perhaps a curled feather on one side. The diadem is full four inches high above the forehead.

Hats are also very high. Some of the new models of white straw are simply trimmed with a torsade of crepe de chine, and with a bunch of flowers placed on the top, rather at the back. The favorite blossom is ever the rose, whether pink, crimson, or *verdie*.

Although the chignon *proprement dit* is quite gone out of fashion, the coiffures of the day are more elaborate than ever, though the *ne plus ultra* of the coiffeur's art is to make them appear quite loose and *négligé*. The hair is raised in waves and bandeaux in front; then, from the top of the head, it is arranged in curls of different lengths, or else in two large rouleaux, divided in the middle by a plait, or, what is still a newer style, in loose braids forming a catogan in the neck. This catogan is tied with a large bow of black or colored grosgrain ribbon.

The new voilettes are of various patterns, but the most fashionable seems to be that which is made in the shape of a fichu; it is placed over the bonnet so that one point hangs in front and two at the back.

There are but few of the tight-fitting casaques to be seen in the new models. The mantle is most frequently a very short paletot, either loose or half-fitting. And then there is the mantelet à châle, which is a modification of the Metternich. This mantelet forms shawl points both in front and at the back; it is fastened to the waist by a band, like the Metternich, the side pieces forming wide, open sleeves.

Heart-shaped necks are preferred to the Pompadour square. The corsage should be cut high at the throat, and turned under in a sharp point half-way down the front of the waist. The trimming then follows the point, and the dress may be worn either high-necked or heart-shaped. A pretty way of trimming corsages is to arrange a puff or pinked ruffle of silk to outline a fichu by passing it around the neck and crossing in front to the belt. Pleated muslin ruffles edged with narrow Valenciennes are also used in this way, the ruffle being graduated narrower toward the belt.

Lace is largely employed for trimmings of every kind, as well as for dress and mantle trimming.

Round handkerchiefs with frills are very much in vogue for evening wear at the present time.

Although jet is quite gone out of fashion as a trimming, it is now in great favor for ornaments, such as large balls of cut jet for épingles to wear in the hair, with ear-drops and oval locket or cross to match. Balls or knots of cut jet are also frequently introduced in the trimming of bonnets. Sometimes these jet ornaments are studded with small pearls or seed diamonds, which, of course, very much enhance their value.

For mourning, ornaments and crosses of carved black wood are preferred to jet.

[Announcement.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—For ten years past we have been using in our establishment Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, and also Sewing Machines of other manufacturers; and after so many years we have arrived at the conclusion that Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines are *greatly superior to all others*.

All the parts of their mechanism are so strong that the expense for repairs is merely a trifle. Besides, they can execute a larger variety of sewing than all other machines. The simplicity of their mechanism makes the repairs easy; they do not tire the operator, and make very little noise in running. In a word, they cannot fail to be of great value to persons in want of Sewing Machines.

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[Announcement.]

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[Announcement.]

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Vol. VII. AUGUST, 1870. No. 8.

THE

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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THE CHILD IN THE BEACH.

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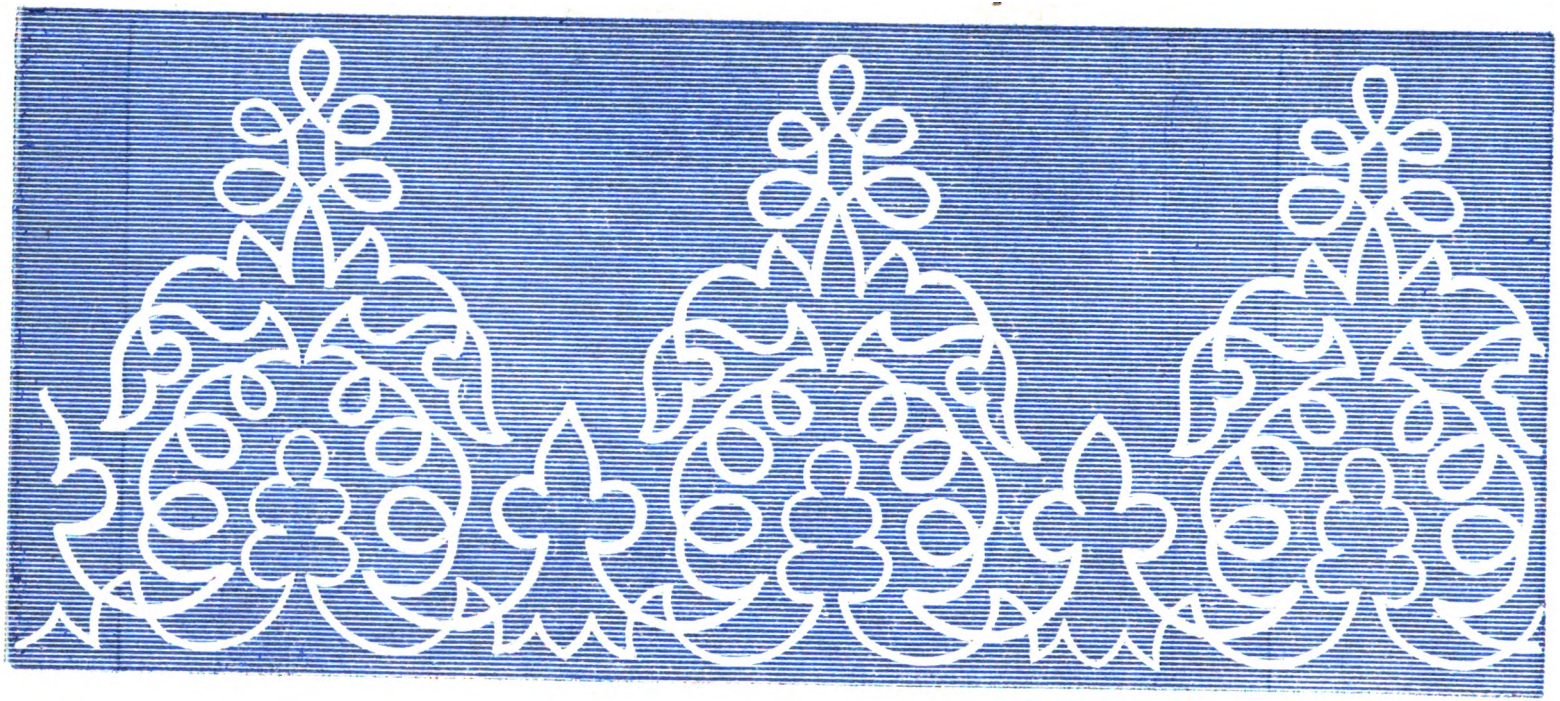

BRAIDING PATTERN.

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CAUGHT!

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No. 1.—Dress of pearl-gray foulard; the first skirt, just touching the ground, is trimmed with three rows of black velvet and a wide guipure lace; second skirt forming a shawl trimmed with two rows of velvet and guipure; the sides are turned back to simulate revers, and fastened to the waistband under a large bow composed of drooping loops and surrounded with guipure. This skirt has a round apron in front trimmed to match. Plain high bodice with braces of black velvet and guipure lace. Hat of Belgian straw with turned-up brim, trimmed with foliage, a gray feather and scarf of black lace.

No. 2. Sleeveless Jacket and Tunic.—These are intended for washing materials, although the jacket could also be made in scarlet flannel or bright velvet, and braided with either gold or soutache, and the costume may be of grenadine. The skirt is trimmed with Russian plaitings, headed with bands of the same, or with braid. The bodice is plain, and the coat-sleeve is trimmed at the wrist to correspond with the skirt.

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MAUVE SILK DRESS, TRIMMED WITH A LIGHTER SHADE OF MAUVE. INSERTION.

There is no style for silk dresses more fashionable at the present time in Paris than those trimmed with lighter shades of the same material and color. This dress is of dark but bright mauve silk, and is trimmed with a lighter shade of the same. The skirt has three plaited flounces, headed by ruches; the revers, gauntlet, cuffs, and frills to both bodice and tunic are all of light silk, likewise the buttons on the bodice.

Another costume was in two shades of stone-colored silk. It was, of course, short, with two flounces round the skirt, made of the lighter shade, edged with the darker; by way of heading were two cross-cut bands—the light on the dark—the dark bound with a French hem of the light, top and bottom; the dark in the same way with the light. These were gathered in the middle, but the fulness was so slight as to be scarcely preceptible. The panier tunic was caught up in the middle of the back with a bow, and at each side. The loose jacket was very short, the basques being cut into a kind of battlemented form, and edged with ruching. The sleeves were finished off at the wrist with a frill, falling on to the hand.

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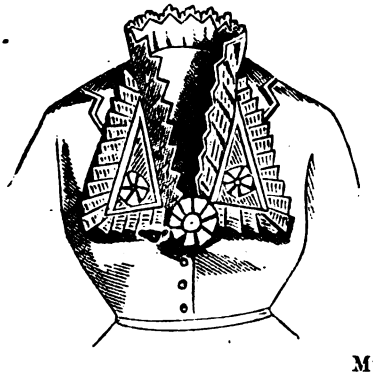
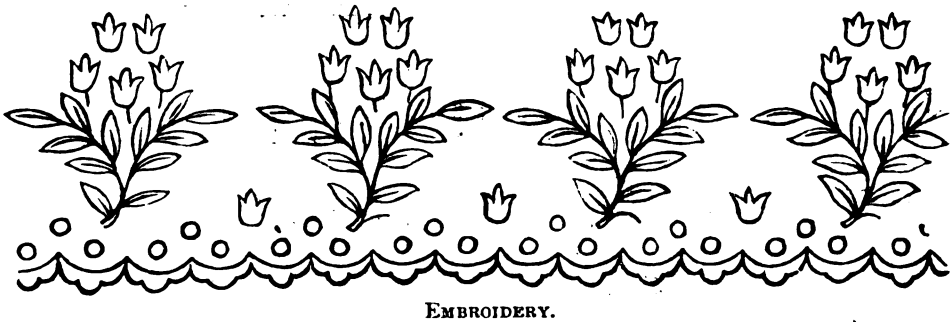
MEDICIS TOQUET HAT of pleated tulle, trimmed with a double pleating of lace round the brim. A white feather, forming an aigrette above two white flowers, with foliage, completes the trimming.

BLACK LACE HEADDRESS, with a rose and light blue faille bow at the side. Lace bow with square ends at the back.



MUSLIN BODICES.



EMBROIDERY.

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[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

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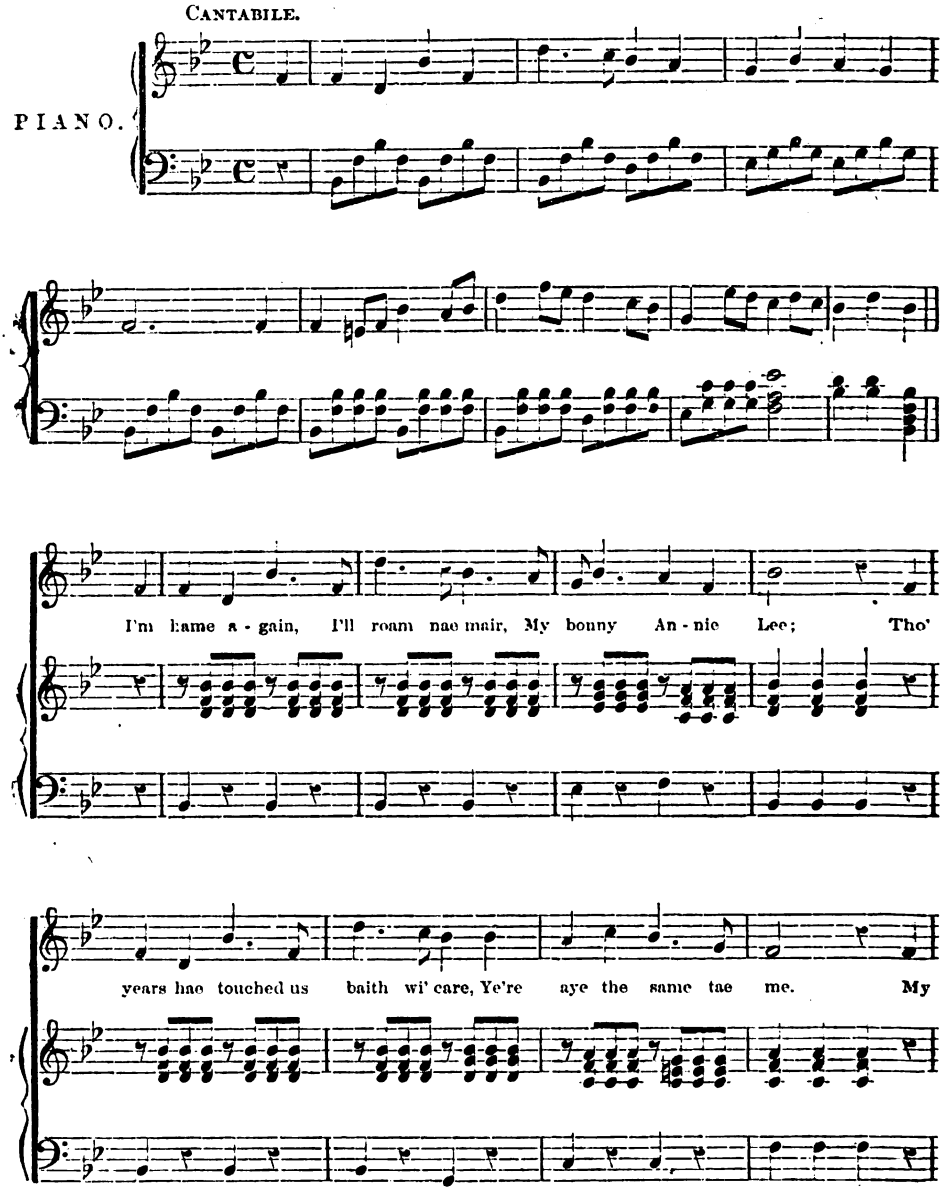

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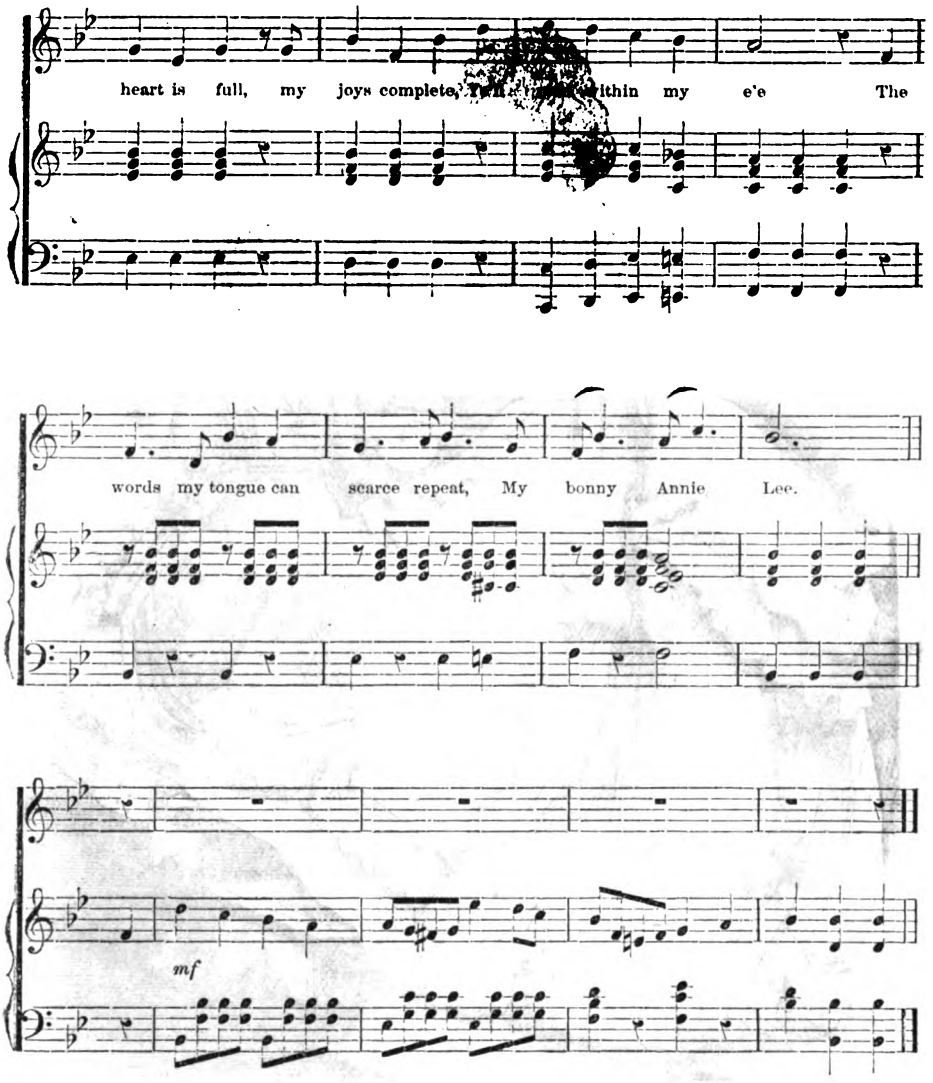

Afar 'neath burning suns I've been,
  Where folks were strange and cold,
I've toiled frae early morn till e'en
  In danger's path for gold.
My task is o'er, 'twas not in vain,
  I won the dross for thee,
And now ye're in my arms again,
  My bonny Annie Lee.

A moment comes to ilka breast,
  When love has touched its bloom,
Though sweeter far than a' the rest,
  Frae childhood tae the tomb.
Alas! that it should e'er depart,
  It cam', I think, tae me,
When close I pressed ye tae my heart,
  My bonny Annie Lee.

When autumn ower the apple flings
  The love it canna speak,
Its ripening touch wi' magic brings
  The blush upon its cheek;
And that sweet face its secret telt,
  A wee bird telt it me,
Some ither heart its blossom felt,
  My bonny Annie Lee.

Oh! wha can cheer the wanderer's lot,
  His life hoo dart and dree,
When winds that whisper, "he's forgot,"
  Come sighing ower the sea?
But ither joys are cauld and tame,
  And blessed thrice is he,
Wha finds in love a welcome hame,
  My bonny Annie Lee.

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No. 1. Lady's Toilet.—A robe of foulard, corn-colored ground, with maroon stripes. It is trimmed with small cross-cut flounces of the same, arranged as shown in illustration, and headed with maroon velvet. Tight-fitting casaque, with two square basques in front, and full behind. Corsage plain, with revers.

No. 2. Little Girl's Dress.—A gray foulard, dotted with red, made with a bias flounce. Tunic of pearl-gray poplin, edged with bias bands, the middle one black velvet. The revers on the corsage are of cherry velvet, bound with gray. Toquet of white straw, with a wreath of flowers.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1870. [No. 8.

MUZZLING THE OX.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

"I do wonder if we shall be invited?" said Helen, as the family sat around the breakfast-table.

"It would be very singular if we were not," replied Adele.

"Singularly *agreeable* to *me*," observed their father.

"I *should* suppose, Mr. Morgan," said his better half austerely, "that you would take a little interest in your own children, and not wish to see them slighted."

Mrs. Morgan was a large woman, not amply endowed with flesh, but powerful in bone and muscle. When she came down upon you, the attack told. Still, her husband rallied sufficiently to attempt an explanation.

"I should be sorry to see that, of course; I suppose it will be pleasant to have the compliment of being asked. All I meant was, that I hoped they would not go."

"Not go!" exclaimed Adele.

"Not go! O *father!*" said Helen in tones of youthful anguish and expostulation.

"Why, Mr. Morgan!" said his wife in her severest tones, "what can you possibly be thinking of?"

Poor man! he knew well enough of what he was thinking; of the expenses which the invitation would bring in its train; of debt, difficulty—perhaps worse things. A person of more force would quietly have laid down the law, and made his fiat respected. But Mrs. Morgan's was the strongest will, and in that house it had the ascendancy. He offered, therefore, no further exposition of his views or feelings, but finished his heavy roll with a heart as heavy, and went off to business.

"I suppose it will be an elegant affair," said Adele. "The idea of father thinking we should stay at home!"

"Perhaps he dreaded the expense," surmised Helen. "I wish we could go without troubling him for any money."

"Don't you wish you could breathe without air?" asked Adele. "O dear! if we were like other people! I am so tired, so utterly weary, of this everlasting counting the cost and going without."

"I'm sure I don't think *you* need complain," said Helen, with a younger sister's sense of the elder's superior privileges of dress and choice.

"Strange that I should," replied Adele satirically, "so lapped in luxury as I am! However, such is my unreasonable whim."

"I don't think," observed Mrs. Morgan, "that the expense need be very serious this time. Helen, I suppose, will wear her blue silk."

Helen made a little grimace of discontent, then laughed.

"Yes," she agreed, rather ruefully. "My poor blue! it has figured at every party I can remember. However, I can't see any help for it. But, mother, I *must* have new gloves and a pair of handsome shoes. My old ones are quite too shabby."

Mrs. Morgan reflected. She had a little fund on hand which she had hoped would meet the emergency; but here was an unexpected call. She demurred, and Helen exhibited her gloves and shoes, which pleaded her cause more strongly than words could do. What then? Well, yes, she *could* take the ten dollars Mr. Morgan had given her a day or two before to buy material for his new set of shirts. To be sure he needed them—but then what is a man's appearance after all? And she was so busy with the girls'

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sewing and a hundred other cares that she should not be able to get at them for a month or more. Perhaps by that time there would be more money, or if not—at any rate, the girls must be respectable.

"Now for your case, Adele," she said, the matter being thus arranged in her own mind. "I think your lemon-colored silk——"

"That old thing!" exclaimed Adele.

"But just listen," interposed the mother anxiously. "If you had an overskirt of puffed tulle, or something of that sort, caught up with flowers, perhaps—we could make it ourselves, and it wouldn't cost much—and the dress would come out quite a new thing."

"Or quite an old thing, furbished up," said Adele contemptuously. "Every one would know it as far as they could see it. And as for the cost, it would cost still less to let it stay as it is."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Morgan, somewhat exasperated, "I thought that with fresh gloves and that handsome fan and handkerchief, it would do quite well enough; but it seems my opinion goes for but little. What are your own plans, since you despise mine so much?"

"It is of very little consequence what they are," said Adele, "if I am to be allowed no means of carrying them out. At any rate, it is hardly worth while to consider them till we know whether we are to be invited."

"I think the dress, as I have planned it, is abundantly good," remarked Mrs. Morgan, by way of finish.

Adele replied not. She reserved her strength for the actual contest, if it should come.

In the course of the day the crisis arrived, with the invitations. Helen was delighted. Her sole dread had been lest they should be overlooked. A new dress would have been felicity indeed; but she was an easy, good-natured girl, who took things as they came, and made the best of them. Adele had a higher sense of her own dignity and requirements. As for going to the Desmonds in that old affair, however it might be revamped, she should not do it.

"It is newer than Helen's blue," expostulated the mother, "and you have had many more dresses than she to vary it with."

"Helen must judge for herself," said Adele coldly. "I have no concern with her toilet. My own gives me quite sufficient occupation."

Napoleon had his Wellington, and Mrs. Morgan had her eldest daughter. To her only did the autocratic will give way.

"You are utterly unreasonable," she said. "I should like to know what would content you."

Adele brightened; she saw a glimmer of daylight. "There is such a lovely rose-colored silk at Lord's," she said. "It would make the sweetest dress—and so becoming!"

"A silk!" exclaimed the mother, aghast. "How can you think of such a thing?"

"We could make it ourselves," pursued Adele, ignoring the interruption. "We need only have Jane in for a day, to fit it and give us an idea of the trimming."

"You are wild, Adele," said her mother. "What do you suppose your father would say? It would be useless to ask him."

"Why should he know anything about it—now, at least. Lord would give us credit, I am certain. He has frequently offered it."

The suggestion had its weight, but Mrs. Morgan hesitated. "Your father has such an aversion to bills," she said. "He is anxious to pay as he goes, his income is so fluctuating."

"It always fluctuates in one direction, I think," remarked Adele bitterly.

"There is all the more need to know what our expenses are, then," returned her mother. A pause ensued.

"I suppose we may consider it settled," pronounced Adele. "Helen can carry my excuses, and I dare say I shall not be missed."

"But I thought you wished so much to go," said the mother, dismayed.

"Of course I did—and do—but not enough to go there and feel uncomfortable and ill dressed all the evening. You don't know the mortifications I have to bear, mother. No one in all our set is poor as we are. No one else has to contrive, and turn, and twist so much."

"It is true," said Mrs. Morgan, sighing. "But you must admit that I do all I can to lighten your discomforts."

"But you cannot prevent them, mother. And it seems as if all our little makeshifts were fated to come out. Now about my lemon-color: Aunt Agnes had worn it so little that it looked like new; but somehow the girls learned all about it. Whether the children told some of their playmates, or whether Jane gossiped, I'm sure I can't tell; but the very first time I wore it Matilda Howell said to me that it must be an excellent piece of silk, it made over so nicely."

"Just like her impertinence!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan. "She is an odious girl!"

"Exactly. And you know what a set she has made at Fred Lansing; if it is a possible thing

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she will have him. And as for going to this party, where every one will come out in fresh, pretty dress, and having *her* look me over and make her remarks, I shall not attempt it."

"I don't know that I can blame you," said the mother. "Well," she added, after a pause, "you may go down to Lord's and look over their goods. I can't indulge you in the silk—that is too much; but if there is any pretty, thin material, not very expensive, you may get it. I ought not to say so, either; still, I don't like you to leave the field clear for Matilda Howell."

Adele did not rest contented with this half victory. She had set her heart on the one especial dress, and that she meant to have. So well did she carry her point, that she was, ere long, on her way down town to make the coveted purchase. The shimmering, shining folds were measured and cut off, and the clerk promised that the package should be sent home immediately. Mrs. Morgan, meanwhile, tried to solace herself by thoughts of saving from the housekeeping money enough to meet the bill. It was a forlorn hope, the family table not admitting of many retrenchments; but it soothed her conscience, which, though not very sensitive, reproached her a little for the treachery of the present move.

Adele hurried home, anxious to be on the ground to meet her treasure and convey it into safe seclusion. Taking her station by a front window, she kept a faithful eye upon the street, ready to dart forth so soon as occasion offered. An hour—two—passed by, but the expected messenger appeared not. Vexed and impatient, she knew not how to wait. As her glance swept the street for the twentieth time, it encountered a figure like the one she sought—a small boy bearing a bundle. She rose, ready to rush to the door and relieve him of his burden ere he should even ring the bell; but as she did so, another form appeared. A gentleman turned the corner with a quick pace that soon gained on the leisurely advance of the small youth. Adele gazed in consternation; it was her father. The two reached the steps together; some few words passed between them; then Mr. Morgan took the bundle and dismissed the boy. Adele ran up stairs to report the disaster.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed.

"Just as you think best," said Mrs. Morgan. "This comes of that absurd pride of yours. If you had brought it home yourself there would have been no trouble."

"I'm sure I don't see why I should do what no other lady ever thinks of doing. And how could I guess that they wouldn't keep their promise? The man said it should be sent immediately."

"Very well," replied her mother. "You have got yourself into the dilemma, and you may get out of it as well as you can."

But when her husband's voice was heard from the hall below, demanding her presence, she relented. She felt that she could face the storm better than could Adele, and so went down. Mr. Morgan stood in the middle of the room.

"What does this mean?" he asked angrily, pointing to the yards of rose-colored silk that trailed from the table along the floor.

"Pray, don't get so excited, Robert," said his wife. "Nora will hear you in the kitchen. It is only Adele's new dress for the Desmonds' party."

"Adele's new dress! And what business has she with a new dress? I told you plainly, but last week, that I was in no condition to incur a single fresh expense. How could you let her do it? But it is not too late yet. I will return the package, and tell them the silk was bought without my knowledge, and that I decline to pay for it."

"Oh! no, Robert," said Mrs. Morgan soothingly, "you won't do that. You would not so mortify your family and bring such discredit on them."

"No," he said, after a moment's reflection; "you are right. I will not. You can always count on my having for you the consideration you never have for me. I couldn't have believed, Mary," he added more quietly, "that you would do such a thing. When you know I am so pressed for money, to encourage the girls in such extravagance as this!"

It was by no means Mrs. Morgan's habit to assume an apologetic tone with her husband; nothing but this unusual vehemence and self-assertion would have moved her to it.

"There is no haste about the matter," she said; "Lord will wait your convenience. He has frequently offered us credit before."

"Yes," he answered, "and I have uniformly refused it. I could not foresee that I was to be drawn, against my express directions, into expense that I am utterly unable to afford. I shall not accept the offer now. I will have no 'accommodations' that will lead to greater embarrassment in the end."

"How shall you manage, then?" asked his wife with some interest.

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"As I have often done before—by denying myself what I really need. I had supposed a new overcoat was something I must have this winter; about which there was no question; but now I shall take the sum I had reserved for it, add what I can, and pay the bill."

Mrs. Morgan really felt some twinges of conscience. Just for the moment it appeared that the provider of the family had some rights which the rest were bound to respect. The old overcoat was certainly past service, and his chest was weak.

"I am sorry, very sorry," she said. "It ought not to have happened. I was to blame. You really need the overcoat. I don't see how you are to do without it."

"Nor I," he answered. "But no matter. There has been enough said. Only remember that this must not happen again."

Ah! if the poor man could but have maintained that tone. For the one evening he was a person of importance, and to be propitiated. Helen brought out his dressing-gown and slippers—old affairs, and faded, but still comfortable; Mrs. Morgan went into the kitchen, and prepared his favorite chocolate. He hardly knew himself in such a pleasant atmosphere, with wife and daughters amiable and obliging, ready to converse or be quiet, as he chose. The influence even lasted over breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Morgan rising earlier than her wont to take a little supervision of the nieal, and provide something that he liked. But after this little break habit resumed its sway. If it were *very* stormy, Mrs. Morgan said to herself, the old overcoat might still be worn, perhaps. And at other times, why, if he walked briskly the exercise would keep him warm. Half the men about town never thought of putting on an overcoat, would consider it in the way. At any rate, the mischief was done, and couldn't be helped now. She was very glad that no allusion had been made to the ten dollars already given her for the shirts. She had trembled lest they should be called for to eke out the sum; and then where would Helen's gloves and shoes have been? A vision of frayed collars and shabby wristbands passed before her at the thought, but she consoled herself with thinking that maybe, by-and-by, when she had time, she would take his wardrobe thoroughly in hand, and mend up and make the best of it. Of course, parents must give place to their children in these matters—she did it herself in a hundred ways.

As for Adele, who had felt nothing on the subject save the embarrassment of a culprit detected in the act, she required no reasoning to reconcile her to the position of affairs. Father had made a very great and unnecessary fuss, seeing that he had the money all the time—and she had carried her point. Jane was soon summoned, and her skill put in requisition. If Adele had needed anything to put her in good humor with herself, the sight of her snowy shoulders rising from the low corsage, and the exquisite sheen of the silk as breadth after breadth was cut off by Jane's dexterous scissors, would have done it.

"I think it will be becoming," she observed with a little sigh of satisfaction, as she surveyed the effect in the mirror.

"Oh! yes," said the ready Jane. "Pink is always becoming to dark hair and eyes."

"Dark hair and eyes are out of fashion," commented Adele.

"Not when they are like yours, Miss Morgan; specially when there's such a white neck and pair of arms to go with them."

"You are quite flattering, Jane," said the young lady, with a smile.

"I? Not at all! I see things as they are. Last week, now, I made up that sea-green for Miss Howell. Such a difference! She had to have the neck cut square, and sleeves to the elbow, with deep ruffles—and even then her arms was so poor I hardly thought we could make it go. 'Law me!' says I, 'what an arm! It aint no bigger than a pipe-stem!' I never meant a bit of harm, only spoke out just what I thought, but she flushed right up, and I saw she didn't like it. But nobody can complain of *your* shape, Miss Morgan; it's easy enough to give *you* a handsome fit."

"Mind you do it, then," said Adele, in high good humor.

The work went on—Adele and the mother both took part—even Helen, who had at first pouted in view of her sister's new splendors, grew interested and did her share. So absorbed were all, that time passed by unheeded.

"Dear me, is that your father?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, hearing a step below. "I haven't thought a word about dinner. But there must be something that Nora can put on. Run down, Helen, and tell her to set out whatever she can find."

The result of this message was seen when the family assembled in the dining-room. A fragment of cold, corned beef, very fat, occupied

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the place of honor; another of cold roast ditto, dry and hard, restored the balance; two or three pieces of turnip, also cold, served as garnish. A dish of hot potatoes and the teapot offered the only cheering points about the meal; and even here the effect was impaired by the fact that the teakettle had not quite boiled when the beverage was made. Mrs. Morgan and the girls, however, were too much occupied with their work to heed the quality of the viands, and, of course, it was no matter for father. His brief period of ascendency was over. They returned up-stairs, and he had the parlors to himself for the evening.

Two or three days of close labor, and the pink silk was complete—panier, and flounce, and sash, and train, in all their glory. Helen gazed, admired, and envied, longing for the time when she, too, should be thus apparelled.

The important evening came, and Adele, as she assured her mother afterward, was fully paid for everything, thereby proving that she placed no exaggerated estimate on her own candor or her father's feelings. She was the unquestioned belle of the occasion; Matilda Howell and the sea-green silk faded into utter insignificance. Fred Lansing was especially devoted, and her triumph was complete.

Nor was it the triumph of a single night. Attentions flowed in upon Adele; she was invited everywhere, and everywhere admired. The evenings at home were gay with callers or small companies of friends; there were cards or music, or now and then a little dancing. Helen shared in these pleasures, if her part were not as conspicuous as her sister's, and to both it was a delightful winter.

To Mrs. Morgan, even these auspicious circumstances had their drawbacks. That the girls were admired and sought after was agreeable indeed—the fulfilment of her most cherished desires. But it involved expenses foreign to their habits. The very increase of the gas-bill was of some moment. Then it would not do to have people sit through a whole evening, even when they dropped in informally, without some offer of refreshment—cake and coffee, at least, or a little ice-cream from the confectioner's a few blocks distant. Slight as these matters were, they called for more money than was always to be found in the slenderly furnished purse. It became convenient to have the ice-cream charged; and this system once begun, there was a temptation to add to the order various pleasant items which would not have been thought of had payment accompanied the purchase. But these were trifles compared with the inevitable expenses of the girls' attire; for inevitable Mrs. Morgan told herself they were. She had shrunk at first from the idea of again incurring bills without her husband's knowledge, but the memory of the former painful scene gradually faded as new exigencies arose from time to time. The girls could not shut themselves up like hermits, and if they went out they must dress to some extent as others did. They worked and turned, contrived and twisted, to the last degree, as it was. Why were they so much worse off than others, and compelled to such devices? Only because their father failed so lamentably in his part. He had the same faculties and opportunities as other men; how did it happen that he made no better use of them? She didn't think when she married, years ago, so young and full of hope, what an experience lay before her! These reflections did not increase her tenderness toward the delinquent. He would manage the bills somehow when they came in, she decided; and at any rate there was no help for it. Besides, one of the girls would soon be off their hands. Fred Lansing's attentions were becoming so very particular; and, once married to him, Adele would lack for nothing.

Among so many hopes, so many differing cares, it is no wonder that the time for repairing her husband's wardrobe never came. It was all one could do to snatch a few minutes now and then to sew on an indispensable button or catch together the edges of a too conspicuous fracture. Attention to minor matters of comfort could not, of course, be thought of. Cold tea and muddy coffee, steak burnt or underdone, as Nora chanced to serve it, poor bread or heavy cakes; such was the order of the day. Anything would do for father; he was not particular! Little heed was given to the fact that his evenings were often spent away from home; indeed, it was rather a convenience than otherwise to have him absent, for he was not a very ornamental addition to the gay circle in the parlor. No one noticed, either, how very worn and weary he was looking. The girls might, indeed, hear a cough sound from his room as they came home late at night from some festivity, or Mrs. Morgan be disturbed in her slumbers by the same cause, but it excited no solicitude. He was always ailing, and it was not thought to be anything out of the ordinary way.

Thus the winter went on, and an entertainment of unusual brilliancy was to be given.

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Both the girls had exhausted their list of wearables, yet staying at home was by no means to be thought of. It was a peculiarity of their experience that each occasion as it arose, became the one important and impossible to be passed over. Anything else might be given up, but never this. Mrs. Morgan trembled to think what the bill at Lord's might be by this time; still, the girls *must* be respectable. A puffed Suisse muslin would do for Helen; Adele was indulged in a long-coveted gauze. The delivery of the goods was discreetly managed this time, and no annoying *contretemps* occurred. The work went on swiftly and prosperously, the dresses were enchantingly becoming; all promised to be as successful as the heart of woman could desire. Meanwhile Mrs. Morgan made a discovery.

"Girls," she said, "where do you suppose your father spends his evenings?"

They professed their ignorance.

"He is down at the office making up accounts; Laurence's people wanted help about their books, and he is doing it in over-hours. It was by the merest accident I found it out. I don't believe he meant that I should know."

"But, mother, it will be a good thing, will it not?" asked Adele.

"Yes, of course, they will pay him well. I must say I think it rather hard that he should have kept it from me. I might have been spared a great many anxious hours this winter." But the relief, late as it was in coming, proved most welcome; on the strength of it, Helen renewed her petition for a sash and was favorably answered.

On the day of the party, Mr. Morgan arose feeling very ill; after an attempt at breakfast he found himself unable to proceed down town, and returned to bed.

"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Morgan to the girls, "that I forgot that mustard-plaster last night. He asked me to make it, but we were so busy finishing off Helen's skirt that it entirely slipped my mind. I will attend to it at once; your things are all ready, fortunately, so that I can have a little breathing-space."

The mustard was applied, and relieved in some degree the pain in the chest, but it did not calm the pulse nor reduce the fever. Mrs. Morgan bathed the sufferer's forehead, and felt disturbed and anxious. It seemed like something more than a passing ailment—and yet, how could the girls give up their party? After all the trouble, the expense! It was not to be thought of. They should go early, and as soon as they were fairly out of the house she would send for the doctor.

By noon she was afraid to wait. The physician was summoned, and pronounced his patient in the utmost danger. The girls were forced to give up their party; the vapory Suisse and the shining gauze hung side by side in the closet, while their owners alternately bewailed the loss of the evening's pleasure, and, half terrified, asked themselves how all this was to end?

They were not long left in doubt. After a week or two the fever subsided, the moanings of pain were hushed, and the weary, overworked father was at rest. The calamity was overwhelming. No one, through all these years, had dreamed of such a thing; had ever imagined that he could do otherwise than go on and on, wearing away life and strength in his thankless servitude, yet still holding out to bear his burdens. Now he had laid them down, and some one else must bear them in future.

But first came the funeral. It was not extravagant, yet everything was suitable and handsome. There might have been a sort of grim satire to those who knew the family history, in the careful fulfilment of every requisite of the mournful occasion. Poor Mr. Morgan! His cloth had been threadbare, his linen shabby and worn, but the rosewood and silver plate of his last couch were unexceptionable.

When all was over, the widow and her girls had leisure to study their position. The bills came in, and the "some how," which looked so practicable when the father had it to devise, proved a terrible problem to themselves. As for the funeral expenses, they were just met by that extra night-work which had helped to bring on the last fatal illness.

"If your poor father had only had the forethought to insure his life," said Mrs. Morgan. "Most men, situated as he was, would have looked ahead a little, and tried to secure something for their families. But that was never his way, you know."

"What *are* we to do, mamma?" asked Adele.

"I can see nothing for us but to take in boarders. Fortunately we own the house, and we could turn our furniture to better account in that way than to sell it."

"O mother!" cried both the girls. There was a world of pain, remonstrance, entreaty in the tone.

"I can't help it," she said gloomily. "What else is there?"

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"Wait a little while, at any rate," suggested Adele. "Cannot you make a visit somewhere for the summer? I could stay with the Burnets for a few weeks. Perhaps all may turn out better than you expect."

Mrs. Morgan shook her head. "I know what you are thinking of, but I don't believe it is of any use. He would have been here long before now, if he were in earnest. No," she added bitterly, "people in our circumstances must look to themselves for help. I used to think we had some friends, but this trouble has driven them entirely out of sight."

"Still," said Adele coaxingly, 'we might try."

"Well, since you wish it so much," the mother conceded, "Helen and I can make a short visit at your Uncle Robert's; only a short one, for we cannot afford to remain idle. But I warn you not to set your heart on the result."

These forebodings were verified. If Fred Lansing had merely liked the society of a pretty girl, or if he had imagined deeper feelings, which the sudden presence of calamity showed him to be really light and meaningless, none could say; but his attentions never were renewed. Mrs. Morgan and Helen returned from their visit, and the dreaded step could no longer be delayed. Adele sought for music-scholars, her mother announced herself ready to receive boarders; Helen would assist in household duties. It did not follow that they should succeed at once, even though they had given pride to the winds. Neither boarders nor music-scholars were to be had for the mere wishing. There were days of anxious waiting; but in time the rooms began to fill, and a few scholars were secured. Slowly the small profits flowed in. The utmost economy was necessary, that every available dollar might be applied upon those fearful bills. How often did the three discouraged women look back upon the previous year with wonder at their murmurings and discontent. What a comfortable sum now seemed that income which they had formerly stigmatized as so paltry, so insufficient; how important in their eves looked that worn figure which had been passed over as of such small account in the scheme of life. If father were only here again, they thought, they should know how to prize him.

They could have what faith they liked in the value of such feelings; father did not return to test their long delayed regard. He slept on quietly beneath his narrow mound, and they were left to fight the battle of life as best they could without him.

MABEL VAUGHN.

BY U. D. THOMAS.

Do I sigh, Mabel Vaughn,
That I ever have met you?
No: your spells are withdrawn,
But I will not forget you;
I will think of you now
With a pitying sorrow,
For my dark grief to-day
Will be yours on the morrow.

Soon will summer be past
With its sunshine and flowers,
And the chill autumn blast
Will invade your sweet bowers;
You will shiver and shrink
From the troth you have plighted,
And still more at the thought
Of the life you have blighted.

When you stand a pale bride,
With your robes round you trailing,
You will shrink in your pride;
Hope and faith unavailing,
While your tremulous heart—
At the vows you have taken—
Grows as cold as the love
You have madly forsaken.

And when he, fond and bold
At love's blissful beginning,
Has grown careless and cold,
And persistently sinning;
When your sweet dream has closed
In a terrible waking,
You will think of me then,
While your young heart is breaking.

When your heart, sad and lone,
Pines for wonted caresses;
While the wintry winds moan
Dropping snow on your tresses;
When the love you have sought
Can be trusted no longer,
You will think of me then,
As the wronged, not the wronger.

Though with memories sad,
I still think of you kindly,
In my soul, I am glad,
That I loved you so blindly;
You may doubt, if you will,
I am nothing but human—
I would die—freely die—
For a false-hearted woman.

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LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I think Edith St. Ledger was the haughtiest, proudest woman I ever saw. I do not believe in pride of any description. Let us have unlimited self-respect, and something of self-esteem, but no pride; for all pride is false and sinful in the sight of Heaven.

Yet Edith St. Ledger had it in almost every form. She was born with a taint of it, and it had been the daily and hourly lesson taught her by her proud father, until, at twenty-one years of age, she was all his vain old heart could desire.

She was proud of her ancient and romantic name, brought down through many generations from a princess whose beauty and accomplishments had made her the envy of queens; proud of her aristocratic home, of her untarnished name, of her own fair self. Indeed, like Miss MacBride,

"She was proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride."

Yet she was not at all supercilious or overbearing, with all her pride: she was too well-bred and *too proud* for that. And she had many friends, though no intimates; and she had had many offers, as one so fair and attractive must needs have—eligible ones, too: young Wallace, son of a retired merchant and worth half a million—spotless integrity, and the beauty of an Apollo; Carrol James, widower, rolling in wealth; Albert MacLeon, wealthy, and a scion of nobility. But Edith St. Ledger turned haughtily away from these and many others, and still sat beneath her father's roof, "in maiden meditation, fancy free." "Waiting for a king in a golden chariot, drawn by twenty-four steeds, to come and call for her." So said some.

But whatever the cause might be, I was very glad that she still sat there, on one morning in June when I received a note from her.

"It is very lonely here just now," she wrote, "and I am pining for something of society. I want you and a few friends to come down for a fortnight or three weeks. The country is at its best, and I promise you a pleasant visit. Jerrold extends an invitation to your brother, and requests him to bring a few of his friends."

Jerrold was Miss St. Ledger's brother, a gay, pleasant youth, one year younger than his sister, and with only a small portion of the family pride.

I showed the letter to John. "We will go, of course?" I asked.

"Of course," John responded. "It seems to me Miss Edith has come down a peg, to ask us and we ought to encourage her in her efforts to reform. Yes, we'll go. I will take Charley Dorris, Jerome Leicester, Leander Covil, and Ben West. That will be just a nice little company."

"Ben West!" I exclaimed. "Why, John, he mustn't go."

"I'd like to know why?" demanded John.

"Plain enough," I answered; "he is neither rich nor aristocratic, and is not at all of the St. Ledger set. He is a wild, reckless wag and wit, and I am sure they will never forgive you if he goes."

"I can't help it, then," said John. "Jerrold said bring some friends, and Ben West is my best friend, and he goes, if *I* do."

I was vexed and alarmed, but knew it was useless to say more. Ben West, the wildest, strangest, most unceremonious of mortals, who had nothing but his handsome face and his wit to recommend him! *he* to be a guest of the St. Ledgers. "Not a bad fellow, I guess," people said of him, but so peculiar—but so wild," always the after clause following whatever meagre praise had been bestowed.

That he was peculiar, was undeniable. He had been half around the world, and worked his passage all the way. He had been expelled from college when not half way through for non-obeyance of rules; had studied for law and medicine, and after six months at each, discovered that neither was congenial to his tastes. Then he became a temperance lecturer. Ben's father had died a drunkard, and I used to think his only serious and earnest thoughts were upon the temperance question. At length he took to farming, and in this he succeeded well, and as he told us, had one of the best farms in the West. But he tired of that, and, renting his farm, came East, and was now clerk in a mercantile establishment. Brother John was a partner in the house, and I think this clerk was dearer to him than any of his upper ten friends. And it was through this that Ben West got into our set. He never sought it, never was presuming or familiar in any way. But there was not a man of my acquaintance that carried his head any higher than Ben West. And somehow he commanded respect, with all his wild ways and careless witticisms.

Nevertheless, I shivered a little when he was

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introduced to Edith St. Ledger. But he carried himself like an emperor, and Edith was as coldly gracious as to Leander Covil, the millionaire.

"Perhaps she doesn't know who he is," I thought, and dreaded the time when she should. Not that she would be at all uncivil, or by word or deed express her displeasure; but I felt that John and I would surely lose favor in her eyes; and she was *such* an aristocratic friend for one to claim. I was only a silly city girl, you know.

We chanced to stand by the hall door that evening, when Mr. St. Ledger and lady, and brother John, came from the garden.

"Who is this Mr. West, John? He is the only gentleman of the party I have never seen."

It was the even voice of Mr. St. Ledger. I watched Edith's face as the answer came—"One of my clerks; the best fellow that breathes"—but her face was cold and reserved as ever.

"A clerk! Ah! he must be quite remarkable to deserve such praise from you, Mr. Defoe." And I knew his old heart was shut forever to Ben West by his freezing tone.

"This is the gentleman who has pursued so many different vocations, and is altogether so peculiar, is it not, whom I heard your brother speak of last winter?"

It was Edith St. Ledger who spoke, and I saw now that she knew Ben's history.

"Yes," I said, "and I ought to apologize for his presence. He is not of our set; but John calls him his best friend, and was determined to bring him. I was much opposed to it."

"It is damp here in the air; let us go in," and Edith closed the door and turned toward the parlor.

So the conversation ended, and I was no nearer her feelings upon the subject than before.

The next morning we entered upon the pleasures we had planned. There was an exploring expedition to the woods in search of a suitable spot for a prospective picnic.

Miss St. Ledger was unusually brilliant that day, and Leander Covil lingered at her side, spellbound. Everybody knew the bachelor millionaire was "head and ears" in love with Miss St. Ledger. And everybody knew that Miss St. Ledger was as cold to him as she had been to his predecessors. Coquetry was not her line. Her lovers need never be in doubt concerning her feelings, for that cold look in the clear eyes, and the proud turn of the head, meant "*no*" as surely as the spoken word did. And yet they never *would* believe it until it came from her lips.

She was icily cold to Leander Covil that day. I walked just behind them, and saw it all. Every attempt at a compliment was met with that proud curve of the neck and head. And I said to myself—"His fate is sealed, and why can't he see it."

We had prepared ourselves with small baskets containing dinner, to be eaten in the woods. Our respective escorts carried them, but Miss St. Ledger held her own.

"I beg of you, let me carry that," pleaded Mr. Covil for the third time.

"Let us all rest under this tree," was Miss St. Ledger's only response. And there was a general halt along the line, and a rest of a few moments.

"Come, laggards," cried Ben West, starting up, "I am in haste to reach the wood. Let us go on and get dinner."

Everybody laughed, as they always did when Ben West spoke. He said so many funny things that people were always prepared for them, and laughed whatever the words proved to be.

"Mr. West," called the voice of Edith St. Ledger, and all the conversation was hushed to listen.

Mr. West turned courteously. "Well, Miss St. Ledger?"

"Will you be so kind as to carry my basket—it is getting tiresome?"

"With the greatest pleasure," and Ben West resumed his place with the basket in hand.

No wonder there was a moment's silence, and Leander Covil's lip curled. For who ever knew the proud Edith to ask a favor of any man before?

We reached the wood, and our escorts resigned the baskets for us to prepare lunch, while they cleared away underbrush.

"Ah!" sighed Ben, as he seated himself in the circle around the dainty feast. "It was the thought of this moment that strengthened me through our weary pilgrimage. This was the beacon light luring me on—this the staff on which I leaned."

A general laugh went around, but Mr. Covil curled his lip.

"What a clown the fellow is!" he said, just loud enough for Miss St. Ledger's ears.

I saw her curve her neck, and when we returned she walked with Ben West.

The next day we had an equestrian excursion. Mr. Covil sought my side—to pique Edith, I thought. But she rode on, seemingly unconscious, with Jerome Leicester, until his girths

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had to be tightened, when Ben West, who had ridden alone, filled the vacancy.

I heard Edith St. Ledger laugh as she had never laughed before that day; and I wondered if she had really turned coquette. He did not seek her side on our return, and she rode with Charles Dorris, her old, proud self again.

Our picnic came off in due time, just when strawberries were ripe. It was largely attended, and Ben West was the life of the company. It was that day I read the proud heart of Edith St. Ledger. We were standing together, with Mr. Covil, under an oak, a little apart from the others. Ben had said something terribly funny, in that grave way of his, and there was a perfect shout of laughter raised.

"What a brainless clown that West is," Covil said. "I believe he never had a serious or sensible thought in his life."

Edith St. Ledger turned away her face, and seemed to be looking at a group of children. But I saw a deep, quick color rise to her face, her lips quivered, and her large, cold eyes grew warm, and filled with tears. And then I knew that Edith St. Ledger loved Ben West.

They did not seek each other's society after this, openly, at least; and I think I was the only one of the party who had a suspicion of her secret.

It was the third week of our visit, and we were to start cityward in two days. Ben West was not going back with us. He had received communications from the West, and must return to his farm.

I was out in the garden, sitting just outside a rustic arbor. It was late twilight, and I did not see that there were forms approaching until I heard the voice of Ben West and Edith St. Ledger as they entered the arbor. Well, I could have gone away, but I sat still and listened. And dare you say you would not have done the same?

"I was mad, crazed, I know, ever to think of you," I heard Ben West say. "But I did think of you—and to think of you is to love you. I give to you the first and the last love of my heart. I did not know I *could* love until I saw you. I know now I am not the shallow, senseless clown you think, Edith St. Ledger. I sometimes feel like grinding these men who sneer and scoff at me under my heel, knowing and feeling that, in the sight of God, I live a better life than they. The mortal does not live—never lived—who could say I ever harmed soul or body. And many a one *does* live, thank God, who thinks kindly and gratefully of me to-day. I tell you this not to boast, but because I cannot bear to go away, never to see you again, without telling you what I *am*, not what I seem." He paused here, and I heard the voice of Edith, low and tremulous.

"I have not thought as harshly of you as you think I have thought. I think——" and something of a sob choked her speech.

"Edith, can it be—O Edith!" and I knew that Benjamin West was a happier man just then than he ever dreamed of being on earth.

The silence was broken by him. "I go West to-morrow night on the twelve o'clock train. I have a humble, a very humble home to offer you. There will be no voice to bid you God speed; but will you go with me."

"If I go, it must be without the consent of parents or friends. You know what they would say. I love you, I love you—but, oh! how can I leave them all?" She broke off, weeping softly.

"You must think of this, Edith, and do just as your heart tells you. I offer you my whole life, and God knows I will tenderly care for you. But do not come unless you can give yourself in love and faith to my keeping. I shall bid farewell to my friends to-morrow evening. If you say 'good-by,' I shall know it is forever. If only 'good-night,' I shall know what it means, and at eleven I will be in the lane with a carriage. Good-night, Edith," and he kissed her and was gone.

The next evening the gentlemen lingered long over their wine.

"Come, Ben, drink with us this last night of a pleasant month," cried young St. Ledger, holding up a glass invitingly.

"I *never* drink wine, or any liquor whatever," I heard Ben answer as we passed out of the room. And a beautiful flush of joy and content stole over Edith's face.

An hour later, Ben West made his adieux. He passed around the room, shaking hands and speaking words of farewell, and came to Edith last.

"I may never see you again, Miss St. Ledger," he said quietly; but I saw his hand tremble and his face quiver. "Good-by." And I held my breath to hear her response. It was low, and not audible across the room.

"Good-night, Mr. West. I trust we shall meet again," and she gave him her hand. And I alone knew the emotions of those two hearts.

I did not retire with the household that night, but waited in my room till almost eleven. Then I stole softly down to the hall, just as Edith St.

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Ledger, cloaked and veiled, was gliding through the door. I laid my hand on her arm.

"Hush!" I said, as she started in terror. "I heard all in the arbor to-night, and I want to ask you if you know what this step means. No more ease and idleness, luxury and pleasure. Ben West is a poor man and a farmer."

"Yes," she said, "I know. It means a better life than I have lived. It means something nobler than I have ever known. Ben West is the only man I ever loved, and I am going with him. Good-night." And she was gone.

"'She is won; they are off over bank, bush, and scaur. They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar," I said to myself as I sought my pillow.

You can imagine the next morning. A little note told the story, and Edith St. Ledger's haughty father crushed it under his heel, and cursed his daughter forever.

But curses are not as fatal and terrible as they used to be in this cursing age. For Edith West is very, very happy, she writes me, and her husband is dearer to her every day, and her beautiful children are the flowers of the West. And she hasn't a bit of pride left. Besides all this, her father and mother were out to visit her last fall, and he brought back with him, and showed me proudly, a curl of "the baby's" hair. So it ends like a fairy tale, you see. Surely, love casteth out pride.

FAREWELL.

BY MIRIAM EARLE.

Farewell, my muse, my wayward muse, it almost breaks my heart,
Thy tender eyes are humid, too, that thou and I must part;
I cannot sing the songs you bring, I cannot strike the lyre,
Nor pour into the strains you ask a new Promethean fire.
Thy haunting face will follow me through all the dreary years,
No mortal eye shall ever see the wrestling and the tears,
I fret not at what Fate has sealed, 'tis easy to foretell,
All life's enchanting promises I bid with thee farewell.
I put aside the rainbow dreams thy dear hand helped me weave,
And strip Imagination's form of all that can deceive,
And placing Duty on the throne from which Ambition fell,
Live up my firm and last resolve—farewell, a long farewell.
Thy touch ay gave the fervid suns their grandest, golden glow,
Thy voice bade all the little streams in softer numbers flow,
Unfolding fairy tales for me in deeply shaded dell—
Be still, my heart, what matters it, followed with sad farewell?
Thy whispers in the summer winds made them a glad refrain,
My waiting ears shall never hear the sound on earth again.
Thy birds in lofty, swaying trees of dingle copse and fell,
No more will sing the glad old songs, no more glad stories tell;
Thy breath gave snowy hawthorn flowers their subtile, sweet perfume,
And hung on every leafy bower an Oriental bloom;
Thy wild rose in the dusty hedge breathed fragrance all the day,
To cheer the sturdy farmers' boys at work across the way.
Thou gavest the buttercups their gleam, the meadow pinks their hue,
And where thine angel footsteps pressed sprang up the violets blue;
Thy magic hand, that ne'er forgot to wind a witching spell
'Round all life's humble, common things, is waved in mute farewell.
My sky henceforth is but the sky the most of people see,
And sighing winds and blue sea-waves have lost their minstrelsy.
In quiet glens, by mossy hills, where we were wont to rove,
I bury all the memories of my unsanctioned love;
My world will be a workhouse where mortals strive for bread,
'Till kindred bear their bodies out, and say that they are dead;
And if they leave a great estate in stocks, and bonds, and gold,
On monumental marble is the stately story told.
Now take thine everlasting flight, my bright-winged angel, go—
Over what has, what might have been, let Lethean waters flow;
Perhaps my harp on Zion's hill the unfinished strain may swell—
Until the Resurrection Day, farewell—a last farewell.

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HOWARD DANE'S FEAST.

BY MADGE CARROL.

A tiny cottage, framed in vine-leaves and sweet evening glooms, a little window from which an amber glow streams out, touching leaf and tendril with vivid color—this is the picture, and this is the voice the picture takes in the twilight hush of the September night:

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy rich neighbors: lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind;

"And thou shalt be blessed: for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

As I listen, knowing the while I have no call to do so—picture and voice are not for me—memory matches both with what my life once held, but never shall hold again.

A small room, sparely furnished, with a bed in it, and embers burning low upon the hearth. This little heap pales and glows, now lighting up two figures close beside it, now leaving them in shadow—two figures, mother and son.

The woman resting in the dying firelight after a day of toil—toil that has left an ache in her back and a heated, sodden feeling in her hands—is my mother, and the boy in the skimped jacket, holding those poor hands, myself.

Says the elder voice in the picture memory brings me:

"We have used our three logs already, and it is only eight o'clock. We are extravagant tonight."

"We are not, our fire is; it knows my wages have been raised from one dollar to a dollar and a half, and went wild over it, as I did."

"Yes; I never knew the old hearth so cheerful; but suppose we read our verses now and get to bed."

It was my mother's custom to open the Bible at random and read the first three verses her eyes lighted on. Afterward we talked them over a bit before going to sleep.

The night memory hung this picture in her haunted halls, mother lit the candle and read the very words that meet me here. Her low, sympathetic tones—true mother-tones—rested in the lines, just as this voice seems to do.

"Call the poor, the lame, the blind," says the boy in the skimped jacket, who is myself; "that is just what I mean to do when I am rich enough to make a feast, mother. I will then come back here and ask these poor families about us to a grand dinner at my big house. Not for the recompense hereafter, you know. I think it would be recompense enough to see that for once the poor shoemaker, the lame tailor, and blind brushmaker, got enough to eat, not only for themselves, but for their children. Then there's Lovice, the little girl who lives at the court's corner with her grandmother, and sews stockings all day long. I always fancy she looks hungry when I go by with my dinner bundle. Once I handed her a cracker, but the grandmother snatched it for herself. I never tried again, for I don't care about feeding her grandmother; folks say she has heaps of money hid away. Do you know, mother, every morning when I pass the window where Lovice sits I think of angels."

"So do I, my son, because she reminds me of three little baby girls who went to heaven before father, and were spared the pain of knowing what hardship and hunger is, as Lovice does, and as they must have done if they were living now. Little Lovice is as good as she is pretty, I am very sure, for I study her face and ways very often, thinking of those baby graves at the end of the churchyard."

"You must have seen then how on clear mornings the sun seems reaching over the brewery sheds just on purpose to touch her lovely hair, and even when there is no sun there seems to be a glory around her head such as we see in pictures around the heads of saints and angels. Oh! yes, mother, my feasts shall always be for the poor, and I think I should enjoy them more if at every one some one sat like Lovice, with a glory around her head."

A few words in reply from the mother voice, then the light goes out just as this light is gone from the rose-curtained window here, and I am alone under the stars, confronting my life as it reads from that day.

Long ago my mother wearied out with toil and went to rest beside the four graves in the churchyard corner; long ago I laid by that boy self and won my way to wealth and power; long

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ago those dream-plans of doing good faded out under the delirium of being great—still, not so very long ago, connting time, not by heart throbs, but by the slow procession of years. The third decade is yet incomplete since I, a boy of ten, sat beside the dying embers, and spread out my feast in fancy for the poor.

I cannot tell what led my steps this way, and set them here beside this cottage so like a Swiss toy tossed among fragrant garden tangles. In quite an opposite direction a gay party await the man of means and leisure, who has idled over half the globe. What brings him here into this rural roadway, and sent those words afloat on the silence of the autumn night? I cannot tell, but somehow the present man drops away like a garment, and it is Howard Dane who grasps these tendrilled palings, and the voice I have heard is the dear mother voice that always set me right.

Up to the stars that seem to lean and listen, I look and say, "Mother, the poor shall yet sit down to Howard Dane's feast."

—

The time for my feast, my birthday, is drawing near, and it finds many of the guests I fixed on in the long gone years beyond the reach of my laggard hospitality.

"Sales, the shoemaker? He died of want, they say. I don't know where his family is. The brushmaker and his poor wife, she went blind too, were burnt up in a big fire fourteen years ago. Their son died in the almshouse. The daughter's at service somewhere in the city, I don't just remember where. Todd, the tailor, he's at it yet in the same old shed, his wife bedridden with rheumatism and half a dozen grandchildren to provide for. Lovice Lyle? Did you never hear about that? The old gran'ther died and left money, just as I always said she would, and Lovice got it all, anybody more deserving I never knew. She never forgot old friends, I tell you, though she was long coming into her good luck, and was dragged here and there by the old woman, who fancied somebody was going to kill her for what she had. Oh! yes, I know where she is now; she lives in a bit of a house down on what used to be the Gardens, with two of Todd's grandchildren and some old couple, don't know where she picked them up, to keep her company. What sort of a house? Rather a fancy dove-cote of a place. You see it just as you turn into the lane that used to lead to the Gardens."

No need of further description! It was before me last night, with its bowery vines amber-kindled, and the voice that came to me in the darkness was the voice of the little girl I knew in my long-gone boyhood—the voice of Lovice Lyle, who sewed stockings at the window's side, and caught heaven's glory on her golden hair.

"Not married? no. Glad I am to say it. She's too good for the best man that ever walked, or"—with an attempt at facetiousness—"rode either. Mr. Dane—" the wrinkled dame who knew and loved my mother is in thorough earnest—"I could tell you things about her that would make you think whenever you see that bright hair of hers—as I do—that she's got the crown already, and you see it sparkling there."

"Tell me about her." I speak quietly enough, but my whole soul is in a glow. "I like to hear about good people."

Mrs. Weckerly, glad to prove the sweet works and ways of her favorite, detains a ready listener until the fiery billows in the wildering west roll by, giving place to pure, violet calms, dropped with starry eyes.

Of the dear Christ it is written, "He went about doing good." No studied, stately phrase, no fulsome panegyric, beclouds the gospel page or comes between the simplest understanding and this—"He went about doing good." Therefore, I lay aside all other words for these, saying simply of Lovice Lyle's life—"She went about doing good." No higher praise can ever be laid upon the shrine of her sweet womanliness.

The close of this interview sees me fully resolved upon seeking the mistress of that vine-embowered dove-cote, and leaving, if I may, in her wise and womanly hands the arrangements for my tardy feast.

—

She has been here! Why does my heart hold this fact so fast? *Is* here, I should rather say. Since my return from Europe I have given several entertainments, in these my bachelor apartments, where the soft voices of matron and maid mingled with the sterner ones of my own sex, when their mirrors reflected the gauze and the gold of the butterfly daughters of fashion, and this violet lustre touched the woven wonders of their hair—yet, when they were gone they were gone, my bachelor seclusion was complete. When the carriage door closed upon the pearls and flounces of Inez Angler, with whose name they so perversely link mine, my house, and my thought also closed upon her. Her image, pretty and dainty as I doubt not it would have been, never came back to flit about my room,

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to press with locks of red gold the "velvet violet lining" of these chairs, or question me with great, speaking eyes. But this woman, this Lovice Lyle, with the soft, seraph hair, and eyes that challenge my soul, she went out into the sunshine with Mrs. Weckerly, but returned again, not in flesh but in spirit. In that spirit's presence I drop my years and my riches, and go back into the boyhood once my own. In one hand beats the pulse of that boyhood's early hopes, loving dreams and pure ambitions, in the other, I am conscious the while of holding the means and the power to make these visions true. "Wilt thou?" Thus questions this presence, this soul of Lovice Lyle, that seeks me in my solitude ,andtroubles the depths of my being with her angel hand.

—

Again—in spirit and in truth! The sunlight sifted through violet curtains falling softly on her bright crown of hair, her large eyes questioning mine. My walls arehung with the pictured gems of many lands, each carven niche contains a marble marvel—a hundred glittering, costly trifles tempt the eye on either hand, but her gaze seldom wanders from its sad, sweet scrutiny, and a strange timidity causes mine to falter and fall away.

I am familiar with the aspect of woman's beauty as developed by every clime—have dallied with many a hand, dusk and lily—drunk the splendor of many a melting eye, black, bronze or blue—have tasted the kisses of many a merry maid, but before this clear-eyed woman, this Lovice Lyle, whom I once knew as a little stocking-sewer at a dirty court's corner, I am as awkward as the boy in the skimped trousers and jacket ever was in his most awkward moments. Inez Angler would open her bronze eyes, and toss the red gold of her hair in amazement and disdain had I ever been half as guilty in her presence.

While Lovice consults Mrs. Weckerly across the room I keep apart on purpose to watch her, and watching thus, fall to contrasting her with the women I have known since mother wearied of her work and went to rest. In most special contrast comes Inez, Inez Angler, whom the gay, gossipy world has given to me. Stand there, Inez, in your butterfly beauty, you with the warm hair and bronze-brown eyes, glowing with voluptuous color—you with the Titania daintiness and bewilderment of attire, match yourself with this graceful, placid woman with the angel hair and brow in her simple lawn of gentian blue and nun-like bands at throat and wrist.

"It is not good for man to be alone. I will make him an helpmeet for him."

A plain, Bible text, it reaches out and surrounds Lovice Lyle as with a halo.

The world has given me Inez Angler, will kindly heaven vouchsafe me Lovice Lyle instead?

—

"This is the gentleman who has given us all these good things," says Mrs. Weckerly to Todd's grandchild. "I want you to thank him nicely, for it was ever so kind in him to go to so much trouble."

Dessert is on the table, and we three, Mrs. Weckerly, Lovice, and I, have retreated to a small alcove draped with curtains.

The little boy, *her protegé*, looks fixedly at me a moment, then says—"Ganny say, God send ma Lovey man good 'nough some day, *you!*"

Under the violet velvet cloud I turn, and ask her—"Am I?"

She lifts her face, serene yet radiant—"I think so."

Heaven comes down under the violet curtain's cloud. I kneel one moment at her blessed feet, my head upon her hand, then I rise and say—"Heaven helping me I will be."

My vow has been kept, the wish of my boyhood granted, the poor have sat at my table for the first time, not the last, and here ever after—until death do us part—oh! happy man that I am, whenever under my roof a feast is spread, some one, like the little stocking-sewer, shall sit there with a glory around her head, and her name will be Lovice Dane.

NEW SONNET—WORK.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Like coral insects multitudinous
  The minutes are whereof our life is made.
  They build it up as in the deep's blue shade
It grows, it comes to light, and then, and thus
For both there is an end. The populous
  Sea-blossoms close, our minutes that have paid
  Life's debt of work are spent; the work is laid
Before their feet that shall come after us.
We may not stay to watch if it will speed,
  The bard if on some luter's string his song
Live sweetly yet; the hero if his star
Doth shine. Work is its own best earthly meed,
  Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom afar.

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"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

BY SOMEBODY.

"You will go to the ball, Lewellyn?"

"What a persistent torment you are, Fred. Haven't I told you that I am tired to death of balls and parties. Besides, I have been away so long, that I am comparatively a stranger in this big city; all my old friends have forgotten me."

"Not quite all," and Fred Cornell's voice took a reproachful tone.

"Forgive me. I never meant to include you in my sweeping assertion. I know you to be 'true as steel;' but seriously, I have not the least inclination to go. I came home intending to settle down, attend to the duties of my profession, and become a sedate, respectable citizen. What special reason have you for wanting me to go to this grand military smash?"

"Well, if you must know, there is a lady in the case."

"Aha! I suspected as much. O Fred, Fred, beware! Don't let them ensnare you."

"But you don't seem to understand," interrupted Fred. "If anybody is to be ensnared, you are the victim. The lady is my cousin, Elsie Deane. I want you to meet her, for I'm sure you will learn to love her, and she is just the only girl I know who is good enough for you. There, now, the murder is out," and Mr. Cornell looked rather sheepish but immensely relieved. "Come, now, Lew, promise me you will go."

"Go, of course I will, if only to convince you that I properly appreciate your disinterested benevolence. Ha! ha! ha! you must excuse me you dear, old fellow, but the idea of Fred Cornell turned matchmaker is so supremely ludicrous—ha! ha! ha!" and peal after peal of merry laughter broke from his lips.

"I meant to have kept mum, and, having once brought you two together, trust to time and mutual attraction for the consummation of my plan, but you were so confoundedly offish about going, that I changed my mind," said Fred, coolly helping himself to a cigar, and elevating his heels man-fashion.

"Suppose you tell me something about this paragon cousin, the only young lady of your extensive acquaintance meriting the honor of becoming Mrs. Lewellyn Ross. Let me see, Elsie Deane, surely I remember a little tow-headed girl who answered to that name."

"Tow-headed!" ejaculated Fred, "you should see her now. She has the most beautiful golden hair in the world, and such masses of waves and curls. Perhaps you would not call her face exactly beautiful, but her hair is simply magnificent."

"Is it genuine?" interrupted Ross.

"Genuine? I do not understand," replied Fred.

"I mean is it her own. Not bought and paid for at so much an ounce, but really her own, the natural, spontaneous growth. I trust you will pardon my bluntness, although the lady is your cousin, but in this day of rats and rolls, waterfalls, chignons, braids, puffs, frizzes, curls, and the dickens knows what else, a feminine head, dressed in its own natural hair, is a '*rara avis*.' I have an unconquerable aversion to false hair, and long since decided that my wife, when I get one, must have no need of the article."

"Now, Ross, you are incorrigible. I did hope that foreign travel had cured you of such fussy notions. I could easily settle the question as to the *genuineness* of Elsie's hair, but to punish you for being so ungallant, I'll leave you to find it out for yourself. Meanwhile, I have your promise for to-night, and now I must be off."

It was the night of the —th Regiment ball, and Elsie Deane stood before the mirror, giving the last finishing touch to her rich and elegant toilet. With pardonable vanity she lingered over the wavy masses of golden hair, looping back the curls from her temples, and permitting them to fall in luxuriant abundance about her snowy throat.

"If you please, Miss Elsie, Mr. Cornell is waiting," said her maid.

"Very well, Barbara, I will be down immediately. Is papa in the library?"

"Yes, miss." With a little sigh, Elsie turned away, and descending the stairs, entered the library. "Papa." Mr. Deane looked up from his paper, surprised to see his daughter.

"Why, Elsie dear, I thought you had gone some time ago."

"I am going now, I only want to see you for a moment."

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"Well, daughter, what is it?"

Elsie's lips were mute, but two tearful, earnest eyes met his, and the sweet mouth quivered in a vain attempt to speak.

"My dear child, what is the matter?"

"Papa, I saw Robert to-day, and he looks so pale and haggard. He is poor and suffering. Alice, too, is ill. And, only think, while I spent a hundred dollars for this," touching her dainty robe, "they have actually nothing to eat." Elsie paused, the fast-coming tears choked her utterance.

"What do you expect me to do?" inquired Mr. Deane coldly.

"If you would only forgive Robbie—I am sure his heaviest burden is your displeasure—then they could come home to us, and we would take such tender care of Alice and the dear little baby they have named for me," she pleaded earnestly.

"Listen, Elsie," interrupted her father; "more than a year ago Robert chose to disregard the one desire of my life—that he should succeed me in the business I have so successfully established. I might, in time, have learned to overlook his want of respect, and eventually recovered from the disappointment, had he not still further manifested his contempt for my positive commands by marrying Alice White, a penniless girl, who brought him neither wealth nor honor, nothing but her pretty face and babyish ways. After such an act of disobedience, I can no longer consider him my son. I have vowed never again to see him, and furthermore that not one cent of mine should ever be used to relieve his wants. When he ceased to honor his father, he lost all claim upon my heart as well as my purse. Hereafter, let this be a forbidden subject between us; and now I will detain you no longer. Good-night, my dear."

Elsie turned away with a heavy heart, and tears still lingered in her eyes as she greeted Fred, who kissed them away with cousinly freedom as he inquired their cause.

"O Fred!" she sobbed, "I am so unhappy about Robert. He told me to-day that he had nothing to do; Allie's sick, and neither fuel nor food in the house. Allie needs wine and nourishing food, and Robert had not even a dollar. Fred, Fred, what could I do? Papa has positively forbidden my giving him money, and I have nothing of my own."

"My poor little Elsie; it is indeed sad. I had no idea that Robert was reduced to such extremities. Take heart, little one, and I will see what I can do."

"I know you will do what is right, Fred; but it seems so cruel for me to squander money as I do, to wear such costly dresses and jewels, while Robbie, my only brother, is starving. If I only dared do something for them! But I am afraid to disobey papa."

"Be comforted, darling, and trust me to make Robert's burdens lighter. Are you really going to Albany to-morrow?"

"Yes; papa sails at noon for Liverpool, and I start in the evening for Cousin Maggie's, to remain six months."

"I shall miss you terribly; but I suppose you will be less lonely there during uncle's absence; and now, if you are quite ready, we will go."

Pausing a moment in the dressing-room to remove any lingering trace of tears, she entered the hall upon the arm of her cousin, who felt justly proud of his fair charge. She did, indeed, look beautiful, dressed in a robe of soft, white lace that fell about her like a cloud of mist, while above it floated the wavy masses of hair, glistening like burnished gold. Fred's eyes wandered eagerly about the room in search of Ross, who did not arrive until quite late.

"Whom are you looking for?" inquired Elsie.

"A very dear friend, Lewellyn Ross, just returned from Germany. I want to introduce him to you. And, Elsie dear, I hope you will like him. Ah! there he is. See, cousin, that tall, dark-haired gentleman standing just in the shadow of the arch. Here comes Fitz Allyn for the waltz you promised him; and after that is over, may I bring Ross to you?"

"Certainly, I am always glad to know your friends."

Resigning her to her partner, Fred hurried over to greet his friend, and the moment that Elsie left the circle of dancers, presented to her "the very best fellow in the world, Lewellyn Ross."

"I trust you will make due allowance for your cousin's partiality," said Ross, bowing low over the little hand which Elsie extended in her cordial acknowledgment.

Fred's desire that the two should know and like each other seemed in a fair way of being gratified, as Dr. Ross scarcely left Elsie the rest of the evening. Her natural, childlike manner, so utterly free from affectation, charmed him, and her girlish beauty seemed so pure and fresh that he never tired of gazing at her. He was conscious of a slight heartache as he learned

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from her own lips that she was to leave the city so soon.

"Then I shall not see you again for a long time," he exclaimed with such dismay, that Elsie answered laughingly—

"Not unless you happen in Albany."

"And if I do, will you allow me to call," he asked in an eager tone.

The next day Elsie drove down to the steamer with her father, and after bidding him adieu, ordered the coachman to drive to the establishment of Monsieur Le Compte, a fashionable hair-dresser. Arriving there she inquired for the proprietor, and when he made his appearance, said to him, "Last evening I chanced to overhear a conversation, in which a lady said that she would give seventy-five dollars for such hair as mine. I am anxious to dispose of my hair, but do not wish to have any transaction with the lady in question. You know what my hair is, and if I give you her address, will you purchase the hair?"

"Willingly," replied monsieur. "Shall I take it now?"

"No. Come or send to me at four o'clock without fail."

The Frenchman, who knew her wealth and position, could scarcely conceal his amazement, but without a word of comment, promised to come himself, and Elsie returned home. Punctual to the hour, monsieur arrived, and in a few moments Elsie's chief beauty, her long, luxuriant hair, lay like a heap of gold in monsieur's possession, while he counted out to her the money in new, crisp bills. Her hand fairly trembled in its eagerness as she clasped the roll of money, and she counted it over twice to be sure it was all there. No miser ever gloated more triumphantly over her wealth than she, the rich young heiress, over this paltry sum. Paltry! Why, it seemed to her then like an inexhaustible treasure, and yet, two days before, she would have given it carelessly for a lace handkerchief or a beautiful toy.

"Tell John to have the carriage ready at five, Barbara, as I have a call to make, and wish to reach the depot early. Mr. Dayton, my escort, is to meet me there."

"Indeed, Miss Elsie, you look for all the world like a shorn lamb," said her maid, as, a little later, she adjusted the dainty round hat with its sweeping plume.

"Then I must be the wonderful lamb with the golden fleece," was the laughing reply. "Do you know, I never felt so rich in my whole life?"

"So rich!" ejaculated the maid. "Why I'm sure, Miss Elsie, your pocket-book is always crammed full, and if it ever should be empty, you have only to ask your papa, and he would give you all you could want."

"Yes, I know, but you see this is *mine*. Nobody gave it to me, and, oh! best of all, I can do with it just what I choose; but hurry, Barbara, or I shall be late," and with a hasty glance at her watch, she ran down to the carriage that was waiting to take her to the cars. "Stop at Robert's, John, and drive fast," she said, as the coachman closed the door.

The home of Robert Deane was indeed the abode of poverty; sickness, too, had entered there, and to-night he sat by the bedside of his wife, his face buried in his hands, vainly trying to hide the tears of anguish that filled his eyes, as he thought of the precious life that was slowly ebbing away for the want of nourishing food and tender nursing; and he powerless to save her; utterly so, for he had tried his last resource and failed. Unknown to Elsie, he had that day gone to his father and begged for assistance; not for himself, but for his helpless wife and child. In vain! The father's heart was hardened and he cruelly repulsed him. Alice strove to soothe and comfort him, but even she could scarcely bid him hope.

Suddenly, like a beam of sunshine bursting through a dark cloud, Elsie entered, and bending over the invalid, kissed her tenderly; then turning to her brother, she said, "Robbie, darling, I have good news for you; I told Fred last night how you were suffering, and he has promised to assist you, but better still, here are seventy-five dollars, my own gift," and she crammed the money into his hand, the precious roll that had scarcely been out of her grasp since she received it from monsieur. "Take it," she urged, "it is all mine, every bit of it, papa did not give me one cent."

"May the good God forever bless you, sister, darling," burst from his lips, "but how in the world did you get it?"

"Never mind," she said, involuntarily putting her hand up to the shorn head; but the gesture betrayed her, and Alice cried,

"Dear Elsie, what have you done with your hair?"

"Sold it," was the laconic reply, "and there is the price. Don't say one word, for I never was so happy in my life. But, indeed, I cannot stay another moment. Hurry up and get well, Alice, and Robbie, write to me

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often," and with a loving farewell kiss she was gone.

Elsie had been about three months in Albany, and was already beginning to be a little homesick. "Not but what I love you dearly, and everybody is so kind to me," she said to her cousin, who had surprised her into a confession, "but sometimes I do get dreadfully lonely, and feel as though I would give the world for the sight of a familiar face."

The entrance of a servant interrupted her—"Two gentleman for Miss Deane," handing Elsie two little slips of cardboard.

"Cousin Fred and Dr. Ross," she exclaimed joyfully. Down went the cards, and up to the little curly head flew two eager hands, but the golden rings that clustered so thickly there needed no retouching, so bidding Maggie to "make haste down," she went to receive her guests.

"What in the name of all that is wonderful have you done to your hair," exclaimed Fred, holding her off at arm's length, and gazing in astonishment.

A vivid blush dyed her face as she answered lightly—"Curling is the last operation to which it was subjected. I hope you like it?"

"Sorry to disappoint any hope of yours, but I most assuredly do not," was the emphatic response. "What possessed you to have it cut?"

"A woman's whim, cousin."

"Now, Elsie, I know you too well to believe that any whim could induce you to part with your hair. You must have some better reason than that."

Once again the swift crimson tide rushed over throat and brow as she quietly replied—"I can give you no other solution of the mystery, Fred, so please don't ask me."

She turned to greet her other guest, who all this time had stood in silent amazement. "You cannot imagine how glad I am to see you both," she said earnestly. "I was just indulging in what seemed to be vain longings for a glimpse of a home face."

"And lo! here are two," interrupted Fred, "but where is Maggie?"

"Here," rejoined the young lady, entering just in time to answer the question.

Elsie introduced Dr. Ross to her cousin, then leaving them to entertain each other, turned her attention to Fred.

"I saw Robert yesterday," he said.

"Did you? How is Alice and little Elsie, too? Is Robbie entirely out of trouble now? Do tell me all about them. He writes that his prospects are brightening, and if papa would only relent, he should have nothing more to desire."

"Yes, his circumstances have greatly improved. I was unexpectedly called out of the city the day that you left, but immediately upon my return I went to him. In the meantime, I had learned from a Mr. Leland, that he had an invalid daughter of whom he wished to procure a portrait as soon as he could find an artist. I mentioned it to Robert, and together we called upon Mr. Leland, who was so agreeably impressed with your brother, that the work was unhesitatingly given to him with the promise of a liberal remuneration. The picture, when completed, was so beautiful a specimen of artistic skill that other orders followed, and now he has the promise of as much as he can accomplish, and his talent is in a fair way of being appreciated as it deserves. He bade me give you his warmest love, and assure you that although heaven had kindly sent him other friends, yet Elsie's love and Elsie's sacrifice alone had saved him from utter ruin."

"O Fred! do you know? Did he tell you?" came in broken utterances from her lips.

"He told me no more than I have repeated to you, but I begin to comprehend the singular message, which, I confess, puzzled me considerably. Won't you tell me now what you did with your hair?" A proud, triumphant glance shot from her eyes as she raised them to his, and she laughed softly, a little low, happy laugh. "It fell into Robert's purse."

"Elsie, dear, you are the darlingest girl in the whole world," and forgetting himself in his enthusiasm, he took the upturned face between his hands, and kissed it tenderly.

"Really," ejaculated Maggie, "if I did not know that Fred was otherwise appropriated, I should speedily offer my congratulations."

"Keep them until called for. Elsie has just been telling me some good news, and I chose my own method of proving myself grateful."

"Well, for the proper manifestation of a thankful spirit, commend me to a man," was the merry reply, "but your friend tells me you return to the city to-morrow."

"Yes, we are both so exceedingly busy that much as we regret it, to remain longer will be impossible."

"That accounts for your having no baggage, I suppose."

"By no means. We left our portmanteaus at the 'Delavan.' It is not considered exactly

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the thing in New York for gentlemen to carry their luggage about with them when making calls, though possibly it may be here. If so, I beg you will pardon our remissness on the score of ignorance concerning the laws of Albany etiquette," said Fred, bowing in mock humility.

Maggie made no reply, but, touching the bell, said to the servant who answered—"This gentleman," pointing to Fred, "wishes to send to the Delavan. He will give you all necessary directions."

Late that night, after the two girls had retired to their room, and while Maggie was brushing out her heavy braids, she suddenly turned to Elsie, exclaiming—"Unless you are under bonds not to divulge, do, pray, relieve my curiosity, and tell me what 'good news' you could possibly have conveyed to Fred to produce such an alarming effect upon a gentleman of his quiet tendencies."

Elsie laughed. "We were talking of Robbie."

"You were? Well, I cannot imagine what possible connection there can be between that subject and a question I heard; for I'm sure he had just asked you what you did with your hair. Look here, Elsie, I know I'm awfully curious, but I always hated mysteries, and I do wish you would tell me why you had your hair cut off. Such a mass of it as you had, and so beautiful! Come, coz, satisfy my thirst for knowledge, and tell me what became of the golden locks."

"They turned to real gold, Maggie."

"Elsie Deane, you never mean to say that you sold your hair for money!"

"I do. I sold my hair to Monsieur Le Compte for seventy-five dollars. Don't look so horrified, and I'll solve the mystery."

Meanwhile, in the room below, Dr. Ross sat musing over what seemed to be some perplexing thought, judging from his puzzled expression. Brief as had been his acquaintance with Elsie, she had completely fascinated him, and her goodness of heart and loving disposition, as so faithfully portrayed by her devoted cousin, deepened the love he had learned to feel for her. He eagerly accepted Fred's invitation to accompany him on a flying visit to Albany, fully determined while there to confess his love to Elsie, and sue for hers in return. But the little incident of the day which had so excited Maggie's curiosity, aroused in him a sentiment marvellously similar, which must, of course, exist under some other name, that particular quality being an ingredient wholly wanting in the masculine composition. Then, too, there was the unexplained mystery about her hair, which she so resolutely refused to solve. Altogether, his brain was in a condition much too agitated to yield readily to the soothing influence of the sleepy god; so he crossed the hall to the room opposite, intending to have a chat with his friend; but Fred, blessed with a good digestion and an easy conscience, was already lost to the perplexities of life in a delicious slumber. Thrown back upon his own resources, he decided upon a cigar, the unfailing panacea for "all the ills that man is heir to." He opened the window softly, and, stepping out upon the piazza, was just in the act of striking a match, when there floated down from the open window above Maggie's earnest exclamation, and the positive answer.

I hope I shall not prejudice you against him when I assert that he deliberately paused to hear the promised explanation. If you are tempted to censure him for doing what seemed a dishonorable thing, consider his peculiar ideas upon the subject of a woman's hair; remember, too, that he was passionately in love with Elsie, and then be lenient in your judgment.

So he listened, and, listening, heard the story of Robert's alienation from his father's heart and home; his marriage with the gentle girl who loved him well enough to endure patiently with him, and for his sake, poverty, sickness, and even death itself, if need be. He heard, too, how Elsie came like a sunbeam to that darkened home, bearing in her open hand the fruit of her generous sacrifice. Listening to Robert's message by Fred, a thrill of joy shot through his heart that this pure, unselfish girl was the "one woman upon earth" to him. Whether or not there should ever be given to him the keeping of her heart, and the priceless boon of her love, yet he was, and ever should be, a better man for having loved so noble a woman.

The next day he confessed to her his hope of one day winning her for his wife, pleading his suit with such passionate fervor that Elsie could not say him nay. Then, with her sweet promise still lingering in his ear, he told her how he had stood beneath her window listening to the story not designed for his ear, and thanking God in his heart for the gift to earth of tender, true, and loving womanhood.

—

One day last week, at the bedside of a dying

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friend, I met Mrs. Ross Lewellyn. The golden hair has grown again to its original length and beauty, but she wears it now brushed plainly back, half hidden beneath a widow's cap. The heavy black robes, with their sombre folds of crape, are but faint emblems of the widowhood her heart is mourning for him who left her after five brief years of wedded happiness. After his death they found a tiny locket attached to a slender chain about his neck. Upon the outside was engraved the name "Elsie;" within lay folded a little, sunny curl.

THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 456.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Sunderland?"

"I am ennuyeè."

"In other words, *terribly bored.* I have been conscious of something the same feeling, myself, for the last two or three days. Being a woman, I resign myself to circumstances—but were I a man, I would try a change of scene."

"*I* will, if you will accompany me."

"Really, Mr. Sunderland, were I a romantic young lady——"

"Oh! I expect no romance from your sex. Those days are past. I suppose you would never run away with me, while a baronet is on the tapis?"

"Oh! I understand!" said Leslie, nodding her head.

"What do you understand?"

"That you are jealous of Sir Lancelot."

"Pray tell me how I can be jealous of a person whom I neither see nor speak with?"

"Pray tell me why you, who are an engaged man, should be proposing to run away with another young woman?"

"Do you suppose that any one could remain indifferent to your charms, after having been so constantly in your society?" This question was asked in a tone that seemed more sneering than complimentary to Miss Tilden, who flushed up to her hair, but replied calmly—

"I supposed you an honorable man."

"Yes; a man must always be honorable, but a woman——" He paused.

"Go on," said Leslie.

"May flirt with twenty, while she calls herself the property of one."

"Are there no male flirts?"

"They are made so, by having been jilted by some confounded woman."

"Pray recollect that you are talking to a woman."

"I do. It will do you good to hear a little truth."

"I do not consider myself responsible for any of Miss Cascannon's derelictions."

"A woman never is responsible for anything."

"Mr. Sunderland, I have endured——"

"Pray, pardon me, Miss Tilden, I know I have behaved like a bear."

"You have, indeed. But, as to your proposal to run away with me——"

"It was a very silly jest."

"If I had not regarded it as a jest, I should have let you know it. But if you do intend leaving here, I should be glad of your escort, if you are going London-ward."

"I can go that way as well as another. Does Miss Zollicoffer——"

"My movements are independent of Miss Zollicoffer's, in this case."

"I had not absolutely decided to leave here, but, when I do, I shall be most happy——"

Rat-tat-tat, at the door of the next room.

"A signal for my departure!" said Gerard, jumping up.

"I will go, also," said Leslie, and they stole out of the room together.

"Come in," said Mrs. Cascannon. The door opened and admitted a small, slender man, wrapped in a gorgeous dressing-gown, and having a just-extinguished cigar in one hand. His hair was light, and, curling profusely, united with a pair of blonde whiskers and a bushy mustache. His eyes were black and brilliant, his complexion browner than his hair, as if tanned by exposure. He bowed profoundly to Mrs. Cascannon, who had half risen from her chair, and was gazing at him in some astonishment.

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"Allow me to introduce myself, as Sir Lancelot Redmond, and pray pardon my costume, but I detest formality. I wished to make an unceremonious call, so I ran in as I am."

Mrs. Cascannon bowed again, and said, rather coldly, that she was pleased to see him.

"I hope you are not offended. Now, tell me that you are not offended."

Mrs. Cascannon replied, with a doubtful air, that she was not.

"I am so glad. I hate to offend people, especially ladies—and particularly pretty ones. Where is Mrs. Cascannon?"

"*I* am Mrs. Cascannon."

"You? Nonsense! You are Miss Tilden."

"I presume I know who I am," said Mrs. Cascannon, with an air of dignity.

"Of course you do. But you are joking now. You Mrs. Cascannon! Why, she has a daughter who is twenty years old, and you are about twenty-five."

"I assure you I *am* Mrs. Cascannon."

"What! the mother of Elizabeth! No, no. She looks older than you do."

"If you will not believe me," said Mrs. Cascannon with a gracious smile, "look at this." And she held out her handkerchief, on which was her name in full, surrounded by embroidered flourishes.

"*Is—it—possible!* My dear madam, what shall I say?"

"Say nothing. I do not object to being thought younger than my own daughter."

"No wonder your daughter is what she is, with such a mother," said the baronet, sighing, with his hand on his heart, and upturned eyes.

Mrs. Cascannon thought him quite charming. She did not fancy plain, matter-of-fact men. But he was a little too enthusiastic on the subject of her daughter.

"She is engaged, you know?" she felt it her duty to say.

"Alas! yes. To my friend, Gerard. By the way, where is he?"

The question was abrupt, but Mrs. Cascannon was prepared.

"He wrote to my daughter from the Stanleys'."

"I know it; but he isn't there."

"Isn't he?" said Mrs. Cascannon indifferently.

"And as he has left the field clear, I shall feel at liberty to try my luck."

"Sir Lancelot!"

"As Gerard's friend, she already likes me, and I adore her."

"But she wears his ring!"

"It will come off, won't it? *Widows* wear rings, and as a widow I will woo her—the widow of—of—let us call it a dead affection."

Mrs. Cascannon looked doubtfully at the little man. It did cross her languid brain that he appeared rather odd; but then he had thought herself so young, that he must be in possession of his wits.

"Of course, my daughter will do as she pleases. I *have* thought that Mr. Sunderland—" She paused.

"Well, madam?" said Lancelot impatiently.

"That Mr. Sunderland rather fancied another young lady."

"Miss Tilden?" said the baronet, in so fierce a tone that Mrs. Cascannon opened her eyes and looked a little bit alarmed.

"Yes, Miss Tilden. A charming girl."

"A charming ape!"

"You thought *me* Miss Tilden a while ago!" said Mrs. Cascannon in an injured tone.

"I am sure I beg your pardon."

"Miss Tilden is one of my friends, Sir Lancelot."

"If she *is* your friend, she should imitate your virtues. As for Gerard, I spit at him——"

"Not here, sir! This is a new carpet."

"A figure of speech, madam. Tell him that I think him a beast, and will knock his old head off if he shows it anywhere about here. Will you promise to do so?"

"I don't know. Your language is very violent."

"You may modify it; but give him some idea of what I mean."

"I will, if it will be any accommodation."

"A thousand thanks. I must leave you. Adieu. O Elizabeth!"

And in true melodramatic style, Rosamond marched out of the room, and, when she was fairly in the corridor, tore off her wig and whiskers, and, dashing them upon the floor, performed upon them a kind of war-dance, as though they had been the hated head and features of Gerard.

"There's one thing I know—he *is* there." And catching up her wig, she beat it with her clinched fist, lavishing upon it several epithets the reverse of tender, which again applied to the maligned and absent Gerard. Then flinging it in the air, caught it upon her head as it fell, and flew down the corridor.

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CHAPTER XV.

The false Sir Lancelot had not been long gone, when a timid rap at Mrs. Cascannon's door was followed by the entrance of Elizabeth.

"I have called to say that Sir Lancelot cannot come this evening, mamma."

"He has been here already," said Mrs. Cascannon, with a little movement of the head, indicative of suppressed triumph.

"*He has been here!*"

"Most certainly. You see that *we* possess some attractions also."

"Of course you do, mamma. Sometimes I fear that you outshine us." Elizabeth spoke a little sadly. She was thinking of Gerard.

Mrs. Cascannon modestly disclaimed. "There are not as many of us. We only ask our *share* of attention."

"And do you get your share from Gerard, mamma?"

Mrs. Cascannon was almost outfaced for an instant, the question was so direct, and seemed to presuppose the fact of his presence.

"Gerard was always polite," she said; and, conscious that she had but limped out of the danger, was disposed to punish Elizabeth. "I think he had better come back," she continued, tossing her head.

"I think so, too, mamma."

"Or else Sir Lancelot had better go away."

"Why should he go away, mamma?"

"Because I don't wish my daughter to be engaged to two men at one and the same time."

"Mamma!" Elizabeth seemed truly shocked and distressed.

Mrs. Cascannon was about to go on, when she reflected that her revelations might prove too agreeable to Elizabeth's vanity, and she paused.

"What do you mean, mamma?" said Elizabeth, seeing that she remained silent.

"Never mind what I mean."

"But I do mind. You have hinted——"

"I have not hinted. I won't be taken up in this way."

"Dear mamma, don't be unreasonable," said Elizabeth gently.

"You dare to tell me that I am unreasonable! I won't be talked to in that way. I wish that Leslie——"

"If you are going to wish that she had never come here, I wish so, too. She seems to have estranged you from us all."

"I will not hear her abused."

"I abuse no one, mamma. I simply mention a fact."

"Fact is altogether too mild a name for it."

"I think so, too, mamma."

"I mean that it is a falsehood, Miss Cascannon."

"I think I had better leave you, mamma," said Elizabeth, with dignity.

Mrs. Cascannon closed her eyes, and sank back in her chair.

"Good-evening, mamma."

Mrs. Cascannon was silent.

When Leslie and Gerard came back, Mrs. Cascannon had on her injured expression, which always made Gerard very indignant, as she was apt to become at the same time what he called "gaspy." And this she now proceeded to be, while Leslie ran for some water, and Gerard surveyed her with scornful eyes.

"I have been so agitated." ("Of course," muttered Gerard.) "That ungrateful girl——"

"Which one?" interrupted Gerard, in so irate a voice that astonishment restored to Mrs. Cascannon her interrupted breathing.

"Elizabeth, of course," she snapped.

"I don't see why, *of course*. There are, besides, Madge, Rosamond, Lily, and Zoe Zoll, each and all of whom you call ungrateful."

"And they are."

"Then I don't see how one is to know whom you mean when you say *that* ungrateful girl."

"You would know if I should tell you all."

"I presume I should," said Gerard coolly.

"Leslie, will you please go into the other room for a few minutes? Elizabeth has been here."

"Has she?" Gerard tried to speak indifferently, but his cheek colored.

"And not only Elizabeth, but Sir Lancelot."

Gerard grew pale. "They came together?"

"If they had, he couldn't have said what he did."

"What did he say?"

"That he *adores* Elizabeth, and that, as you choose to keep out of the way, he shall feel at liberty to try for her himself, and that he is sure he can make her love him."

"Lancelot said that?"

"Yes; and he told me to tell you that he defies you."

'Then he must know that I am here!"

Mrs. Cascannon looked confused, and then she said—"I think they both must know it, for Elizabeth asked if I receive my share of attention from you."

Gerard's color varied from white to red with

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ominous rapidity, but his voice was unbroken as he asked—"What did you say?"

"I pretended not to understand."

Gerard was silent, standing with his eyes bent on the floor.

"You take it very coolly," said Mrs. Cascannon.

He did not raise his eyes, but in his heart he wished to strangle her, as he replied—"She is not the only woman in the world." Then he walked to a window, and stood there looking out. The sun shone, the birds sang, but he saw only two figures, the one bending to kiss the other's cheek, he heard only—"He adores her, and will make her love him."

After her interview with her mother, Rosamond went to Zoe Zoll.

"Auntie Zoll, Gerard *is* there!" said she.

"Have you seen him?"

"I haven't *seen* him, but I know it."

"*How* do you know it? Come, you *must* tell me."

But Rosamond did not like the word *must*. "Say please, and I'll tell you."

"*Please*," said Zoe Zoll meekly. Then Miss Rosamond narrated her exploit faithfully, from beginning to end. "There! haven't I fixed him finely?" she asked at the conclusion.

"If you haven't also done a mischief."

"Done a mischief!" repeated Rosamond, growing pale.

"I did not exactly mean that. I think you served him right, and yet——"

"And yet *what?*" demanded Rosamond impatiently.

"I was thinking that what you said about your—Sir Lancelot's—intentions, might lead him to carry on worse with that Leslie."

"Pooh! it will only make him horribly jealous. See if it don't."

"I can't believe that he really likes Leslie better than Elizabeth," continued Zoe Zoll. "At any rate, he is a *wretch*."

"Yes, he *is* a wretch. And, yet—he has been—*so—nice*."

"I never saw it."

"Because you always wore the spectacles of wrath when you looked at him."

Zoe Zoll laughed. "If anything *should* happen, I think Sir Lancelot really likes her," she went on, as if thinking aloud.

"I should think he did. I saw him kiss her."

"You did! What did she do?"

"Just walked on, as if nothing had happened."

"*O Bess!* Where were they? where were you?"

"They were in an alley, and I was in a tree."

"How strange! But you mustn't tell this to any one else."

"I haven't—only to one person."

"*Rosamond!* And who was that?"

"The fellow himself."

"Not Sir Lancelot!"

"Oh! I am not afraid of him."

"Gracious! What *did* he do?"

"Squirmed, and asked me not to tell."

"And you wouldn't promise?"

"Why, I prom—ised. But you see it isn't telling to tell *you*."

"Isn't it?"

"No; for you are secret as the grave." Rosamond's voice sank to a tragic depth.

Zoe Zoll laughed, while she shook her head. "You are incorrigible!"

"I am not long enough to be that," said Rosamond. "Auntie Zoll," she continued, as Zoe Zoll turned away, "you must not tell anything that I've told you. It's a great secret."

"Tortures shall not drag it from me," said Zoe Zoll, tying on her broad hat.

"Where are you going, Auntie Zoll?"

"To walk in the garden."

Rosamond laughed as she leaned from the window, and saw her aunt take the direction of the summer-house.

Zoe Zoll strolled on, with her hat drawn over her eyes, until she reached the summer-house, when she sat down on the steps to rest. She sat thinking over what Rosamond had told her, and arriving at the conclusion that, if Bess—her modest Bess—here she heard some one moving in the summer-house. She jumped up and tried the door, but it was fast. What *are* those children about? she said to herself, and going around to one of the windows, found it to be fastened down by a nail. This she wrenched out, pushed up the sash, and stepped into the room, where she found Sir Lancelot seated by the table, book in hand.

"Sir Lancelot!"

"Miss Zollicoffer, I thought you were Miss Rosamond."

"I don't generally jump in at windows, but the door——"

"Is locked, you would say."

"Yes, it is locked, and the windows are fastened down, at least, the one I came in at was."

"I found that all three were."

"It is odd."

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"Not at all. It seemed to me a matter of course."

Zoe Zoll looked puzzled, and also looked questioning, but Sir Lancelot did not explain, but only offered her his chair, saying he believed it to be the most comfortable. Zoe Zoll took it almost without thought. Once she would have fled from a *tête-à-tête* with Girard's intimate friend, who was almost as hateful to her as Gerard himself, but since his possible relations with Elizabeth, she resolved to be charming to him—thus giving him to understand that *she* would consider him a welcome addition to the family. On the other hand, Lancelot remembered what Rosamond had told him of her aunt's desire that he should leave The Cascade, and had no presentiment of her kind intentions.

"Sir Lancelot," began Zoe Zoll, with a little blush. "I'm afraid I was rather disagreeable the other day."

She paused. "I believe it is always 'the thing' to say that a lady never can be disagreeable—to one of our sex," said the baronet.

"But you must have thought me disagreeable about Ger—Mr. Sunderland, I know. To be sure, the baby——"

"I thought the baby fulfilled his mission, Miss Zollicoffer."

Zoe Zoll laughed. "He certainly did. To tell the truth, I didn't wish to be questioned about Mr. Sunderland, for I am very angry with him, so I most unjustly vented my wrath against him on yourself."

"You punished me for my friendship?"

"That was precisely it. But I like you better the more I see of you."

"Were you afraid you should like me too well, that you wished me to leave The Cascade?"

"That bad Rosamond! But they say one should begin with a little prejudice, that one may be won over by the force of your virtues."

"But suppose it should be a matter of indifference to me?"

"I shall insist upon liking you just the same, and you must bear no malice."

"You will like me even if I don't like you?"

"Oh! you will have to like me in time, even if I was so disagreeable at first," said Zoe Zoll, still intent upon her supposition that if he had kissed Elizabeth, and Elizabeth had allowed him to kiss her, he must have supplanted Gerard—which fact did not surprise her, following upon Gerard's abominable conduct.

"But I cannot say that you have ever been disagreeable to me," said the baronet.

"I am so glad. I was afraid that the first impression——"

"I never pay much attention to first impressions. They are generally deceptive. But, in this case, I was very much pleased with you all at first sight."

"When you took Rosamond and me for village-girls?"

"Not at all. I recognized Rosamond from Gerard's description. As for you——"

"And Elizabeth?" interrupted Zoe Zoll.

"Miss Cascannon's portrait had been drawn by so careful a hand, that I could not fail to recognize it."

"Did you find it overcharged?"

"I thought the original far surpassed it."

"And her mind is lovelier than her person," said Zoe Zoll eagerly.

"She seems a lovely girl."

"She is, indeed. Of all my nieces, Elizabeth is my favorite, and when she marries, I shall portion her accordingly."

"I think that her own self would be sufficient wealth for any man."

"You are right. But my pearl shall have a proper setting. Now, as I tried to dislike you for Gerard's sake, won't you try to like me for Elizabeth's sake?"

"I will try," said Sir Lancelot gravely, accepting the hand she held out to him, and as gravely shaking it.

Meanwhile, Rosamond, walking down the garden, encountered Winny and Ethel, and inveigled them to follow her in the direction of the summer-house. Arrived there, she proceeded to remark that one of the windows was open, and that somebody must be in there. "Climb up and see who it is," she whispered to Ethel, who had been quite impressed by the mysterious silence that she had insisted should accompany their approach, and who proceeded to mount a trellis that supported one of the many vines. "It's Auntie Zoll and Sir Lance, and he's squeezing her hand!" was his loud report. Very appropriate, from a Cas—cannon.

Zoe Zoll drew her hand away quickly, with a blazing face. Sir Lancelot went to the window. "I had just promised to buy you two boys a pony, and your aunt was thanking me."

"A pony!" shouted Winny. "Hurra!" said Ethel, from his "bad eminence."

"What will you give *me*, Sir Lance?" said Rosamond.

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"What you deserve, if you'll only open the door."

"Here's the key," said Rosamond, flinging it in at the window, "but I had my dessert at dinner-time. *Was* he squeezing your hand, Auntie Zoll?" as she came out, when Sir Lancelot had opened the door.

"Is it to be a bay or a black?" interrupted the twins vociferously, one on either side of the baronet.

"Just as you please—either, or both. I mean you to have a pair."

"Bully for you! Oh! glorious! I don't believe Auntie Zoll thanked you enough, did she, Sir Lance?"

"*Yes, she did,*" said Rosamond emphatically. "Do run away, boys; you deafen us!"

The boys disappeared with Sir Lancelot, each having hold of a hand, each swinging it like a pump-handle, and each talking enough for six.

CHAPTER XVI.

"How red your face is, Auntie Zoll!" said Rosamond.

"No wonder, when you put me to the blush in that way. Naughty girl! how could you send Ethel to spy in on us?"

"If I had known what you were about, I should not. I didn't think you were trying to get Sir Lancelot away from Elizabeth."

Zoe Zoll looked at her contumacious niece in surprise. The little head was well erected, the full lips compressed into a straight line, the dark, shining eyes glanced askant at her as they walked.

"You are very much mistaken. He was *getting himself* away, if there was any 'getting away' about it," she said.

Rosamond's face went scarlet in a sudden fury; she faced her aunt with clinched hands and set teeth.

"I don't believe it. *You* were doing it, you sphynx!—you basilisk!—you rattlesnake!"

"Dear me, how charming I must be!" said Zoe Zoll, with a provoking smile.

"You are *not*. You may think you are, you little, two-inch, mean-looking snip!"

"You and I are said to look very much alike, my dear."

"Then I'll commit suicide."

"No; live to be my bridesmaid."

"I will live to go to your funeral," said she, livid now, and almost breathless.

"Do, my dear, and then you may marry the widower."

Rosamond burst into tears, and flung herself on the grass in a passion of weeping.

"My dear child! don't. I was only teasing you," said Zoe Zoll on her knees, trying to raise her.

"I d-der—don't believe it. You are after him. You want to be Lady Zollicoffer."

"Then I must marry *Lord* Zollicoffer, or Sir *Lancelot* Zollicoffer. Don't be ridiculous, Rosamond. Do you suppose I could 'get' any one 'away' from Elizabeth, even if I wished to do so?"

"But you—*are*—*pretty*. And *what was he squeezing your hand for?*" sobbed out Rosamond, still recumbent, with her face pressed closely against the turf.

"He wasn't *squeezing* my hand. He was shaking hands with me just as he said," said Zoe Zoll, half laughing, half blushing.

"*Was* it about the ponies?" pursued Rosamond, raising her head, and looking earnestly at her aunt.

"Yes. No—not exactly."

"There! I *knew* it!" said Rosamond, springing up, her face flaming through her tears. "You won't let my Elizabeth have him, and everybody will say she was jer—jer—jilted!"

"Rosamond, I assure you that I shall never interfere with Elizabeth's prospects in any way. I don't choose to tell you *why* I was shaking hands with Sir Lancelot, but I tell you this, that I love Elizabeth better than myself, and would suffer much to spare her."

This was said with tears in the eyes and the voice.

Rosamond sprang to her side, all penitence; but, even while in the act of throwing her arms around her neck—for she was just a line the taller—drew back, and looked at the delicate, flushed face, the large eyes, brighter for their dew, the pretty, trembling mouth.

"What if he couldn't help loving you?" said she.

"Foolish child!" said Zoe Zoll, drawing her to herself, and kissing her wet cheek. "He rather dislikes me than otherwise."

Rosamond shook her head. "No, you are too pretty."

"Shall I 'scratch my smooth cheeks and tear my praised hair?'" said Zoe Zoll, smiling. "Why, Rosamond, you and I look so much alike that one could not fancy one without fancying the other also; and then we should have to

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go to that place in America to share our husband in peace."

"Well, *I* sha'n't want to marry him if *you* do. So we will let Elizabeth have him, won't we?"

"With all my heart. He is not the kind of man I fancy. I don't like glaring blue eyes and glaring brown hair."

When they returned to the house, they found Elizabeth and Sir Lancelot seated on the piazza enjoying the sunset. Zoe Zoll nodded to them smilingly, and said to Rosamond—"Let us go down to the cascade. The water will be so pink in this light."

Rosamond assented, and Elizabeth called after them to ask where they were going.

"Don't let's hear her," said Zoe Zoll, as they disappeared down one of the alleys. She did not wish them to join her, being anxious to prolong their *tête-à-tête*, conscious that Elizabeth appeared to great advantage at such a time, her pretty thoughts and fancies being apt to hide their timid heads in promiscuous company.

I am sorry to say that Zoe Zoll very unpoetically compared the sparkling waters, delicately tinted by the glow of the setting sun, to pink champagne; and Rosamond, sipping thereof, pronounced herself inebriated, and proceeded to execute some fantastic steps on the very brink of a rock, to her aunt's great terror.

"No, I sha'n't fall off," she replied to her remonstrances; "or, if I should, I know a way of doing it without hurting myself. If I weren't afraid you'd howl, and disturb Bess and Sir Lazy-a-lot, I'd frighten you as I did him the other day."

Then she related how she had slipped over the brink, and under where the rock made a ledge, overhanging a snug little path leading close to the water, but which could not be seen from above.

"You ought to have seen him crane himself out over the ledge. I certainly thought he'd go over, head first. I almost died a laughing, seeing how pale he grew, and how frightened he looked; and then to see him tear down the avenue! But I knew a shorter way, and got there first." Here Rosamond paused to yield to a fit of laughter at the recollection. "You don't suppose that he was so frightened because I look like you, Auntie Zoll?"

"I'm afraid you are jealous on your own account, Rosamond," said Zoe Zoll, pitching pebbles into the stream.

"I!" said Rosamond. "The idea of caring for a *man*! I would not look at St. George himself just after he had killed the dragon."

"Of course you wouldn't. You are engaged to me, or you wouldn't wear my ring," said a voice behind them—the voice of Sir Lancelot, who was seen following Elizabeth up the path.

Rosamond pulled off the ring in a hurry, and rolled it down the path to his feet.

"Pray, take it back," said he. "It looks so well on your pretty little finger."

"Elizabeth's finger is prettier than mine. Give it to her."

Elizabeth reddened, and looked down on her white, left hand, where sparkled a sapphire, in a love-knot of gold. Her eyes rested on it complacently, though at the same time her lip trembled.

"I hate that ring," said Rosamond, eying it as if it had been a snake.

"I *love* it," said Elizabeth, laying her other hand softly over it, as if it had been a living thing.

Rosamond snatched at her hand. The circlet was large for the slender finger, and it slipped off easily. A line of azure light curved through the air, and fell with the falling water, and Elizabeth sprang to her feet, and rushed to the brink of the rock, with a cry as if her heart had gone over.

Sir Lancelot started to his feet, and Zoe Zoll cried in terror—"What is it?"

"My ring! Gerard's ring!" said Elizabeth, her voice choked with sobs.

"I threw it in," said Rosamond sullenly.

"Where?" asked the baronet.

Rosamond indicated the spot, and Sir Lancelot went down and waded into the basin, where he pushed and poked with a stick in vain, searching hollow and crevice. The missing ring was not to be found.

"It must have gone over into the brook," he said when he had rejoined the disconsolate group, watching him from the top of the rock.

"How *could* you do it, Rosamond?" said Zoe Zoll.

"Isn't it enough that I *have* done it?" Rosamond responded in an utterly wretched tone.

Elizabeth went to her and put her arms around her. "Don't fret," she said; "I presume we shall find it to-morrow."

Rosamond clung to her sister, weeping, and saying—"Forgive, oh! forgive me, dear Bess."

"I *do* forgive you," said Elizabeth, pushing back the wet curls from the hot, little face; but as she did so, some tears from her eyes fell upon

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it, and Rosamond uttering a cry, dashed away from her sister, and running quickly down the path, disappeared in the recesses of the park.

"What ails her now?" said Zoe Zoll rather impatiently.

"It's a tender little plant, and shrinks from water," replied Elizabeth, wiping her eyes.

—

The next morning, Sir Lancelot going down to the brook, saw Rosamond, shoeless and stockingless, with her skirts kilted out of the reach of the water, wading in the brook, evidently searching for the ring, for she had a long stick in her hand, with which she turned over the pebbles, and poked among the weeds growing in the bed. As she searched, she sang a wild, plaintive air, in so sweet a voice that he stopped to listen, hidden behind some towering shrubbery.

The merry sun glints bright this morn,
This merry morn o' May,
The mavis sittin' on the thorn,
Sings her sweet roundelay.

The burnie bickers by the brae,
The denty bracken swaying,
A' nature smiles to greet thee, May,
Nae grief nor trouble spaeing.

'Twas such a morn my lo'e and I
Kissed sweetly, 'mid the heather;
Braid as the space twixt earth and sky,
We're parted, ane from tither.

I thocht, when his twa pawky een
Did blink sae bonnily,
The sun would quench the stars, I ween,
Or he'd be fause to me.

An' ye will gie me back my lo'e,
Not diamonds o' the mine
I'll grudge to ye, on breast and broo,
Like simmer stars to shine.

I'm wearyin' for his sonsie face,
The light touch o' his mou',
To see ye sittin' in my place,
Were agony, I trow.

I'm wearyin' for his tender tone,
The lovelight o' his ee,
A' the braid lands I ca' my own,
For my lost lo'e I'd gie.

Having finished her song, she poked around in the water for awhile longer, and then clasping her hands despairingly, exclaimed—"It is lost! I cannot find it," burst into tears, and evidently forgetting where she was, sat down in the water. Fortunately, it was not very deep there, and a good, big stone received her; but Sir Lancelot, not knowing this, darted out from behind the shrubbery, and Rosamond seeing him coming, even through her tears, slipped off from the stone, and ducked her head under water. The baronet only saw her disappear, and then saw nothing more, for she had often practised the trick of keeping her nose and mouth above water, while the rest of her was submerged, and when she heard a splashing in the water near her, down went her head again, and Sir Lancelot, seeing her lie there, uttered an exclamation of horror, and snatched her up, all dripping, in his strong arms. She "did the insensible" very well, hanging limply over his arm, her head thrown back, her eyes half closed, her mouth open. As soon as he was fairly out of the brook, the baronet laid her on the grass, and filling his hat with water, dashed it over her face. To his surprise, she remained perfectly immobile, although the water had brought the color to her face—and she, apparently, did not breathe. He put his hand over her heart—it beat, and there was a slightly convulsive movement of her frame, as his hand rested on it. He turned again to dip up some water, heard a rustling behind him, looked around, and she was gone! He stood for a moment utterly bewildered, then the facts of the case seemed to dawn upon him, and emptying the water from his hat, he returned to the house laughing; and, having changed his wet suit, sat down to write a letter to one of the celebrated London jewellers. Having finished his letter, he went out to smoke a cigar in the park. Here he came across Zoe Zoll, who was dragging the baby-carriage. "She chooses singular employments for a great heiress," thought Sir Lancelot. Zoe Zoll was also reading as she drew the baby. Hearing approaching footsteps she looked up, and smilingly returned the baronet's greeting. "Don't speak very loud," she said, "for he's going to sleep—poor, little fellow!"

Sir Lancelot looked at the "poor, little fellow"—thought he looked like a happy, big fellow—and then offered to relieve Zoe Zoll in her labors.

"Oh! no," she said laughing.

"But you are so little, and I am so big!"

"Suppose anyone should see you!"

"Suppose anyone should?"

"If you didn't mind being laughed at——"

"I! Not in the least. Did you think that I should?"

"I did. Mr Sunderland——"

"Oh! Gerard had a most exalted idea of my pretentions to sublimity. But I don't mind being slightly absurd sometimes, and this is by no means really ridiculous."

"If you *will*," said Zoe Zoll, resigning her po-

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sition, and then she couldn't help looking around apprehensively for Rosamond.

"How is Miss Cascannon this morning?" asked Sir Lancelot.

"Oh! he wishes to talk with me about Elizabeth!" said Zoe Zoll to herself, and replied with alacrity—"Her head aches this morning. That is the reason you did not see her at the breakfast-table."

"I am sorry. Her agitation of last evening——"

"That was caused by a bit of superstition. She thought the loss of the ring portended some misfortune to Mr. Sunderland. I hope it does."

"I hope you do not, Miss Zollicoffer."

"I don't mean that I wish him to be ill or die. But I wish he would disappear."

"Disappear!"

"Leave The Cascade, and—the field, to better men than himself."

"I don't know where you could find one who is better, in all the essentials."

"*I* know of one; and the sooner I see him in Mr. Sunderland's place, the better pleased I shall be."

"I think it would be difficult to displace Gerard."

"*Do* you?" said Zoe Zoll earnestly. "I should think——"

"*What* should you think?" asked Sir Lancelot, after quite a pause.

"That you should know best," said Zoe Zoll. "Of course, he does not wish his intentions to be suspected just at this juncture," her thoughts ran. "But if he don't know what *my* wishes are, he's more stupid than I think him to be."

The baronet's face flushed. Zoe Zoll, watching him from the corners of her eyes, saw this flush, and her suspicions were confirmed.

"I wish to tell you what I have done," said he.

Zoe Zoll's eyes opened very wide. "Can he be going to confide in me?" she said to herself.

"I do not think that ring can be found," he continued.

"Oh! Never mind," said Zoe Zoll.

"But I *do* mind, for it makes your niece very unhappy."

Zoe Zoll nodded her head in triumphant self-gratulation. "She will get over that," said she.

"Perhaps—and perhaps not. But I thought if another ring just like it should be found in the brook——"

"Oh! I understand."

"Were there any initials in the ring?"

"'E. C. from G. S.,' and the date, 'May 14th.'"

"Thank you. That matter is settled, then."

"Yes, *that* matter is settled," repeated Zoe Zoll, with another matter in her thoughts.

And just then Rosamond appeared where the path wound around a clump of Norway pines. She did not laugh, nor contort her face impishly, as Zoe Zoll expected, but approached them gravely, pausing before Sir Lancelot.

"See, I've torn my dress frightfully," she said, spreading out her skirt, and looking up in his face. "I *must* have my buff gingham. Where is it?"

"What are you thinking of, Rosamond?" said Zoe Zoll. "How should Sir Lancelot know?"

"Gracious! Sir Lancelot! I saw somebody drawing the baby, and supposed, of course, it was nurse!"

So saying, Miss Rosamond shot into a side path, from whence a peal of laughter rang out in a minute, and was echoed by Sir Lancelot and Zoe Zoll.

(*To be continued.*)

I AM HE.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

I, your Father, God, and Saviour,
  Feel your need and cankering care,
See each trial and temptation,
  And each deftly woven snare:
Should you wish a friend more constant
  Than a brother's love may be,
One to trust and one to guide you,
  Think, my children, *I am He!*

Should the path be dark and stormy,
  Friends and friendships flee away,
Should your love be scorned or doubted,
  And your idols prove but clay—
And should Hope's fair blossoms perish,
  And their very ashes flee,
Should you wish a friend to aid you,
  Think, my children, *I am He!*

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A NATURAL SEQUEL.

BY E. L. FORD.

A woman who retains youth among her weapons of defence can still wage a good fight with society. She may be plain, she may be stupid, she may be dowdy, she may be poor, but glorious possibilities are about her. Plain girls can attain style; an uninteresting miss often develops into a charming, gracious woman. Round outlines and flexile curves will show through the shabbiest stuff, and red cheeks, and white teeth, and bright eyes thrive on coarse fare. I am glad, therefore, that though my heroine was not beautiful, nor gifted, nor accomplished, she was still in the magical teens. It would certainly be more convenient for story-writers if romance would come only to beautiful women, and brave, handsome men—if the tragic lives would fall only to the persons to whom they would naturally seem to belong. But it is not so in real life. Fate and nature seem at variance, commonplace men and women are cast for the leading parts, and nothing very eventful is apt to occur to nature's aristocrats.

One of the inseparable adjuncts of youth is its magnetism—its capacity for attracting, and being attracted. In that age particularly is love born of contact. Given two individuals of opposite sex, whose united ages would not exceed forty, and of non-pre-empted affections, and the result is a certain entanglement, a probable marriage.

Unfortunately, inthe present case, the third favorable condition was wanting. Miss Barron was pre-engaged. This fact, however, was unknown to her admirer, Walter Courtenay, and the communication was decidedly a disagreeable surprise. It happened in this way:

It had been a very hot June day, and Miss Barron and he had spent the most of the sultry, enervating hours in the vine-shaded parlor with a Tennyson, a guitar, and a backgammon-board. One falls in love very easily in the warm summer time, and Miss Barron had never looked more bewitching than she did that day. She had a very white, shapely hand as it hovered over the backgammon-board. Her tender, sweet voice, with what the French call a tear in it, was eminently suited to shaded rooms and languid June hours. Every man with a good tenor likes to read impassioned poetry to impressible women. On the whole, Mr. Courtenay had enjoyed the day, and believed himself to be very much in love. In the cool, after sunset time, when the whole household had collected on the lawn that sloped gently down to the bay, they saw a boat coming through the cloud isles that lay upon the placid water, and steering for the beach.

"I do declare!" said Miss Coyn tragically. "If that isn't Mr. Hendrickson."

"O dear!" said Mrs. Barron, to whose hospitable mind guests always brought table visions, "we ate all the strawberries for tea."

"Eh? What's that? Robert come?" said Mr. Barron, laying down his paper, and taking off his spectacles.

Miss Barron quietly separated herself from the rest, and walked slowly toward the beach. Walter, seeing this movement, and noting that the rest delayed a little as if in tacit recognition of her right to the first greeting, felt the first jealous pang.

"Miss Estelle regards Mr. Hendrickson as quite an old friend," he remarked to that ancient virgin, whom he secretly styled "Spinster Coyn."

"Yes, she ought to. They are to be married so soon."

"Ah! indeed. I did not know."

"The old cat!" he thought. "She told me only to see how I would take it. Hideous old maid!" And for the moment he was disposed to consider it a personal grievance that Miss Coyn was still unmarried and at large in society.

When the rest began to retrace their steps toward the lawn, he lingered to unmoor his boat.

"Surely you are not going home so early?"

"Oh! it's a little surprise for my landlady."

"We were going serenading to-night, you know," said Miss Barron, advancing toward him.

"But you are—engaged," in a low voice, and with a meaning glance. He turned quickly from her, pushed the boat from the grating beach, and jumped into it.

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"Estelle, are you standing on that wet beach in your slippers?" called her mother.

"I can take them off," returned Estelle in her sweet, low voice.

"How absurd! But you are so careless. I paid three dollars myself in New York for those slippers, and yet you go right out in that wet gravel. You are so imprudent. The doctor charges two dollars a visit and medicine extra."

"Yes, the expense is about equal," replied Estelle as gravely as before.

"She is very amiable," thought Mr. Hendrickson, looking at her. "It must be very unpleasant for her to be so publicly scolded about her clothing."

Then he said aloud to Mr. Barron—"I sold twenty shares of the Black Pit Mine at a rise of fifteen per cent."

And the two men began to talk business, and Estelle's betrothed thought no more of Estelle or her temper, or her wet shoes.

Estelle had grown accustomed to being thus set aside. It had been so all through their courtship—she had always been subordinate to business. A betrothed or a wife was to this man a rare vase, a piece of jewelry, an exotic, a something which did not interfere with his accumulation of wealth, or his network of financial plans, and which it was well to have. He had made Estelle's acquaintance through his commercial relations with her father. She was sweet and gentle, altogether charming. He had never had time to cultivate ladies' society. She was totally at variance with all his experience of life. She moved in another atmosphere. She knew absolutely nothing of gold, or grain, or shares. From the dust, and din, and weariness of his hard business life, he looked out at her, so dreamy, so unpractical, with a sort of wondering admiration. One day he asked her in plain terms to marry him.

"I don't know what kind of a husband you have expected, Miss Estelle. I suppose girls think a good deal about the coming hero; but I can assure you, if you will accept me, I will make your life easy and pleasant. Women like money. Well, I am rich. Spend as you please. As for having your own way, you know I'm not given to interfering with, or bothering myself about other people."

"*Other people—his wife,*" thought Estelle. Yet she knew that he had promised no more than he could and would perform. Perhaps, also, this grave, abstracted business man, who had never read a poem in his life, who never noticed her dress, nor her little feminine wiles, had some mysterious charm for her. At any rate, she accepted him.

Afterward she met Walter Courtenay.

She thought over all these things sitting by the window, looking out upon the moonlit lake. On the vine-wreathed porch outside were her father and lover, two dusky forms, with the glint of two cigars in the dusk. Inside the dim room were her Aunt Coyn and her mother, their lively tongues flying faster than their clicking needles. Way off, a mere speck upon the silver lake, floated Courtenay's boat.

A little thrill ran through her as she remembered his glance when she carelessly fastened a rosebud in the ribbon knotted at her throat. Ah me! How pleasant it was to be appreciated.

"Come, Estelle, don't sit by that open window in that thin dress, unless you are anxious to take cold. When you do, it all goes to your head, and you're a sight to be seen. If you could only see how you look with a cold!"

"I can always hear how I look, mother."

Meantime Walter Courtenay had thrown himself down in the skiff, with his shawl for a pillow, and his arms crossed under his head. Looking up thus into the deep, blue vault overhead, with the regnant moon sailing serenely on her way, even the most shallow mind must be penetrated with some faint yet solemn idea of the infinity of creation—the majestic vastness of the universe. Courtenay was not a deep thinker, but he possessed much sentiment, which sometimes serves as well. He began by thinking of the immeasurable, untraversable space between himself and that serene moon. Did our great earth then look to other worlds as those tremulous, twinkling pinheads of light—the stars—did to him. Perhaps to higher orders of being we were as the fruitlessly busy ants are to us; our lives to them only what a gnat's existence is to a human being. His own plans, hopes, and fears—yes, even his very being—what nothings they were in creation's great scheme. Yet how great they were to him! So gradually he worked his thoughts down from Cosmology to his own private personal affairs.

He did not flatter himself that Estelle loved him, or even that she was unhappy in her choice. He accepted the fact of her engagement, and looked upon matters as an uninterested spectator might have done. He did not imagine that her heart was very much interested in this marriage.

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She would marry as she had graduated—because it was in the order of things. She felt that she was doing well because her ambitious mother and aunt approved. Finally, the man loved her. This in itself is a great attraction for women. If the man is like Hendrickson, of cold, cautious temperament, and not fond of ladies' society, the selected one naturally feels flattered. It was all natural and harmonious—except that he loved Estelle. He was the marplot. What was it that so influenced him? There could be no mean motive. She was no heiress. He had seen women more beautiful, more gifted, better bred, and more cultured. Yet he was sure he loved only her. It must be, then, her soul, her mind, which enchanted him. Philosophers and moralists declare such to be the true and lasting passion. Such, then, was to be his portion. He must bear through all the coming years a love strong as it was hopeless, but yet refining and ennobling. He would walk the world alone for Estelle's dear sake. He would do some great life-work. Men should speak of his genius and his unrewarded constancy in the same breath. A second Dante and his Beatrice.

For the rest, he must fly. He must relinquish the sweetness of her presence; and yet in going he resolved that he would say a word or two to dimly hint his love. The longer he reflected, the more convinced he was that he was terribly in earnest, that his love was hopeless and unrequited, and that the agony of the coming parting was very bitter. It never struck him that agonized sufferers did not usually need to reflect upon the matter, and convince themselves of their sufferings.

It was the noon of night. The boat rocked idly in a mesh of sweet flag and lush rushes. A thin, white mist began to rise and curl over the still waters. The dark, dewy masses of foliage communicated in soft shiverings and rustlings. From the depths of the wood came the hooting of a lone owl. Close to the shore a plaintive whippoorwill ceaselessly reiterated his lament. Through all was heard the shrill cry of the locusts, the monotonous sound of the katydid, the clear chirp of the merry crickets. Humanity was silent, and inferior life held high carnival. It was as if night reigned upon the earth, man was still uncreated, and the world awaited her morning and her master.

Suddenly a faint, far-off strain of music came floating over the still water. Courtenay rose. A curve in the shore hid the musicians and their boat. A woman's voice and a flute were so intermingled and united that it seemed only as if the flute could articulate:

> "So he made him a boat of birchen bark,
> Which carried him off from the shore;
> Long he followed that meteor spark,
> The wind was high, and the night was dark,
> And the boat returned no more."

The words died away in the wailing note, "no more," and the unseen skiff receded into the distance. A vague thrill ran through the listener. He was afraid—he knew not of what. He seized his oars, and rowed swiftly to his landing-place.

—

The next morning Courtenay rose early, and, taking his gun, went hunting. At eight o'clock he appeared as usual at the Barrons' breakfast-table. He had decided there yet remained a few days wherein he might take time to decide about his famous life-work. Meantime, he would remain near Estelle. He assured himself that he had by no means relinquished his intention of flight, he had only postponed the act.

That day, however, Mr. Hendrickson returned to his business haunts, and Courtenay, seeing no sign of approaching nuptials, fell unresistingly back into the old familiarity. He was always resolving, however, that every to-morrow he would go away. Every sail, or ride, or walk with Estelle he believed he would make the last, but somehow the days slipped away, and he was still on the same intimate footing at the Barrons. It was so sweet to his masculine vanity to note how, almost unconsciously to herself, Estelle consulted his tastes in her dress, her music, and her reading. She divined his wishes. She was so innocent in her admiration of him. She responded so guilelessly to his advances. They had long ago talked over the dangerously sweet subject of friendship, and tacitly agreed that such was their relation. Ah! how pleasant it was. The woman was fascinated by appreciation; the man was thrilled by the delicious pain of being so near and yet so far from the revelation of what he believed to be a hopeless love.

While matters were in this state, they came home from a ramble one day and found Mr. Hendrickson pacing up and down the lawn. They saw him while they were yet outside of the gate, and standing in the shadowy edge of the woods. Courtenay perceived him first. He stopped, drew his note-book from his pocket, and, tearing out a leaf, began wrapping it about the stems of the wild flowers in his hand.

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"I see your friend has come," he said gravely, "so I won't go in to disturb your visit with him. Be careful of the little leaf from my book. Good-bye, and God bless you."

"You are very solemn to-night," and she looked at him with innocent wonder in her eyes.

He returned the gaze with one tender, searching, and sad. He stooped as if to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, and left a warm, light, tremulous kiss upon her hand. The next instant Estelle stood alone. Blind and dizzy, yet outwardly calm, she mechanically opened the gate, and advanced to meet her betrothed.

The evening passed like a dream. She was conscious only of the remembered pressure of Courtenay's lips. From the spot where had rested that light, soft touch, there seemed to run a stream of fire throughout her frame.

When she was alone she unwrapped the paper from the flowers. On it were pencilled Shelley's impassioned lines:

"Pilot of the Fate
Whose course has been so starless! Oh! too late,
Beloved. Too soon adored by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
A shadow of that substance from its birth.

"We—are we not formed as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar?
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air."

She read the words as if she were in a dream. She was thrilled without knowing the cause. She dimly felt that she was beloved, and yet her maiden delicacy shrank from acknowledging the sweet truth. She was not conscious of her own love—it was too soon for that. She thought always of the object—and not of the passion—of him—not of herself. She was absorbed in endeavoring to explain his acts. She presented to herself a thousand arguments against his love, the belief in any one of which would have caused deep, mental pain.

"Perhaps," she reflected, "he did not know that the leaf torn from his note-book was pencilled."

The innocence of young girls is sometimes almost like stupidity.

But then his kiss. Ah! that was something not to be explained away. So, like a pendulum, her heart oscillated between blissful certainty and happy doubtfulness.

If she had been older or more experienced, she would have realized her position and its consequences. As it was, she took no thought of what was to follow. Courtenay, older in years and experience, knew well where they both stood, and saw to the end. He was aware of her attachment to him before she knew it herself. He declared to himself that she was the only woman who ever had or ever would completely fill his heart. He also kept continually in view the fact that this delightful entanglement must come to an end, and took a mournful pleasure, when alone, in reflecting upon their double misery when eternally separated. Perhaps, if he had not known his love to be returned, he would not have been so apt to regard himself as a faithful, hopeless lover in the future. Men seem more apt to remain constant to a requited but hopeless love, women to an unrequited passion.

Mr. Hendrickson had come to announce the fact that his business required him to take a journey to the East, and in accordance with his request it was decided to hurry the preparations for the wedding, and convert his journey into a bridal trip. After that walk in the woods, Mr. Courtenay was seen no more.

"I told you it was only a little flirtation," said Miss Coyn to Mrs. Barron.

"I don't approve of flirtations, but then Estelle is so wilful," returned the married sister.

Now that the wedding day was so near, the engaged couple spent most of their time together.

Estelle did not analyze her feelings, but she was conscious that her mind turned always and involuntarily to the happy past, and that the present, with its occupations or amusements, was monotonous and wearisome. Mr. Hendrickson, however, found no change in her, for in his society she had always been very quiet, perhaps a little dreamy and abstracted, and he could form no conception of her except with that manner. The days dragged themselves along somehow, and Estelle reached the last day of her maiden life. Mr. Hendrickson had taken his affianced out that morning for a drive, and in returning he struck into a cool, shady road that led through the woods. Presently at the far end of the forest aisle there appeared two mounted figures. Estelle with her near-sightedness could not recognize them, but Mr. Hendrickson did.

"Here comes your friend, Mr. Courtenay, and a lady," he said.

"It is Mrs. La Farge, the widow lady, with whom he boards," answered Estelle, as the

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figures drew nearer. The two couples approached each other. Courtenay's eyes were fixed upon the occupants of the carriage, but Mrs. La Farge had her face turned to him. Her black riding-dress set off to advantage her trim, round figure; her large, black eyes were bright with animation, and the fresh air, and the swift motion of her ride had crimsoned her smooth cheeks and parted lips.

"Mr. Courtenay showed good taste in selecting a boarding-place," quietly remarked Mr. Hendrickson.

And then the two parties met.

Estelle was outwardly as calm as ever, but the blood seemed to curdle about her heart, and she grew very cold. She put out her hand, but still she was not conscious when Courtenay touched it. As soon as the introductions were over, Mrs. La Farge began her lively chatter to Mr. Hendrickson. Under cover of it Courtenay spoke:

"That horse Mrs. La Farge is riding, is the 'Brown Bessie' I was training for you," he said. "Now I suppose you will never ride her?"

"No," replied Estelle, speaking like one in a dream—slowly and painfully, "you know I am going away to-morrow."

"Yes, I know."

With those words their eyes met. Estelle beheld in Courtenay's love and sorrow such as no language can express.

"Ah my darling! my darling! you are going from me," was the mute eloquence he used.

At the same moment Estelle, looking steadily at him, and into his soul, as it were, was suddenly conscious of a voice within her saying over and over again—

"Oh! I love you, I love you. I would die for you!"

She dropped her eyelids. It seemed as if that passionate cry must have been audible to all about her.

It was only the voice of her heart, and Courtenay alone heard it. All that was emotional and real in him was stirred. He turned white, and rode rapidly away. Mrs. La Farge, still laughing, clattered after him.

The next day, in the morning, and in the presence only of her own family, Miss Barron was married to Mr. Hendrickson. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom started on their bridal trip. Courtenay wandered around the woods, and drifted upon the lake, and was subject to a becoming melancholy which he chose to consider an overwhelming grief. For two weeks he shunned society, kept very irregular hours, and was never at home to his meals. At the end of the fortnight he met a sportsman friend, who persuaded him to go off on a hunting trip, which lasted a month. He had not yet decided what manner of work his life pursuit was to be, and in the meantime he thought it well to commence with nature. Estelle heard of this trip. For awhile, Miss Coyn mentioned him in her letters in a jesting, bantering way. Estelle could not bring herself to speak of him in the same tone, and so his name never appeared in her letters. When he went off on the excursion, Miss Coyn ceased to mention him, and so gradually silence enshrouded him, and little by little this hero of her maiden dreams began to lose his reality, and fade into a myth.

"I am sure, Estelle, you ought to be the happiest woman alive," cried Mrs. Barron on her first visit to her daughter.

"I suppose you think a woman who was not alive would enjoy still more felicity."

"I wish you would try and overcome that bad habit of criticizing other people's expressions, and answering them flippantly. But seriously, Estelle, you ought to be happy. Are you not"

"An ought signifies nothing, mother," rejoined Estelle, with her peculiar quiet, half-quizzical smile.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Barron wrote that very day to Miss Coyn, whom she had left at home to act as housekeeper—

"I know Estelle thinks she has done well, but she is too contrary to avow it," she said in her letter.

And in this matter Mrs. Barron judged her daughter rightly—she did believe that she had done well. She knew herself to be naturally indolent and dreamy. To be poor and industrious would have been worse than death to her. In all her life she had never worked, nor been needy, and she was resolved she never would be. So far as her external life was concerned, she had chosen her husband well. As for her inner existence she was not antagonistic to her husband, and she was so constituted that she could be sufficient to herself, and do without intimates. Her little episode with Courtenay had left a tender regret, rather than a poignant anguish. She was a woman who would inevitably find something in life to develop a tender regret.

The second year of her married life, Estelle persuaded her mother to spend the winter with her. Mr. Hendrickson had always rather liked

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his mother-in-law, and he himself had written the invitation to her to make his house her home.

"I shall be gone away on business most of the time, and Estelle will be lonely," he had said in his letter.

And so Mrs. Barron had gone, and had resumed her old dictatorship till it seemed to Estelle that she was still unmarried, and under her mother's jurisdiction. Then when Mr. Hendrickson was expected home, and Mrs. Barron was talking of taking her departure, there happened an event which changed their whole life plans. There came one morning a telegram which was addressed to Mrs. Hendrickson, but it passed first into her mother's hands. Estelle was much of an invalid, and when the despatch arrived she had not left her room. Mrs Barron saw that the message was from Washington, and divined it was from Mr. Hendrickson. She held the brown envelope for some moments, unopened, in her hand. She had not yet arrived at that step in her dictatorship where she was accustomed to open her daughter's correspondence.

"If the news should be bad, the shock would be terrible to Estelle. Weak as she is, I ought to break it to her. If it is only in regard to some every-day matter, I shall know it anyway." And, so musing, she broke the seal.

"Ah! the merciless brevity of the telegraph!

"*Robert Hendrickson died here at the Willard House last night.*"

Mrs. Barron sank into a chair, cold and stunned. To do her justice, her first thought was of the dead, for she had liked and respected her son-in-law. But her second thought was of her daughter, for her maternal love was the strongest passion she had ever known. When she had reasoned with herself that if there was bad news she must break it to her daughter, she had not realized how hard the task would be. Last night, while they were sitting by the cheerful fire, he was going out into eternity. This morning, while they were making ready for their cosey breakfast, with the sun shining in at the windows, the silver and glass sparkling on the table, he whose money had furnished that table, and who had so often sat at its head, was—*where?*

After awhile the door opened, and Estelle entered. She was very pale and thin. Her sombre, brown morning-dress hung loosely about her tall, emaciated figure, and lent no color to her pallid complexion. Since she had been married, her dainty toilet conceits had fallen away from her, because of her husband's indifference to her dress, and she contented herself with always appearing simply neat.

"What is the matter, mother?" she asked in her quiet, even tones.

Mrs. Barron rose and went toward her with the telegram in her hand, but she did not yet know how to break the sad news.

"Is it a telegram Is it from Robert?" asked Estelle, as quietly as before.

"It is *about* Robert," said Mrs. Barron; and then, not knowing what more words of preparation to use, she gently pushed her daughter into a chair, and put the telegram in her hand.

Estelle read it twice before she comprehended its full meaning. When she realized the awful import of that brief line, the paper slid from her relaxed hand to the floor, and she folded her arms upon the table and hid her face upon them. Her mother was seized with a fear that she had fainted.

"Estelle, raise your head! Speak to me, Estelle!" she cried, laying her hand upon her daughter's shoulder.

"O mother! don't talk to me now. Only just leave me to myself."

Then Mrs. Barron, foreseeing that her daughter would not faint, went quietly out of the room.

The bright morning hours crept slowly away in the hushed house. Everything was thrown from its accustomed groove, and the servants clustered together below stairs to gossip and speculate. Mrs. Barron remained locked in her own room, and the widow still sat motionless by the undisturbed breakfast-table. What thoughts passed through her mind in those long hours of meditation, Estelle never revealed. When the twilight came, and her mother entered, bringing food and warm drink, she lifted her head, and ate and drank, and let her hollow eyes and haggard face speak for themselves.

"I think you had better go to bed and try to sleep," said her mother tenderly.

"O mother! you talk as if sleep would be any comfort."

"Well, you can at least forget."

"I do not desire to forget," was the sad and quiet reply.

And in this way, and with these words, Mrs. Hendrickson accepted her widowhood. Her mother knew that whatever came afterward would be endured in silence.

All the solemn ceremonies attendant on the

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laying away of the dead were finally over, and the widow sat with her mother and aunt at breakfast on the morning after the funeral.

"Estelle," said Mrs. Barron, "it would be well to have a seamstress in the house to make up your mourning."

"I am not going to wear black," answered Estelle in her quiet, settled way.

"Not wear black! Not go into mourning!" exclaimed her two companions.

"I am in mourning," said Estelle; "but I shall not wear black."

"What will people say? A widow in colors!"

"It makes no difference what they say. I shall not hear."

"But," said Miss Coyn earnestly, "consider what an exponent dress is. It defines age, rank, station, and circumstances. Brides wear white, widows should assume black. "Do, my dear, think better of it."

"I have already thought the best of it."

And from this position Estelle never moved. She went quietly about in her customary grave attire. As Mrs. Barron had predicted, people did talk, but as Estelle had said, their voices did not reach the ears of the woman they discussed, and she remained unconscious of their censure, and went quietly along, according to others the same latitude in their affairs which she claimed in her own. Finally the time of mourning wore away, and people ceased to speak of her as one who should be shrouded in habiliments of woe, but who was not clothed in mourning. She began to be seen at little tea-parties, and church gatherings, and to have little, social reunions at her own house. She even went so far at one of these companies as to wear a scarlet ribbon threaded in her hair. When she had done this, the gossips declared that she was rich and still young, and that she would marry again.

"I think I will have a blue winter dress," Estelle said to her mother.

It was the morning after the night when Estelle had worn the scarlet in her hair. Now that bright ribbon had been a great offence to Mrs. Barron's eyes, and she had endeavored to prevent its wearing. She had been defeated on the scarlet, but she now resolved to take a second and more decided stand against the blue.

"Surely, at your age, and so sallow as you are, you will not think of trying to wear blue!"

Estelle said no more, but when afternoon came she dressed herself for walking, sallied out, and purchased a dark-blue dress.

Two or three days before Estelle had made these little essays toward the resumption of bright colors in her dress, Mrs. Barron had received a letter from Miss Coyn. It was full of household details, except the postscript.

"Tell Estelle," it said, "that her old admirer, Walter Courtenay, has returned here, and is boarding again at Mrs. La Farge's. No one knows what may happen. He called and left his compliments for you and 'Mrs. Hendrickson.' You will probably see him when you return home."

"What does she mean by 'no one knows what may happen?'" queried Mrs. Barron.

"It is the truth, any way," said Estelle. "So she speaks that she never seems to care much for the meaning."

"Veracity is an excellent thing," tartly rejoined Mrs. Barron.

Soon after, Estelle went up to her own room, and hunted up some blue ribbons which she had worn before her marriage, and triod their effect in her hair and at her throat. It was then that she resolved upon a dress of that color.

Nothing was said about Courtenay in the return letter, but when Miss Coyn wrote again, she mentioned him the second time.

"Courtenay has been here again," she wrote, "and this time he stayed to tea. He is finer-looking than ever. He has been travelling ever since he left here. He is engaged now in designing the illustrations for a new edition of Whittier, to be issued in December. He left a copy of one of the designs with me to be forwarded to you with his compliments. I should not wonder if he should amount to something, after all."

When the two ladies had finished canvassing this letter, Estelle took it to her own room, and lying on the bed, re-read the passage relative to Courtenay. Was it then so wonderful that he should amount to something. It seemed to her that he had always amounted to more than any other man she had ever met. He was not rich, he never would be, nor was it possible for him to be a public man, but at the fireside, at the family table, in the *tête-à-tête*, he was charming. To be cultured, travelled, polished—was not this amounting to something? She thought of her past wedded life and of her husband, and decided within herself that to be these things was a great deal. In that world of stocks, shares, grain, and gold, where her husband had lived, moved, and had his being, she had never penetrated. He had been her protector, her shelter, her support—everything but her companion. He had died, and now she was

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free to marry again. She resolved, almost unconsciously to herself, that if she did take a second husband, he should be congenial. He might be poor, visionary, and improvident, and she smiled as she thought that Courtenay was all these, but he should at least be in sympathy with her.

From this self-communing, Estelle rose to restring her long-unused guitar, and practise the tender ballads she sang in her maiden days. Sweet reminiscences clustered all about them. Memories of moonlight sails, of languid June days, of pleasant twilight talks. Her husband had not been able to distinguish one tune from another, and it was not in her nature to do aught without the return of the only reward she craved—the appreciation of those she loved; so of late years she had neglected her music. Now she resolved to take it up again. She did not allege any definite reason even to herself.

There was one season of the year when no persuasion could induce Mrs. Barron to be absent from home. When the time came wherein it was customary to bottle the wine made from the currants, grapes, and gooseberries grown at the homestead, Mrs. Barron never failed to be there, and assume the personal supervision of that delicate operation. No argument could have convinced her that the old servant, who had bottled the wine for ten consecutive years under her eye, could bottle it on the eleventh if released from her surveillance. As the time for this annual ceremony drew nigh, she began to make her preparations for a return home, and for once Estelle took an interest in her mother's bustling. Perhaps it was because she longed to revisit her old home, but her thoughts were certainly on Courtenay as she fastened her bonnet on the morning of their journey, and surveyed herself in the glass.

It was yet in the gray dawn when they took their seats in the car. Estelle closed her eyes, and leaned her head against the window-sill. Heedless of her mother's incessant stream of talk, she was imagining her first meeting with Courtenay. Would they meet suddenly in the street, would they draw slowly near to each other in the crowded church aisle? How would he look, and how would she appear in his eyes? Ah! what would he think of her after all these years of separation? Yet she never said to herself in plain terms—"I would like to marry Walter Courtenay." The ice was too thin there, and she only skimmed around the edge of the subject. The sun rose, and shone into the car. Weary travellers, cramped and stiff from vain efforts to adapt their frames to unaccommodating seats in hours of slumber, raised themselves, and hailed the morn. Mrs. Barron, keenly alive to all phases of humanity, discussed her surroundings, but Estelle paid no attention, or answered mechanically. Suddenly the sound of Courtenay's name roused her.

"Oh! it's too late to look now," cried her mother impatiently, "he has gone into the forward car."

"Are you sure it is he?"

"I am going to speak to him," cried Mrs. Barron, starting up.

Estelle tried in vain to dissuade her. She came back in a few moments to the door of the car, and beckoned Estelle. In the next car, standing between two *vis-a-vis* seats, was Courtenay. Changed he was—but for the better. His figure was larger and finer, his expression was more self-reliant, and his silky beard, while it proved his maturity, added to the impressiveness of his appearance. Genial, graceful, his whole appearance bespeaking the highest type of the gentleman, he made a step or two forward, and met them cordially. Still retaining Estelle's hand, he turned to a lady by whose side he had been sitting.

"Allow me," he said "to introduce an old acquaintance under a new name. Mrs. Courtenay, Mrs. Hendrickson."

"You have not forgotten me, have you?" cried the former Mrs. La Farge, putting out her pretty little hand.

Her eyes were as bright as ever, her smile as sweet. Her youthful face looked scarcely a day older than when Estelle had seen her last. In that one instant of time Estelle seemed to see herself sallow, thin, prematurely old, standing so near to Courtenay, and yet so hopelessly isolated. She muttered something, she knew not what, and after a little Courtenay escorted them back to their seats.

"Everything is reversed with Mrs. Hendrickson and myself," said Mrs. Courtenay to her husband; "when last we met she was a bride and I a widow, now I am the bride and she the widow."

"Good heavens! why did he marry that woman?" cried Mrs. Barron, when she and her daughter were alone. "Why, she has a boy six years old."

"Nevertheless, Courtenay is older than she."

"But then she has been married before. Experience ought to count for something as well as age."

"It does. It counts for a great deal," said Estelle sadly.

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THE BLACK FOREST.

BY LINDEN STRASSE.

Early in June, we—a party of four ladies—left Stuttgart for a little journey in the Black Forest. Having no gentleman with us, we felt quite independent, and resolved to see and enjoy all in our own way. Accordingly, with our bags, shawls, &c., we scrambled into a third-class car, which was to take us to Dietzingen on our way to Calo, where one first enters the true Black Forest. Looking about us, we found ourselves in a larger and even more comfortable car than the more aristocratic first-class (it is a common saying, in Germany, that only princes, fools, and Americans travel first-class—true, our seats were not cushioned, but the day being very warm, we could not feel this a deprivation—smoking peasants, with their toil-worn wives and daughters sat about us, but pipes are not always more offensive than cigars, and these neighbors were inclined to be polite and friendly, and lastly, our little green tickets were but half price. The heavy interest of our companions, and the novelty of our situation so engrossed us, that we were in Dietzingen before we were aware. Here we left our astonished peasants and the dull village, sought out a post-wagon, and prepared to make the best of German post travel. What a shrunken little box was this wagon—with its two small, barred windows, door at the end, and seats running from end to end. Within the main coach were seats for six; in front, in a kind of open coupé, two more. Entering the main coach we found a peasant woman, with many boxes, crowded close in a corner—she looked out in some affright as we proceeded to take possession. It was not very luxurious—this manner of travel—the wagon was narrow, roof low, a net filled with umbrellas hung disagreeably low, punching, thrusting, stabbing us every moment, but we congratulated ourselves on being alone, and were content. This too soon, however, for a long, clay-colored man came puffing up the highway, with a lighted cigar-stump in his fingers he wrenched open the door, and to his amaze sat in our midst. He was not a Yankee, had probably never heard of the excessive curiosity of the race, and yet had more than the concentrated essence of all resolved into himself. For a time he struggled silently at his cigar, then began a minute examination of dresses, hats, &c. If one spoke of something we were passing, his neck was first outstretched—of a picture in a book we had, he stood up to see—did we laugh, he, too, was moved to merriment. Only as we spoke English, did he subside into silence and misery—the expression of his tanned face being one of utter despair. He plied us with questions as for dear life, the more unintelligible we found his horrible Swabish, the faster he chattered. We were growing desperate as we entered the narrow streets of an old town, "Weil Vie Stadt—remarkable for its queer name (while the town) and as being the birthplace of the astronomer Kepler. The citizens of the town are, at this late day, erecting a monument to his memory. Looking out on the market-place, we saw the half-finished work, and inquired of our man. Delighted in being addressed, he quickly explained that the town would honor her great poet Kepler! And now we found that he had been talking against time, for in the very top of success and usefulness he left us! We wished to see more of the quaint town, and, we believed, the town of us—since dozens of idle men, children, and dogs had flocked around; but, although a very old church with curious windows and carvings stood just before us, our jolly conductor declared we could not get out, there was no time, &c. He being "clothed with a little brief authority" and the king's uniform, we were obliged to submit, and sat quite still while he drank foaming glasses of beer, made a feint of business, nodded to half the town, impressed all with his importance, when climbing into his seat again, we journeyed on through the straggling woods, poor villages, stunted orchards, and narrow fields which characterized the entire way to Calo.

CALO.

Our arrival, or that of the coach, seemed a great event in Calo. It being evening, the laborers returned from the fields, and the people generally at leisure, we had a proper welcome. The postillion's whip crack, crack, cracked in fine frenzy, the wagon drew up in front of the "Wald Horn"—urchins, dogs, and geese scattered, heads popped out windows, doors flew open, postmen and maids, stood before us! Impartially dividing our few belongings among the

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many, and preceded by the host, we marched into the queer little inn. So soon as we had made a little acquaintance with our rooms, the dark stairways and stone passages, we hurried out and up a great frowning hill for a view of the town. From the very summit we looked down on the peaked roofs, tall steeple, sullen Nagol River (*we* should call it a creek), and fair meadows in the narrow valley for below. The picture in the evening light was a very charming one, and we thought we should be glad to spend weeks here, as the first stopping-place in Schwarzwald. But coming down and crossing the market-place we met crowds of peasants—such loud, coarse, rude men and women that we were fairly frightened. These people are far inferior to our "lumber men," though their employment is the same, even the women working with axe and saw. It is a rough population gathered from many points—Calo being the centre of the lumber trade with Holland. We were delighted with our inn and our great many-windowed rooms, with their white and brown floors, dark furniture, and fleecy curtains, concluded at last to have tea in the public room in order to see more of the people. We found men, old and young, assembled about the tables, enveloped in smoke, drinking beer and wine, talking with much excitement; but as we entered they fell silent, and such a cruel restraint was our mere presence that we soon withdrew, and had the satisfaction of hearing clattering glasses and merry voices again. Germans drink, talk, and smoke to an extent astounding to an American, but the wine is the simple juice of the grape, the beer suited to their temperaments (it would seem), smoke and talk—common and necessary as atmospheric air. Dozens sit in a common room with cigars and beer, talking constantly—no undue excitement—no heat—only kindly good feeling among all. I haven't seen half a dozen drunken men in a year in Germany. Who can say as much of the smallest town in America? German women are, however, rather silent—poor things, what have they to talk of?—Their great washes, servants, and children. A wash often comes but twice a year, the longer the time the richer the wardrobe and linen press is supposed to be. Servants are ignorant, idle, and stupid—allowed few privileges, and going about in a dogged, sullen way very painful to observe.

The women do have hard lives. Nothing is arranged for ease or any degree of comfort in keeping house, everything seems a century behind the age. The wife must, however, make her husband's home what he desires, or neither finds peace in it. This being the case, her days are passed in pettiest cares, her thoughts hovering ever about her kitchen or pantry.

A friend told me last winter of overhearing part of a conversation in the theatre. An officer, leaning over an American lady, was crying out against America's long continuance of slavery, &c.

"But," said she, "we have abolished slavery, when will you?"

"We?" in great amaze.

"Surely," she replied, "we had never in America greater slaves than are your wives to-day."

And truly it seems so to us; although I find our habit of idle women, and hardworked men very unjust, nor believe it will last through the coming years. Is it not the wife's privilege to share the cares of her husband? Do these not bring them more nearly together? Is there not joy for her as well as for him, in accomplishment? A rather more equal division of labor were rather more to our honor as a great, free nation.

TEINACH.

After our coffee next morning, we arranged to walk to Teinach, a little watering place, two hours away. More definitely is it impossible to ascertain a distance here. They count always by hours—to ride, walk, or by railroad.

And what a walk we had! Through fir thickets, over hills and sunny valleys, crossing flowery meadows and pretty mountain streams, until we arrived at Zavelstein, where there is a ruin of a mediæval castle, once the family seat of the house of Calo. We passed through the poor hamlet, where I saw the most forlorn-looking people I have seen in Germany. But even in this miserable place two fair fountains were gushing and sparkling in the sunshine. Although the people are kept as children, the government certainly looks constantly after their comfort, and we, too, felt grateful for this as we drank of the delicious water. Frowsy women were washing salads at the fountains, a smiling, old, blind beggar sat by the public way, twirling his cap and looking simply happy as an animal. Before every door was a dung-heap or horrible pool, and sturdy children play in or about them. In this fine air I suppose one could not be ill.

We lingered an hour among the ivies and ruins, admiring the great doorways, fine arches, thick walls, and climbing at last to the very top of the only remaining tower, we had again this

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lovely picture peculiar to the Black Forest. Great hills, closely covered with dark firs from base to summit; narrow valleys, with their fair meadows and white roads. Our way to Teinach was just down the hillside, a rugged and steep path, but well paved.

In Teinach we were surprised to find very few houses, but a large and excellent hotel, with best of cooks and attendance. After dinner we drank of the "champagnier" water, and wandered about the beautiful grounds, meeting but few guests, and finding everywhere beautiful views and attractive resting-places, until coming shadows forced us to look for a carriage for our return to our travelling-bags in Calo. Taking a different and even more charming route than the one of the morning, we were soon in noisy Calo again.

HIRSAN AND LIEBENZELL.

Next morning we sent on our baggage by post, and started on foot for Hirsan, where there is a famous ruin of a cloister of the seventh century.

We found Hirsan, spite of its age, very unimposing, save for the ruins which tower above everything save the hills. A spruce Jewess, with very fierce eyes, and jingling many keys, led us through a monster gateway through the chief chambers of this once grand building. Broken walls, immense arches, clinging ivies, some wonderful suggestions at Zavelstein, save as our footsteps resounded over the worn stones of the chapel gallery, we could but think of the chants of praise, the prayers of penitence—cries of praise so long stilled—and feel a half pain in the glad sunshine, building birds, and jesting voices about us. It was once the richest cloister in Germany, but destroyed by the French in 1692, the remaining treasures of pictures, plate, glass painting, &c., were removed, and now but two perfect walls and one tower remain. So long has it been a ruin, that a great elm (which, by the way, Uhland has sung of) lifts its green head above even these lofty walls. A few old gravestones, with hardly legible carvings, still cling to the chapel. Our guide told us quite a pretty little story (which we afterward had confirmed) of a part of a skeleton and a gold ring—now in possession of one of the counts of the house of Würtemburg—which were found under one of these stones.

At the time of repairing the chapel, all bones were gathered, placed in a coffin, and let down into a well-like vault, the trap-door of which our guide lifted, that we might look in, where we could indeed plainly see the bones, and also several hideous salamanders creeping among them; and never again do I wish to know anything of the bones of any dead. It was horrible!

Shuddering, we turned away, and after a walk through the village, and seeing the little remnant of what is said to have been a Roman road, we crossed the Nagold to reach the inn, where we were to have dinner. As we approached, we saw from every door and window peasants in their national or provincial holiday dress, and learned that it was a wedding party. The marriage was over, having been performed in church, the company going and coming in procession; but all guests were to dine (each one at his own expense!) in the inn, and we could see them all.

The host met us at the door, the crowd fell away, and we were conducted into a room filled with women. Our host was loth to point out the bride, since "she was not what we expected, he knew, but only a widow!"

She stood beside a window, in the midst of a chattering group, a quiet smile on her handsome face, her dark eyes overlooking her companions, a glass of red wine sparkling in her hand. I saw her but a moment, and yet the picture I brought away is most vivid. Her dress, a black stuff short gown, white stockings, hanging garters, low shoes, hair in long braids, with ribbons reaching to the bottom of the skirts, and the queer, little, black cap, was just the same as that of the others, except that she wore a richer handkerchief—black silk with white embroidery—crossed over her bosom.

The groom we did not see, but learned he was a younger person than the bride, and that he had probably married her because she had a little money! The shameless way in which Germans speak of marriage for money, and other *reasons*, is distressing to one with a spark of romance, or belief in the sacredness of human affection.

In a larger room we found men and women drinking and eating—beer and wine, roast veal, sausage, salad, and black bread, constituting the wedding feast. Young and old men had precisely the same dress—a black cloth coat, short waist, trimmed with many buttons; long, full skirts, hanging almost to the heels; short, leather breeches, reaching only to the knee; long garters, white stockings, and stout shoes. The vest is the chief ornament, being adorned with many large buttons, those of the richer peasants being of silver. The large, three-cor-

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nered hat has often a flower or feather. The whole dress is much more picturesque than that of the women.

The company was very noisy, much loud talking and singing. We asked for a private room, and were conducted into a quiet, smaller one, where a few older men and women sate solemnly enjoying themselves. One of these men had a fine head and face—would have been considered fine in any company; the others were the heaviest, most brutal I ever saw without marks of dissipation. They were evidently simple, plain sons of toil, but the intellect seemed never to have been aroused in them. How silent, how grave, how solemn they were! They bade us welcome. We took our dinner at a table near, and presently a bridesmaid came in bearing a glass and a bottle of wine. Each guest received a greeting from the bride, and must drink to her future weal. The great pipes were laid aside, each took a generous sip from the glass; and as it went the round of the table, a fright seized us. If we were desired to drink from the same!

Hastily paying our reckoning, and bowing to all, we left before the glass could reach us, glad to escape, and yet congratulating ourselves on having once dined in such a company.

Our way to Liebensell lay in a deep valley, with hay fields on either side. The afternoon was warm, and we did not know whether to pity the women and children tossing the new-mown grass or to envy them, living as they do in a land of so much beauty and interest.

Again we were reminded of the care of the king for his children. On either side the public road, in cool shadow, we found stone benches for rest, and above these a kind of shelf, where the peasants put off their burdens from their heads while they rest. These burdens are often so heavy that they could never lift them without assistance, but by merely stooping beside this shelf leave them off and take them on again.

The approach to the Bath Hotel at Liebensell is through the grandest avenue of elms I ever saw, great interlacing boughs and dense verdure forming a dim cathedral aisle. The hotel, a great, irregular, rambling old country house, proved to be very comfortable, and we greatly enjoyed our excellent supper and nice rooms after our whole day of walking and fresh air.

MORNING MIST.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY.

Impenetrable, white, and grand as mountain-peaks of snow,
Close shrouding glow of morning star from shivering vales below,
Between the silent earth and sky the mist loomed drearily,
While, faintly lighting its far heights, the moon waned wearily.
But soon the sun shot golden arrows through the lofty domes,
And, as when into some dark room long filled with gloom there comes
A shaft of quivering light, the dusky shadows turn to bars
Of sparkling dust—the mist, transfigured, seemed but floating stars.

O love! between our souls there long has lain as sad a mist
As this that hid the dawn from earth! its soft, deep folds resist
All gleams of faith, and no pale moon of hope dare overleap
The airy heights, lest it shall rouse your scorn from sleep.
In some fair coming day of joy will love's imperial sun
Part, with its piercing beams, this filmy wall by doubt begun,
By doubt built up to touch the hollow heaven? To golden bands
Will veiling mist change silently, and bind your willing hands?

AN OLD LEGEND.

There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which he was to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

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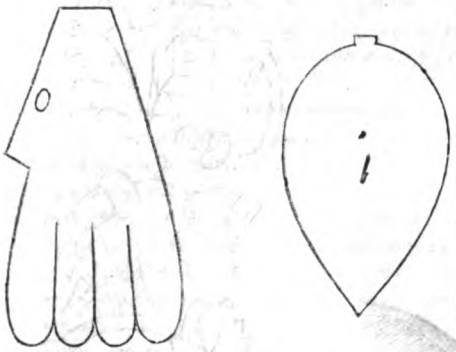
PAPER-FLOWER MAKING.

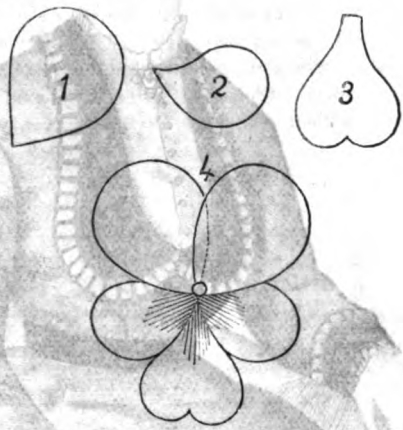
WOODBINE AND PANSIES.



For woodbine, cut as many tubes as you like from coral-colored or yellow paper, and having moistened the edge, No. 0, with your brush, lap it over on the opposite side of the flower, smooth gently with your finger till it adheres well, then lay aside to dry. If you experience any awkwardness in holding the flower while gluing it, just insert your scissor-blade in the tube to hold the paper in place and make a foundation to work upon. Having made as many tubes as you will want for your spray, and while they are drying, you must prepare your stamens. Take No. 20 spool-cotton, knot the end of the thread as you would for your sewing, and clip off at the length of an inch and a half. Take five or six of such threads in a bunch, and fasten the ends securely to a short, fine wire stem, by coiling the wire around them once or twice, and tying with fine thread. This being done, moisten your threads thoroughly with gum-arabic, using the brush to do so. Then lay them into a box of dry chrome-yellow, turn them over and over and stir them well, until the powder adheres and entirely covers them. Then remove, and with the point of your scissors separate them, and lay them aside to dry. In like manner prepare the stamens for the other tubes. Then, the stamens and flowers all being dried, draw the flowers over the stems until they fit round closely over the stamens. Tie securely, and give the edges of your petals an outward curl, by drawing them gently between your thumb and scissor-blade. Should you desire a few *half-blown* tubes, curl the edges inwardly. The tubes being now complete, cover their stems with green tissue-paper according to the directions given in our previous article, and arrange them in bunches of three or four at different spaces upon a stem five or six inches long.

No. 1. is the leaf for your woodbine (or honeysuckle, as is the more familiar name). This must be cut from what is called leaf-paper—a thick, dark-green, glazed paper, made for this express purpose. Perforate the leaf with the point of your scissors, a little below the centre, and, pushing the wire through a half inch or more, draw it down the back of the leaf, and twist round the stem.

Arrange the leaves in pairs, placing them opposite each other at different sections of the stem, and your spray of woodbine will be complete.



For a pansy, cut from dark-purple velvet paper two petals of No. 1 design, two of No. 2, and one of No. 3.

Take yellow tissue-paper, and cut duplicate petals of Nos. 2 and 3. Lessen their size by cutting off an eighth of an inch from their lower edge, and then make pointed incisions in them, so as to give them a feather-like appearance.

Next, draw your brush over their entire surface, and lay them upon the face of the purple petals of the same numbers. This gives to the pansy its bright and veined appearance.

After these petals have dried, join the No. 1 petals together, as shown in design No. 4. At the end of these glue the No. 2 petals opposite each other, and, lastly, put on over them the No. 3 petal.

As soon as they have dried, lay the pansy in the palm of your hand, and with the rounded end of a lead-pencil press gently in the centre of it, so as to give it a cup-like and natural appearance. Make a perforation in the centre to allow the stem to go through; and then, having fastened a small, dark bead upon the end of your stem, touch it with your brush and put on your flower.

Cover the stem with green tissue-paper, and your pansy is finished.

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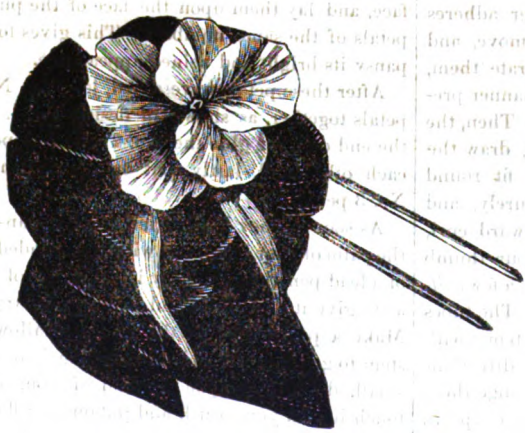
NOVELTIES FOR AUGUST.

BLACK SILK BODICE TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

INSERTION.



BOW FOR THE HAIR (BLACK VELVET, WITH PANSY IN THE CENTRE).

SPRIG FOR EMBROIDERY.

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No. 1.

No. 2.

LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES.

No. 1.—Little girl's dress of white pique, with a double skirt; the under one is braided with scarlet soutache; the upper skirt is cut in deep scallops, edged with embroidery and braiding. Low, square bodice with braces and sleeves braided to match the skirt. Waistband with long ends of pique, ornamented with embroidery and braiding.

No. 2.—Dress of white muslin for a little girl between six and eight years old. This dress is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce, edged with Valenciennes lace, and headed with muslin insertion. Tunic rounded in front and just covering the flounce, headed with insertions and narrow tucks that simulate an apron. The tunic is simply edged with a flounce and insertion. Low bodice, pleated in front with flounce, forming braces, which meets that of the tunic. Puffed sleeves. Waistband and sash of blue ribbon.

NAME FOR MARKING.

MEDALLION—SILK EMBROIDERY.

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No. 1. No. 2.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

No. 1.—Girl of twelve. Gray French poplin skirt bordered with Russian plaiting of the same, which plaiting is sewn down with a roulean of satin of a darker shade. Black silk casaque, trimmed with ruches of the same and satin rouleaux. The casaque also looks well made of the same material as the skirt.

No 2.—Girl of seven. Skirt of fancy plaid. Black silk jacket, bordered with a plaiting of the same. The sash fastens at the back, and has three ends and three loops.

SPRIGS FOR EMBROIDERY.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

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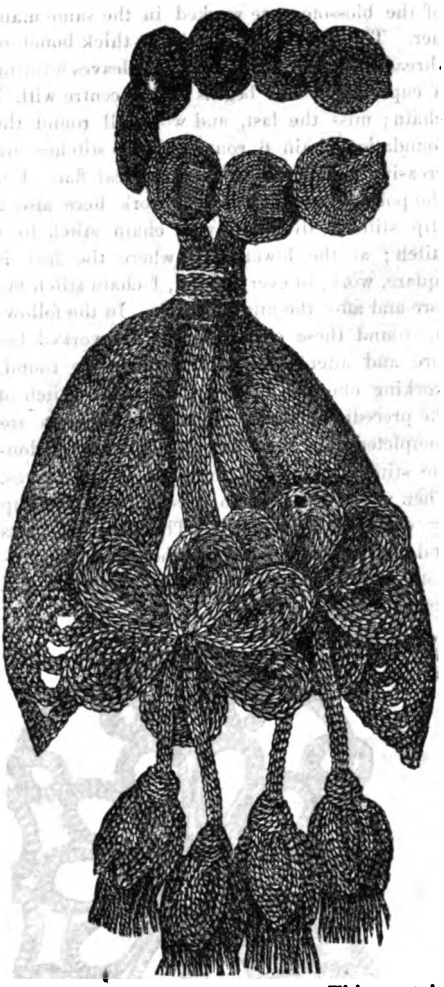

CROCHET CURTAIN-HOLDER.—This curtain-holder is worked with crochet cotton. Begin to work that part of the holder which is fastened round the curtain. Make a sufficiently long foundation chain for the string on which the circles are drawn, and work on this chain, over thick, soft cotton, 7 rows of double stitch. After the 2d row always insert the needle into the 2 upper chain. For each circle work as in the 1st round over cotton 42 double stitches, join the stitches into a circle; draw the cotton over which you have worked a little tight, so that the stitches lie close to each other, and that the size of the circle corresponds to the width of the crochet string. On this round work 4 rounds of double stitch, always inserting the needle into both upper chain. Increase in such a manner that the circles keep perfectly flat. They are then drawn on the crochet strip and sewn fast. The branch of the curtain-holder consists of crochet flowers and leaves. Begin with one of the long leaves in the centre, make a foundation chain of 20 stitches, miss the last, and work on both sides of the foundation chain—that is, in rounds—2 rounds of double stitch over cotton. Increase sufficiently at both ends of the leaf. When the 2d round of double stitch is completed, cut off the cotton over which you work, turn the work so that the wrong side of the leaf lies uppermost, and work from left to right 4 rounds of slip stitch, always inserting the needle into back chain. At both ends, stem, and point of the leaf, work twice 1 chain in the 3 first rounds on each side of the middle stitch after a space of 2 slip stitches between; in the middle stitch work 2 slip stitches divided by 1 chain. For the 4th round of slip stitch work 3 chain at that end of the leaf which is meant for the point, miss the middle stitch and increase at the upper end, as has just been described. The increasings at this end take place in the same manner till the leaf is completed. At the point of the leaf work an extra row, which is worked on the 8 stitches of each side of the middle stitch; then work 1 round all round the leaf, working 5 chain into the point, and missing under the same 2 stitches of the preceding round; then work again an extra row like the preceding one; then another one, which begins and finishes at about 12 stitches from the upper end. At the point of the leaf work 5 chain, missing under them the 3 middle stitches of the preceding round. Work another extra row on the 6 stitches on both sides of the middle stitch of the last extra row; then another shorter one, which begins on the 3d stitch of the last extra row. Work 6 chain at the point, missing the 3 middle stitches of the preceding row. The next extra row is worked on the 4th stitch from the beginning of the last longest extra row; then work 1 round all round the leaf, working 2 double divided by 2 chain in the middle stitch at the point of the leaf. Begin the stem in this round at about 3 stitches from the upper end of the leaf. For this make a foundation chain of 16 stitches after the last stitch; work backward and forward 7 rows of slip stitches, always fastening one stitch at the end of one row on to the upper end of the leaf, and turning the work. Work one round of stitches all round the leaf and the stem; the leaf is then completed. The wrong side of the leaf is the right side of the work. The 2d leaf is worked in the same manner. For the flowers work each of the petals

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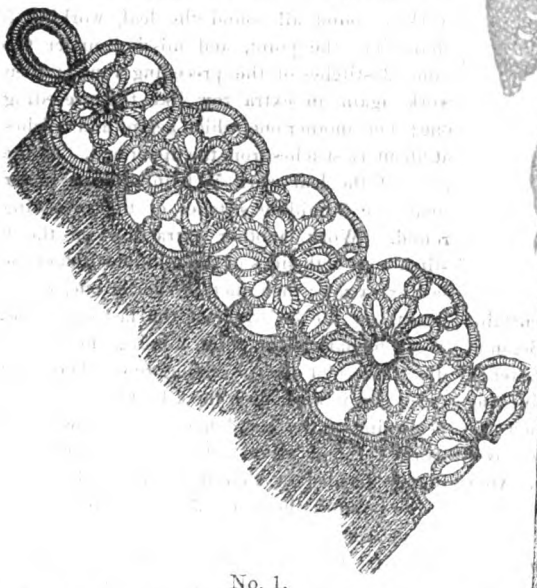
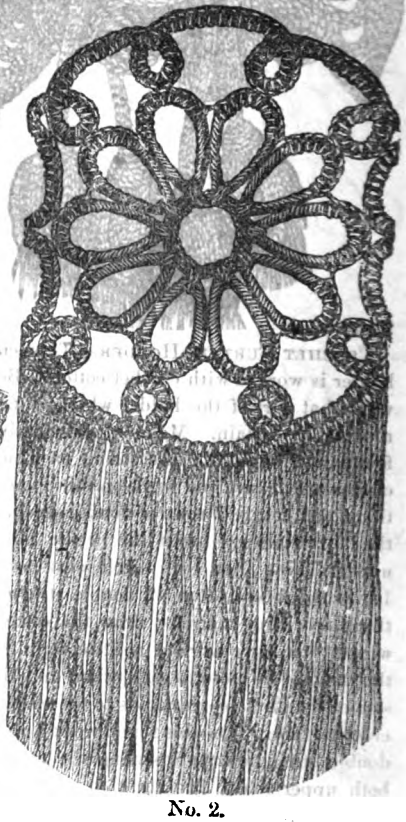
separately. Begin in the centre of one petal with a foundation chain of 5 stitches; miss the last and work all round the foundation chain from right to left 7 rounds of slip stitches; at the lower pointed end of the petal work in the middle stitch of every round 2 slip stitches divided by 1 chain; at the other round end work 2 or 3 times 1 chain, leaving spaces of 1 or 2 stitches between. The middle one of the 3 upper petals, as well as the middle one of the 3 lower ones, is slanted off at the lower side. To obtain this work in the 5th round of slip stitches, always 1 chain at the place of the two slip stitches divided by one 1 chain stitch worked on both sides of the middle stitch at the lower point. These chain stitches come forward in the 2 next rounds, and are placed, therefore, before the chain stitch of the preceding round, where a slip stitch must be worked. All the petals forming one flower are then sewn together from illustration; the stem of each flower consists of a double foundation chain, on the lower side of which work a row of slip stitches. The stems of the blossoms are worked in the same manner. These blossoms consist of a thick bunch of thread, which is surrounded by 4 leaves forming a cup. Each leaf begins in the centre with 7 chain; miss the last, and work all round the foundation chain 6 rounds of slip stitches, increasing sufficiently to keep the leaf flat. For the pointed end of the leaf work here also 2 slip stitches divided by 1 chain stitch in 1 stitch; at the lower end, where the leaf is square, work, in every round, 1 chain stitch before and after the middle stitch. In the following round these chain stitches are worked before and after those of the preceding round, working one slip stitch in the chain stitch of the preceding round. When 4 such leaves are completed join them together by a row of double stitch worked on the edges of the leaves. Then work 4 rounds on these, closing the cup by decreasing gradually. The different parts and branches are sewn together from illustration, and joined on to the crochet cord and circles.



No. 1.

CURTAIN-HOLDER OF WHITE COTTON CORD AND TATTING COTTON.—This curtain-holder consists of large and small rosettes of cotton cord; the circles are worked round with buttonhole stitch of coarse tatting cotton; on both sides of the curtain-holder these circles are edged with loops and scallops of cord; these are likewise worked round with tatting cotton. At the lower edge of the curtain-holder work a crochet fringe



No. 2.

CENTRE OF CURTAIN-HOLDER (full size).

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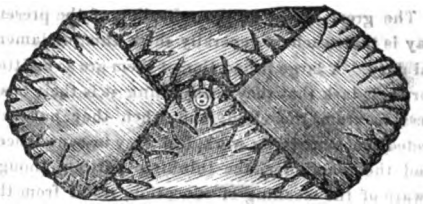
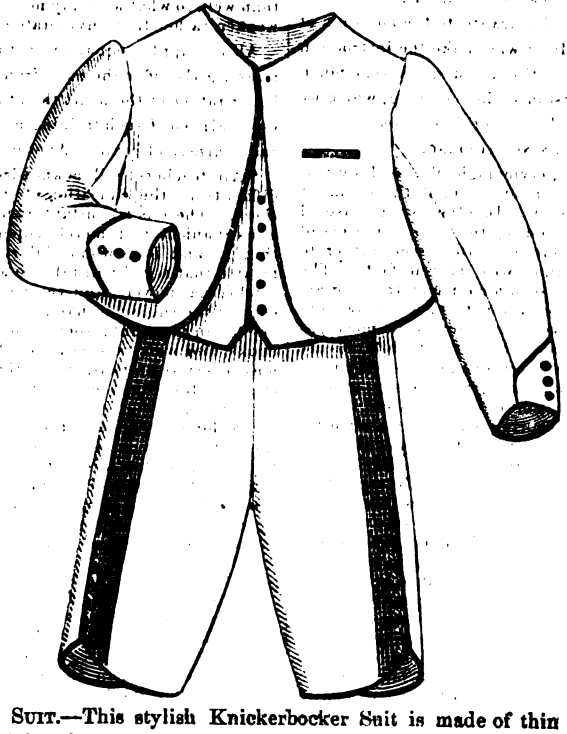
with cotton. No. 1 shows part of the curtain-holder smaller than full size; No. 2 shows the middle part of the same, full size. The curtain-holder is 14 inches long. The pattern must first be traced on stiff paper or cardboard; the cord is fastened on the same, following the outlines of the pattern; for each circle of the rosette make a loop with the cord, as can be seen in No. 2. When the last loop has been made, sew the beginning and the end of the cord together. No. 1 shows distinctly that the rosettes get smaller toward the ends of the curtain-holder. In the middle of the rosette fasten every circle with 2 buttonhole stitches of thick cotton; at the edge of the rosette work about 10 buttonhole stitches in every circle, joining them thus together. Then work the border from illustration, fastening the cord on the paper in loops, and working buttonhole stitches round them, fastening at the same time the loops on to the rosette from illustration. For the fringe at the lower edge of the curtainholder, take up one loop in every buttonhole stitch, work 1 chain stitch, draw it out so as to form a loop 3 inches long; the fringe loops must all be exactly of the same length; for this always keep 3 or 4 loops together on the needle. When the loops are completed, the fringe is cut open.



Flannel for Washing Children.—This piece of flannel is meant to rub the soap on for washing children; it is about eight inches square, taken double, and rounded off at the two corners as seen in the illustration. It is worked round in button-hole stitch with red wool, and ornamented with point russe embroidery. At both the pointed corners make a button-hole and sew on a button to fasten the flannel round the hand. When done with, rinse out the flannel, unfasten the button, and hang it up to dry.



Boy's Summer Suit.—This stylish Knickerbocker Suit is made of thin summer cloth, and trimmed with black braid and buttons, as shown in illustration.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

TEACHING GIRLS TO THINK.

The great defect of the schooling of the present day is that teachers generally shirk this fundamental duty. A large proportion of them are so unfitted for their task that they really think it is their business to cram the child, and when they have effected the stupefying work, feel easy in conscience; and the remainder, the thinking portion, though aware of the meaning of education, recoil from the labor—as well they may! and fall into the easy ruts of routine, because they can thus satisfy their patrons and win credit for themselves.

We are not satisfied that there is any difference naturally between girls and boys in this respect—they all hate to think—exceptions only prove the rule; but a difference is made as they near maturity, by the more practical turn given to a boy's intellect. He *must* think in order to gain a living, and the apprenticeship, of whatever kind, that he goes through, often does more for him intellectually than all his previous schooling, of which it seems in many cases the less there has been the better. For this waste of those most precious years when children's minds and bodies should be in training, parents are more to blame than teachers—that is, their ignorance is the greatest hindrance to the adoption of rational methods. Many who make the instruction of youth their business, think and speak very much to the purpose; for instance, the following, which we take from the *Maine Journal of Education*:

"CONCERNING STUFFING.

"To educate means, etymologically, to draw out. But many of our instructors seem to think that it should mean, to push in. In other words, instead of leading out and unfolding the mental powers of those intrusted to their care, they seek rather to cram their tender minds with barren facts. The temptations to pursue such a course of training are manifold. It enables children to pass a showy examination, and it is very satisfactory to most parents. Those who have the care of children are usually satisfied if on a set examination-day their little ones succeed in answering a succession of difficult questions. No matter how transparent the device by which their offspring have been stuffed for the occasion; no matter how weak and puerile their minds may remain, it matters little so they can recite the prescribed jingle of words. Nevertheless, an honest teacher cannot afford to follow this method of instruction. It is not what we put into a child's head, but what we draw out which builds him up. He may be able to recite all the facts in the cyclopædias and gazetteers, and remain little better than an idiot. We have all attended competitive examinations, and have held our breath with a feeling akin to awe at the almost preternatural exhibitions of knowledge to which we have been called to listen. Small children have seemed as familiar with the entire field of science, art, and language, as with their playgrounds. But when we have met these little prodigies shorn of their recitation-robes, we have found them as weak and as ignorant and as undisciplined as the rest of their fellow mortals of the same age. The explanation is obvious. They have not been educated; they were only stuffed for the occasion. Need it be said that this method of instructing is both worthless and dishonest? While there are certain facts which must be conveyed to children, the great end and object of the teacher should be to awaken, quicken, and draw out the latent powers of the little ones committed to his charge. One principle is worth a thousand facts. Let those who have the care of the education of children dare to be honest, and refuse to gorge their pupils with meaningless names and dates, even to elicit the plaudits of their fond mammas and doting papas. What would you think of the parent who should say that he was well persuaded that his boy would soon grow to be an athlete, because he had succeeded in getting him to devour a dozen mince-pies, a bushel of cream-cakes, and other delicacies in proportion? Would you call him foolish? Well, he is not one whit more foolish than the parent who thinks because his son has gorged his mind with barren facts, and knows a thousand things by heart, that he will surely turn out a genius at last. It is not what we eat which nourishes and invigorates our bodies, so much as what we digest and take into our blood. In like manner it is not what a child reads or studies which strengthens his mind, so much as what he assimilates, and makes a part of himself. As what we eat may sometimes make us sick rather than well, so what we study may sometimes positively weaken rather than invigorate our minds."

All this applies equally to both sexes, but for some reason girls suffer the most from it. Their strength being rather of the heart than the head, they are in especial need of such training as shall cultivate logical clearness of brain. Another writer says:

"All teachers will acknowledge that one great difficulty in the education of girls is to *make them think*. There is a constant disposition to sink into a mechanical and merely superficial way of doing things; and it is wonderful sometimes to see the trouble that a girl will take to avoid exercising her intellectual powers, and yet get an apparent knowledge of the subject in hand. She will tax her memory to any amount; spend hours in searching into books, and worry others for explanations, which she may afterward repeat, rather than make the mental effort of drawing a conclusion or tracing a cause for herself.

"A long experience testifies more and more to the fact that it is not because girls have not been taught particular things that their minds have remained ill-disciplined and uncultivated, but because the system upon which they have acquired the knowledge they profess to possess is so utterly wanting in real intellectual work."

The every-day cares and duties of life, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—LONGFELLOW.

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THE COMPLEXION.

We have seen a diet of oatmeal porridge advised for children to secure a marble-like purity and smoothness of skin. Also living on brown bread and molasses. Oatmeal is undoubtedly excellent—no one article of diet could be better—and brown bread is good; but it is our experience that one kind of food will only answer its purpose for a limited time. The human system seems formed for variety, and our taste indicates what is good for us. Oatmeal porridge or gruel may be eaten cheerfully for a year or two, and tend to make the skin clear, so long as it is healthful food; but when the taste comes to loathe it, that is an indication, not to be disregarded, that the system refuses longer to assimilate it, and it ceases to be healthful, and ceases to be good for the skin. A fine complexion is captivating because it means so much. It means purity, cleanliness, without and within. Bathing, as often as comfortable, and in whatever way suits the constitution—that is comparatively easy and simple; perfect digestion and assimilation of food, purity of heart and mind, *inward* cleanliness—that is a more complex matter. It is something to know clearly what you want, and the way to get it. Whatever the degree of your success, the face will faithfully report it; there the banner is hung out, proclaiming what you may or may not desire to tell. Hence the value set upon the good report of a clear complexion.

The most universally safe, and convenient, and efficacious mode of bathing, is simply wiping or sponging a small portion of the body at a time with water or ammonia water. This answers the purpose of cleanliness, and it is hardly possible to be so situated that you cannot daily indulge in the luxury. At this time of year, sea-bathing is most exhilarating. But all bathing should be done with discretion and the exercise of individual judgment, or it is liable to injure. If it is not an altogether pleasant sensation, it is doubtful, to say the least.

To refine a coarse skin, the Roman ladies used to bind on poultices of bread and milk at night. A compress of raw cotton wet with cold water is another method. It would be necessary to have a basin of water at the bedside to renew the moisture. And we should think that shred linen, such as is used for soldiers' wounds, would be better than cotton—cooler and pleasanter. But what if perseverance in this treatment should bring the humors of the body to the face in the shape of a course of eruptions! Such things occur in the water-cure practice, and they call the shocking result a crisis. But they welcome it as a purifying process—through purgatory to paradise.

It must be remembered that each individual has her own constitution to deal with, and must choose whatever remedy seems to suit, and experiment for herself. There can be no universal panacea. The common table lettuce contains opium. If you have it growing in the garden, break off the flowering stems, and rub the milky juice over your face at night, washing off with a solution of ammonia in the morning. This might suit some cases, if opium is needed to counteract some evil that shows itself in the skin. A little trial would settle the question, and probably do no harm.

All such things, however, are trifles at best—only the mint and cummin. The weightier matters of the law are fresh air, exercise, wholesome food—an active, virtuous life. Whatever keeps the blood pure and conduces to the general health, will, in so doing, clear the complexion.

THE SETTING OF A STAR.

We know not when an event of the kind has been so startling as when in June the message came thrilling along the wires beneath the sea to tell the western world that Charles Dickens was dead. Nobody had thought of his passing out of life in the prime of his powers. When he stood before us in those inimitable readings, the memory of which will now be treasured more than ever, his step was so brisk and elastic, his air so commanding, as of one holding his splendid faculties in easy, graceful mastery, that it seemed the beginning of a new series of triumphs. Who could dream that the end of earth was so near for him!

Going back to the beginning of his career, when the Sketches by Boz were a novelty, and the humor of Pickwick was taking people's risibles by storm, and clearing the care-laden air with explosions of hearty, wholesome laughter, we are reminded that his first novel, Oliver Twist, came out in the very magazine that now seems almost given over to commonplace. Oh! for another star of genius to rise upon the level of English periodical literature!

WOODBINE AND PANSIES.

Our paper flowers this month are two that are deservedly very popular. It must not be forgotten by those who attempt any manufacture of this kind in wax, muslin, or paper, that the study of the natural flower is indispensable. The grace and dainty coloring of nature are indeed unattainable in perfection; but if carefully and lovingly copied, every minutest curve, and tint, and veining noted with appreciating eye, the result will be something very superior to what could otherwise be attained. We have seen specimens in wax, for instance, that look as if the soul of the flower had thus been wooed into its faithful counterpart, informing it with life.

Man often weeps in his sleep. When he awakes he scarce remembers that he has shed tears. So regard life. In the second, thou wilt no longer know that thou hast wept in the first.—JEAN PAUL.

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OILED FLOORS FOR KITCHENS.

I have, for several years, followed the plan of oiling uncarpeted floors, in order to avoid the labor of scrubbing them, and I find it works well. You can either oil or paint them, of course; but I consider the oiling preferable, on the following grounds:

It is cheaper.

You can apply it yourself.

You have not to wait for it to dry.

It produces a pleasanter color.

It doesn't show tracks of dust, mud, and such like; and, therefore, a floor thus prepared does not require so frequent mopping.

An oiled floor is better than a plain one in the following particulars:

It looks better.

It does not require scrubbing; which saves your back.

It is never to be mopped in hot water nor strong suds; which saves your hands.

Grease spots never hurt it; which saves your temper.

To prepare a floor, I take a quantity of the cheapest and least offensive oil I can secure, and apply it with a common paint-brush. I put it on smoothly, so that it will strike in equally all over, and yet not stand in spots on the surface. I do this at night, after the evening work is finished, and find the place ready for use again the next morning. Of course, it would not injure the oiled surface itself to tread upon it at once; but grease is liable to be tracked from it, at first, to adjacent parts of the house. A new coat of oil applied once in six months, or even once a year sometimes, is sufficient to keep a floor in perfect order.

One may thus prepare to great advantage the floors of kitchens, pantries, and summer dining-rooms, back halls, stairways and porticos, closets, bath-rooms, and laborers' bed-rooms. It is also a good plan in children's apartments, particularly when you are training them to do their own room work, to leave bare that end or side of the floor on which the bed stands, and to oil it. That portion of the floor under the bed can then be easily kept free from dust, the sweepings can be more readily removed, and the children will be afforded free scope for their duck-like style of ablutions, without danger to the carpet.—*Western Rural.*

WHAT FASCINATES?

Not beauty alone, of a certainty. Many of the women most noted for their power over men, have been possessed of little physical beauty. Cleopatra's charm over Mark Antony was not that of facial loveliness, for, contrary to the impressions of some people, the celebrated Egyptian queen was not perfect in feature. She had a slightly puggish nose and thick lips; and, seen to-day, would not pass muster among an average bevy of American girls. Yet she wooed to his final ruin one of the ablest of an able time, and is immortalized in history as an irresistible woman.

We might cite other illustrations. The present Princess De Metternich, almost without a rival in foreign courts, is called "the ugly beautiful one," in joint recognition of her plainness and her fascinating powers. There is no real beauty in her features, critically considered, but in herself there is indisputable charm. Some subtle grace adorns her, in a way we cannot tell, and influences all around her. Of what nature is it? Is it acquired, or inborn? Is it the outgrowth of deception and coquetry, or the unconscious means of a heart caring not for sovereignty, but sovereign in spite of its indifference, through natural qualities that find popular recognition?

These questions are difficult of solution. The fact remains—and should be a consolation to homely girls the world over—that there is a decided fascination about, or in, some plain women—a fascination which makes them almost beautiful. Indeed, one of the so-called most beautiful ladies we ever saw had no beauty of face whatever, measured by strict rules of perfectness. She had over-long features, a crooked nose, a large mouth. In repose, scanned closely, she was, in short, very homely. Yet men disvowed matrimony because she would not wed them, and everybody acknowledged her rare winningness.

There is something in manner, we may not tell what—something in speech, we may not analyze it, which thrills where simple perfectness of feature would not create a ripple of feeling. Impassive, beauty seldom touches men's hearts. Impassioned plainness—homeliness with a soul in it—is eloquent indeed. The voice that has music in it, the eye that lights up speakingly, and the mobile mouth that expresses so much while syllabling no word, all have their power, and command recognition. And their power is not evanescent. Mere beauty fades, but the indescribable charm which these make up defies even age, and holds sway until the last. That nameless grace which wins many hearts is as nearly immortal as anything on this earth can be. It disguises itself under gray hairs often, but is recognized even there. It is a perennial thing, adding somewhat of summer to the life it inhabits, though the winter days come, and all else is a-cold.—*Rural New Yorker.*

AMERICAN WOMEN AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

What some bright tropic bird is to a pigeon, that, in outward appearance, is the New York girl to the English girl. What Rousseau is to Jeremy Bentham, or Jean Paul Richter to Lessing, that the mental character of educated American womanhood is to the mental character of educated English womanhood. When some American female or male, endowed with the true genius of the novelist, shall rise above the horizon of letters, and shall describe an intellectual, impassioned, genuine American girl, as Charlotte Brontë has pictured Jane Eyre, or George Eliot has portrayed Maggie Tulliver, a new form will have been added to literature, and Europe will for the first time begin to understand fully the real character, the aspirations, and the possibilities of America.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

A HOME-MADE CARPET.

The following is a fanciful suggestion. We cannot say whether it is practicable:

"The floor is first covered with a carpet made of wide and strong unbleached sheeting; on this is neatly pasted some rolls of small, bright-figured wall-paper—a pretty chints pattern is most suitable—and, if you like, you may increase the beauty by finishing the sides with a wide piece of bordering in simulation of the choice carpets which now come with borders. Over this is put two coats of good, clear, hard varnish, such as is used by carriage-makers. When thoroughly dry, the furniture may be put in. In this room the prettiest and least likely to wear the novel carpet is willow or American osier, with Swiss muslin curtains lined with pink or blue cambric.

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THE NEW BABY.

A writer in the *Agriculturist* gives some good advice to young mothers. We quote a part:

"Try to give the baby good habits of sleep. At first it will probably fall asleep without any coaxing, while lying on the bed beside its mother. Keep this up if you can. When you are tending it in your arms and it shuts its eyes or seems sleepy, lay it gently down, and do not even pat it, or with not more than one or two little pats. When night comes, have a quiet, well-ventilated room. If you keep a lamp burning, set it in the next room or where its rays will not fall directly upon the bed. If this is not your first child, you will probably put out the light. Do not have a kerosene lamp turned low, as the exhalations are not only disagreeable but poisonous. Now make up your mind to let the baby alone as much as possible during the night. If it nestles and seems to be waking, turn it over gently, and it will probably take another nap. But don't think your baby can do everything your neighbor's baby can.

"Not long ago I told you, 'A baby should be taught, on the start, to take food but once during the night, and may be weaned from night nursing altogether when quite young.' This has caused me some 'twinges' since, and I see no way of relief but to confess that I failed myself in the attempt to wean baby from night nursing before I weaned her entirely. I was sincere when I said it could be done. I had been told that babies three months old might be so taught, and my own little nestling used sometimes to sleep from evening twilight until morning twilight, without a meal or a request for one, when only three months old. But that was in the month of August. As the nights grew longer, it went to bed earlier, and began to call for refreshment before daylight. Still, I had hopes until it was more than six months old, that I should succeed in teaching it to sleep all night without food. I would not *force* such a matter, for I believe that babies know more about these things than doctors do. It now seems to me that a whole night of average duration is too long for a *nursling* to go without taking nourishment. The chief cause of failure with early spring chickens is said to be the long nights without food. Those who take a lantern and feed the early born, little chickens at midnight, succeed in raising them. Before insisting on bringing our little ones to any very strict rules for bathing, sleep, or diet, let us consider the case of the Yankee farmer who was so eminently successful in teaching his horse to live on nothing but bean straw. Strangely enough, just as he was rejoicing over his complete success, the horse died!

"There can be no square, definite rule for bringing up children, for no two require exactly the same treatment. Parents should try to become thoroughly acquainted with each one. The mother may begin the study of the new-comer at once, as she lies with that mysterious little bud of humanity so near her. For a good month, at least, she ought to rest from household labor and household cares."

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPT.

The lady who sends the following, wishes a receipt for French mustard. Who can supply it

CORNSTARCH CUSTARD.—Whites of three eggs beaten to a froth. One tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a small teacup of sweet milk, tablespoon lightly full of well-creamed butter, cup of sugar; flavoring to taste. Reserve a portion of the froth, and after the custard is done spread it on and lightly brown.

HOLY THINGS.

What if everything be so, and certain forms be set apart only to save us from utter degradation? What if every physical sound, and form, and act be part of a God-made ritual to keep us in perpetual worship? What if no organ and no necessity of the body, no item of the processes required to secure even bare existence, no humblest office of food and clothes, no drudgery in kitchen or shop, no rest and no toil, look in the sight of God and His angels as other than a holy thing? What if celestial harmonies were meant to be woven out of every rough and coarse element in existence; heavenly intimations to play like a halo round every household object and wayside weed; skies and stars to palpitate with spiritual messages; mornings to shine with a flame flashed out of the other world; evenings to be fair with the reflected sheen of golden pavements? What if motherhood and marriage, family loves and duties, work and play, barter and benevolence, were meant to be the earthly expression of what goes on in angel worlds—ay, in the infinite bosom and life of our Lord Himself? What if common daily life, lived carefully, thoughtfully, holily, be the best and sublimest worship, and public Sabbath rituals only things lifted up and set apart to keep us from utter and continued degradation?

IN THE SUNSHINE.

And you bustling, working mother and housekeeper, will not you make a strike for life out of doors? It will pay *you* a thousand fold. Retrench a little on your sewing. Do make the children's garments a little plainer. Do not put so many stitches in your own clothes. Of what avail is it that you wear embroidered linen, tucked petticoats, ruffled skirts, while all the elasticity and buoyancy of your nature are drilled out of you? Better be fresh and bright, and cheery at heart in the plainest, homeliest garb, than to be elegantly clad and lack spirit. Of what advantage is it to your children that they are the smartest-dressed boys and girls in the neighborhood, if the last drop of their mother's life-blood is stitched into their dresses?—H. N. AUSTIN.

HANGING FLOWER BASKETS.

A very handsome hanging basket is made of the dried burr of the sweet gum tree. They are strung together into the desired shape on strong twine, just as beads are in the fancy baskets in the stores. The rustic appearance of the burrs is very pleasant to the eye—particularly in houses that have little or none of the charms of rural scenery about them. If dropped, they are not broken or injured in any way; and if the twine breaks and some of the balls are lost, they can be replaced with others picked up in the next walk in the country. The baskets are so simple in construction that any lady can make them. The town in which I live is furnished by the poor, who make them and bring them in at prices from twenty-five to fifty cents, according to size.—F. N., *North Carolina.*

TO IMPROVE THE CONTOUR OF THE CHEST.

Loosen the clothing, and, standing erect, throw the shoulders well back, the hands behind, and the breast forward. In this position, draw slowly as deep an inspiration as possible, and retain it by an increased effort for a few seconds. Then breathe it gradually forth. After a few natural breaths, repeat the long inspiration. Let this be done for fifteen or twenty minutes every day, and in six weeks' time a perceptible increase in the diameter of the chest and in its prominence will be very evident.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S VIEW OF LOVE IN MARRIAGE.

The author of "Jane Eyre" interests many people deeply, therefore we quote the following passage from one of her hitherto unpublished letters:

"Do not be over-persuaded to marry a man you can never respect—I do not say *love;* because, I think, if you can respect a person before marriage, moderate love at least will come after; and as to intense passion, I am convinced that is no desirable feeling. In the first place, it seldom or never meets with a requital; and in the second place, if it did, the feeling would be only temporary; it would last the honeymoon, and then, perhaps, give place to disgust or indifference—worse, perhaps, than disgust. Certainly this would be the case on the man's part; and on the woman's—God help her if she is left to love passionately and alone!

THE LADY'S FRIEND is one of the handsomest magazines published. The engravings are beautiful, and its literary matter always fresh and entertaining. It is the best and cheapest magazine printed.—*Democrat, Wellsboro, Penna.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND for June is on our table. We always take pleasure in reading this interesting monthly, and can recommend it to our lady readers as being in every way worthy of their patronage. We can assure those who subscribe for it that they will not regret the investment. The illustrations are neatly executed, and the reading matter is well selected, and usually very entertaining.—*Reporter, Greenville, Mo.*

The educating value of labor has not been duly appreciated. Whatever compels one to think and decide on practical business questions, awakening conscious responsibility and self-reliance, develops mental power. Every child's education is deficient who has not learned to work in some useful form of industry. Labor aids in disciplining the intellect and energizing the character.

New Publications.

Wonders of Architecture. Translated from the French of M. Lefèbre; to which is added a chapter on English Architecture, by R. Donald. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Another volume of the Illustrated Library of Wonders; an addition well worthy of the series. In their neat binding of red and gold they form a handsome book-shelf for youthful reading. An account of the Parthenon, which travellers and artists have unanimously placed at the summit of architectural art, states that down to the year 1687, it remained entire. We had not thought its mutilation was so recent—that in the seventeenth century an army could be found so barbarous as to bombard the monuments of Pericles. After the Venetians had done this it is not so much to be wondered at that other nations should continue the work of destruction by carrying off the choice works of art that adorn it. "Oriental Architecture" is a fascinating chapter:

"The art of the Arabs," says Lamennais, "is like a bright dream. It is a caprice of genius, worked in rich work of stone in delicate filigrees, in light fringes, in flowing lines, in lace-work, amidst all which the eye loses itself in pursuit of a symmetrical form which it is about to grasp, when the fair illusion changes into other beautiful complications of forms, escapes and is dispelled. The various forms to be found in this species of architecture look like a strong vegetation—a vegetation luxuriant and also fantastic. Arab art is not nature; it is a dream of nature.

"Nowhere have the Arabs left greater proof of their architectural genius than in Spain, where their civilization flourished for seven centuries. The Alhambra must at once occur to every reader. 'Airy galleries,' says Chateaubriand, 'canals constructed of white marble, and bordered by citrons and flowering orange-trees, fountains and solitary courts present themselves on all sides before the eyes of the traveller, and across the long vaults of the porticos he perceives other labyrinths and new enchantments. The beautiful azure of the heavens reveals itself between the columns that sustain a chain of Gothic arches.'"

Lifting the Veil. "Which veil is done away in Christ." 2 Cor. iii. 14. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A little book, elegantly bound, and written in a reverent, subdued, sympathizing spirit, for the consolation of bereaved ones whose hearts are ever crying—

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Life at Home; or, The Family and its Members. By William Aikman, D.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A great deal has been written upon this subject of late—injunctions to value and cherish the sacredness of family ties; but all and more are needed, for it is a common thing to see families treat each other in a way quite unworthy the beautiful relation they bear, and quite false to the deepest and truest sentiments of their hearts. Why do they wait for the great teacher, death, to feel the worth of the lives nearest their own? Many admonitions in this book are well said, and worth saying were it for the thousandth time, if they prompt any member of a family to ask—"Where is the fault that we are missing the blessing of love that would fill the plainest home with the light and glow of heaven?"

LITTLE BROTHERS.

"Sisters, do not turn off your younger brothers as if they were always in your way, and any service which they might ask of you were a burden. Perhaps the hour may come when, over a coffin that looks strangely longer than you thought, and over a pale brow where often, half unwillingly, and perhaps with a petulant push, you parted the hair, you bend with blinding tears and sobs that shake

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your very soul while remorseful memory is busy with the bygone hours. You will wish then, that when he came and asked you to help him in his play, or to lift him on your lap because he was tired, or take him out because he wanted to see, you had laid aside your book and made the little heart glad."

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Bound Down; or, Life and its Possibilities. By Anna M. Fitch. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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Consuelo. A Novel. By George Sand, author of "Indiana," "First and True Love," &c., &c.

Countess of Rudolstadt: A Sequel to Consuelo. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is a new edition of a work selected for translation and publication in America years ago, as its author's masterpiece, and eagerly read at that time. Without knowing much of George Sand's writings, we are inclined to think this long familiar book the best she has written.

—

Henrietta Temple. A Love Story. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, author of "Lothair," "Vivian Grey," &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The publication of "Lothair," which reminded the reading world that Disraeli, the veteran statesman, had been and still could be a brilliant novelist, has brought out new editions of former works, among them the one before us. We have very pleasant recollections of Henrietta Temple, dating back to the early teens, when it chanced to fall in our way; and it reads as well now as it did then—a genuine love story of the first water—no more to be called extravagant and foolish than that of Romeo and Juliet. This was not its distinction for us, however. Others have pictured superbly beautiful women and their heart-history, but what jewel ever had such a setting, what heroine such surroundings, as the luxuriant fancy of Disraeli paints on these pages? Ducie Bower has remained our model of an elegant, beautiful home. And the possession of all those harmonious accessories that make existence like a strain of music, is taken for granted with such a careless audacity—such a delightful assumption of right to all these good things on the part of these superior beings. It is decidedly refreshing to walk upon the sunny heights of life for a while with those who never have known what it is to care for daily bread:

"Papa is but poor, you know," says the charming mistress of Ducie, as she walks with Captain Armine in the garden—and such a garden!

"They went forth; they stepped into a paradise, where the sweetest flowers seemed grouped in every combination of the choicest forms—baskets, and vases, and beds of infinite fancy. A thousand bees and butterflies filled the air with their glancing shapes and cheerful music, and the birds from the neighboring groves joined in the chorus of melody. The wood-walks through which they now rambled, admitted at intervals glimpses of the ornate landscape." * * * * * * * * *

And in the dining-rooom "the air of repose and stillness that distinguished this apartment, was heightened by the vast conservatory into which it led, blazing with light and beauty, rows of orange-trees in bloom, clusters of exotic plants of radiant tint, the sound of a fountain, and gorgeous forms of tropic birds."

Mr. Temple says—"I have not laid out much money here. I built the conservatory, to be sure. Henrietta could not live without a conservatory."

"Miss Temple is quite right," pronounced Ferdinand. "It is impossible to live without a conservatory."

We find no fault with Disraeli for his exclusively aristocratic writing. His taste and talent lie that way, and this is what he can do best. The upper ten are his familiar compeers, and when he tells how they live, and what they do and say, we know there is nothing second-hand about it—that it is faithful as a photograph. His ignoring the poor would be objectionable if he were the only novelist—the only

"Chiel amang us takin' notes."

But there is Dickens, occupying that field so fully and so nobly, and setting the fashion so decidedly in that direction, that the life of the lowly finds abundant expression. Therefore, let Disraeli write unblamed of the lords and ladies, the state and grandeur with which he is so thoroughly conversant. When we tire of richness, it is easy to find simplicity.

—

Contarini Fleming. An Autobiography. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, author of "Vivian Grey," "Alroy," &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Another of those splendid novels that came out in rapid and flashing succession, while their author was yet so young that the dazzled public could hardly believe in his achievements. It is the career of a young man of genius, and is full of ideas, and sparkling with poetic fancies.

—

Some Thoughts Concerning Education. Locke. Vol. I. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

It is many years since Locke first put forth his thoughts, but they look very familiar, having been taken up and repeated by so many minds, and pens, and tongues. For instance, this little book begins:

"A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world. He that has these two, has little more to wish for; and he that wants either of them will be but little the better for anything else."

Receipts.

—

SWEET CORN.—Husk and clear it of the silk; put it in boiling water, enough to cover, and boil for twenty minutes, or half an hour. Send to table on the cob.

SWEET CORN—*Another Way.*—Cut the corn from the cob, and put it in a stewpan, with a teacupful of water to each quart of corn; cover it closely, and let it stew gently. Add butter, pepper, and salt.

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GREEN-CORN GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Take one teacup grated green corn, and two of water, or one and a half cups of each, and about two and a half cups good wheat meal, according to the degree of consistency you wish, stirring slowly with one hand, and sifting in the meal with the other. Add half a teaspoonful of salt if desired, though this will make them harder. Bake on a slightly oiled griddle, or, better still, on soapstone.

TO DRY GREEN CORN.—Very few things, when cooked, spoil so soon as green corn. Hence most of the dried green corn is more or less sour. The quickest drying is the best; and to be sure that it is properly done, do it yourselves. Pick it early in the morning, boil it at once, shave and scrape it off the cob, and spread it on boards in the hot sun, covering with glazed sashes slightly raised—the hot-bed sash if you have one. When perfectly dry, scald in a moderate oven with a paper over it, or in jars set into boiling water, to make sure that no worms will trouble it. Put into perfectly tight paper bags, tie closely, and put away in a dry room. When wanted for use, look over but do not wash, put on the stove with four or five times its measure of water, and let it soak three or four hours, steeping fifteen or twenty minutes at the last.

TO PICKLE WALNUTS.—Take one hundred walnuts soft enough to allow a needle to pass through them; lay them in water, with a good handful of salt, for two days; then change to fresh water and another handful of salt for three days; then drain, and lay them on some clean straw, or a sieve, in the sun, until quite black and wrinkled; afterward put into a clean, dry glass bottle or jar a quarter of an ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of mace, quarter of an ounce of ginger, half a pint of mustard-seed, and half an ounce of peppercorns; these to be mixed in layers with the walnuts until your walnuts are all used; then pour over them boiling vinegar to cover them. Ready for use in two months.

TO BROIL TOMATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Take large, round tomatoes, wash and wipe them, and put them on the gridiron over lively coals—the stem side down; when this is brown, turn them and let them cook till quite hot through; place them on a hot dish and send them quickly to table, where each one may season for himself with pepper, salt, and butter.

TO BAKE TOMATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Season them with pepper and salt; flour and bake them in a stove, in a deep plate with a little butter over them.

CREAM CAKES.—For the crust take three quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one pint of water, and ten eggs. Boil the water and butter together, stir in the flour while it is boiling, and then let it cool. When cold, add the eggs well beaten. To make the custard, use one pint of milk, four eggs, two cups of sugar, and half a cup of flour. Boil the milk, and while it is boiling add the sugar, eggs, and flour, and flavor it with lemon. Drop the crust on tins, and bake them in a quick oven over fifteen or twenty minutes. When they are done, open them at the sides, and put in as much custard as possible. It is a great improvement to the appearance of the crust to rub it over with the white of an egg before it is baked.

RICE FLUMMERY.—Rice that is ground coarse, in a hand-mill, is much better for making flummery than the flour you buy. Put three pints of milk to boil, mix with water one teacup of ground rice, and stir it in the milk when it boils; while the milk is cold, put in two dozen peach kernels, blanched, and rolled with a bottle; wet your moulds with cold cream or water; keep stirring the rice till it is thick, when pour it out in the moulds; just before dinner turn them out on dishes; have cream, sugar, and nutmeg mixed to eat with it.

FROSTED FRUIT.—Take large, ripe cherries, apricots, plums, or grapes; if cherries, cut off half of the stem; have in one dish some white of an egg beaten, and in another some powdered loaf-sugar; take the fruit, one at a time, and roll them first in the egg and then in the sugar; lay them on a sheet of white paper in a sieve, and set it on the top of a stove, or near a fire, till the icing is hard.

IMITATION CORNSTARCH PUDDING.—One quart of milk; a little salt. Thicken one third of the milk to quite a thick, smooth paste with flour; add the yelks of two eggs, well beaten, and stir into the remainder of the milk when it boils; it will boil in a minute. Have ready some cups previously wet in cold water; fill them to the required depth with the mixture. When cool enough to turn out without breaking, turn them bottom upward on plates, place some jelly on the top, and then you can prepare a sauce made of the whites of the eggs and white sugar; flavored to taste.

TRIFLE.—Break rusk or sponge-cake into a dish, pour a boiled custard over it, and put a syllabub over that. Garnished with jelly and flowers, this makes a handsome dessert.

SYLLABUB.—Make one quart rich cream very sweet, grate half nutmeg over it, put it into a China bowl, and milk a cow over it, that it may be very frothy.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Take the whites of three eggs, beat them to a froth; put four spoonfuls any kind of jelly, or roast apple; beat them together till it becomes a substance that will heap on a spoon. Meanwhile, have made a boiled custard of one and a half pints milk to the three unused yelks. Put the island on, and pile up like rocks.

BLACKBERRY AND WINE CORDIAL.—To half a bushel of blackberries well mashed, add a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves; pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar; boil again for some time, take it off, and while cooling, add half a gallon of the best Cognac brandy.

Dose—For an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe, and in very dry weather. Put the blackberries into a jar, and place the jar in hot water, keeping it boiling until the juice is extracted from the fruit. Pass it through a fine sieve or jelly-bag without much pressure. For every pint of juice add fourteen ounces of sugar, and boil in a clean preserving-pan about five and twenty minutes, carefully taking off the scum as it rises to the surface. Place it hot in small jars and cover it down with thin tissue-paper dipped in brandy, and brown paper over it. Keep it in a cool, dry place.

SHERBET.—Boil two pounds of sugar in a quart of water. Pare six oranges and two lemons very thin. Mix together the boiling sirup, the peel of the fruit, the juice, and five more pints of water. Clear it with a little white of egg, let it be until cold, strain it, and bottle it.

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Blackberry Jam.—Blackberries, in almost any form, and wine made from them, are very pleasant and wholesome, and besides are conceded to be good medicine for the "summer complaint," and housewives and nurses look out for a good stock of blackberry jam. It is easily made, and there is no difficulty in keeping it. To each pound of ripe fruit, stewed in a porcelain kettle for five minutes, add one pound light-brown sugar, and mash the contents fine with a strong iron or wooden spoon while still upon the fire. When well mixed and boiled fifteen minutes longer, stirring it well in the meantime, fill the jars or glasses, and set away.

To Make Cream Cheese.—Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water until it is about the heat of milk from the cow; add a small quantity of rennet (a tablespoonful is sufficient); let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in a frame in which you have previously put a fine canvas-cloth; press it slightly with weight, let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame; a little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be ready for use in a day or two.

Water-melon Sherbet—*A Bengal Receipt.*—Let the melon be cut in half, and the inside of the fruit be worked up and mashed with a spoon, till it assumes the consistency of a thick pulp. Introduce into this as much pounded white candy or sugar as may suit your taste, and a wineglassful of fresh rose-water. Pour, when strained, the contents into a jug, and fill your tumblers as often as needed. This makes a very agreeable drink in summer.

Fragrant Oil.—Collect a quantity of the leaves of any of the flowers that have an agreeable fragrance; card thin layers of cotton, and dip into the finest sweet oil; sprinkle a small quantity of salt on the flowers, and lay first a layer of cotton and then a layer of flowers, until an earthenware vessel, or a wide-mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top well over with a bladder, then place the vessel in a southern aspect, so that it may have the heat of the sun; and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.

To Take Grease out of Boards, Marble, &c.—Make a paste of fresh slaked lime, water, and pearl-ash; cover the spots therewith, and let it dry on; next day scour off with soft or yellow soap. But, ladies, don't touch your fingers to this; if you do, you will get them injured.

Protection from Sun-Stroke.—It is said that by putting cotton in the crown of the hat, sun-strokes will be prevented. The cotton absorbs the heat from above, and transmits the moisture rising from the head.

To Remove Freckles.—One of the best lotions we know of is the following:—Mix two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish in a teacupful of sour milk, and apply frequently with a linen rag.

PATTERNS FOR AUGUST.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Boy's Knickerbocker Suit, ... 50 cts.
Sleeveless Jacket and Tunic, ... 50 "

There are three pieces for the jacket, viz.: 1. Front; half of back; and revers and collar combined. These represent one half of the jacket. There is one notch in the front, and a corresponding notch on the revers, showing how the latter is to be laid on the jacket, which as seen in the engraving, is open at the throat. There are two notches under the arm, indicating how the back and front are joined; the back is straight, and there is no necessity for a join down the centre. If made of pique or brown holland, the whole should be edged with Hamburg work, the frill round the armhole being made to fall upward over the jacket, instead of downward over the sleeve. For mohair or alpaca the jacket should be edged with fringe.

There are two pieces for the tunic. The front is the smaller piece; it has three notches on the side, indicating how it is to be joined to the corresponding notches on the back breadth. The tunic is open in front, and at the side seam a casing is run on the wrong side; a tape is fastened at the lower edge of the tunic, and carried through the casing to the waist. This tape can be drawn up according to taste, and be let down when the dress is to be washed.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Indoor dress for a young lady. Dress of blue poplin; the bodice is striped with black velvet; large collar and deep cuff of velvet. Tunic upper-skirt of black silk, scalloped at the edge, open on each side, and very full behind, which is arranged in large plaits. The hair is combed up in front over crepes, forming small loops; other loops are placed on each side to meet the Apollo bow which ornaments the top of the head. Two plaits surround the chignon.

No. 2.—Reception Toilet. Dress of gray silk, short in front, and showing a petticoat of pink silk with seven flounces. Long train of gray silk. Low silk bodice, with muslin sleeves. The lace trimming on the bodice is round behind, crossing in front, and continued round the skirt, to form the heading of the flounce. A pink ribbon, the same shade as the underskirt, is passed under the bouillonne. Coiffure composed of rolled bandeaux; the top of the head is ornamented with a Marie Antoinette pouff of lace, and loops of rose satin ribbon.

No. 3.—Visiting toilet for half-mourning. Underskirt trimmed with three plaited flounces surmounted by a rich black and white fringe. Tight-fitting casaque, forming a second skirt, is made of black and white striped satin. Long hanging sleeves, trimmed with black plaited satin to match the upper-skirt; undersleeves of plain black silk. Gabriel collarette and chemisette with jabot. Henri III. hat with flat brim, trimmed with a notched plaiting in front, and covered behind; strings of black velvet fastened under the chignon. Long tulle scarf covers the neck, and flows behind.

No. 4.—Green silk dress with three flounces, the middle one black. Corsage plain, with large revers of black silk, bordered with a green ruffle.

No. 5.—Costume of lilac silk, trimmed with lace, and little butterfly bows. Straw hat trimmed with lilac flowers and lace.

General Remarks.

As to the prevailing fashions, in these days every one does as seems best to herself—there is no fixed rule. Every variety of dress, short or long, plain or flounced, of mantle, loose or tight-fitting, of trimming contrasting or camaieu, and of bonnet, small or large, is equally fashionable so long as it is elegant, and above all bien porte—that is the grand point; a grande dame will look well with anything, and will have as much grace and dignity in her bearing with a skirt tucked up a la paysanne as with a sweeping court train.

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The Tyrolese hat, as it appears this year, is certainly very becoming, with its moderately high crown and turned-up brim. The long, curled feather with which it is generally trimmed is not put on exactly over the crown this year as it was last summer; it is now placed a little on one side, and an aigrette of colored feathers is added in front. The brim is edged with lace, and long ends of grosgrain or velvet ribbon stream at the back. Another model is oval in shape; its brim is lowered in front, but it is turned up at the back. This style of hat is generally trimmed with a wreath of flowers and a bow of ribbon.

The complete bonnet—that is, the bonnet with border, crown, and curtain—is now very generally worn in Paris, though there is so much variety in the fashions that other models are also a la mode. But even this complete bonnet is far from large; it is placed very much forward and above the chignon, thus leaving all the back of the head uncovered, save by lace lappets or ribbons.

In caps are very pretty little oblong rosettes made of ribbon and Valenciennes with two short ends of the lace like a feather, falling over the chignon. They are to be had in all colors.

The umbrella for blondes is Marie Louise blue silk with imitation shell handle; brunettes use buff pongee, or white with rose-colored lining and bamboo stick, or else dark maroon silk with white lining, scalloped edges, and handle of Russia leather.

Dressy short suits are of embroidered or dotted Swiss muslin over colored lawn. One of these with small embroidered sprigs has a short paletot and long tunic trimmed with needle-work ruffles. The paletot is made over a lining of violet-colored lawn, and a skirt of the lawn is worn beneath the tunic. The colored skirt is covered to the knee with white flounces.

For midsummer mornings the coolest attire is a negligee paletot of Victoria lawn or nainsook, with a gored skirt just sweeping the floor, trimmed with pleatings of the same, on which a band of Hamburg embroidery is stitched near the top. The ruffles are sometimes gathered and trimmed with embroidery. For those who are tired of ruffles there are three or four rows of Hamburg insertion placed around the skirt, and a box-pleated ruche of the dress material placed between each row.

It is so difficult to prevent pique from turning yellow, and the material is so thick for warm weather, that suits of it are less popular this season than those made of Victoria lawn. These are fashioned in the way described for other materials, and are much trimmed with the showy Hamburg work. Nothing can be cooler and more pleasant to wear than a suit of Irish linen, which can be bought at 80 cents a yard. The trimming is pleatings of the same, or of the more sheer Keniing, or linen lawn, with needle-worked scalloped edges.

Fans are chosen to correspond with the dress with which they are worn. Black and gilt fans are handsome with suits of black grenadine. Linen fans, with sticks of colored wood, are of all tints of buff and gray linen. Light Japanese paper fans, with bamboo handles, are taking the place of palm leaves.

Flounces are not now considered in themselves sufficient trimming they must be completed by fluted headings, crossway bands, bows and loops of ribbon. Never were trimmings more elaborate than they are now.

The aprons are smaller and more heavily trimmed than ever. Indeed, the newest shapes were not more than about fourteen inches deep, literally covered with ruchings, with a deep fall of lace from the bottom rather wider than the apron itself. Aprons embroidered in many colored silks are also much the fashion.

A buff cambric dress was entirely trimmed with plaitings of the same dentele with white. This fine dentelure, which is quite as effective as fine embroidery, is novel. The effect is excellent, and it is the best trimming that has been introduced for some time. Black grenadines and silks are trimmed with white tarlatane plaitings covered with black lace. To produce a satisfactory result in a black and white toilet, the white must be kept under and subdued.

One of the prettiest new trimmings is that which consists of a strip of silk, partly ravelled so as to form a fringe. These strips, put on double and gathered, are very effective; they resemble the borders of curled feathers worn last winter.

With the drooping chignons of curls, and the catogans of smooth, braided hair, wreaths and garlands of flowers are once more come into fashion for evening coiffures. They are made fuller in front, so as to rise into a diadem above the forehead, and continued into trailing sprays, which fall and mix with the hair at the back. Necklaces, ceintures, and bracelets of flowers to correspond with the coiffure, are also worn with ball-dress. The bracelets are fastened very high up on the arm, as it is now, indeed, also the fashion to wear bracelets of gold and jewels a l' antique.

The Roman scarf, of wide grosgrain ribbon, in all Roman colors, and the Odalisque scarf, of fringe crepe de chine, are worn with evening toilets on low dresses.

[Announcement.]

It has become too much the fashion in this country to imitate the English nobility and gentry, especially in the matter of equipages; but we have in this city some notable exceptions. Among these is Dr. H. T. Helmbold. His horses are thoroughbred, and his carriage, which is capable of seating ten persons, and is light and graceful, having all the strength and nothing of the clumsiness of the heavy English drag, has no armorial decorations, but only a simple monogram. There is nothing of English snobbery in the livery of his coachman, but everything about it is in the most perfect taste. Dr. Helmbold, in this matter, sets an example that is worthy of imitation by men of large means who can afford an expensive and elegant equipage.—*New York Standard*, June 17.

[Announcement.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—We are very happy to be able to recommend Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines to all persons who may be wanting an article so useful as a Sewing Machine. After an experience of ten years, we are not only able to speak with confidence of their usefulness, but also of their great superiority over all other machines that we have tried in our establishment.

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[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—"I admire the Grover & Baker Machine above all others, because it is so easily operated. My little daughter, only nine years old, runs it with ease and does all my sewing. I have used many other kinds and am satisfied this is decidedly the best."

MRS. HIRAM REED, *Vernon, Ind.*

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See Prospectus on third page of Cover.

Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1870. No. 9.

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Insertion in Braiding.

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UNDER THE IVIED BRIDGE.

"There full long we sat and mused,
And rose at last to move away."—p. 601.

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CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

No. 1.—Costume for a little girl between four and six years old. Skirt of mauve mohair, trimmed round the bottom with two rows of black velvet. Upperskirt is very short, open in front, trimmed with velvet, and looped up with bow of velvet on each side. Square, low bodice, with velvet revers and waistband. Pleated muslin chemisette with short sleeves, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Ribbon bow in the hair.

No. 2.—Costume for a little girl between eight and twelve years old. Dress of blue and white striped foulard, made with a plain skirt and bodice open en châle, edged with a narrow flounce of the same; under this is worn a fluted chemisette. Coat-sleeves with fluted cuffs. Hat with high crown and brim turned up on one side; it is bound with blue velvet and ornamented with a bunch of flowers.

No. 3.—Costume for a little girl twelve years old in unbleached cambric. The underskirt is trimmed with a flounce scalloped at the top and bottom, and bound with narrow black braid. Upperskirt open in front and behind, rounded at each side, and edged with a narrow, gathered flounce. High, plain bodice, long sleeves, trimmed at the wrist with a flounce. Tyrolese braces and waistband of black faille, fringed at the ends. Toquet hat, bound with black velvet and trimmed with a bow of ribbons and flowers.

No. 4.—Russian costume for a little boy from four to eight years old. Knickerbockers of black velvet, fastened under the knee with elastic. Tunic of felt gray poplin, open in front and trimmed with black braid; cuff and plastron of black velvet.

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No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1. Toilet for Ceremonious Visits.—Train skirt of white Chambery gauze, trimmed at the back with three gathered flounces; the lowest and highest flounce of maize silk, the centre of gauze. Six longitudinal bands of maize silk form the tablier in front, and these

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are bordered with a gauze and silk flounce; the former has a heading of silk, with bows at intervals. High bodice with silk bretelles, and a bow on each shoulder; a double pouf below the waist, fastened down with a band and a fringe. Rice straw hat, ornamented with flowers.

No. 2. China Crepe Costume.—The round skirt is of light mauve China crepe, and is ornamented with two rows of striped white gauze, very transparent and light in texture. The tunic, of similar gauze, forms a tablier in front, and is likewise trimmed with two gauze flounces, above which there is a ruche a la vieille of China crepe, and a small heading of crepe. High crepe bodice, trimmed with gauze to match the skirt. Louis XVI. hat, made of rice straw, turned up at the side, and ornamented with a tuft of violets and a long feather.

Country Visiting Toilets.

No. 1.—Dress of dust-gray poult-de-soie. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a deep pleated flounce, the heading of which forms pointed scallops. Tunic of crêpeline, looped up behind by two pleats, and at the sides with pleated rosettes. Bodice with basque, edged with a pleating of crêpeline. Coat-sleeve to match. Hat with a high crown, and brim turned up on the right side; it is bound with gray velvet, and ornamented with a bunch of flowers and long spray falling on the chignon.

No. 2.—Dress of sultane, trimmed at the bottom with a flounce, surmounted by a wide pleating with fluted heading and two rows of black velvet. Two flounces behind reaching nearly to the waist. Bodice with short basque in front; waistband of black velvet. Large cambric collar, scalloped at the edge and worked in buttonhole stitch. Hat of unbleached rice straw, with torsade of gauze knotted behind and a bunch of flowers placed at the back of the crown.

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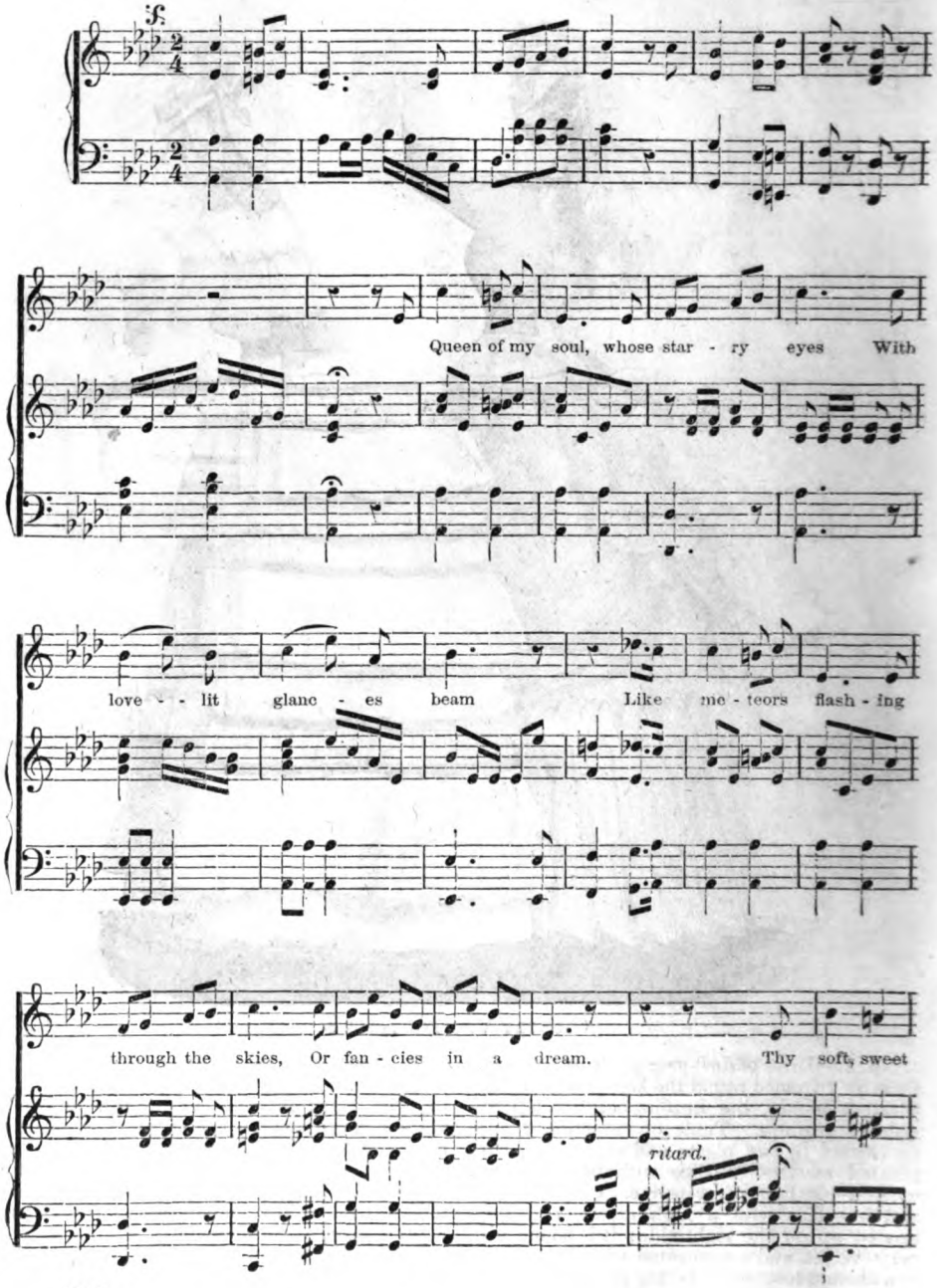
ELINE.

Edwin S. W. Pentreath. Frank H. Potts.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S FRIEND.



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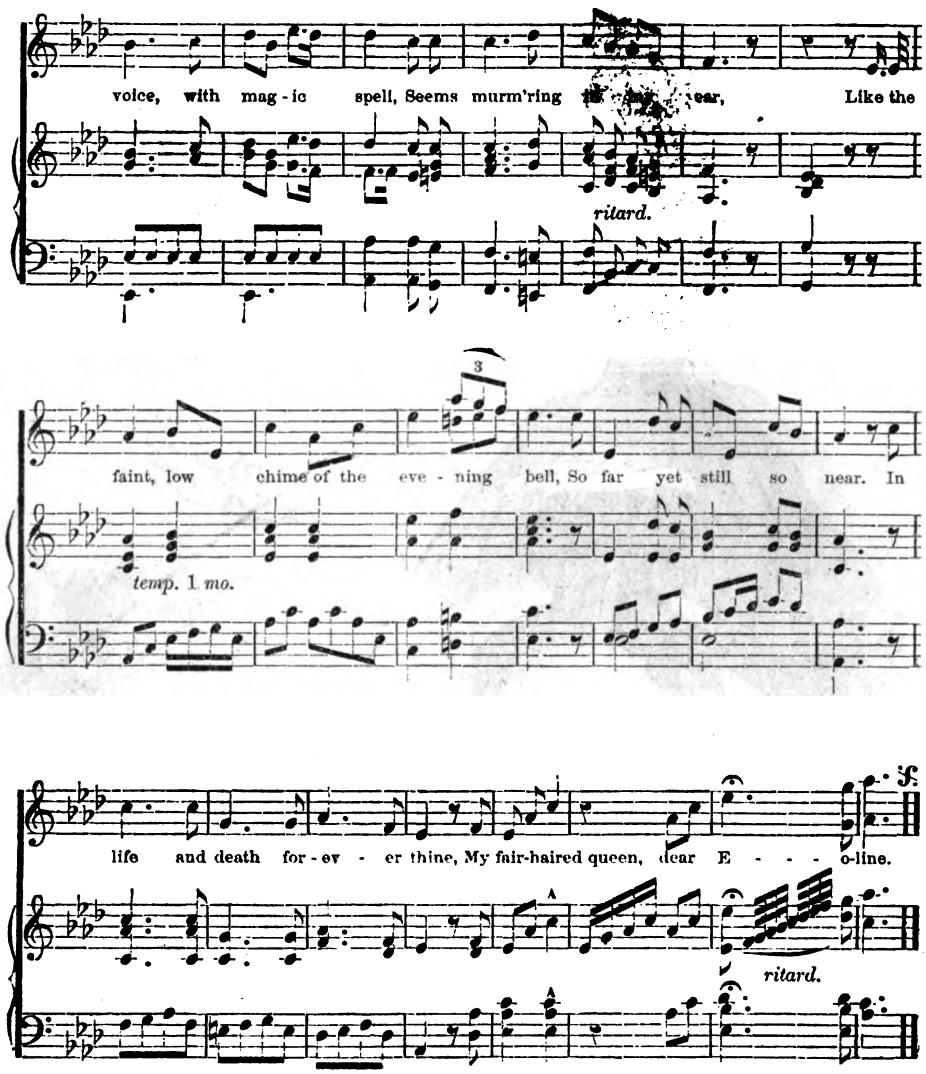

When summer flowers their perfume shed
O'er wooded nooks and hills,
And summer skies their brightness spread
O'er streams and bubbling rills—
We met—that hour was brief and bright.
Yet long enough to feel
The subtle thrill, the wild delight,
That kindred souls reveal.
I bowed before thy spirit's shrine,
My gem of gems, fair Eoline!

The summer flowers have long been past,
The autumn days are o'er,
Chill winter's rude and icy blast
Now moans along the shore;
Yet mem'ry still keeps fresh and bright
Thy sweet, bewitching face,
Thy image ever in my sight
No time can e'er erase.
Forever thine! forever thine!
My life's pole star, my Eoline!

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No. 1. Dress of Green Poult-de-soie.—The train skirt is trimmed with two gathered flounces. The second one is shorter, and has a fluted heading. Plain bodice and coat-sleeves. Low tunic without sleeves, made of silk grenadine with satin spots. This tunic is long at each side, forms a Watteau behind and fitted to the waist in front by a band passed under the Watteau pleats; it is trimmed with a band of satin and face flounce. Hat of English straw, lined and bound with black velvet. A green feather is placed at the back.

No. 2. Dress of Light Green Poult-de-soie.—The train skirt is trimmed with a flounce of point d'Angleterre, forming large coquilles on each side; a lace flounce is placed in front and forms round basques. Bow at the waist mixed with lace. Bodice with points in front and behind. Narrow lace simulates braces, and trims the top of the sleeves. Artistic comb is worn in the hair.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1870. [No. 9.

SOLID SILVER;

OR, CHRISIE DEANE'S BRIDAL GIFTS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
Author of "The Debarry Fortune."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE HISTORY OF TWO OR THREE GIFTS.

Mrs. Prescott stood by the window of the dining-room, humming a dainty, bird-like air, and glancing over the garden of late flowers still in gorgeous bloom. Just beyond, the dividing line between that and the next door house was a thick, green arbor-vitæ hedge, so she often lingered in this bay window watching for her husband, quite screened from any impertinent observation. Even from this rather contracted view you could discern that the row of houses in which this was situated was undeniably aristocratic. Wide balconies in front, broad steps, and a court-yard, with its closely shaven, velvety turf, almost large enough to be dignified with the title of lawn.

And inside there were proofs in abundance. This, and the adjoining library, were not only tastefully elegant, but gave evidence of rather lavish expenditure. The bronze jardinet beside her held a clustering heliotrope in richest bloom, sent that day from the florist's. Just beyond a Sofrano rose, brought here to do duty in its splendor, and then be replaced by fresher beauty. The curtains were of misty lace, their heavy embroidery standing out distinctly as the waning sunlight filtered through. The side-board, massive in itself, was a sight with its rare glass and silver, and the table might have been laid for a sumptuous little feast, instead of the daily dinner of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott.

Everything else in the room harmonized admirably—the carpet, the pictures, the pearl gray of the walls, and the frescoed ceiling, picked out with blue and gold. For Mrs. Prescott wanted her surroundings and belongings perfect in their way. Shams of all kinds she abhorred. It was a tenet of her faith. This apartment must be as elegant for a dining-room as the one opposite was for a drawing-room.

A haughty, aristocratic woman, you suspect. Not so. A fair and pretty face, with soft, brown eyes, and the sweetest rosebud of a mouth. A refined and graceful person, with a good deal of inborn, artistic taste, and a passionate love for beauty. Yet she called herself poor, and fancied that she seldom found an opportunity to do herself justice. If their seven thousand a year could but have been fifty!

A step roused her. She turned and touched the tiny silver bell, and as Mr. Prescott entered at one door, Morris brought in the dinner at the other. Mr. Prescott was a fine-looking man, of six or seven and thirty, quite fitted by nature to preside as master at such a table.

Morris waited upon them, poured water and wine, carried away plates, removed side dishes, cleared the table at length, and brought on the dessert. After that he was not needed.

The conversation during the first part of the dinner was always on some indifferent subject. At dessert it became confidential. Now, Mrs. Prescott, after a pause, turned and said in a girlish, laughing manner—"I was down-town to-day, George, and met with quite an amusing episode that I've been dying to tell you for the last half hour."

She looked so bright and winsome, that you could hardly blame her husband for being as

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fond of her as on their wedding day, eight years ago. And truly the difference between seventeen and twenty-five was not so very marked.

"Were you?" he replied. "And what happened?"

"I went into Straussman's for my bracelet, and Mrs. De Mott was there looking at some silver. Mrs. Kirkland also."

"Well, what was there so amusing about that?"

"I soon found out that it was a bridal gift—for Chrisie Deane—and we had about an hour's discussion. I wish you *could* have heard it."

"Let me see—Mrs. De Mott is some connection of the Deanes, isn't she?"

"Why, yes—Mrs. Deane's own cousin."

"So, of course, she felt compelled to open her purse-strings."

"But it was *so* hard. I had to laugh inwardly. She, with her hoarded thousands, looking at some cheap, plated things!"

This was uttered with the most piquant disdain.

"No; she really couldn't stoop to that!"

"It is a fact. Chrisie may thank my intervention for two handsome presents, for I think but for me Mrs. Kirkland would have bought a pair of salt-spoons. Brides always have an abundance of such trifles."

"But the Kirklands are not to be compared with Mrs. De Mott! Kirkland *is* struggling along under a pretty heavy load; still, he is just the fellow to work through."

"But then I knew Mrs. Kirkland *could* afford to spend twelve or fifteen dollars. She was Clara Deane's bridesmaid, you know, and is almost like a sister to Chrisie. Then one's friends do not get married every day."

"Oh! yes; such a trifle as that would not impoverish any one. And, by the law of comparison, Mrs. De Mott should have spent a hundred."

"And I found her looking at a clumsy, plated ice-pitcher. I should have been ashamed to see such a thing among Chrisie's gifts. And I said that I knew of a very handsome one that had been purchased for her, and delivered my opinion quite freely upon the subject of plated silver. If I could not give something really good and substantial, I would make no pretence. I said as much pretty boldly. It was shameful for a woman of her means to think of such paltry trash!"

"But I hope you kept cool about it."

"Oh! entirely so. We discussed bridal presents quite at length, and at last Mrs. Kirkland bought a very nice pie-knife, that Straussman let her have for thirteen dollars—and it was a bargain. Every trifle that Mrs. De Mott took up I knew Chrisie would have—some of them half a dozen times over—and Mrs. Kirkland's purchase really shamed her. So at last she looked at some silver tea-knives, and, after a great deal of haggling, decided upon half a dozen. They only cost forty-two dollars—the very smallest size! It was mean not to buy the dozen."

"But that was wonderful for her. You know she gave her granddaughter a set of plated forks."

"The fame of which went through the town;" and Mr. Prescott laughed. "We must admit that she has opened her heart."

"She did it because she was really shamed into it. But if *we* could give her a tea-set, poor as we are——"

This was a favorite and rather plaintive expression of Mrs. Prescott's. She did not consider herself rich by any means.

"Yes, Mrs. De Mott ought to have done better; but we will rejoice over this for Chrisie's sake."

"It was such fun, too;" and a mirthful light flooded the soft, brown eyes. "I thank Providence that I am not naturally mean or stingy, though I am often compelled to be economical."

"And *no* bridal present is to be preferred to a poor one."

"So I think. Or such an endless quantity of salt and mustard spoons."

He laughed again. Mrs. Prescott retailed some of the arguments and subterfuges in her spicy, half satirical way, which always amused him—Mrs. De Mott's evident struggle between avarice and a desire for show, the longing to have something pretentious on a little money.

"You did do capitally. People of that stamp ought to be shamed out of their meanness."

"I do hope it will be beautiful to-morrow. I am so interested in Chrisie having auspicious skies under which to commence her journey."

"The train goes at ten, I believe."

"Yes. Mrs. Deane was a good deal opposed to Chrisie starting off in the night, but I told her everything would look so much prettier by gaslight. Their rooms are rather old-fashioned, you know, and a wedding reception in the day-

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time needs to be very elegant. Dear Chrisie, I hope she will be happy."

Mr. Prescott finished his last grape, pushed away his plate, and pulled out his paper.

"Dick Verner is a nice fellow. It's a pity he is quite so poor," was his comment.

"But then Chrisie is not extravagant. I never saw any one so well calculated for a poor man's wife. She can make her own bonnets and dresses as well as a French modiste, and then she has such fine taste. They will have a good deal off of their two thousand a year."

And yet Mrs. Prescott was poor with seven thousand and a house. To be sure, her dressmaker's bills were enormous for a woman who "had so little," and their three servants were no inconsiderable item. But for all that, the lovely little woman had no very clear idea of how far two thousand dollars would go in daily household life.

Her mother had given her this house nearly furnished, and though in eight years it had been necessary to replace some things, Mrs. Prescott ordered to her liking and had the bills sent in to her husband. That everybody else could not go on in the same superbly indifferent manner never once occurred to her. She really loved her friend Chrisie, and it was at her house these young people had first met, so she took an unusual interest in the affair. And it must be confessed that she gloried a little in having outwitted Mrs. De Mott against herself. Mrs. Kirkland had done very well, she thought, so she dismissed her without further ceremony.

But the episode had not been quite so agreeable to Mrs. Kirkland. That lady walked slowly homeward with her thirteen dollars' worth of solid silver in her hand, plunged into a fit of abstraction. A fortnight ago her husband had given her one hundred dollars.

"Try and be as economical as you can with fall expenditures, Margaret," he had said. "We are likely to have rather tight times this winter, and Olmstead and I have resolved to be as prudent as possible."

That was sufficient for Margaret. During the five years of her married life she and her husband had been one in heart, soul, and purpose.

Olmstead was a fellow clerk then, but a year afterward they two had gone into business, employing the small capital both had laid by. A rather hard struggle it had proved now and then, but they were on a good, firm basis. Energetic, honorable young men of acknowledged ability and unflinching integrity, so it was no wonder they had found friends.

Mrs. Kirkland walked slowly homeward with just seven of her hundred dollars remaining in her purse. She felt a trifle disappointed and dissatisfied, and yet she kept telling herself that the mood was selfish. She and Chrisie were warm friends, and why should she grudge her this gift for the one dear festival of her life, though some needlework from her skilful fingers had preceded it.

She reached her house at length, not so grand a one as Mrs. Prescott's, but a pretty little cottage in a side street, with a trailing honeysuckle over the door, whose leaves were bronze brown with the autumn frosts. A cosey place, and a baby face at the window that laughed out gleefully the sweetest of all welcomes.

There was a basement dining-room and kitchen, two parlors on the next floor, and on the second a nursery and sewing-room, a bed chamber, and one adjoining for the occasional guests. Over all a grand garret and store-room, and a servant's chamber. With the aid of one girl, Mrs. Kirkland kept her house and cared for her two children, bonnie Prince Arthur, a little mischief of four, and baby Lily, twenty months.

"I've stayed a long while, Sarah," she said in a bright half-apologizing tone. "Have the babies been troublesome?"

"Oh! no, mem," with her cheerful smile. "But they were both very hungry, so I gave them some dinner a little after twelve."

"That was right. And you have some tea made, I see. I'll just take a mouthful of lunch and then relieve you of the small people."

"O mem! they've been as good as pie. Miss Lily's never cried but one word, and then she fell down."

"I'm much obliged for your good care of them," returned her mistress with a winsome smile.

As soon as Mrs. Kirkland had finished her lunch, she took them up-stairs. Baby Lily was placed in her crib for a nap, and Arthur sat down to his picture-books, his most quiet form of amusement. Mrs. Kirkland took care of her bonnet and cloak, laid her gift in the drawer, and drew out her account-book. How had she managed to spend the hundred dollars in such a brief while? Perhaps there had been some mistake.

She studied the list. Two pretty merino dresses for baby, a winter cloak and hat—very simple, too, and two pairs of shoes. The arti-

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cles had amounted to twenty dollars. Then there were Arthur's two suits and little over-sack—she had made them all herself—his cap and winter walking-boots, a pair of rubber boots and indoor shoes. That had swelled the amount to fifty-five dollars. Of course, she would want nothing of importance for them before spring. For herself she had bought some gloves, handkerchiefs, and a pair of kid boots, and had gone out this morning with her last twenty dollars.

She did not well see how she could have been more economical. If she could have another hundred dollars for herself alone, and there she sighed.

They were poor, of course. Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Kirkland had restricted themselves to two thousand dollars a year. So far neither had exceeded it. Mrs. Kirkland's allowance of housekeeping money was a hundred dollars a month, and this, with the rent, made fifteen hundred and fifty. There were just four hundred and fifty for clothes, furniture, journeys, fuel, and a few incidentals. It *did* require close management. Enormous dressmaker's bills would not have answered for Mrs. Kirkland.

However, the money was gone. She certainly could not venture to ask for any more before Christmas. So she closed the book and took up her sewing, talking in a low tone to Arthur.

The dinner was late, not on account of style, but convenience. Lily was bright as a bird after her nap, and delighted to see "papa." The dining-room presented quite a contrast to Mrs Prescott's. A worn ingrain carpet, with a large centre of gay drugget to freshen it up a little, an old-fashioned mahogany sideboard and sofa studded with brass nails, which had been handed down from Mr. Kirkland's grandmother, and found very useful. But the cloth, if not of the finest damask, was snowy white, and the service of French china pretty and simple—no elegant cut glass with antique initial, and very little silver. And yet it would have been hard to find a cosier circle. The whole atmosphere was bright, and fresh, and happy.

After the children had romped with papa, and Mrs. Kirkland given all her night orders, she took the little ones up to bed. After this there was from one to two hours in which the husband and wife enjoyed each other's society if no guests came in. Mr. Kirkland had been reading Idyls of the King aloud to his wife, and had come to the sweet story of Enid.

Margaret took up her tatting shuttle. She made a good deal in the way of beautiful ornamentation for herself and her children that would otherwise have been quite beyond her reach. It was much pleasanter evening work than having bulky sewing around.

"O Daisy, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Kirkland, as he settled himself in his cushioned Oriental chair, and idly turned the leaves—"did you go out to-day? You did not stop in the store according to promise."

"No. Yet I went out."

He remarked the perplexed look in her face.

"Well, what is it?" and he smiled pleasantly. "Did you find your lace dearer than you expected?"

"I did not look at any lace at all."

"Being seized with a fit of prudence?"

"No, not that. Instead, I have been very foolish."

"What did you do? This blushing, deprecating face alarms me."

"Nothing terrible, only foolish and inconsiderate, as I said."

"We all do foolish things sometimes. I should not like to have you too wise."

"But this was—well, I will tell you the whole story. You know I said I was going to buy a gift for Chrisie—I thought I could get that for five or six dollars, and my five yards of lace would cost from twelve to fifteen dollars. Mrs. Rowe had some very pretty Cluny for two and a half. I stopped into Straussman's first. Mrs. De Mott was there looking at an ice-pitcher, but I went at once to the trifles. Then Mrs. Prescott dropped in to inquire about a bracelet."

"And all you women stand a little in awe of these two ladies. So you left your trifle and deferred to the others?"

"Not exactly. Part of the scene was most enjoyable; perhaps my discomfort came through that. Mrs. Prescott has a very peculiar way—I don't believe she ever imagines that people in moderate circumstances are compelled to make sacrifices. Compared with the people who live on a thousand a year, our income appears comfortable, but I certainly do have to relinquish many pleasant desires."

"We cannot live like princes on two thousand;" and the husband gave a quaint smile.

"No, but we are very happy. I think you have learned by this time that a continual round of pleasure would neither suit nor satisfy me. There is too much that is serious and grand in life."

She made a little pause here, as one often does in uttering a solemn truth, and looked past him

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rather than at him, with her thoughtful eyes. He bent over and kissed the sweet lips—a tender lover yet.

"Where was I?" she went on, rousing herself. "Well, Mrs. De Mott, with all her money, had quite resolved upon buying some cheap article, and there was quite a spicy discussion between the two. It seems that Mrs. Prescott knows a good deal about Chrisie's gifts; she mentioned the fact of her having a handsome silver ice-pitcher and a tea-set, and several elegant articles. There is something so high-bred and refined about Mrs. Prescott, that one can never take offence at what she says; and then she is so generous and kind-hearted. But she flavored her speech with some sarcasms that must have cut Mrs. De Mott. That was the part in which I took a rather naughty enjoyment. I had been looking at salt-spoons, when she begged me not to think her impertinent, but she knew that Chrisie had a dozen at least. 'Salt-spoons, mustard-spoons, and nutpicks cost so little, that one gets quantities of them at such a time,' she said in her inimitable way. And as friends were rarely married more than once, she thought it wiser and better to give them something they would never be ashamed of, and like to keep all their lives. So I looked around, quite at sea again, and we all talked until, I don't exactly remember how it came about, but Mr. Straussman showed me a pie-knife, and offered it for thirteen dollars, which Mrs. Prescott thought very cheap, and somehow, before I knew it, I had actually been persuaded into taking it. She seemed to lay such a stress upon solid silver, as if plated articles were not fit for use, and I fancy she meant to shame Mrs. De Mott into buying something handsome."

"Did she succeed?"

"She did, indeed. Mrs. De Mott selected half a dozen silver tea-knives."

"Very useless things, in my opinion."

"But men don't always know. You can use them for fruit and they will not stain, and it saves a deal of scouring for the Bridgets."

"Three or four times a year, when one has company," he answered dryly.

"And I bought the pie-knife."

"That really is useful; but we had a plated one given to us."

"Ideas have changed on the subject of bridal gifts."

"Well, I do not see as yours was very terrible. I am not sure but it is a foolish and rather ungenerous thing to lay all your friends under contribution in that imperative fashion; but we have not a great many favorites whom we expect to dower. Only, Daisy, you couldn't buy your lace. I begin to see the point."

"Was it weak and selfish in me? I'll tell you just how I felt, Arthur. I had altered my dress, and wanted to wear it to-morrow night, and had set my heart on the lace. White Cluny trims green silk so beautifully, besides being very fashionable just now. Then I should have had a nice dress for state occasions all winter. I wanted to get Chrisie some trifle that would cost about five dollars. I could have found a handsome bouquet-holder, or handkerchief, or volume of poems, but custom and fashion say 'Solid silver.' I have allowed myself to be talked into something that my conscience does not quite approve, and have made a bargain with which I am dissatisfied."

"Never mind, my dear, you shall have the lace."

"No, Arthur, it is not merely the lace. I have been giving the matter some serious thought since I came home. Is the custom of bridal presents quite right as it is conducted? Now, much as I enjoyed seeing Mrs. De Mott discomfited and outgeneralled this morning, I should always be ashamed of knowing that any one had been absolutely badgered into buying me an expensive present, or that persons had been made uncomfortable by the consciousness that they had spent more than they really could afford. Chrisie is not to blame, but the custom that says you must not presume to make a bridal call unless you have sent a gift."

"And who has made the custom so imperative?"

"The tyrant fashion, I suppose."

"And the weak women who believe they will lose caste if they dare to differ with their neighbors."

"Margaret Kirkland for one."

"Your sin is not so very heinous."

"The thirteen dollars is not worth the outcry. Some other time I should hardly have noticed it. But my gift was much more according to my circumstances than Mrs. De Mott's. I should have had strength of mind and sense enough to spend just what I could afford, just what I had resolved upon, and not allowed myself to be talked over. And on account of this I am not going to take advantage of your kind offer. I shall put the velvet on my dress again and wear it until I can afford to change."

"My brave darling, you shall do no such

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thing. The lesson has sunk deeply enough in your heart, and will, I think, bear good fruit. Chrisie and all the Deanes are warm friends of ours, and your gift is quite appropriate. Of course, we shall have need for the strictest economy this winter, but I do not grudge that, although the system that levies gifts indiscriminately seems a species of social pauperism in my eyes, a tacit confession that you are willing to accept this opportunity of asking alms in solid silver. And now let me see the gift that has awakened such compunctions of conscience."

Margaret ran up-stairs for it.

"Very pretty, indeed, and a gift of which you need never be ashamed. But Verner's salary is just what we have to live upon, and it seems to me that we do not find occasions for much elegant silver."

"Chrisie and Dick may be more stylish. We are quite old-fashioned people, with two children. During the past fortnight I have spent fifty-five dollars on the youngsters, besides all the sewing I shall have to do. No wonder we are poor."

He drew her down on his knee.

"Rich in love, my darling, and perfect confidence. And I want you to feel that, were the means mine, I should deny you nothing. But if by economy and labor now while I am young, I shall be able to provide for the declining years of our life, it would pay for the present sacrifice and self-denial. And if any evil befell me, I should want to know that you and the children would not be destitute."

"Always my own thoughtful Arthur. I wish I were stronger and nobler for your sake."

The tears sprang to Margaret Kirkland's eyes. Was the foolish striving to be like richer and grander people worthy of any effort, compared with this love? No, let her devote her life to her husband and children, and find her dearest happiness in being the centre of the home circle. Let fashion flaunt by, let custom make arbitrary rules, they two having each other would pay little heed.

There was no reading, no dainty handiwork that evening. But Margaret's heart beat lightly as she laid her fair head upon the pillow.

Mr. Kirkland went away the next morning with his usual kiss.

"I am glad he forgot the lace," Margaret said to herself as she went blithely about her household tasks.

She had just taken out the old velvet, when Mrs. Rowe's errand-boy came with a parcel. Arthur had stopped on his way to the store and ordered it.

"How good and thoughtful he is," she murmured. "I know he ought not to have spent the money, and I must save in some other way. I only hope Chrisie will be as happy as we are."

When Sarah was ready to take Miss Baby out, Mrs. Kirkland tied up the box with a white ribbon.

"If you would not mind going as far as Mrs. Deane's, to leave this?" she exclaimed.

"Oh! no, mem. What a lovely day Miss Deane'll have for her wedding."

"Yes."

Then Margaret made her dress look like new, and was happy as a queen. Mrs. Prescott, with all her elegance, was hardly so well satisfied.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THEY FLOWED IN.

No day could have been more auspicious for a bridal. Chrisie ran to her window the instant she sprang out of bed, leaving Alice Gaylord to rub her eyes in mute amazement.

"It is positively splendid!" was the announcement.

A glowing morning late in October, with a hazy sun that held in its rays tints of ripe crimson as well as gold. Soft, wandering airs, full of autumnal fragrance, floated in at the open window.

A tall, fair girl, this Chrisie Deane, who had passed her eighteenth birthday some three months agone. Soft, curling, bronze-brown hair, the ends still in a golden quiver; eyes with a purple pansy glow; and a complexion of creamy white, instead of the pearl tint usually accompanying such hair. Her features were not regular, to be sure, but she was pretty for all that, with the warmth and affluence of youth.

She was not thinking very seriously of her bridal—few do at eighteen. Dick Verner was a rather handsome, stylish fellow, with a fine tenor voice, a happy, sunny temper, good social position, and clerk in a bank. Most of Chrisie's friends considered that she was doing very well, and she was more than satisfied on account of being desperately in love with Dick.

The Deanes were very plain people, indeed. William Deane had come to Franklin when a boy, and found a situation in a leather warehouse. He had been waiter in general at first, then clerk, bookkeeper, taken a share, and

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finally become partner. He had also marrie and reared a family of six children.

The Deanes had gone to live in three rooms on the second floor of an unpretentious house, been prudent and happy. Not that they were very common place people—quite the contrary, for William Deane, now fifty years of age, had still a little lingering of boyish romance about him, and often wore a rose in the button-hole of his coat. But they were poor then.

They prospered by degrees. He had an opportunity to purchase the house on easy terms, and then they had removed to the lower floor. As the children grew larger all the rooms were needed, and a few additions had been made.

Mary, the eldest, married a country physician, and resided about twenty miles distant. Clara being on a visit to her sister, attracted the attention of a young farmer, and consented to share his destiny, which for the present was in an old, rambling country-house with his grandparents, but at their death the estate would be his. Robert Deane had gone out to St. Louis and was prospering. Chrisie, prettier than either of the girls, and possessing the rare gift of a beautiful voice, had been made much of to an alarming extent. Good Mrs. Deane sighed over her thoughtless ways, and loved her dearly. Mr. Deane sometimes bestowed upon her a rather grave lecture, but she was bright, and piquant, and full of life, so what could she do but be her own charming self.

Walter, the youngest, was fifteen, and absolutely crazy on the subject of farming. He raised everything odd and curious in the way of flowers, tried his skill at grafting trees and perfecting plants of all kinds, and teased his father continually to buy a place in the country.

Two circumstances brought this about. His summer vacation had been spent at Mount Hope, where both of his sisters resided, and the farm next to Clara's husband's had been offered for sale. A roomy house in excellent order, fruit, water, meadow, and woodland, everything that one could wish.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Deane's partner, desired to make some new business arrangements. He would either buy or sell at a fair valuation.

Mr. Deane had not made a brilliant fortune. The men who do are the exceptions. He and his wife discussed the matter in their slow, considerate way.

"It would pinch me a good deal to buy out Harrison," he said, "but if Walter had a business turn, I should do it. In the course of the next ten years we might make considerable money. But Walter seems so bent upon farming, that I am almost afraid to count the chances with him. On the other hand, I might buy this farm at Mount Hope, and he would be delighted. We should have Mary and Clara for neighbors, and a pleasant, easy life for the remainder of our days. There would be something left for the children after we were done with it. With our plain, old-fashioned tastes, we should find much more enjoyment than in the strife of money getting."

Mrs. Deane agreed with him. Indeed, his health was less firm than a few years ago, and his ideal had always been a little place in the country. Why should they not go now, when this seemed to come to them like a special invitation.

The matter was settled presently with relinquishing the business, and purchasing the farm. Then Mr. Deane had an offer for his house.

The farm cost ten thousand. After the entire business was concluded, Mr. Deane found that he would have seven or eight thousand dollars to put out at interest.

"That will do for us in any emergency," he said to his wife. "The farm will increase in value, and there will be enough for the children after we are done."

The two elder girls had been quietly married, and Mr. Deane would have felt less like display now, under any other circumstances. But Chrisie was their last daughter, and this would be the final gathering in the old house where they had spent so many happy years.

"I wish I could give you your reception," Mrs. Prescott said to Chrisie. "I should have it at midday, and by gaslight—that is the most stylish way now."

But Mr. Deane had insisted upon an evening wedding party, so, with Mrs. Prescott for adviser, Chrisie meant to make it as fashionable and elegant as possible.

Chrisie Deane was a very fair sample of girls of her class, neither better nor worse in soul, but more attractive in body than many. Her beauty, for nearly every one called her beautiful, and her exquisite voice, had afforded her the entree of society rather beyond her station. She was very winning and elegant, and having once attracted the attention of Mrs. Prescott, became a great favorite with that lady.

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Franklin was a thriving manufacturing town, on a railroad route between two great cities. Latterly, the outskirts had become dotted with handsome residences, and the aristocratic portions of it were yearly becoming still more aristocratic. The solid old business men of the place fell by right in this list, and Chrisie was quick to avail herself of the prestige for which her father cared so little. She possessed a good deal of youthful vanity, and that peculiar spirit and grace which makes women leaders in society. And since her bridal would be discussed and copied, she wanted everything as elegant as circumstances would admit.

So she had gone far beyond her mother's expectations. Even in the matter of dress there had been some elegant gifts. The collar and cuffs of Point d'Alençon had been sent from Paris, from several admirers for whom she had once sung at an amateur concert. Boxes of gloves and handkerchiefs, rare needlework from friends who had fashioned some garments with loving hands. The veil and orange-blossoms were from Mrs. Prescott, and silver from everybody. It was during the first rage for ostentatious bridal gifts.

"Well, what are you dreaming about?" asked Alice presently. "You have actually stood by that window half an hour, Chrisie. I've had two good, long naps since you first flew over there!"

Chrisie laughed. What had she been thinking about!—the glorious day, with its bland, dreamy air; handsome Dick Verner, who declared last night that it would be the longest twenty-four hours of his whole life; her beautiful white silk in the wardrobe yonder, and how Niagara must look in just such a glowing sunrise? Not much of the new life, perhaps few do at eighteen; little of the solemn significance of the event that in a few hours would change the course of her whole existence.

Chrisie laughed, gathered up her shining hair into a knot, and slipped into a wrapper.

"Dear me, what a nuisance it is to have one's head full of crimping-pins," Alice went on ruefully. "One looks like a fright! You are the luckiest girl I know, Chrisie Deane. You even get out of bed looking like a princess! What wouldn't I give for such hair! Has the bell rung yet?"

"No. Mother said we were to sleep as long as we liked."

"But there's so much to do!" was the almost despairing rejoinder.

"Oh! no. My trunk is nearly packed—only a dress or two to put in."

"But the flowers and the silver to arrange and ourselves to get up in gorgeous style! I've been bridesmaid times enough to know. There's always some hitch in the end, just when you are hurrying for dear life."

"Mrs. Prescott is coming round, you remember. And that Madam Gervaise is to be here at three to arrange our hair."

"And in the meanwhile, I am to run around a-la-porcupine in fretful quills!"

"Oh! it doesn't look so bad," she said smilingly. "Tie on a net and a ribbon."

"I hope none of the gentlemen will come."

"I gave Dick strict injunctions to stay away."

The two girls sat down to their nine o'clock breakfast with sweet, motherly Mrs. Deane to wait upon them. The same gay gossip went on freely. At ten an avalanche of flowers and half an hour later Mrs. Prescott.

The rooms *were* old-fashioned, there was no denying it. Low ceiled and with high mantelpieces, a ten-years-ago ingrain carpet, a large mahogany sofa, and cushioned chairs, with here and there a fanciful addition that Chrisie had managed to coax in. But the piano was a Chickering, and very handsome, and there were some exquisite pictures—Mr. Deane had a weak spot for them.

Mrs. Prescott had sent around several of her elegant bouquet-holders and stands. They went to work at the flowers now—Chrisie had an artist's eye in arranging, and Mrs. Prescott had an artist's eye for effect. Between them both they made the room a sort of floral palace.

"Some more silver!" laughed Chrisie, as sable Lucy brought in a box. "I shall never have to buy a single article. I'm sure I didn't expect half as much. Oh! a lovely pie-knife, and from Mrs. Kirkland! She has sent me one gift already."

"Now we must put that in order," answered Mrs. Prescott. "I brought my scarlet cover, silver lights up so beautifully on that."

"How good and generous you are!"

Mrs. Prescott felt an almost sisterly right in this young girl. And for Dick Verner's sake, who was a protege as well, she wanted everything in the best possible order and array.

Not to have displayed bridal gifts at that time in Franklin, would have been a sin against society. A few strong-minded people had ventured to act independent of the edict, and had received polite sneers in return. Nothing to

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display, had been the verdict on right and left.

There was a small apartment just off the parlor, used generally for a sitting-room. This was put in the requisite state of harmony, an old-fashioned mahogany table spread out and covered with the bright cloth, while Lucy was instructed to bring hither the gifts.

First of all the beautiful tea-set, just large enough to bespeak its "solid" state.

"Dear Mrs. Prescott, I shall be afraid to use it," said Chrisie, her face full of admiration and enjoyment.

"Nonsense, child! I've used mine ever since I kept house. There's nothing in it to be injured, and you need not to be afraid of rubbing off the plate at the first cleaning. You could not have anything more useful."

Box after box was unpacked. Two handsome cake-baskets, goblets, knives, forks, spoons, an elegant fruit-dish, a silver salver, bouquet-holders in malachite and onyx, with their gold and silver standards, a handsome epergne of cut glass and silver, and various small articles of virtu. Chrisie had hardly realized its value before, and for a moment the thought crossed her mind—how many of these things would she really need in her life? If she could only be as rich as Mrs. Prescott!

That lady left the girls in the hands of the hairdresser and her French modiste.

"Though I shall look in upon you again to see if you are all right," she said gayly, as she went home to make her own preparations.

The sisters and their husbands arrived, the confectioner came to arrange the table—for when Mrs. Deane understood the magnitude of the affair, she withdrew in dismay at her limited knowledge.

"I am sure Mary's and Clara's weddings were nice enough without all this fuss and display," said Mr. Deane. "I don't like to see girls so carried away with show."

"We shall never have another daughter to marry," Mrs. Deane responded mildly. "Chrisie has set her heart upon it; and then Mr. Verner has so many fashionable friends. For his sake, I would like everything to be as pleasant as we can make it."

Mr. Deane brought forward no further objection, but he did not altogether enjoy the prospect of so much style and parade.

The sisters ran down to inspect the silver.

"What in the world will you do with it, Chrisie?" Clara exclaimed in amaze. "Why, I should be afraid every night of my life that thieves would break in the house."

"We shall send it to the bank, of course."

"It's heathenish, perhaps, but I really believe I should sell some of it. What do you want of eighteen dinner-forks, or two dozen dessert-forks, unless you expect to give large parties?"

"I dare say I shall find use for them," was Chrisie's rather dry response.

"But, after all, you will not be so very rich. Mr. Verner has nothing but his salary."

"No, I have not married for money."

"Don't be vexed, Chris. It's all magnificent, I dare say, but it would worry my life out for fear of thieves."

"People who always have it get used to it, like wearing a watch," said Chrisie sagely.

Down-stairs, Mary and her mother were discussing the same subject.

"It is very beautiful, to be sure, but it seems to me that a person in Chrisie's station will have but little to correspond. She will need a very handsome china dinner and tea set to use with so much elegant silver. I think there are many other things that would be of more account, even if they did not last as long."

"I tremble a little for Chrisie's future. She has been in so much gay society—and friends like Mrs. Prescott are not always the best advisers."

"But Chrisie's real good and sensible at heart," said Mary encouragingly. "And Mr. Verner may have some wonderful luck—people do now-a-days."

The bridal party were in full toilet at least fifteen minutes before the time. Chrisie looked most lovely, a picture of grace and refinement, from her golden head, crowned with orange-blossoms, to the slender, satin-shod foot. Neither was Miss Gaylord lacking in beauty. Only as they trooped down the steps it seemed as if halls and stairways should have been wider and grander for so much magnificence.

Mrs. Deane kissed her darling with convulsive tenderness, then her husband led her to the carriage. Dr. and Mrs. Adams followed, Mr. and Mrs. Bristowe, commonly known as Tom and Clara, and other friends, and last of all the four in bridal array, laughing and chatting. How could they be serious with Alice Gaylord's mock sentimentalisms, and Harry Fielder's inexhaustible fund of drollery!

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CHAPTER III.

A WEDDING IN STYLE.

Just as St. Paul's clock struck seven, the party entered the well-filled church. Dick Verner had stipulated that they should be punctual.

"'Behindhand then, behindhand always,' predicts the old adage, and I am superstitious about it," he had said.

The congregation scanned the bride's trailing white silk dress, that fell around her slender figure like sea-foam, her exquisite laces, her cobweb veil, her flowers, her hair, her ear-rings and necklace of pearl, her lover's gift. The clergyman went through the ceremony, that appeared only a moment long to Chrisie, then they turned and walked out of church, stately as a king and queen.

Half an hour later, the hall and parlors, indeed, nearly every space at the Deanes, were filled. Kisses and congratulations, refreshments, gossip, envy, heart-burning, and only a few rather sneering criticisms. But every one decided secretly or openly that Chrisie Deane was a *very* lucky girl. Such a quantity of silver! *Was* it all solid? Had it really been given, or hired? Oh! here were the cards of the donors. She never could use it all.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland came, and were warmly welcomed.

"But it is a fearful jam!" whispered Clara. "Chrisie had such hosts of musical friends. Doesn't she look radiant to-night? I never could be so composed."

"Will they start in the late train?"

"Yes, at ten, precisely. Father wanted them to wait until morning, but they seemed to prefer going. There never was such a crowd in this old house before. Poor mother appears half frightened out of her senses."

Mr. Kirkland and his wife looked over the silver, ate a little cake, exchanged a few words with the different members of the family, and made their adieux.

"It is delightful to get into the fresh air once more," he said, drawing long breaths.

"Yes. What a handsome couple they are!"

"I never saw Chrisie look better. This ought to be show enough to delight any girl's heart."

"She has been in a good deal of gay society, and if she asked one, it was necessary to invite all. But the silver is really magnificent!"

"It represents from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars—perhaps more—and is the very least part of housekeeping. I wonder how many of the people who gave could afford it just as well as not?"

"Are you thinking of me?"

"Not particularly."

"My gift was very modest in appearance, after all. I believe now that I should have been ashamed of anything less."

"It will cost a good deal for Mr. and Mrs. Verner to return these compliments."

"I had not thought of that."

"When gifts come to be fashionable, it is always necessary to make a return. With friendship it may be different."

"I surely do not expect mine returned, Arthur."

"But if you were a young girl on the eve of your marriage, or a matron with your silver wedding in view, you might feel differently."

Margaret laughed a little.

"Mrs. Grayson sent in that beautiful malachite vase, and this morning Grayson was in to beg an extension on a note of a hundred dollars."

"And Mrs. Grayson has an elegant new lavender silk!"

"O my dear Daisy! this spirit of extravagance is fearfully on the increase. How can men live at the rate of five or six thousand a year, when their income at the best will not exceed three. I cannot tell you how thankful I am, little wife, that you are able to make yourself contented on a moderate sum. If I can get along for a few years, you will have the more by and by."

"Heaven knows, Arthur, that my earnest wish is to be a true helpmeet. I wondered a little this morning if I had not been too grudging; but it doesn't seem necessary to give expensive gifts to people who have much more than you, and pinch in matters of daily comfort to make amends."

"It certainly is not right. Now, Mrs. Prescott can afford to make handsome presents. She has six or seven hundred dollars a year of her own, and Prescott is laying by something all the time besides what they spend."

"Don't you think that difficulties sometimes arise from wives not knowing how much they may spend?" asked Margaret thoughtfully, pursuing her own train of reflection.

"Perhaps."

"You see I shall not be able to plead guilty to that," and she gave her sweet, cheerful little laugh.

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"What concerns me concerns you also—prosperity, adversity—for all our mortal lives."

She pressed his arm closer. A good, true, tender husband was he, but some women might not have considered Margaret's a supremely happy life.

At half past nine the bride disappeared, changed her dress for one of the conventional color, in which she looked not less pretty. Then she uttered her good-bys, and Chrisie Verner started on her life journey.

"O Dick!" she said, "did you ask Mr. Fielder to look after the silver?"

"That will all be safe and right."

The crowd did not disperse until sometime later. It was midnight before the family were alone.

"I am thankful that we can never have another fashionable wedding," exclaimed Mrs. Deane with an energy one would hardly have expected from her. "There hasn't been anything really enjoyable in it."

"Why, I think it was splendid!" and Alice Gaylord opened her drooping eyes wide with astonishment. "There hasn't been a single baulk or mistake, and Chrisie looked elegant to the last moment. Even Mrs. Macintire complimented her. And the table was perfection! Auntie Deane, you ought to be proud of it!"

"I wasn't meant for fashionable life, Alice, and it is hard to begin now."

"Well, I hope I'll have as nice a wedding!"

Clara said she was hoarse with talking, and that her arm ached up to her shoulder. She had hardly found a chance to speak to old friends, was warm, and tired, and cross. Tom laughed a little.

"There *is* too much of it," he said.

Crumb-day followed. Such a gathering of fragments—cake, confectionery, and jelly that had been trodden in the carpet, wine stains, and a kind of hopeless confusion of everything intermingled. They washed dishes, did up bride cake, and brought order out of the apparently chaotic elements. Doctor Adams and his wife returned home, and Clara's husband, but she remained to comfort her mother and pay a few brief visits.

Nearly a month elapsed before the travellers returned. They had seen Niagara, the lakes, St. Lawrence River, and the quaint old Canadian towns, with their churches and convents. Chrisie was more elegant than ever.

They had decided to remain home until March, at which time Mr. and Mrs. Deane expected to give up the house, as their farm was tenanted until then. The young people were to be ready for housekeeping by spring.

A week after Chrisie's return, Mrs. Prescott gave her a grand reception party. The bride was regally handsome in her white silk and pearls, and attracted the attention of several distinguished gentlemen present.

"Of course, you love Dick, and I suppose it is all right," remarked Mrs. Prescott rather plaintively, "but I almost wish you had not been so hasty. A girl with your attractions ought to have married a fortune."

"I believe I would much rather have Dick;" and Chrisie laughed. "He *just* suits me. While he is not jealous, which I should hate, he has that tender longing for every smile, which is so grateful. And then he is royally indulgent."

"Well, my dear, I wish for your sake that he had ten thousand a year."

"Thank you. But I don't know that I could love him any better if he had twenty thousand."

"But it is very hard to be poor, especially when one is young and handsome."

Chrisie had not experienced any of the hardships yet.

To the latter part of January, it was one continual round of excitement for Chrisie Verner. Parties, dinners, concerts, operas, and to crown all, an invitation to a grand musical entertainment in New York.

Mr. Randolph was a wealthy broker and bachelor, living in an elegant up-town palace. A man of cultivation, artistic tastes, refinement, and extravagantly fond of what was new or piquant. At his parties one met artists, poets, musical people whose records were as yet unquestioned. These entertainments were the grand feature of the season, and always conducted in the most unexceptionable manner.

Happening to meet Mrs. Verner elsewhere, Mr. Randolph had been attracted first by her figure and style, and then by her voice. But Chrisie was a little frightened at the invitation.

"I'm afraid it is rather too grand for us," commented Dick.

So she dropped in to consult Mrs. Prescott.

"Decline it! Why, child, you would be crazy! Mr. Randolph's parties are the most *recherche* of the season. To be asked there is equal to being presented at court in any other

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country. We have an invitation also—Mr. Prescott had dealings with him occasionally. I went once last winter, and it was magnificent. Oh! I cannot hear of your declining."

"What would I need to wear?" asked Chrisie hesitatingly.

"I was going to say to you a week or so ago that I would have my white silk trimmed over. You do not need the severest bridal white now, so I should have bands of velvet cut on the bias, and edged with lace. Blue is very becoming to you, but then blue seems the stereotyped color of blondes. O Chrisie! that lovely new light-green will be just the thing—it lights up exquisitely."

"And I can wear green so well!"

"Yes. Let Madam Hesse trim it for you. She has such perfect taste, and is so stylish."

"Dick doesn't seem to care about going to quite so grand an affair;" said Chrisie thoughtfully.

"Oh! I suppose he fancied that it would cost you two or three hundred dollars for a new dress, and that frightened him."

Chrisie sighed a little. After all, it *was* delightful to be rich!

"Suppose we go down and see Madam Hesse?"

"That could do no harm, surely."

A most inimitable Frenchwoman, yellow, and wrinkled, and withered, with curly, grizzled hair. Up-stairs lay her helpless husband, and in another room her idiotic son. And so she remained here in Franklin, I was going to say unappreciated, when she might have gained fame and fortune elsewhere.

"Yes, green would be the color for madam, with her complexion and beautiful blonde hair. She had the exact shade—it came from Lane & Thompson's—eight dollars a yard—three yards would answer, and the lace—twice the length of the bands of trimming, save at the bottom of the skirt. She would do it, of course."

"I've quite set my heart upon it," said Mrs. Prescott. "Talk it over with Dick this evening. You ought to have a little pleasure now before you take up a life of care."

"For there will be housekeeping and babies sometime," thought Mrs. Prescott, "and all the drudgery of a poor man's wife. She may as well enjoy the sunshine now."

And then—Mrs. Prescott felt a little proud of her protege, and counted on having her create quite a sensation. There would be women in satin and diamonds, women of more striking beauty and elegance, and artistic singers, but Chrisie Deane, with her girlish, enthusiastic face, and her two or three pathetic English ballads, would be a success. She liked the prestige of chaperoning anything so near a refined sensation, for Mrs. Prescott had no fancy for loud or vulgar conquests.

Chrisie discussed the subject with Dick that evening. They had been rather gay and made some inroads into their housekeeping fund, for Dick, with all his extravagances, had arranged to save up a little.

"I don't want to be stingy with you, Chrisie," he said, "but going to such places does cost a good deal. You would have to get an elegant new dress, and there would be little odds and ends——"

"Oh! Mrs. Prescott has arranged all that beautifully. She says trim my wedding-dress with green velvet and narrow edging."

Now that sounded quite economical. Dick had in his mind ribbon velvet—he was with his Cousin Mollie a few days ago, and saw her buy some very handsome for a dollar a yard. Five yards of it trimmed her dress.

"Well, I don't know—if you could do that! I wish I had thousands for your sake, Chrisie, but you married a poor man."

"And I love my poor man. He is more to me than a fortune."

Chrisie came over and sat on Dick's knee. Two or three sweet kisses extinguished Dick's prudence.

"I feel as if we ought to please Mrs. Prescott, if we can. She gave us our lovely tea-set, and the party——"

"Yes," returned Dick, quite conscious that they owed some sort of duty. "You had better see about it as soon as possible. I have a little loose change that I will hand over."

So he gave her fifty dollars with a princely smile, the last of his month's salary. But in ten days he would have some more.

"How good and generous you are!"

And Chrisie Verner fell asleep the happiest of happy women.

She and Mrs. Prescott went to New York the next day. The velvet was twenty-four dollars—the lace seventeen.

Then the dress was taken to Madam Hesse, who decided that since madam had such a lovely neck the corsage should be cut square. It made no difference to Chrisie.

"When it came home it looked absolutely superb. But now she must have some new lace

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for the neck and wrists. Ordinary collars and cuffs would not do.

So they made another shopping expedition. The elegant laces were expensive, the cheaper ones suffered by contrast.

"It is always best to get a good article," said Mrs. Prescott. "It lasts a long while, and is beautiful to the smallest fragment. Why, I have some that was my mother's. Laces to my mind always indicate taste and character. A handsome dress and poor lace stamps a woman in my estimation at once. If I had to choose between one good article or half a dozen inferior ones, I should not study long."

There was a lump in Chrisie's throat. She wanted to say that she was poor, and that lace was not the all-important thing in the society she would be most likely to frequent. But somehow she had not the courage.

"You will never be sorry for buying this," said the soft, persuasive voice.

She had it cut off—a yard and a half—sixteen dollars a yard; and Chrisie's conscience *did* upbraid her. What was appropriate for Mrs. Prescott with her income, was hardly the thing for paltry two thousand a year!

Then a peculiar kind of light-tinted gloves that would not be killed by the velvet. Two dollars and a half. Seven dollars for re-trimming the dress.

Chrisie looked at the aggregate in amazement. Seventy-four dollars and a half. Dick must still have gloves, and there was carriage and travelling expenses.

But then her husband thought she looked magnificent in the dress. So she did. Mrs. Prescott was *very* proud of her.

Mr. Randolph gave her a critical glance. He was used to elegant women, but there *was* something in this one quite out of the ordinary way. A freshness, a grace, and dignity that had not been cast in the time-worn mould of fashionable society. What lovely hair! What a superb turn to the throat! What a fine complexion—natural, too. No powder or carmine there.

I question if Chrisie Verner ever had been quite so handsome as on this evening. Youth, health, anticipation, and, not least of all, the consciousness of being well dressed, exhilarated her like a draught of sparkling wine. The waves of green and white that surged around her at every step, and out of which she seemed to be rising like some mermaiden, made her picturesque to more than her adoring husband.

The party was an exceedingly brilliant one. After the first half hour, Chrisie's sense of strangeness wore away, and she was as much her charming self as if she had been entertaining her own home friends in the old-fashioned parlor. Indeed, she did enjoy this delicate homage and attention.

The music-room filled at length. Two well-known pianists, one of the "crack" tenors of the city, a superb contralto just returned from a thorough course in Europe, and a host of lesser talent. There were some effective choruses, several very fine duets and quartets, and then single songs.

Mr. Randolph came over to Mrs. Verner.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," in his most winning manner, and he was a handsome man of the world. "Will you sing that little Scotch ballad I heard at Mrs. Colonel French's? It has lingered in my mind ever since."

"After all this exquisite melody?"

"Yes. We are brave people, are we not? But, after this French and Italian, a breath of heather bells would be delightful. Ah! you need not mind; *you* have nothing to fear."

Somehow she felt that she had not, being half inspired by the light, music, and entertaining conversation. It was almost as if she had strayed into a fairy palace, and was going through a process of enchantment.

Mr. Randolph led her to the piano with all a host's courteousness.

"Could any one accompany her?"

"Thanks—no, she would do it."

"Was she comfortable?"

"Perfectly so."

She drew off her gloves—very glad that her hands were white and slender. The rosy-tipped fingers wandered slowly over the keys, then there was a low, clear sound like the drops of falling water.

Ah! the pathos of those wonderful old songs! The love and tragedy that go hand in hand, the tenderness and devotion, the almost superhuman sweetness linked with such sadness as the world rarely weds to words now.

As I have said, her voice was peculiarly beautiful, and especially adapted to such music as this. She tried her best, and succeeded.

Another was asked for, and yet another. The melody went to every one's heart.

Chrisie rose from the piano at length in quite a flush of triumph. She entertaining an elegant New York party!

Afterward came supper. Mr. Randolph's suppers were the admiration of the whole town.

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Chrisie had never seen anything quite so magnificent, but she took it with the utmost ease. Dick Verner grew prouder of her every moment.

And then that some one should request "Mary of Argyle" over again was the crowning satisfaction!

"You have really been the belle of the evening!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott delightedly. "And there wasn't a dress that looked so exquisite. More than one person thought you might sit for Undine."

Chrisie smiled in supreme content.

"I am very glad we went," said Dick, lying on the sofa the next evening. "I don't grudge a few dollars for such a pleasure as that."

"I am very glad. I was thinking this morning that we—that I had been extravagant."

"Oh! but your dress will do for some other grand occasion. Mrs. Prescott is just perfect authority in those matters. And fifty or sixty dollars will not ruin any one."

"Do you imagine it cost us only that?"

"Well—thereabout."

"It is very near a hundred. I was counting it up this morning."

Chrisie had been troubled in her mind ever since she exceeded the fifty dollars given her for that purpose.

Dick gave a long, low whistle.

"Well, we won't cry over spilled milk, but we couldn't afford such a party every week."

"No indeed. We must begin to be economical."

"Oh! I saw Kirkland to-day, and he asked us to come into tea some evening."

"I owe Mrs. Kirkland a host of calls, and shall be glad to pay them in that manner."

Then Chrisie leaned her head on her husband's shoulder and fell into a doze, while visions of brightness and enjoyment floated through her brain.

(*To be continued.*)

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

What waves of languor steal along the air,
Enwrapped in dreamy mist!
The world slips past me with its weight of care—
Can human heart such subtle charm resist?

The book whose rhythmic passion thrilled my soul
Is idly thrown aside;
My thoughts, unfettered, mock at all control;
Idly adown life's hurrying stream I glide.

No haunting ghost can steal from out the past
With sad, reproachful eyes,
To vex me now; no glance is backward cast,
No look exultant toward future skies.

The present hour is full of witchery sweet—
I rest in calm content;
What though the task I wrought be incomplete?
'Twere useless now its failure to lament.

The laugh of children with a far-off sound
Comes rippling to my ear;
A vague enchantment wraps my senses round,
I seem a dweller of some distant sphere.

'Tis pleasant in these days to muse and dream,
Nor heed the flight of time;
Nor is it any wonder should we deem
Ourselves transported to a tropic clime.

AT THE GATE.

BY MARK BRIAN.

The roses droop their regal heads,
The moon goes down in glittering state,
The stars drop out of the summer night,
While we wait at the garden gate.
The night-bird trills a tender song,
The wind blows fresh from the sea,
But my eyes grow dim, my heart beats low,
And life seems drear to me.

When the radiant, rosy morning
From beyond the hills shall come,
Far o'er the blue bay's waters
I'll be drifting away from home:
But, though I roam in distant lands,
My heart shall beat as true,
And I'll ever pray while life shall last,
God's blessing may rest on you.

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THE RIVAL SUITORS.

A CHINESE LOVER'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Those who perused in the May number of "THE LADY'S FRIEND," the sketch of our faithful cook, *Chek-Saú*, may glance with pleasure, at a little episode of his life, touching the tender passion. The events referred to, occurred during our rather protracted visit at Singapore, the only interval of relaxation from his onerous duties, that Chek-Saú enjoyed during his long term of service, as purveyor general of our household. Had we remained at home, these incidents would probably not have transpired at all; for our trusty Celestial was quite too well aware of his importance in our domestic ménage, to think it possible for his valuable services to be dispensed with, even long enough for him to arrange an affair matrimonial; and he was, certainly, too warmly attached to our interests, to delegate his responsible duties to one less capable of ministering to the comfort of the household, thus leaving the novice housekeeper who was nominally at the head of the establishment, veritably "in hot water."

But after our departure; and Chek-Saú's unqualified rejection of his new home—an experiment that terminated in mutual disgust, after a brief trial of twenty-four hours; our Celestial resolved, as he wrote us, "to enjoy a *full* holiday, until the return of his much-loved mistress, even though that event should be delayed for months." No persuasions could induce him to accept another place; and so having nothing else to do, he concluded to fall in love in good earnest, and to carry his point effectively, as was his custom with whatever he undertook. Thus, it came to pass that our Chinese cook and an Indo-Portuguese boatman, came to be rival candidates for the hand of a fair lady, the daughter of a neighboring planter, well-to-do in the world, but whose grasping propensities reached much farther than his broad acres. Of the surpassing charms of the syren captivator of their hearts, both these enamored swains had *heard;* but neither had been permitted to feast his *eyes* upon her loveliness. When, in family council assembled, the parents of the lady undertook to decide between the merits of the rival suitors; the mother, still young in years, with her girlhood's romance still wreathing sunny fancies about life's sterner realities—favored the claims of the Chinese, because he was younger and better-looking; but *pater-familias* gave a decided preference to the Portuguese, in consequence of his enjoying a somewhat larger portion of worldly goods, and being able to pay a higher price for the coveted prize. Thus, for some time, matters remained in *statu quo*—the daughter, encouraged by her mother's concurrence, and strongly prepossessed in favor of our Chinaman's reputed attractions, persistently refusing to wed the Portuguese, who had been represented to her, as rather dwarfish in stature, squint-eyed, and lame of one leg—while the avaricious father was equally obstinate as to the Celestial.

For a while, the father forbore to press the matter, hoping that his daughter, finding opposition useless, would presently yield to his wishes; and equally assured in his own mind, that as the enamoured swain became more impatient of delay, he would increase the offered bonus, and thus the avarice of the miserly father would be gratified through his *affected* reluctance to compel the decision of his fair, young daughter. While the affair was thus pending, our gay Lotharios met one day in the bazaar; and in their capacity of rival lovers, cast, as may be imagined, no very amicable glances on each other. From *looks* of indignation, soon grew taunting *words*, and *blows* followed naturally enough, till the little Portuguese, being no match for his athletic opponent, was made to measure his diminutive length on the ground: while the incensed Celestial stepping insultingly over the prostrate body of his wrathful foe, stalked haughtily away, leaving the little Portuguese to recover at leisure, from the double wounds inflicted on his person and his vanity. But though Chek-Saú was vastly the superior in point of manly courage, and skilful use of his weapon, he could by no means cope with his wily antagonist in petty cunning.

The Portuguese rose from the ground, vowing deadly vengeance against his victorious foe, and brushing the dust from his soiled and torn garments, he limped away in the direction in which he had seen the Chinaman take his departure;

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then pausing to reconnoitre the ground, he discovered his adversary standing in careless converse with one of his countrymen, apparently oblivious of all that had so recently transpired.

The cunning Portuguese passed around a print-dealer's stall, came up stealthily in the rear of his rival, and ere the latter was aware of his proximity, he had dealt the Chinaman a blow in the face, with a huge cudgel, knocking out a front tooth, and gashing the upper lip in a frightful manner; and then the contemptible coward fled precipitately from the scene of his dastardly ruffianism.

Almost stunned by the violence of the blow, wounded, bleeding, and wrathful, the Celestial, supported by two of his countrymen, repaired immediately to a neighboring magistrate for redress, honestly stating the primary cause of enmity, their first encounter in the bazaar, and the subsequent cowardly blow dealt by his antagonist. Knowing full well that the justice of his suit would avail little, unless backed by something more tangible, Chek-Saú laid a purse containing ten ticals (about six dollars) at the magistrate's feet, and then made his exit. The name of the Portuguese being well known, and his appearance very peculiar, he was readily identified, arrested, and brought into court to be tried for the unmanly assault of which he was accused.

He came without demur, and learning from the magistrate's private secretary (who is always kept duly posted on these points, for the express purpose of being enabled to communicate needed information to those most concerned) the exact amount of the bonus paid by Chek-Saú, he laid at the magistrate's feet, immediately on entering his presence, the sum of *twenty ticals;* and then proceeded to state, in defence of his conduct, that as the lady they were both eager to obtain, had preferred his rival, simply on account of his superior personal attractions, he (the Portuguese) had deemed himself quite at liberty to reduce his opponent to a level with himself in this particular; adding the sage conclusion, that the loss of a front tooth and a scarred upper lip would prove fair offsets against squint-eyes and a diminutive stature; and if not, that means similar to those already used might be again resorted to, for the purpose of reducing the rivals to the desired level.

Blinded by the double fee of his second petitioner, the magistrate pronounced the argument logical, and the conclusions perfectly just; and so dismissed the case *ad libitum*, quietly reminding the Portuguese, however, ere he made his exit, that the Chinaman might think proper to renew the suit; and in that case, the magistrate would be in duty-bound to reconsider his decision.

The Portuguese safely beyond the precincts of the court-room, a discreet messenger was promptly dispatched by this exemplary magistrate, to the Celestial to inform him, *of course, privately*, and merely *incidentally* in the way of general news, that his fee had been doubled by his adversary, and that as a necessary consequence, Justice, blinded by the golden sand thrown into her eyes, leaned now to the side of the Portuguese.

It was also adroitly hinted that her vision might be *cleared in the same way it had been obstructed.*

Readily swallowing the bait, the plaintiff repeated his visit to the magistrate, and this time *forty* bright ticals (twenty-four dollars) filled the purse presented to the eager grasp of this wily limb of the law; and, of course, with this glittering prize, returned all the magistrate's preposessions in favor of his *first* petitioner, whose star was again decidedly in the ascendant.

"*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*" was certainly *not* the ruling maxim of this distinguished judge, whose plastic conscience could be readily moulded to suit every emergency. So the lapse of a few hours served to enlighten the Portuguese as to the new position of affairs; and the frenzied lover, now thoroughly alarmed lest his opponent should continue to outbid him, and thus coming off victorious, should rise still higher in the lady's favor, than ever before this unfortunate rencontre, determined on a bold move that should set this troublous affair *forever* at rest, and leave him in undisputed possession of his coveted prize.

So drawing the magistrate aside, he offered to lay a purse of *five hundred ticals* (three hundred dollars) at his feet, immediately, on condition of receiving a pledge, to be sworn to, and given in *writing*, that his adversary should not again be permitted to outbid him, in the *purchase of justice* (!); and that moreover the Celestial should be openly condemned in court as the aggressor, and subjected to a heavy fine in money, and twenty-four hours imprisonment in the stocks. To this summing up of the whole affair, this *just* judge readily agreed, while he mentally congratulated himself at having so completely taken in *both* parties in this unrighteous quarrel. He was pretty well satisfied that the Chinaman being poor, would not be able to go very much

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higher than he had already done, while the fine, that is always one of the magistrate's perquisites, would be twenty-five ticals more; and this, added to the sums already paid by the two, would bring up the entire profits of the case to about six hundred ticals! (three hundred and sixty dollars)—quite a respectable fee for a job that had given him no trouble, having rather served to while away very agreeably a leisure hour or two, that might otherwise have hung heavy on his hands.

The manœuvring Portuguese was not less pleased with *his* share of the bargain than was the officer of justice, for, with the *written* contract in his hands, he knew he held the magistrate completely at bay, as he could at any moment bring disgrace upon the latter, which would lead to his expulsion from office; and the *fear* of such a result would render that functionary perfectly plastic in his hands, so that he could mould him to his every wish. True, he had paid somewhat dearly for his purchase; but wine and women are costly luxuries, and, in obtaining them, even misers forget to quibble, while an *affaire du cœur* is proverbially a blinder of the judgment as well as of the eyes.

The poor Chinaman *seemed*, for the time, the *victim* of this nefarious plot; but while these two worthy coadjutors were thus industriously contriving *his* ruin, and each was exulting in the belief that himself had swallowed the oyster and divided the shell between his fellows, the sequel proved that both had reckoned without their host. The plaintiff was hastily summoned to appear once more before the tribunal of this exemplary judge, was fined, and then placed in the stocks—not, however, before he had found means to dispatch a messenger to his *ladye faire*, accounting for his disappearance, and informing her of the chapter of accidents that had befallen him. In her *womanly* eyes he thus became a very *héros de romans*, and with the characteristic perversity of her sex, she declared she should now consider her lover *far handsomer than ever;* and these dreadful wounds, inflicted because of *his love for her*, the very brightest adornments of his splendid person!

The Portuguese, on the contrary, had become still more detestable than before to the lady of his heart, in consequence of his cowardice; for to win the heart of a true woman, there must be *an arm that can defend her*, as well as a heart to cherish, and these are the qualities that from all time have gained the love of woman. Besides, the contemptible plotter had, with his money, lost his *only* advocate; for having no longer the means of satisfying the rapacity of the miserly father, the latter no longer evinced any disposition to receive him as his son-in-law, but signified his entire willingness to accept the rival Celestial instead. The nuptials were accordingly celebrated with great éclat, as soon as the health of the bridegroom elect would permit; and the scarred lip (concealed in time by the growth of a luxuriant *mustache*), together with the general appearance of delicacy induced by his recent illness, only tended to render the handsome groom still more interesting in the eyes of his fair young bride and her maidens.

The disappointed Portuguese, vexed now at having so inconsiderately lavished his dearly loved money for nought, vented his spite by betraying the magistrate to one higher in office, who could be induced to interfere only on the receipt of a fee of forty ticals, laid at his feet by the treacherous and unprincipled informant. The superior officer expelled the fallen one from office, administered the salutary discipline of forty stripes on the bare back, and then sentenced the wretched culprit to hard labor on the highways for the term of one year. Nor was this all. This impartial judge, forgetting that he had himself received a bribe from the same hands, or remembering it only to fear information being lodged likewise against himself, chose to consider our Portuguese as equally guilty with his accomplice, *in seeking to corrupt by gold* one of the officers of "the sacred and great kingdom of Siam," and he prudentially condemned him to a like punishment with the other, adding, in the very refinement of cruelty, the ingenious expedient of chaining the accomplices together, and making them inseparable companions during the whole period of their well-deserved penance. Nor can one well imagine a more grievous aggravation of their doom than the galling presence of each other, as in conscious impotence of rage and agony they clanked their chains, gnashed their teeth, and gave utterance to vain imprecations against their own folly, each other, and their vengeful persecutor. Himself now a condemned criminal, the wretched Portuguese would not be allowed to testify against the *second* magistrate, and, besides, the *written* proof was in this case wanting.

Such, alas! is the protection afforded against petty tyranny under the despotisms of the East, and thus continually is justice bought and sold at the highest bid! Here we see one judge

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actually paid for deposing another from office, and find him condemning a fallen brother to hard labor on the highway, for *the very crime* of which he was himself guilty just at the same moment. Thus, too, are effectually fostered in all avarice, selfishness, and duplicity, while the most revolting crimes are absolutely legalized by those whose ostensible duty it is to repress vice and inculcate virtue. The thousand petty acts of oppression practised by the subordinates of the higher tribunals, render them a very terror to the common people instead of defenders of their rights. For while it is necessary for those under the jurisdiction of these inferior officers to purchase their favor by bribes, they know not at what moment these very bribes may, for want of being sufficiently weighty to satisfy the great man's rapacity, be reported against them, and made the means of their utter ruin. So that while they dare not withhold or diminish this "hush-money," the penalty, should they chance to be reported, is always in proportion to the amount of the bribe.

Thus, if little is given, they are almost certain to be reported by the indignant magistrate; whilst if the bonus is larger, and they should chance to incur the officer's displeasure from some other cause, the punishment is terrible. So that in either case the poor fellow is kept perpetually in hot water, always dreading vengeance, even though it may never come.

Another evil of this system is the utter heartlessness it engenders. If a man is attacked by a ruffian in the bazaar, no one will venture to aid him, for fear of being involved in the scrape, and having to lull suspicion by a heavy bribe. Should one fall down in a fit, many a humane passer-by, who would gladly come to his rescue, is deterred by the fear that when the man comes to it may be found that he has lost something, and the "good Samaritan" in that case be repaid by being charged with the theft. So in almost every imaginable case—each petty officer availing himself of the fears so readily aroused as the easiest means of enriching himself at the cost of his victims.

In the *higher* courts bribes are wholly ignored; and the very *offer* of one would be considered an unpardonable offence, mainly as implying that the vassal was in a situation to oblige his feudal lord, a state of affairs not to be tolerated by an *Oriental noble*, with his overwrought notions of rétenue and exclusiveness. But *these* tribunals are accessible only to the nobles and their immediate dependants, each lord holding in his own domain his separate court, the surroundings more or less gorgeous, according to the rank of the chief, but all absolute in power; nor is there any appeal from their decisions.

But *here*, as a general rule, strict justice is accorded to all, the innocent being seldom oppressed or unjustly punished.

For the mass of the *common* people who are in no way attached to the households of the nobility, there are numerous petty courts, open at all hours, and superintended by local magistrates, who constitute both judge and jury, each being amenable only to the officer next above him in rank. It is *here* that chicanery, bribery, and injustice exist in full perfection; he that can bring the highest fee into court being always sure of a verdict in his favor. The offices of advocate and attorney are unknown in Oriental courts, where each man pleads his own cause, and the judge pronounces sentence without leaving his bench, or taking counsel of any as to the merits of the question. In truth, most Eastern governments are one continuous system of vassalage, from the sovereign down to the petty village magistrate; and so vast and complicated is the machinery, that the wonder is not that a petitioner occasionally fails of justice, but rather that it is ever accorded at all!

Oriental officers of government seldom receive salaries in *money;* but a certain portion of the public lands are allowed to each for cultivation while he remains in office, besides many perquisites in the way of fines, fees, and taxes levied on those under his jurisdiction. These, together with *irregular* emoluments, alias *bribes*, make up for these exemplary judges very comfortable salaries.

How many times, while wandering over those lands, have I thanked God for my native land, my birthright as an American citizen, and exclaimed with fervent emotion, "Long live the Republic!"

THOUGHTS OF MADAME SWETCHINE.

There is nothing at all in life except what we put there.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

No two persons ever read the same book, or saw the same picture.

Providence has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings, which is appreciated only by those who dare to grapple with them.

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BY THE SILVER SEA.

BY SARAH BRION.

PART I.

"Going to the seaside! To Newport, of course, but you are rather early."

"Newport! No, child, I am advised by the physician to take Fred to a quiet country-place—a farm-house on the seashore. Dr.—— told me of a place that is just the thing. I am going to-morrow, and have ordered Celeste to pack your trunks. You'd better go and look after her."

Mrs. Vanderlyn sailed out of the room, leaving her pretty granddaughter petrified with astonishment. She stood for five minutes undecided whether to resist this attempt to imprison her for the summer in a dreary farm-house, or to submit quietly to her grandmother's imperious commands.

Then Celeste presented herself with horror in her eyes. "Ah Mademoiselle! but dis is frightful! Madam is cruel! All your 'grandes toilets' will be trown away on *de canailles*. Mademoiselle, I cannot think of going wid no young lady to de country!"

Helen Vanderlyn's fine eyes opened wider than ever with astonishment. But Celeste's remarks had decided the question she was meditating. This rebellion in the ranks must be quelled at all hazards. "Very well, Celeste," she said coolly. "You can leave me if you please, for *I* am certainly going to the country."

But Celeste, too, became reconciled to her fate, and Mrs. Vanderlyn, her two grandchildren, her maid, and the woe-begone Parisian, two days afterward alighted from an "ambulance" at the door of a large, old-fashioned farm-house situated in a pleasant grove of oaks and elms. A lady in widow's weeds met them at the door with a smile on her sweet, old face. She led them through a wide, cool hall, and up a broad staircase to bed-rooms where the breeze from the ocean stole in, lifting the snowy curtains, and scattering over the dark, polished floors the petals of the climbing roses that peeped in at the windows. Mrs. Vanderlyn gazed around her with a satisfied air. The rooms were large, cool, neatly-furnished, and exquisitely clean. The mistress of the house, Mrs. Allen, was evidently a lady, calm, courteous, low voiced, and gentle stepping.

When the early tea-bell rang, Mrs. Vanderlyn, Helen, and Fred (the latter, a young gentleman of fourteen years, just recovering from a long illness, and greatly spoiled by both grandmother and sister) were ushered into the pleasant dining-room, and sat down to a table spread with genuine Arcadian fare—snowy bread, golden butter, (ice-crowned) ruddy ham, honey clear as amber, and milk that was almost cream.

The calm hostess stood behind her chair, and two other persons occupied places at the table.

"My nephew, Mr. Keith," said Mrs. Allen's gentle voice, and a young man bowed with a manner as calm and courteous as her own.

"My niece, Miss Esther Keith," and a pretty rosy, blue-robed girl of seventeen smiled, and bent her head with its braids of fair hair, and glanced at Helen with shy, sweet, blue eyes.

The meal went on quietly. There was very little conversation, for Mrs. Vanderlyn was occupied, first, in attending to Fred's wants, secondly, in eating her own supper, and lastly in a keen, yet quiet survey of her new acquaintances, and Helen was tired, hungry, and utterly indifferent to "people who took boarders." Tea over, the guests retired to their rooms, and Helen sat down by her window in the moonlight and gazed at the roses, thought with a shudder of "four long months in the country," quoted "Marianna in the Wooded Grange," and tried to think sentimentally of her last summer's flirtations at Newport. But the truth was though Helen's head had been a little turned by her last summer's "success," she had never given one single heart-throb to any of her adorers, and she soon found herself smiling at the recollection of some of her flirtations, and getting very sleepy over others. At last she gave up sentiment, and sought relief from her "boredom in a profound dreamless sleep.

"And this is to be my life!" thought Helen the next morning, as she stood before the glass, hurriedly fastening her collar and listening to the breakfast bell. "Sleeping, eating, and being bored to death! The books I have brought won't last me a week, and then heaven only knows what will become of me."

She descended to the dining-room, leaving

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Celeste, who shared her feelings fully, abusing "the country" in the purest Parisian slang.

"Where is Fred?" she inquired, after a polite and rather cool greeting to Mrs. Allen and her niece.

"Gone to the beach with Mr. Keith," said Mrs. Vanderlyn. "Mr. Keith kindly took him on horseback, and Fred went off delighted."

"Philip is very fond of children," said Mrs. Allen.

Helen looked at her with a thoughtful expression. Philip Keith! Where had she heard that name? Could she ever have seen the person who bore it? She would look at him when he came in, and try to recall the vague memories attached to the name. But when he did arrive, bringing in Fred wild with delight and rabidly hungry, she saw nothing familiar in the tall, well-proportioned figure, and handsome face of the young man.

"Yes, he is handsome," she thought with a little surprise. "Deep, blue eyes and brown hair, with such a picturesque wave, and a certain English look about him that I like. What a pity he is a 'country bumpkin.' It is impossible, of course, ever to flirt with him."

So Miss Vanderlyn calmly finished her breakfast and sauntered off to her room, listened to and laughed at Celeste's lamentations, kindly entertained Fred, or rather was entertained by him for an hour, read three chapters in "Can he Forgive Her?" fell asleep, and was roused by her grandmother's voice.

"Helen, it is nearly dinner-time. Get up and dress yourself. I have been writing letters. I have written to Mrs. Forsythe to come down here and bring her girls, (Lucy is nervous, and must have quiet) and to little Katie Hall whose three children want fresh air, and to old Mrs. Brandon. I know they will every one come."

"Oh!" said Helen, with some faint expression of interest. "The children will be nuisances, but——" she finished the sentence mentally," Victor Forsythe will certainly come with his sisters, and Major Brandon will be only too ready to follow me here. Even *their* presence will be some little alleviation. Ah, ciel! To what a pass am I come, when I am glad to hear of Major Brandon's coming!"

"Is mademoiselle ready for me?" said Celeste, and Helen graciously suffered herself to be attired, while Celeste pitied the benighted condition of people who dined at one o'clock.

"Helen will you come down to the beach with us this evening?" cried Fred, as his sister, late as usual, took her seat at the table.

"What are we to do there? What have you been doing all day?" asked Helen, contemplating with grave wonderment her brother's rumpled hair and stained hands.

"I helped Miss Esther to shell peas and pick strawberries, and then I rode on the hay-wagon with Mr. Keith, and this evening we are going out in a sail-boat. When I get strong again I shall learn to row, Mr. Keith says. Will you go with us?"

"We shall be very happy to have you with us, Miss Vanderlyn," said Mr. Keith politely, but not *too* eagerly.

"He *has* good manners I declare," thought Helen, again glancing at the young man's face, and this time meeting the rather earnest gaze of his deep, blue eyes. She smiled, and consented to go so readily, that Fred rushed round the table to bestow an ecstatic kiss upon her fair cheek, which she bore very good-humoredly.

An hour before sunset, Helen, Miss Keith, and Fred, the latter riding a superannuated gray horse with a blind bridle, started off for the beach.

Leaving the smooth, grassy yard with its oaks and elms, they crossed the road, and entered a field where blackberry vines seemed to flourish to the exclusion of everything else. Beyond the field lay a forest of low cedars, their boughs trailing on the ground, and their trunks all bending landward, away from the fierce ocean winds. The cedars passed, there lay a stretch of sandy, shelly beach, and beyond, the blue ocean, tranquil as a slumbering infant. Not a "white cap" ruffled its serene bosom.

The retreating tide sent up long, slow waves that broke in ripples on the beach, and went sighing back again over the glittering sands. A little sloop was drawn up on the beach, and Philip Keith, in a sailor-like blue flannel shirt and white duck trowsers, was just preparing to shove her off, assisted by a weather beaten old fellow, answering to the name of "Crabs."

Helen watched the young man's graceful, athletic figure, with the approving eye of an artist—and meanwhile she was herself the subject of a close scrutiny on the part of quiet little Esther.

Esther was thinking deeply, and noting every detail of Helen's appearance and costume.

Esther owned with reverence that Helen was the prettiest, best-dressed girl she had ever seen.

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From the little black straw hat, trimmed with scarlet berries and holly leaves, that crowned her waves and rolls of dark brown hair, and shaded a pair of sparkling hazel eyes, down to the doeskin gauntlet on her hand, and the perfectly fitting kid boot, buttoned on her exquisite foot, everything was faultless. Her dress of dark gray linen, fitting closely yet easily to her graceful figure, and just touching the arched instep of her foot, was made with a graceful double skirt, and a multiplicity of ruffles that excited Esther's profoundest admiration.

While Esther was still studying its construction, Philip called to them to come on board. The little sloop was launched, the passengers took their places, and with the white sail spread they flew away from the sheltering cove, and glided over the deep water far out at sea.

"Are you afraid on the water, Miss Vanderlyn?" asked Esther.

"Sometimes—when I think the boat is in clumsy hands," answered Helen, smiling. "But I am sure your brother and Mr. Crabs are good sailors. I feel very safe in their care."

She sent a sweet, dazzling glance full into Philip's eyes, and then her white lids fell, and she sank back among the cushions Philip had arranged for her, and was silent for a moment.

Only a moment, however. She soon roused herself, and joined in the conversation Fred and Esther were keeping up. Somehow a change had come over Helen. She had lost all her pride and indifference. She was gay, eager, enthusiastic as a child. Her color deepened, her eyes brightened, little rosy dimples found their way into her cheeks, and her scarlet lips parted with peals of laughter. It was a very lively party altogether. Philip's reserve, Helen's coldness, and Esther's timidity, seemed thrown to the fresh wind that filled the sail, and even "Crabs" laughed at Fred's boyish nonsense.

On flew the sloop before the wind, till the sunset crimson dyed sea and sky with its rosy glow, till the glow faded away, and the moon shone out of the blue, cloudless sky, and turned every ripple on the water to silver.

Then Fred, sitting on a pile of "ballast bags" with Helen's shawl wrapped close around him, began to sing in a clear, sweet, ringing voice an old song that floated through his memory, as Esther said "the sea was turning to silver." "Hilda, Hilda," sang the boy.

"Hilda is a lofty lady
Very proud is she;
I am but a simple herdsman,
Dwelling by the sea.
Hilda has a lofty palace,
Broad, and white, and high;
Forty good dogs guard the portals,
But my cot have I!

"Hilda, from her palace windows,
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dove-brown oxen
By the silver sea.
When her dulcet harp she playeth,
Wild birds singing nigh,
Cluster near her white hands, listening;
But my reed have I!"

"Is that all?" said Esther, after a little pause.

"All I know," answered Fred.

"Then you don't know what became of them?"

"Became of who?" inquired Fred in astonishment.

"Why, of Hilda and the herdsman, of course."

"No, I don't. What do you suppose they did, Miss Esther? Do you think he ever got the palace he wanted?" asked Fred.

"Yes, I do," said Esther unhesitatingly. "I think he loved her so dearly that she was obliged to love him, and when she married him the palace was his."

Fred nodded approval of this arrangement, but Helen laughed and shook her head.

"No, no!" she said. "I don't think so, Fred. I don't think the lofty lady even knew of the existence of the herdsman under her palace window. She probably noticed the dove-brown oxen, because they were picturesque, but the herdsman—never. Or if she saw him and knew he loved her, she could never forget the difference between them. Or she may have thought it was her palace alone he cared for, and then——"

Helen stopped abruptly. Miss Vanderlyn's splendid fortune had attracted many suitors, and she knew it, and her last words were uttered rather bitterly, and left her brow a little clouded.

Just then Philip spoke in a quiet, low tone.

"I think perhaps the herdsman did not care at all for the palace. He would have been glad if the silver sea had flowed over it and washed it away, and left him only Hilda, his cot, and his reed. But as that could not be, he was too proud to tell her of his love, and so——"

"And so—what?" asked Fred impatiently.

"And so she never knew it till the end of time," concluded Philip."

"Oh!" said Fred; and a little silence followed, till Fred again broke it by suddenly asking

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"Mr. Crabs" "what *he* thought became of Hilda and the herdsman?"

"Why," said the old man dryly, "I s'pose some o' them forty good dogs flew out and barked at him, and he concluded to pasture them cattle o' hisn a little further away from that location, and to stop thinking about Hilda."

The laugh that followed this practical remark banished everything like sentiment for the time, and they were very merry again, till Fred asked Helen to sing, and Esther eagerly took up the petition. Helen could sing, and did sing, song after song, in a liquid, exquisite voice, that thrilled over the water, and seemed to float up to the stars. At last she began a sweet, capricious little air from "Loreley," and Fred, who often sang with her, tried vainly to supply a wanting tenor.

What was Helen's surprise when Philip took up the air and finished the tenor solo with a voice as wonderful as her own, and with a pronunciation of the German words far superior to hers!

She steadily finished the song, and then, in a tone from which she tried to banish every trace of surprise, she remarked quietly—"You learned German abroad, Mr. Keith."

"I learned that air from a young German, who was an intimate friend of mine for some years," he answered, and then busied himself in preparing to set sail homeward.

Helen fancied that he had rather evaded her question, and when the bustle of "tacking" was over she put another question.

"That was not all he taught you, Mr. Keith?"

"By no means," said Philip, laughing. "I learned how to smoke, and fence, and waltz from the same friend."

"And to read German and speak it, of course?"

"No, that I knew before."

"Why, where did you learn it?" cried Helen, with innocent eyes lifted to Philip's.

This young person had a pretty, artless way of asking questions, that quite prevented them from sounding impertinent.

"At Heidelberg," was the quiet answer.

Helen leaned her arm upon the gunwale, and her cheek on her hand, and meditated.

"Then you have actually been up the Rhine, and have seen the Loreley-berg, and Bingen, and—all the rest of it?" she asked presently.

Philip did not deny the fact.

"And the Alps—and Rome, perhaps, and—Paris?"

"Yes, actually Paris," answered Philip, laughing again, with an amused glance toward Esther, who was smiling, too.

"O bewitching Paris! When shall I see it, I wonder?" murmured Helen softly.

"'Good Americans when they die go to Paris,'" suggested Philip.

Helen looked up again, laughing. Then there was a little pause in their talk. Each was thinking of the other.

"Was there ever anything as lovely as her face when she smiles? and those little dimples fly into her cheek, and her color deepens, and her eyes sparkle like diamonds!" Philip was thinking.

"Really, I don't know but what it might do after all—just '*pour passer le temps*.' There is something exciting in these discoveries, and it would be very pleasant to be made love to in German love songs. I think I will do it," was the thought that ran through Helen's brain.

Then—bump—went the boat on the sands, and Helen suffered Philip to touch her hand an instant as she fluttered from the boat to the shore. Only an instant the little, ungloved hand rested in his, but its velvet touch thrilled through every nerve, and set his heart beating hotly.

"I am so sorry we are here," she murmured, as they walked toward the house. "It has been so sweet—just like a dream—that lovely sky and quiet ocean! I shall never forget it."

"Nor I," said Philip, in the same low tone.

They were walking together, while Esther led the patient horse Fred had mounted, and which had all this time been tied in the cedars. Esther and Fred were laughing and talking very merrily, and, under cover of their noise and nonsense, Helen continued to do some very pretty little bits of sentiment. Bright eyes and moonlight, and a soft voice—and, oh! such a witching, innocent face! Philip's heart was gone long before they entered the hall door, and met Mrs. Vanderlyn's anxious questions and chidings for their long delay. Then Helen glided instantly and easily into her cool, stately self, and her eyes did not rest upon Philip again that evening, "Because if grandmother suspected me of even contemplating a flirtation with Philip Keith, she would whisk us all off on a broomstick to some place still more 'impossible' than this moated grange."

But Philip fondly imagined that her coldness was maidenly shyness, and was not grieved or troubled for an instant by it.

After tea, Helen discovered a very good piano

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in the parlor, and for an hour Esther made her play and sing, and Philip sat entranced, but he did not go near her, for Mrs. Vanderlyn sat by her and kept watch and ward over her treasure. Finally Helen rose—yawned slightly behind her lace handkerchief, and with a graceful "good-night," vanished from the room.

She slept tranquilly enough that night; ignorant or careless of the fact that she had robbed one heart of its peace, and set it throbbing with beautiful impossible hopes and dreams.

As she floated into the breakfast-room the next morning, a lovely vision of cool, white lawn and rose-colored ribbons, she met the eager glance of Philip's deep, blue eyes, and knew that they had been watching for her. She smiled and colored a little with mischievous triumph, and dropped her dark lashes to hide the wicked delight that sparkled in her eyes. Poor Philip! If it had not been all up with him long ago that look would have finished him, for as he interpreted it, it meant only a sweet conscious shrinking from the admiration that embarrassed while it pleased her.

"Poor grandmother is not well to-day, Mrs. Allen, and will not be down to breakfast," said Helen, and Philip's spirits wickedly rose several degrees.

There was a gentle summer rain falling out of doors, and consequently hay-making must be suspended, and Philip could spend the morning reading in the parlor, and hoping that Helen would make her appearance there. Esther and herself came in together in an hour or two, Mrs. Vanderlyn having fallen asleep, and as Esther presently went off and carried Fred with her as assistant in some household duty, Philip's highest hopes were realized. Ah! that long delicious summer morning in the cool, shaded parlor! How softly the rain fell outside; how sweet was the odor of jasmine that floated through the open windows!

There was a wren in the vines by the window "singing with wet wings," as the rain fell steadily around her. Philip never heard a wren's note again without a thrilling memory of that morning, when he and Helen sat by the window and read German poetry, and talked of Goethe and Schiller, and "Fair Cunigonde"—(Helen shaking her head and looking intense disapproval of that cruel beauty)—and the Rhine, and Loreley, and the beauty of German women, and—in short of so many things, that the long morning was all too short for both of them.

Philip told her many stories of student life, and hunting adventures in the Alps, and of mad Parisian gayeties, and gondola voyages in Venice, and when the dinner-bell rang she uttered an exclamation of unfeigned astonishment, and in her low, murmuring tones she sighed. "Why is it that everything pleasant ends so soon?"

Mrs. Vanderlyn was at the table, and again Helen relapsed into coolness and stateliness, but she could not quite escape the scrutiny of her grandmother's keen eyes.

"Where did you get that jasmine, Helen? I hope you have not been out in the rain," said the old lady.

"No, ma'am. It grew very close to the window," was Helen's demure evasion, but unnoticed by Mrs. Vanderlyn, a rapid, half-smiling telegraphic glance shot from Helen's eyes to Philip's. It was he who had given it to her, reaching out into the rain to gather the perfumed stars, and watching in silent admiration while she bent her head to fasten the flowers in her waving hair, and then looked up to ask if "that was pretty." Pretty! He had never seen anything so fascinatingly pretty as the picture she made then, with her white, slender hand raised and hovering over her dark hair, a little flush on her cheek, and her eyes seeking his with innocent gravity and confidence. Strange that Philip who had flirted with girls of every nationality in Europe, should come home to be taken in by this little coquette of "home manufacture."

In the evening the sky cleared, and Esther contrived that there should be another sail in the little "Water Witch." Esther had made several discoveries, and was acting on them, and perhaps it was owing to her contrivance that Fred and herself were allowed to assist Crabs in the management of the boat, while Philip and Helen sat in the stern and talked in tones which became lower and lower, or sang soft "Gondolieds" and melancholy wistful German songs.

The moon rose and the Water Witch floated like a shadow over the silver sea. Still the gay chatter was kept up at one end of the boat, and the low-toned talk and occasional dreamy silences at the other. Helen found it a strangely fascinating amusement, this "flirtation" with Philip Keith. She was sure she was only "flirting," and yet none of her Newport affairs, or her last winter's conquests had ever been as "amusing" as she found it now—this floating

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over the quiet moonlit water, listening to Philip's earnest tones, and watching the varying expression of his handsome young face. Again she sighed regretfully as the boat touched the strand, and her hand lingered perhaps longer than was necessary in his, when he assisted her to the shore.

PART II.

Mrs. Allen had told Mrs. Vanderlyn a great deal of her own history during these two days, and had mentioned among other things that the Keiths were her only near relations, her sister's children.

"They were brought up with expectations of great wealth," she said, "but these hopes were not fulfilled, and there is nothing for them now but my little property, which Philip manages admirably for me, and which will be his. But with his education and accomplishments, it seems a pity that he should settle into a commonplace farmer."

Mrs. Vanderlyn agreed with her; and instantly her mind was filled with vague alarms.

"Education! accomplishments! Bless my heart! I thought he was an ignorant boor! To what am I exposing my dear Helen?"

But Helen's apparent stately indifference to Philip reassured the old lady, and her vigilance slumbered.

So a whole month went on—a delightful month, filled up with sailing, and rowing, and charming rambles on the beach, while the farm work was sadly neglected, and Philip devoted himself to Helen. And no one saw what was happening but Esther, cunning little Esther, who, with consummate art, planned all these excursions, and managed to take Fred under her own charge, and leave Helen and Philip free to hold those long conversations, which seemed to derive their greatest charm from the low tone in which they were carried on. While Esther and Fred caught crabs in the wet sand, these other two would sit under the shadow of some huge rock and talk, while the pauses were filled up by the thunder of the surf outside of the cove, and the soft, lapsing sound of the water on the sands at their feet. But this Elysian life could not last.

The bathing season began. Mrs. Allen had bathing-houses erected on the beach, and down came from the city Mrs. Vanderlyn's friends—the Brandons, the dutiful, good, stupid son and his invalid mother, Mrs. Hall and her children, and the whole Forsythe party, the latter bringing in their train John Vance and Theodore Hunter, two jolly, good fellows with plenty of sense, a little money, and unbounded love of fun.

The old farm-house was completely filled with guests. It was a very lively set who had invaded its quiet precincts, and the life they led was a very pleasant one. Spirited rushes into the surf in the morning in the most becoming bathing-dresses that could be gotten up; afternoons spent in "fancy work" and reading aloud; sailing, rowing, and walking on the beach a little later; and, finally, evenings filled with music, dancing, and laughter. This was the life they led, and every one liked it—but Philip, who found that he could not monopolize Helen while the dull, persistent major kept at her elbow, and Victor Forsythe's great, soft, black eyes never left her face. Yet Helen liked him best of all, he was sure. Her eyes told him so a dozen times a day, and drew him on with their witchery, till his every thought was hers. How it was all to end, Philip never thought. He only knew he loved her, and was blissfully happy when he was with her.

There came a day, however, when he was roused from this dream. Late one evening, Philip came in from the farm, and found all the young people, except Esther, absent—gone to the beach, she said. He seated himself in the cool, front porch, and Esther stood beside him, running her fingers through his hair.

"See here, Phil!" she exclaimed presently, but in a guarded tone. "Do you know that Miss Vanderlyn is one of the richest girls in New York?"

"I—I never thought about her money," said Philip, hesitating, because Esther's announcement had actually stunned him.

"Yes, she is a *tremendous* fortune; and, Philip, let me tell you—now, don't laugh—that girl likes you. You can marry her if you please, and with her money you can go to Europe and carry out your plans of——"

Here Esther's voice sank to a yet lower tone, and from the dark parlor, whose front windows opened on the porch, there glided a white, noiseless figure, that flitted rapidly up-stairs, and disappeared into Helen's room.

Helen, who had remained at home with a headache, and going down to the parlor for a forgotten book, had overheard Esther's remarks, and now stood in her room trembling with indignation, her cheeks scarlet, and her eyes blazing wrathfully. Strange to say, she had not

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heard Philip's one hesitating sentence. She supposed he had answered Esther's question in the affirmative. He, too, was a fortune-hunter. All the eloquence of those low, earnest tones, all the fire of those splendid eyes, was meant to woo—not sweet Helen Vanderlyn, but—half a million of money. She had really believed he loved her herself, and the shock of discovering his treachery was very great. She was magnificently angry at first; and then came a strange revulsion of feeling. She did not for an instant acknowledge to herself that she had liked him, and had fancied him noble, honorable, and true as a knight of old; but there came over her a feeling as if "she never would believe in any one again," and then her anger was lost in a passionate flood of tears, and a tempest of sobs that came from her heart.

After that she rose up with a sudden resolve. She would be revenged speedily and deeply. Her tears were dried, and Celeste called up, and when the party returned from the beach, Helen came down to tea looking so brilliantly lovely that a little murmur ran round the table, and Mrs. Vanderlyn exclaimed—"Why, child, what have you done to yourself?"

"I am sorry you don't like me, grandmother," said Helen with a little laugh. "I have only put on what Celeste calls my 'sackcloth and ashes.'"

Indeed, her dress of silver-gray silk and black lace was sombre enough, but it was lit up by scarlet roses in her hair, and the gleam of great carbuncles set in Etruscan gold, and, above all, by her sparkling eyes and the vivid carmine of her lips and cheeks. Her spirits seemed as bright as her beauty to-night. She sat uttering all manner of gay, airy absurdities, and laughing at her own nonsense so merrily, that no one noticed she was eating no supper—except Philip. Philip whose handsome young face seemed suddenly to have grown older and sterner, and to have lost all the fresh color that used to glow under the bronze on his cheek. The fire had died out of his blue eyes, and they wore a strange, listless, weary look, but still—even more earnestly than ever—they sought Helen's fair face, and lingered there.

Helen sang that night in a voice more thrilling and exquisite than ever, and Philip sang with her when she asked him, with a smile and a touch of her little hand on his arm.

Then the girls—the Forsythes—begged him to go on singing alone; and he did it, mechanically following Helen's accompaniment in song after song she had learned with him.

"Oh! sing this, *please*, Mr. Keith!" cried Laura, suddenly taking up a piece of music and putting it before Helen. It was Beethoven's "Adelaide."

Philip roused himself with a start, and gazed into Helen's eyes as she played the prelude; then his whole soul was poured into the tender, passionate words, and his love thrilled in every note. His eyes held hers, and when she forced herself to look away they still burned her cheeks, and set her trembling so that, as the last divinely sweet, melancholy note died away, her hands fell from the keys icy cold and quivering. Lucy and Laura darted forward with rapturous thanks and praises, and Helen, with a sensation of sudden relief, pushed back her seat and left the piano. Her resolution was faltering, her courage failing under the magnetic glance of those blue eyes; but pride came to her aid.

"I *will* do it. He shall see that 'Miss Vanderlyn's fortune' is not so easy to win," she thought, and in a few moments she quietly came to Philip's side and asked in a low tone—"Will you tell me what is the matter with you? You don't look like yourself to-night."

"I did not know I was looking differently from usual," said Philip, trying to speak steadily, but not quite succeeding.

"Ah! but I did. I know you so well, you see," and her eyes sought his face with a sweet, grave, almost anxious look. "Isn't it very warm here? Doesn't it make your head ache, all this light and noise?" she continued in the same tone.

Philip started eagerly forward and exclaimed: "I had forgotten *your* headache. Will you come on the porch where it is cool and quiet?"

"Yes," she said at once; and they left the room together, while Messrs. Brandon and Forsythe, whom Esther held in bondage with their hands on a "Planchette" board, vainly chafed and raged with jealousy and impatience.

Out on the porch in the quiet starlight, with odors of jasmine and honeysuckle filling the air, and the low thunder of the ocean pulsing in the distance, Philip and Helen wandered up and down, her hand on his arm, and her soft, bewildering voice in his ear. He was very quiet. He answered her questions absently, and when she ceased to speak he was silent, too. At last he asked "if she was not tired?" and they seated themselves in the shadow of the vines. The thunder of the waves and the voice of chirping

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insects, alone broke the stillness, till from the parlor came a ripple of music, and Fred's merry voice sang out his favorite song—

"Hilda is a lofty lady,
Very proud is she."

Then Philip started with a sigh, and said hurriedly—"Miss Vanderlyn, I—I believe I shall leave home to-morrow. I may not see you again, perhaps. I have to thank you for a few pleasant weeks that I—I can never forget. Will you let me shake hands with you? I am not very well, I believe, and I must say good-night—and good-by."

He rose and held out his hand. Helen rose, too, bewildered and frightened.

"Going away!" she faltered, and then her voice failed utterly, and she could only put out her hand.

Philip held it for an instant in a strong clasp; the next he was gone, and she sank back trembling and half sobbing. But this would never do, she knew.

"Helen, where are you?" called Laura's gay voice. "We want to make up the Lancers."

She entered the parlor apparently calm and cool.

"The light dazzles me," she said, screening her eyes with her hand, but smiling gayly as Victor eagerly claimed her hand for the set.

Esther had left the room, and the major was fain to content himself with Fred for a partner, while Mrs. Hall played for them to dance.

It was over at last—that weary, joyless dance to Helen—and John Vance sauntered up to her.

"Nice fellow, young Keith is, Miss Helen," he said carelessly. "Pretty girl, Miss Esther is. I suppose you know *he's* the Keith in that great English law-suit, 'Keith *versus* Martin?'"

Helen started at this. Now she knew where she had become so familiar with the name Philip Keith. It was in hearing two eminent lawyers discuss the case in which he was a party—a suit to recover an immense English property left by Philip's uncle, to which Philip was the natural heir, but which was now in the possession of a man named Martin, who had produced a will bequeathing it to him as the adopted child of the deceased, Philip being disinherited for some opposition to his uncle's wishes. The suit had long been pending, but no one doubted for an instant the right of Martin to the property.

"That accounts for his being such a perfect gentleman, his splendid education abroad, and all that," said Lucy rather vaguely, but enthusiastically.

"Such a delicious voice!" exclaimed Laura.

"Such a perfect waltzer!" cried Lucy. "And the most bewitching eyes!"

Helen rose, laughed, yawned slightly, and declared it was bedtime. She went out humming a gay little waltz, and cried herself to sleep.

Philip was not at the breakfast table the next morning.

"He has gone to the village," said Mrs. Allen. "I think he will be here soon."

And Helen thought that she alone knew he would not come back—till she was gone.

After breakfast, Helen strayed into the cedars, and, wandering on and on, found herself at last alone on the beach. She walked with her head bent down, and her hands clasped listlessly before her.

The roar of the advancing tide drowned the footsteps that followed her, and she did not know Philip was near her till he touched her hand—till he actually held it clasped in his. She started, and withdrew it instantly, lest he should know that she was quivering with joyful surprise.

What had happened to Philip? His face was flushed and animated, his eyes beaming with eager, triumphant light.

"Miss Vanderlyn, will you let me speak to you?" he cried hastily, "I could not tell you till now, but I think you must have seen how deeply, how truly I love you. Will you let me hope that I have not altogether mistaken you? That you do not quite dislike me?"

Helen was silent a moment—just because she *could* not speak. The color that had come so vividly into her cheeks a moment ago faded as rapidly away, leaving her very lips white. This was her moment of revenge, and she must not weakly let it slip. Gathering all her strength, she answered coldly and distinctly—"I am sorry to have misled you, Mr. Keith. You *have* very strangely mistaken me."

Her voice would have trembled at the next word, but there was no need to say more. Philip drew back with a face as deadly pale as her own, and passionate eyes fixed in stern reproach on her face.

"I might have known," he said bitterly and coldly, "that you could never forget the difference between us—between Hilda and the herdsman, Miss Vanderlyn, you have deceived me wilfully—you will know in time that I have loved you, and not your fortune."

Then he turned and left her. Poor Helen

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It was very hard on her, that, as she stood there, thinking she had revenged herself gloriously, and feeling that she had thrown away her life's happiness, all the merry crowd of bathers should come laughing and calling to her through the cedars. She could scarcely call up a smile to meet them with. And all day it was just the same way. She never could find a moment's solitude till late in the evening, when in walking with a party on the beach, she contrived to fall behind, and was left alone while the others returned to the house. Then she sat down on a large stone—oh! how often she had sat there with Philip! They had called it Ehrenbreitstein, and had once laughingly promised never to speak anything but truth and honesty when occupying that seat.

Now Helen sat there and wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed, until the moon rose and "the sea turned to silver."

Then she rose hastily, meaning to steal home and retreat to her room without being seen. A dark shadow lay on the moonlit sand, and Helen could not repress a scream as she saw a man's figure beside her.

"Pardon me!" said Philip's voice, as Helen sank back again to her seat, weak with terror and agitation. "I would not have startled you, but your grandmother asked me to come for you. Will you go to the house?"

Helen did not speak. She tried in vain to steady her voice, to stay her tears, or to rise quietly and go toward home. Her sobs shook her whole frame and she covered her face at last, and gave way to the tears that would flow.

"What is the matter, Miss Vanderlyn?" asked Philip at first coldly, then more anxiously, he added—"I have frightened you. I am very sorry."

Getting no answer to his questions or apologies, Philip, at last, in despair, knelt on the sand, and drew Helen's hands down from her face.

"You must tell me—or at least let me do something for you," he said earnestly—"I cannot bear to see you in distress." Still no answer. One of the young lady's hands was withdrawn to raise her handkerchief to her eyes—the other—perhaps Philip fancied it lay not altogether unwillingly in his. With sudden earnestness he bent toward her, and cried with an eager quiver in his voice. "Helen! O Helen! Remember your promise about this stone, our Ehrenbreitstein! Helen, my darling, don't you love me?"

"Yes, I do," sobbed Helen, and—I know there are prudes who will be shocked to hear that Philip's arm went round her, and she ceased to sob when her cheek rested on his shoulder.

"Then you *can* forget the difference between Hilda and the herdsman?" asked Philip laughing, when Helen's tears had ceased.

"Yes, I am sure *I* can, if you can," she said humbly. "If you will only not mind my having a little money, and forgive me for being a flirt and a story teller, when you were so good and honest."

"It's a satisfaction to know that," he said still laughing, "because now I may tell you what I heard this morning—before I spoke to you at all about—*this*. The Martin will has been proved a forgery, and my uncle's estate is all mine—and yours," he added softly.

"I am very glad for your sake," she said simply. Then there were so many things to talk about and to explain, and they were so foolishly happy as they sat there "by the silver sea," that they quite forgot Mrs. Vanderlyn's anxiety till they heard Fred shouting their names.

Helen sprang to her feet blushing deeply in the moonlight.

"Oh! what will they all think!" she cried. "Let us hurry home."

"Yes, for I have not yet told my good news of this morning to Aunt and Esther—and now I shall have two pieces of intelligence to communicate."

"You have not told them! Why not?" cried Helen.

"Because I couldn't—after your treatment of me this morning. I couldn't bear to be congratulated about it when I wanted it more for your sake than anything else. I had gone away you know determined not to see you again, when I met these tidings—and then I came back, and committed that dreadful breach of etiquette—telling you of my love here in my own home. But you see, I knew I should be obliged to start to England to-morrow, so that I could not be ceremonious. I need not stay there more than two or three months at farthest—and then Helen—if you will, you can see 'dear, delicious Paris' by a sort of translation—being wafted there on the wings of a Cunarder." Helen's laugh and blush probably meant consent, though she did not speak it.

"I wonder what little Esther will say when I tell her what you have told me," continued Philip smiling.

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"She will be very glad, for the child loves you dearly, and I am sure she thinks she 'made the match.'"

"Then we must never tell her how near she came to marring it," said Helen, looking up with a face suddenly grave at the remembrance of the pain Esther's childish scheming had cost Philip and herself.

"No, never," said Philip, and as Helen's face had never looked sweeter than it did at that moment "in the fair moonlight," he could not help kissing her scarlet lips, without stopping to think what a shockingly improper thing it was.

Nobody saw it however, but the moon, the stars, and the waves. The moon is proverbially calm on such occasions, and the stars winked at the transgression, while the waves only whispered and laughed among themselves, as they ran along the glittering sands, and tumbled over each other in their haste to get back to the ocean.

"Helen! Helen!" cried Fred's voice again, and he suddenly emerged from the cedars, and came bounding over the sands toward his sister. "Come home, Helen, grandma wants you and I want you," he cried, catching her hand, and then dropping it to chase a little sparkling wave that broke at his feet, and ran laughing away.

Helen and Philip glanced at each other, and smiled as the boy came back singing gayly,

"Hilda from her palace window,
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dove-brown oxen,
By the silver sea."

A LARK'S FLIGHT.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

O lark! O lark!
Up! for thy wings are strong;
While the day is breaking,
And the city is waking,
Sing a song of wrong—
Sing of the weak man's tears,
Of the strong man's agony,
The passion, the hopes, the fears,
The heaped-up pain of the years,
The terrible mystery.
O lark! we might rejoice,
Couldst reach that distant land,
For we cannot hear His voice,
And we often miss His hand;
And the heart of each is ice
To the kiss of sister and brother;
And we see that one man's vice
Is the virtue of another;
Yea, each that hears thee sing
Translates thy song to speech,
And lo! the rendering
Is so different with each.
The gentle are oppressed,
The foul man fareth best,
Wherever we seek, our gain
Is bitter, and salt with pain.
In one soft note and long
Gather our sense of wrong—
Rise up, O lark! from the clod,
Up, up, with soundless wings—
Rise up to God! rise up, rise up, to God!
Tell Him these things!

SUMMER.

BY NARCISSA E. DAVIS.

I sit alone in the forest,
Where the tall oaks grandly stand;
And glorious types of summer,
Are seen on every hand;
Here the oak, the pine, and cedar,
Are clothed in a robe of green,
While the nodding rye and waving grass,
On every side are seen.

On the mossy bank of the little stream,
The pure white lilies bloom,
And the woodbine, while the morning air
Is laden with their perfume,
The dark, blue leaves of violets
Shine 'mid the grass so green,
While here and there a sweet wild rose
Modestly peeps between.

I hear the distant caw of the crow,
In the valley not far away,
And the bells of cows in the meadow below,
And the voices of children at play;
I hear the song of the mocking-bird
In the waving forest trees;
And the fragrant breath of summer flowers
Is borne on the sighing breeze.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 524.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

Elizabeth, hoping to quiet her aching head, and at the same time to find some trace of her lost ring, walked down to the brook, which she reached just after Sir Lancelot had returned to the house, having rescued Rosamond. As she approached the water, with her pale face seeming still more pallid from the crowding clusters of her soft, brown hair, with drooping head, and eyes that seemed to count the blades of grass as she moved with slow, interrupted steps, two figures appeared on the opposite side, also moving slowly, but walking with their profiles to her, following the course of the stream. A small bridge crossed it at this angle, and upon this Elizabeth had set her foot, still without looking up, when one of the persons caught sight of her, and nervously pinched the arm on which she was leaning, taking a step backward at the same time. The man looked up, was about to speak, but, seeing an expression of alarm on his companion's face, glanced across her, and saw Elizabeth, who was now on the bridge, leaning over the railing and gazing fixedly into the stream. First he turned pale, then the blood rushed to his face, and he moved straight forward, dragging his evidently reluctant companion, who said in a hurried whisper—"You forget that she must see you!"

"What does it matter, since we leave to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" repeated the woman. "Well, I am all ready, and have been since you first spoke about it."

Gerard did not take any notice of what she said; in fact, he did not hear it, he only went his way, all ears for a light footstep following on his path.

"She will follow me to see if it is I," he thought.

Having walked a certain distance, he turned, still to his companion's evident surprise, and retraced his steps. Elizabeth was still on the bridge, but now she was crossing it, but apparently without having seen them.

"Do you mean to meet her?" asked Leslie in a low tone.

"I do."

"Then you must excuse me for leaving you."

"I wish you to stay."

"Very well, then. If there isn't going to be a scene."

"Elizabeth isn't one of that kind," said Gerard; but he thought that surprise, and the knowledge of her perfidy, would, at the sight of him, shake her usual sweet calm.

Leslie withdrew her hand from his arm.

"Is there any harm in keeping my arm?"

"Not any *harm*. But I thought it would have rather an *intimate* look."

"Just what I wish. Pray, take it again."

She did so, but with a feeling of uneasiness that was very unpleasant.

Please look down," he said; "and keep looking down."

She obeyed. It was more agreeable. She did not wish to meet Elizabeth's eyes, for, actress as she was, she feared she should betray the tremor and embarrassment she felt.

So Elizabeth, just stepping from the bridge, and happening to turn her head, saw a man and a woman approaching, the woman with drooped head and downcast eyes, leaning on the arm of the man, who was bending over her, apparently with all a lover's fondness and solicitude. Then she recognized Gerard. Her heart gave a great leap, and for an instant she saw him only, was conscious of his presence only, separate and divided from that of the woman who was clinging to his arm. Then the mist surrounding him scattered; and she saw the woman with terrible distinctness, and recognized her to be Leslie Tilden. Her heart went down, down, down, like lead, and she almost listened to hear it splash in the water under her feet; then, in the midst of her agony, smiled at the fancy, and thought, "It was worthy of Rosamond," and fixed her eyes on the two who were advancing so slowly, seemingly absorbed in each other. Notwithstanding her mild voice and gentle

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ways, Elizabeth had in her veins some of Rosamond's proud, fiery blood, and this mustered in her cheeks and around her heart, as she stood with the smile at her wild fancy still carved upon her lips, as if she had been indeed the image of stone into which she felt herself to be freezing.

Gerard looked up, for he knew he had reached the bridge, and there stood Elizabeth, with the smile still carved upon her lips, the blood painting her cheeks, although to herself she seemed dead, and cold, and gray, as the dead must be.

"Good-morning, Gerard," she said.

And Gerard, who had such a rushing in his ears that he heard only the sweet voice, without remarking its tremor and constraint, bowed without reply.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" she continued, holding out her hand.

He took her hand, but he could not find his voice at first, he was so gazing at her red cheeks and smiling lips, and, although he still held her hand, he did not remark how cold it was, for his own was burning. Then he said, motioning toward Miss Tilden—"You know Leslie, Miss Cascannon?"

"I know her," she replied. Then she withdrew her hand, and, bowing slightly, waited for them to pass her.

They went by, and she went on. In a minute Gerard turned to look back at her. The white-robed figure moved slowly but steadily onward, passed between two tall trees that bent and formed an arch above it, and disappeared—disappeared from his sight to run wildly, staggering, as it did so, for a short distance, then to sink in a heap upon the soft, mossy turf.

About five minutes after his parting with Elizabeth, Gerard heard light, swift steps following his own, and, turning, saw Rosamond. Miss Tilden saw her also, and, dropping his arm, hurried toward the house. Gerard stood still, and Rosamond went swiftly toward him. When she reached him, she stopped—her face of a deep whiteness, her eyes so brilliant that they seemed to shoot fire, not a vestige of color in her lips, which were slightly drawn back, so that her teeth glittered between them—and, raising her hand, she menaced him with it, almost as if she were about to strike him. Her looks terrified him. She seemed almost mad.

"Rosamond!" he said.

She made no response, but, still with uplifted hand, moved slowly backward, and he followed her motions, approaching her.

So the two went some distance down the path, until Rosamond, still menacing him with her hand, sprang aside into a tangle of shrubbery, and was lost to his view in an instant.

Having eluded Gerard, Rosamond ran quickly to where Elizabeth still lay upon the ground, face downward, her arms stretched above her head, and her hands clinched in the long grass. She heard somebody coming, and was up in an instant, the color rushing to her white cheeks through very shame at being found in such an attitude.

"Oh! my head!" she said when she saw Rosamond; and, pushing back the hair from her face, she pressed her hands to her temples. "I am so glad I hadn't been crying!" she said to herself; then aloud—"The grass was so nice and cool. But what is the matter, dear?" as she looked at Rosamond's utterly pallid face.

"O Lib! O Bess! *I saw it all!*"

"Saw what?"

"Gerard."

"Yes, he is here. Zoe Zoll was right."

"*I* knew that."

"*You did?*"

"The other day only. I hadn't seen him."

"It is no matter if my ring *is* gone now."

"O Bess! I hate him! *I hate* him!"

"No, don't hate him. He was *our Gerard* once."

"So was the pig *our pig* once, but we eat him the other day. I am going to tell Auntie Zoll about her, and she will send her away."

"Don't say anything about it to Auntie Zoll," said Elizabeth earnestly, throwing her arms around Rosamond to detain her.

"Why not? Shall that mean wretch stay in the house another minute?"

"Wait until Gerard shall take her away."

"They had better both go away in their coffins. We *poison* rats—and they are *rats*."

"Dear, they have done nothing wicked."

"Not wicked!"

"No, it is only unkind. And yet they couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help treating you badly?"

"Couldn't help loving each other. And, Rosamond, when you are older, you will understand that the girl who is left for another does not wish to talk about it; for it may be hard to lose him, but it is also very hard to be pitied—by strangers, I mean. I am glad *you* are sorry for me, my little sister." And Elizabeth drew Rosamond to her very closely, almost as if the pressure soothed her aching heart.

Rosamond began to cry. "O Bess! I won't

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say anything, but I shall *feel* strychnine and tomahawks."

"Feel as you please, but don't say anything, or they will tell you that your sister has been jilted."

"Oh!" said Rosamond, raising her head and looking up in her sister's face.

"It might have been worse," said Elizabeth. "One of you might have died, and as long as everybody is well and happy, I am content."

"And there are other young men in the world," said Rosamond eagerly.

Elizabeth could not help smiling, although she had thought a few minutes before, that she should never smile again. Then she said gently——"There is only one Gerard."

"I am glad of it," said Rosamond, springing from her side and stamping her foot. "I hope there won't be even *one* very long. There are others, a thousand times better and handsomer than he is—and who love *you*, sister Elizabeth!"

"There are still some who love me, I know, and I am very thankful—I might be worse off than I am."

"No one shall say *my* sister has been jilted," said Rosamond, going up to her and squeezing her very tight.

"Then you must say nothing to remind them of it."

"I won't. I won't say a word to Auntie Zoll, or papa, or Madge, or Lily, or the boys."

"Very well, dear. Then it won't be as hard for me to bear it."

"But you won't bear it very long," said Rosamond, with another energetic squeeze, and then looking up in Elizabeth's face with sparkling eyes, she said—"How pretty you are, my Bess! even now, when you are all pale, and with your lips so white!"

"It doesn't much matter now, if I am pretty or ugly," said Elizabeth sorrowfully. Then, forcing a smile—"If my sisters think me pretty, I am satisfied."

"You are *lovely*, Bess! Other people think so. You won't go and cry now, and spoil your eyes, will you?"

"I will try not to," said Elizabeth, but she thought that when Rosamond had left her, the floodgates would open, and longed for the relief of tears, but she wandered dry-eyed, and with an inward fever, now burning into crimson the cheeks and lips that Rosamond had found so pale. Up and down, under the trees she walked, crushing the scented fern under her feet; so, that, from that day, its perfume was associated with her agony. Sometimes she thought she must have dreamed Gerard's cold looks and colder words. And is it not in a dream that she is walking now? for the sky seems unnaturally blue, the sun painfully bright, and sickening and overpowering the fragrance of the wounded ferns. How vast the shadows of the trees are now, and how they seem to spread, and to grow darker and more dense! The sun must be setting, and the breeze is cold that blows across this wooded land! She pauses, and leans her forehead against one of the tall trunks that rise around her, her head sinks lower and lower, her arms droop, her whole body inclines itself, and the moss and the ferns receive her as she lies—at length, in their bent and broken frondage, and along the velvet green, dotted with small, red-capped lichens, sprayed with silvery, branching mosses, and bright with fungus, vivid, coralline, pale-rose, and snowy-white.

—

"I wonder if he's got through dragging that baby," said Rosamond, as having left Elizabeth at a run, she now sobered with a walk, and looked down the alley that ran straight before her, the smooth gravel somewhat disturbed by the pressure of recent wheels. "I smell something!" she presently exclaimed with her nose in the air, and as she spoke, she saw blue rings of smoke curling above a neighboring shrub, and, passing around it, came upon the baronet, who was lying on the turf under the shadow of a tree, smoking, with half-shut eyes. Rosamond's eager face made him open his eyes, sit up, and fling away his cigar. "O Sir Lancelot!" she said. "Gerard!"

"Have you seen him?"

"Didn't I just say I had?" said Rosamond impatiently.

"No, you did not."

"Well, I should if you'd waited. He was walking with that Tilden girl, and Elizabeth was coming across the bridge. And when she saw him, she held out her hand and said—Good-morning, Gerard. And he said—Do you know Leslie, Miss Cascannon! He called Bess, *Miss Cascannon*, and *her*, *Leslie!* and then he went on, and Bess went out and lay under the trees, on her face, just as if she had been dead."

"Poor girl!" said Sir Lancelot.

This sympathy brought a howl from Rosamond, and the howl culminated in a burst of tears.

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"Don't cry, *please*," said Sir Lancelot. "It won't help your sister."

"I know what will: *you* will," said Rosamond, hastily wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"*I?*"

Rosamond nodded her head.

"If I could only see Gerard——"

"You have only to see *her*.

"What can I do?"

"*Ask her to marry you.*"

"*Ask her to marry me!*"

"Yes."

"But, my dear, she wouldn't look at me, just when she is breaking her heart about Gerard!"

Rosamond had not viewed the matter in this light. She thought it over a few moments, and then she said—"It would *comfort* her."

"But, I don't like *that* way of comforting young ladies."

Rosamond looked at him, steadily, for a few moments. "You won't do it?" she said.

"I had rather be excused."

"But you *kissed* her!"

"I am perfectly willing to kiss her again."

Rosamond went close up to him. "Look here!" said she, "if you don't do it, I'll do something to you."

"Not offer to marry me, I hope!"

"I'd rather drown myself, you ugly old thing! —with your glaring eyes, and glaring hair! Auntie Zoll said they were——"

"Glaring is only another word for *bright*."

"I don't care for anything you say. But you must marry Elizabeth; for I won't have *my* sister jilted."

"I am very sorry for Miss Elizabeth; but I don't wish to get married."

Rosamond's face fell instantly, and so dolefully that the baronet could hardly help laughing. "*Don't* you?" she said. "I thought gentlemen always got married!"

"Some of the sensible ones don't."

"But won't you marry Elizabeth. She is so nice, and it's much nicer to be married."

"How do you know?"

"Why, nobody ever wants to be an old maid."

"It isn't as bad to be an old *bachelor*."

"I *don't* know. You are in love with somebody else!" she said quickly.

"How sharp you are?"

"But you first said you didn't wish to be married!"

"Can't a man be in love without wishing to be married? Besides, she's too young."

"Who is it?"

"If it isn't you, it is somebody who looks just like you."

"*Me!*"

"You have said it."

"But I am a little girl!"

"You will grow——"

"No, I shan't; I am never going to be bigger than Auntie Zoll."

"That's a very nice size."

"Why don't you take *her*, then?"

"Do you think she would have me?"

"No, I *don't*. She only likes you because she thinks you are in love with Bess."

"Then I must stick to *you*."

"I won't be stuck to. I hate you next to that old Gerard. I hope you'll never have any buttons on your shirts, and that your stockings will all be full of holes. An *old bach!*" With this fling, Rosamond left him. Oh! how she wished that she could tell Auntie Zoll about Gerard! But she had promised Elizabeth that she would not. She did not go back to Elizabeth. What consolation had she to give her? "If that *mean, old*, Lazy-a-lot——What did he mean by talking that stuff to *me?* If I thought——" Rosamond went into a *thinking* position, immediately, sitting at the foot of a tree, a species of feminine Sterne, with one dimpled finger indenting her smooth forehead.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SUN'S WORK UPON PRECIOUS STONES.

"The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lovely Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thine own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams,
Or, flying sev'ral from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand."—THOMSON.

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METELILL.

BY MADGE CARROL.

PART I.

One day she was as pretty and dainty a three-year-old as ever the sun shone upon. The next found her a little shrivelled heap, never to be pretty and dainty again. A half-tipsy nurse carrying her up-stairs to bed, lamp in hand, wrought this fearful misery. A lurch, the jingling of breaking glass, red, riotous flame, a moment's work, afterward wretchedness that left its mark through life.

"Bella, don't be cross to the child."

The pitiful little face, with the scarlet brand on cheek and lip, wierd in its deformity, had just taken itself out of the room.

"How can I help it when she horrifies and disgusts me so! That such a thing should have happened to one of my children," rocking back and forth in self-commiseration. "Why could it not have been some poor person's girl who wouldn't have cared? I blame it on that horrid gas man; why couldn't he have got done when he promised? If it had not been for him Nancy would have done no harm, she's been under the influence of liquor before and never did. O Albert! I counted so upon Metelill's beauty. She would have been such an ornament to society! Could have made such a splendid match! Now look at her!"

"But Bella, I've thought it over and it seems to me it's worse for her than for us."

"Worse for her than for me? I'm sure I don't see how you make that out! She's only a child and don't know what she has lost, as she grows older she'll be used to it, and wont mind it, but to me it's a continual torture. She must go away somewhere for awhile, or I shall certainly be ill. This dreadful affair has quite undone me; why only yesterday, when nurse brought Viola in, I absolutely screamed out she too had her little face all scarred. I frightened the child. Albert, I cannot have my baby and myself frightened to death for her."

"Perhaps it would be better for all concerned if she were sent away awhile. I'll see about it to-morrow."

The next day, Albert Lestrange took upon himself to write a letter to a step-sister, in some rural nook or another, he scarce remembered where. Mrs. Oswald, the lady who received this monogramed document, was as well aware of the feeling actuating "dear Bella and myself," as a work-a-day country-woman, abhorring shams and shallowness could possibly be. She had visited the Lestranges once, and but once, had never seen the child she was asked to take, but had seen two others, her seniors, and dead, happily; had seen their mamma absorbed in fashion and folly, their papa following the bent of his wife's pleasure and his own, caring little for their welfare, and satisfied so long as they looked hearty and did not "bother 'round," therefore she knew how to pity this little scarred thing, and did pity her to such an extent she was willing to accept her life-long guardianship, feeling tolerably sure it would end that way.

I suppose I ought, in accordance with the laws of compensation so seldom broken by story writers, to transfer Metelill Lestrange to Mrs. Oswald's care, and in due season transform her into a magnificent maiden, who returns uninvited to the paternal mansion, and astonishes her mamma by the exhibition of a countenance bearing no trace of her benzine baptism, but rather all the more beautiful because of it. But things do not always right themselves so satisfactorily in this world. Indeed, some things are not righted at all, according to our individual opinion of what is right, and stories of real life must be told as they actually occurred on this "terrestrial ball," whether the recompense be real and tangible, or hidden from human sight—whether the precious sheaves grow golden here or in the far hereafter.

I mean to tell my story as it told itself, not as I would have it told, and those who are averse to narratives, wherein, "somebody dies or jumps overboard"—to quote the words of a dear and aged friend—are invited to pass on to the next, for I do not guaranty that one, or perhaps both of the catastrophe shall not take place.

Mrs. Oswald did not live in the midst of an interminable forest, although, standing on her door-sill, anybody might have thought so. A bright garden, with rills of posies trickling down its smooth walks—crimson and scarlet rills, rills of blue and gold, white and rose, mottled rills, taking on themselves every color, and each breaking against billows of box—then a

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sunny stretch of meadow-land, field, and orchard, with somewhere a hint of river or creek—outside a wilderness, or what seemed such. However, it was only a reach of rolling timber-land hemming in the homestead and grounds about it.

According to the terms of the deceased Oswald Oswald's will, no axe was to be laid at the root of these trees, except what was needed to keep the hearth warm, until O. O., junior, arrived at years of responsibility, if not of discretion. Some folks, you know, never do arrive at the latter, although, unhappily, invested with the former. Oswald, deceased, had an eye to the future in thus adjusting worldly matters. A well-bred little town was springing up on the western side of those rolling slopes, quite a town of the period. A few years hence, thought O. O., senior, it will give my boy considerable for the privilege of settling its skirts on that bit of oak land. That's enough of that, however. I only threw it in to let you see how secluded a spot came to shelter poor, maimed Metelill. If company came, which was not often, there was many a hiding-place for the child so suddenly grown shy. Suddenly shy, for she knew well the strange change that scathing touch had wrought, although she was too young to realize its awfulness—its utter deformity. There is no occasion for recording the slow process of reasoning that wrought a complete change in the bright, effusive, self-asserting child-nature, from the days when parents and friends averted their gaze, playmates froze her with their fixed, cold stare, and nobody ever saw her mouth put up for kisses, to that in which she felt her banishment under the roof of her strange aunt.

Nevertheless a change was wrought, as terrible in its effects upon the young soul as those of the fire on the pretty, baby face. One day, to please her partly, and partly because she wanted to try the experiment, Aunt Agatha hung a calico satchel on her arm and sent her over the hills with Oswald to school.

"You just keep back of me a piece," said Oswald, when they struck into the village street, "and watch to see when I throw up my hat, then you're to go in there and give this note."

This was not at all according to O. O.'s directions, but he generally did as he pleased.

Metelill obeyed him. The teacher, seeing a little girl in a blue sunbonnet standing near the door, advanced, but when the child lifted her face she uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Who in the world are you?"

Metelill handed the note.

"Gin. what shall I do with her? Only behold her. I can't have her here," she whispered to her assistant.

"For shame! poor little thing! Mrs. Oswald's niece, too. Just give her a seat, and hang up her bonnet."

"But the children!"

"*I'll* see to them."

"Gin's" intentions were the very best, but, not being blessed with eyes in her chignon, she did not succeed in shielding the new scholar, and really thought the children did remarkably well. Metelill, who had seen none of her own age and sex for two long years, sat gazing upon the bright faces with eager, pleased eyes, when suddenly, by a preconcerted signal, an entire row of them turned on her, each with the left cheek drawn in, and a blue, pencil line slitting up the mouth. The poor child fell to shrieking at such a rate that nothing would pacify her until "Gin." promised to take her home. Back she went, and never told what frightened her, but the experiment was never renewed. Her second introduction into society took place when she was thirteen, and Oswald one year older. The boy had been away at a school where "young gents" were prepared for college, and, with one of his fellows, came home on a short holiday. With the companionship and assistance of some neighbor lads, the twain had manufactured a huge kite, in the shape of a bird, all gold, gauze, and crimson glitter. Metelill, in ambush, watched this showy and impossible fowl with transports of delight. At length, when, after repeated efforts to make it fly, during which its wings obstinately beat the dust, the child rushed forth exclaiming:

"O the grand, beautiful thing! Let me hold it for you!"

Her bonnet was off; her black hair hanging down her shoulders—her scarred face working with emotion. She saw the boys draw back in horror and dismay, she heard prolonged whistles and half-suppressed exclamations, and her high heart sunk like lead. She turned and fled, without one backward glance, nor ever again intruded upon human kind. Mild and exemplary as Mrs. Oswald was, she was not the sort of woman to whom the heart involuntarily goes out. House matters occupied her to the exclusion of all else, except her boy. So you see she had just room enough in her breast to be good to her brother's child, and careful of

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her as she would have been careful of a young pig or calf.

"Just as you like, dear. Tacy remember what I told you about the wood."

"Yes, yes, child. Betty, are you sure you shut the spring-house door. I see Putty making his way there." From first to last, these and similar replies laid a soft but steady check upon the outreaching tendrils of her love-nature.

Through spring, summer, and autumn, she never lacked companionship. The green arms of the great wood drew her in and sheltered her. Bee and butterfly, ant and moth, all the thousand and one creeping or flying things peopling sunny bank, shady dingle, or blue air, made common cause with her. When she bent the blossom for the bee, held her honeyed lunch for the butterfly, laid the dead beetle where the ant could find it, or stood between some steel-blue dragon-fly and a sly net spread to catch him, not one of the mites minded her scarred face, or knew the helping hand had withered in infancy. The wild flowers nodded when she passed, fragrant boughs bent to caress her hair, the birds all knew the white stone where she lunched, and even the brook was tender of her and showed her, when she leaned above it, her face so overrun with its own silver dimples, it seemed just like the one the locket framed that looped her sleeves in babyhood.

Yes, all those sweet seasons through, she wandered at will, and when winter came she was like a caged wild thing, restive, unhappy. This time was specially irksome during Oswald's absence, for, although he always had teased her, oftimes unmercifully, the strange child was more attracted to him than to any other person. Occasionally he would entertain himself by being particularly friendly and sociable with "Whip-poor-will," as he called her when he did not call her Lill, and such days were dearer than all the days of her life.

He came to know it, this piece of vanity, or rather it came to his knowledge after his having spent a month or so at college, where a great deal came to his knowledge that it is not at all to be supposed a young man goes to college to learn. He was an only child, and so accustomed to his mother's coddling and petting; a month or so at one place was sure to be succeeded by a month or so at the other, some pain or ache being the pretext—the reason, O. O., junior had no notion of taxing his giddy brain, and "didn't see where was the use of a fellow" who had "enough to live on, fitting himself for a profession."

There being a young ladies' seminary—not within a stone's throw of the college windows, I doubt if any one of those bewitching damsels could have thrown a stone that far—within a *billet*-doux throw—O. O. junior's flirting propensities, never entirely dormant, at nineteen developed with such amazing rapidity he must needs flirt with poor, maimed Metelill.

It was so tempting to drop into the dulcet tones that brought that look of troubled joy into those dark eyes. It was so easy for those great blue orbs to look fond, so natural for the graceful form to fall into attitudes, betokening interest, and admiration. He did it well, this vain, easy-tempered O. O., junior, who inherited all O. O. senior's worst and few of his best traits, he did it well, better for him had it not been quite so well.

"It's just as good to keep my hand in," he would say to himself, "the little fright will surely never take it in earnest."

Did she? Her wild wood wanderings came to an end, she put up her hitherto untrained tresses, and tied a ribbon at her throat, her hands began to busy themselves in household matters; her books knew again the soft warmth of her eyes. She cried over her poor face in the glass more than she had ever cried before; sometimes she thought it more hideous than it really was, again tried to persuade herself it was not, after all, quite so bad as it might have been.

Did she then take it in earnest?

She did and she did not. Have you never believed something and disbelieved it? If you have, you understand her state; if not, no amount of explanation could make you understand it.

Nevertheless, I will drop in a "for instance."

"Whip-poor-will, you've no idea how your face changes in this firelight."

Genuine firelight, for the town of the period had not persuaded Mrs. Oswald into coals.

"Is it more hideous?"

"Hideous! hear the girl! As if it ever could be that to one—to those who love you."

Metelill shook her head, half sadly, half smilingly.

"No amount of affection can endow me with a straight mouth, a round cheek, nor cover these scars, nor make this hand match the other."

"Have you never heard how charity covereth a multitude of sins?"

"Often."

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"And don't you know that love is greater than charity?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—look right at me, Whip-poor-will—if charity covers sin, cannot love cover blemishes?"

What fervor there was in his low, lingering tones, what melting tenderness dwelt in his blue eyes! Metelill's gaze fell.

"Say love, Birdie."

The handsome fellow, too indolent even to play his part spiritedly with only a scarred girl for audience, let his head sink upon her knee.

Mrs. Oswald, patting about outside in rain and rubbers, saw this tableau through the bright, uncurtained window.

"Look, Betty, just like brother and sister. It's such a comfort to know he's not lonesome, while I'm busying 'round."

"Say love."

"What shall I say that for?" asked Metelill with inward tremors.

"I want to hear you, is not that reason enough?"

"If I do, what reward have I?"

It was one of the foolish things wiser people than Metelill are ofttimes guilty of.

"Some day I will kiss you."

He felt her start, the hand threading his gleamy curls fluttered out and faltered to her lips.

"Here?" she asked.

Watching her from under his golden lashes he nodded.

"Love."

Her very soul panted in the word.

He lifted his handsome head and laughed. His features so cheery, so altogether charming, never took on ugly expressions as most features, even those pre-eminently handsome, sometimes do. Perhaps it was because he really did not mean any harm. You know that sort of people, they never mean harm, yet somehow they manage to do the most. So now, even in his vain exultation, his triumph over this strange girl he looked by far too irresistible to waken one atom of resentment, one thought that would have brought her to shame.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Dear, dear, it seems to me this is just the sort of rain that won't shake off," cried Mrs. Oswald, bursting into the room, and flapping all her garments like some great bird astray.

"Mother, make her tell me if she meant what she said."

"What did she say?"

"Wondered where I got all my good looks, since you're such a homely woman and pop was nothing to brag of."

Metelill uttered a little startled O! Mrs. Oswald laughed, understanding it as nonsense, and began talking of pigs and chickens.

The scene ended as such scenes usually did, whether interrupted or not. He had not said he loved her, never said so, but how easy it was then to believe he did.

Metelill, whether she feared or trusted, never felt as though she had anything to resent, innocent of the world and its wisdom, she could do naught but hive his every word like honey in her heart, and wait upon his moods the veriest slave that ever walked.

"Tacy, did you ever know a woman to get married who was deformed, or—or scarred, made ugly in any way?"

That raw-boned dairy-maid knew just as well what was in the girl's thoughts, as though a thousand tongues had trumpeted it, and pitied her with all the might of her great heart, nevertheless, she answered truthfully.

"Yes, I've known of some."

"Tell me about them—what ailed them, I mean."

She bent her head, dipping the skimmer idly into a pail of milk that might have been all sea-foam, it looked so fair, so feathery, so unsubstantial on the surface.

"One had a harelip, another a scar on her forehead, one was lame in the thigh and another had a club foot."

"What sort of men married them."

"The harelip married a man in his cups, the scarred one was eighteen and her husband eighty. The lame one was rich and somebody took her for her money."

"And the other one?"

"Her man was tolerable." Tacy had gone on so far rather matter of factly, but here all of a sudden, she broke out with, "Don't think of it for yourself, child! Whatever you do, don't think of it for yourself! Don't look for it, don't seem to see it if it comes, or seems to, for it's far more like to be a delusion and a snare than anything else."

She thumped her pans as if trying to thump her meaning into Metelill's brain without further use of words. She succeeded—the girl arose and walked slowly away. Utter unbelief, gnawed her very heart-strings.

She was still a child in almost every respect,

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this girl, with the scarred mouth that nobody kissed, and evinced her affection in a manner perfectly childlike. If not hovering around Oswald, or in the room where he was, the lowest note of the whip-poor-will, whistled under his breath, would reach and recall her.

"Little goose," he would say to himself, hearing the soft rush of her slippered feet—the trail of her fast-flying garments—"I verily believe she'd hear that if she was dead."

He remembered it in the after-time.

"You want me," she would say, standing before him, such a light in her dark eyes, such an under-thrill in her voice—so glad to think that, at last, somebody wanted her.

"I always want you."

Then she believed again, as many a less trustful nature might have believed, not that it was true that he loved her—she never came really to believe that; nor was this because she doubted the fine gold of his every impulse, rather on account of her own fancied unworthiness—but that it might come true.

PART II.

Viola Lestrange, at eighteen, having exhausted the pleasures of the world, bethought her that she had a sister buried somewhere in some country place, and, partly from curiosity, partly in hopes of a new sensation awaiting her in those unknown regions beyond the pale of fashion, made up her mind to pay her a visit, and wrote to Mrs. Oswald, announcing such was her intention the ensuing August.

"I never thought about it before, but now it seems to me it must be charming to have a sister. Don't you think so, Oswald?" said Metelill, in delightful anticipation.

"Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't," he sagely replied.

"Oh, it must be, always; and to think of her coming so far just to see me! I can just remember her—the little dear! I hope she will not think me quite a fright. Do you know I can't help but wish she had already come, and had got used to me: She might like me a little, then."

At the close of a sweet, summer's day, just in the blended rose and gold of its sunset sky, Metelill saw Oswald ride over the hills and vanish in the glory. When he returned, she wondered had he found an angel there? But how cold she was—this sunset angel! How keen were the dark eyes scanning her poor, scarred face! How she shrunk from the little, withered hand that fluttered toward hers!

"Don't put me to sleep with her: my dreams will be bad enough as it is. I should die of horror to have her in the room with me."

When the red flame was crushed on the gossamer garments, and its ravage stayed on the little baby features, they thought Metelill had been saved from the fire, nor ever knew how many times she was flung back into it, and forced to feel its scathing tongue upon her very soul. The last time the hand of her own kindred, her own flesh and blood,—the delicate, violet-scented hand of the beautiful Viola Lestrange,—thrust her in and held her there. She went up alone to her chamber, bearing with her these whispered words, bearing also a heavier burden, a burden more intolerable to be borne. For the first time she had seen Oswald in the presence of one of her own sex not of the household—in the presence of a creature beautiful as the first dream of painter or poet, and felt at once, and forever, she had not a vestige of a claim upon him—never had had.

You think you know how it ended: Don't be certain of it. The following morning she arose as usual. That scarred face of hers told few stories save the one written upon it in flame, and nobody saw in her any outward change.

"Viola says she is not accustomed to early rising," remarked Mrs. Oswald, "and we, who are, can just take a bite and wait breakfast for her."

After the "bite," Metelill, neglecting every little task that had been her delight, went among the flower-tides in the once bright garden, grown, in a night, so dreary.

"Oh, if she could only love me," she cried in her passionate pain; "she might have the world if she could only love me!"

Self-depreciating, as most deformed women are, she let go her heart's hold upon Oswald at once, and forever, yet from the dust, into which her soul had flung itself, she threw up her quivering hands after this one poor boon. She could let go her hold upon Oswald, humiliated, self-scornful, that she had dared presume so much, but could not unlove him; and when the first, faint notes of the whip-poor-will floated over the billows of box, she looked as if about to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Isn't she splendid, Lill?"

He had come to rave about her, and began forthwith. Metelill agreed in monosyllables,

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stooping and hiding her face, under pretence of weeding, until one remark upset her quite.

"It's the strangest thing!—but, Lill, there really is a resemblance between you two." He meant it; for his entire being had been roused and stirred, and he was always honest when in earnest. "Of course not much of a one,—that couldn't possibly be,—but it is easy seeing how it would have been but for that burn. What are you about? My double portulaccas, Lill!"

In her blindness, and bewilderment, she had pulled them up. They lie, a little heap of dying gold and crimson, at his feet.

"Oh, how could I?" she cried, quite smitten. "Never mind, I will put them in again."

As they both bent over them, a faded rose, its damask turned to dim purple, dropped from his pocket upon her hand. She recognized it instantly as one Viola had allowed him to place in her hair.

"Let them go," she exclaimed, huddling the heap upon it; "it's no use—they are dead. I am really so blinded by my sister's beauty, I am not fit for anything." And she laughed out—a wild, unnatural laugh.

"Are you disappointed in her, or—or what?" he asked.

But she did not stay to answer—instead, slipped from the torturing tongue, and found refuge in her own little room.

"I wonder if she's jealous?" soliloquized Oswald, after being left alone. "She needn't go to trying that on, for when I'm done with my girls I'm done with them."

He was no veteran flirt, by the way; but it pleased him to think himself such.

Since it could not receive her—it was whispered why—the town of the period politely ignored the existence of Metelill Lestrange: not so that of her sister. It was wide awake when so much grace and beauty, instead of whirling past, as many other graces and beauties did, condescended to alight and occupy a place in the Oswald family carriage, and, tiptoeing across the hills, it grew suddenly and intensely interested in all pertaining to the Oswalds. It was a gay little place, as a town of the period should be, and Viola Lestrange, *blasé* at eighteen, and in search of a sensation, indolently allowed it the felicity of undertaking her amusement.

Not one of those fresh-lipped girls who trailed their summer draperies through the bright garden, whose tuneful laughter made the old house musical, ever encountered the shrinking figure, or caught even so much as a glimpse of Metelill. Not one of those elegant gentlemen who stood solemnly committed to death or Viola, with a decided preference for Viola, received the mental shock a sight of her sister's face would have caused them. The poor child, with the branded cheek upon which no lips of fondness ever breathed, with the scarred mouth no one had ever kissed, seemed to have dropped out of sight of the household, and the world, as she had dropped out of mind. I have told you Viola Lestrange was in search of a new sensation. We do not always find what we are in search of, but she, more highly favored, did.

There came a seven days' rain, and one night something broke somewhere that was never meant to break, and a great assemblage of waters swept down upon the Oswald homestead. The rolling hills that had been their shield and boast, proved their destruction; for most of their sunny, cultivated lands lay within the hollow of those hills and, into that hollow the waters rushed.

They were all asleep when those invincible legions fell upon and lifted the two-story frame as if it had been an egg-shell. A moment to wake, to but half comprehend what meant that whirling sensation—those seething noises; another moment in which, instinctively, to put on some apparel; another in which to gasp after a hope of rescue. Then came a heavy blow—a rebound; then a second blow, and the house stood still, quivering in every timber. There were red lights flashing in upon them, and voices calling, beseeching. Oswald and his mother, (who had sought him out,) understood, more by instinct than by reason, that they had struck a two-story stone mansion, four miles below—that their house was going to pieces, and that these lights, and entreating voices, were from people who recognized their peril, and were calling them to save themselves.

"For one evening, only," Oswald Oswald played in a new character—that of hero. He rushed into what, in his haste, he took to be Viola's apartment, and then and there found a figure with slender shoulders, and a shroud of hair.

"My darling! my life! I will save you or die!" he cried, pressing her convulsively to his breast—in that sublime hour so bold!—and preparing to fly. But that instant his fingers touched a withered hand, and, with a groan of anguish and horror, he dropped his hold upon

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her. "Where is Viola? Tell me, quick, and save yourself."

"I cannot save myself: my strength is gone. Don't leave me to be drowned!" wailed Metelill.

She sunk to the floor, when he flung her off, and began groping for the other door, (the door between the rooms;) thus sinking, her hand touched some silken tresses there. How pitiful to find that proud head, unconscious, at her feet! How grand to save her—to die for her! and, losing all else, win a sister's love at last.

"I know where she is," and she covered the prostrate form with her own. "Come here!"

Her voice guided him: he was at her side.

"Oswald! you said 'some day I will kiss you!' I will tell you where Viola is, if you kiss me now!"

In the hurry and horror of the moment he would have done it, but, in the act of stooping, he touched another form, Viola's, and Metelill lost that which, for her, would have sweetened death.

Our story is ours only so long as we are self-centred—self-engrossed, even in our affections. Metelill's ended that night. Not that her life ended: no; for it lengthened itself into months and years from that date, but so far as self, exclusively—individual wants, wishes, and repinings went—it closed then and there; was swallowed up in the grave to which Oswald consigned her when he cried, "Save yourself," and carried off Viola.

The old home proved more kindly than the hearts it held so long: just enough of it clung together to carry Metelill miles and miles away, and, in the rosy morning-break, to float her into a tiny inlet, where a pair of black, brawny arms laid hold of her, and drew her into safety.

"O Missus, look at here! She's had a mighty hurt sometime: but aint she a purty one, for all? Look at her hair!"

It roused her—the hearty, kindly tones!—and she opened her eyes to see two faces she had never seen before: a white face and a black. The white one belonged to a lady, middle-aged, dark-eyed, plain-featured, sallow, but with such unmistakable sweetness in every lineament, Metelill felt her tired heart go right out toward her.

I have said her story ended: that which begun that day was heaven's, more than hers. "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." Father, mother, sister, friend, had put her off, passed her by; then heaven bent down and took her up. The lady who received this untrained, untutored child into her home, and, by-and-by, into her heart, was a cultivated gentlewoman, and a Christian; one of those noble souls the church sends out to do her noblest work—the missionary work among the freedmen.

"It will be no grief to any one to think I am gone," said Metelill. "Let me be as one dead to them: let me live here, labor here, and be buried here. It may be that I, even I, who have been such an idle, useless thing, will some day win the blessing."

If noble, unselfish, unceasing endeavor wins it, Metelill Lestrange won it, surely.

One night, while a southern landscape lay sweet and serene, under a great silver moon, a transient guest at the low-eaved hotel lounged at his window, looking about him. There was a framework of fragrant-hearted roses, a ribbon of a rill, just catching a moongleam and hiding it in sleeping mosses; then a stretch of green-sward, steeped in silver, with here and there a grim shade breaking into its beauty, shade of tree, or fence, or shanty, he noted not what; for somehow it reminded him of a slim face all alive with fondness, and for him, with its brightness broken in upon by unsightly seams, but never altogether overshadowed nor unlovely. As he pondered upon it, and upon how, saved from the flame, it had gone down under the flood, he dreamily breathed the old-time signal, that never failed to bring her, and that he had vowed, so often, he believed she would hear were she dead; the low, mournful wail of the whip-poor-will.

"Great powers! what was that?" For one instant, a face had framed itself under the roses—the face of the scarred girl he doomed to death, and whose dying lips he had refused to kiss.

He was frightened half out of his senses—this O. O., junior, who had not hesitated to trifle with her, living, but stood in such awe of her, dead, or supposed to be. He refused to explain, but declared to the landlord he would not sleep alone, or stay there an hour longer than obliged to; and got everybody in such a state, with thinking he was mad or drunk, it was difficult to secure him a room-mate.

Yes, he was terribly frightened, but not more so than Metelill, who, after sitting up half the night with a sick woman, was slipping by that way when the dear bird-call startled her out of herself, and drew her almost face to face with the only man she ever loved. It was but

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for a moment; the next she was skimming along the silent road, thrilled through and through with olden memories: but oh, so thankful to escape, and hide herself from his finding out.

And Viola married her preserver, and they lived *un*happy forever after? Not so. When, blue, cold, and horribly out of sorts, Viola Lestrange was hurried homeward, she conceived a deep and lasting dislike to everything connected with the region just explored, and the new sensation she had gone forth to meet. Oswald Oswald, with his transports of love and the irksome claim he had upon her gratitude, became so odious to the haughty beauty, she absolutely refused him audience when, as a matter of course, he followed her to her city home.

"How dare he presume upon our relationship!—a step-aunt's son! He pulled me out of the water, to be sure; but somebody else would have done that if he had not, and without bruising my arms, either, I hope. Offer to pay him for that, pa!—that, surely, will end it."

"Pa" didn't offer to pay him; but there was an end to it for all.

"Tell me about my unfortunate daughter. Was she altogether such a fright as when I saw her last?"

"Perfectly hideous, ma! You have no idea!"

"What do you think about putting on mourning for her?"

"I intend to. I don't know what you mean to do, but the ague has spoiled my complexion so I can't wear my favorite colors. Just see this lovely pearl! I look green beside it. Black will set me off."

"And me, too," remarked the lady-mamma, patting her wan cheeks with powder. "I will order it immediately."

Mrs. Oswald dropped a tear or two over the recollection of what she called the poor girl's "untimely fate!"—then poured forth a flood in her own behalf exclusively.

Viola married a brute, and Oswald yoked himself for life to a shrew: both in this way becoming as miserable as the heart of man could desire them to be.

In the long after-time, when sorrow was no stranger in his breast, when joys were faint and few, and the everlasting rest afar off, Oswald Oswald recalled, with some feeling akin to keen regret, the memory of the one and only being who loved him—so fondly she even arose from the dead at his call.

"See here," said one coffee-colored negress to another, "you're a new-comer, an' as a new-comer, I'll 'scuse you this oncst, but never you let me hear you call that lady over yander 'the ugly one' agin. To me she's just the beautiful-est creeter that ever walked. I hain't seen her savin' souls, nussin' the sick, comfortin' the dyin', an' teachin' ignoramuses to sew an' read, to stan' by an' hear her called ugly now. An' she's done all that, has Miss Meterlill, an' is doin' it day in an' day out, leavin' out all she's done for me; an' them that says she's ugly says as much as she haint done all that, an' if I hears it a second time I'se afeerd I'll forgit I'm a Christian. She was burned to death an' then drownded, Miss Meterlill was, an' the Lord saved her for all; an' when a body comes nigh death oncst an's saved, it's my 'pinion *he's* got a work for 'em, an' if they comes twicst it's the same as they'd died, an' their place is fixed—they 're angels or the other thing forever, an' if they're the other thing there's no salvation for 'em, an' if they're angels, they're just the biggest, best, an' brightest that ever went to a crownin'."

The slow, sluggish summer air held this harangue long enough for Metelill to hear every word of it. At first, an amused smile broke into her face, to be displaced by a serious sweetness, deepening, by-and-by into solemnity. At their conclusion, she lifted the face, baptized by flame and flood, to the gold and violet of the southern noon, and, clasping her two hands, murmured:

"Oh, my Father, make me worthy of these words—worthy this angel work!"

Yes, Metelill, or Meterlill, as the "natives" persisted in calling her, found admirers, as well as friends, when she found her life's work.

I said things do not always right themselves in this world; but, after all, methinks Metelill's was the better portion. Do we agree?"

That was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl who, on beholding a rose-bush, on the topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once and earnestly exclaimed to her brother: "See, William, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

Physic, for the most part, is nothing but the substitute for exercise and temperance.

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UNDER THE IVIED BRIDGE.

(*See Engraving.*)

We were alone, my friend and I,
  Sitting under the ivied bridge,
Watching the golden stream go by,
  Dashed from rocky ridge to ridge.

Through the ivied arch you see
  The rivulet winding swiftly down,
With mirror'd hues of sky and tree,
  Green, and blue, and dusky brown;

And far as eye can follow it
  Upward in its winding way,
Leafy boughs above it knit
  Tremulous leaf and dancing spray.

There full long we sat and mused,
  And rose at last to move away,
When he, to dreamy thought unused,
  Turned with a smiling face and gay,

And said, in accents low and deep,
  With eyes full solemn and true, "Ah, well!
This were a place for elves to sleep,
  And here, I wis, the fairies dwell!"

Over my brain a music swept
  As into his thought my fancy strayed;
Blissful memories backward crept;
  And straight my heart its answer made:

"Yea, when I was a little child,
  Here a gleesome life they led,
Up in the leafy coppice wild,
  And mid the rocks by the river-bed:

"Oft, when stealing away alone
  Among the meadowy flowers of May,
Heard I fairy music blown
  Low in the grass-plumes purple and gray;

"Fairies swung in light bluebell,
  And fairies sung in gladsome wood—
Here no longer do they dwell
  To bring delight to solitude.

"Now, in bliss or in agony,
  When with a heart as noble and good,
An eye as pure and soul as free,
  I walk by river and leafy wood,

"Not fairy troops make glad the sight,
  But spirit-footprints over the sod,
And in my ear the breezes light
  Whisper words of a gracious God."

G. F. A.

ONLY DREAMS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

A maiden sat, in the sunset glow
Of the shadowy, beautiful long ago,
  That we see through a mist of tears.
She sat and dreamed with lips apart,
With thoughtful eyes and a beating heart,
  Of the mystical future years.
And brighter, far, than the sunset skies,
Was the vision seen by the maiden's eyes.

There were castles, built of the summer air,
And beautiful voices were singing there,
  In a soft and floating strain.
There were skies of azure, and fields of green,
With never a cloud to come between,
  And never a thought of pain.
There was music, sweet, as the silver notes
That flow from a score of thrushes' throats.

There were hands to clasp with a loving hold,
There were lips to kiss, and eyes that told
  More than the lips could say.
And all of the faces she loved were there,
With snowy brows untouched by care,
  And locks that were never gray.
And Love was the melody each heart beat,
And the beautiful vision was all complete!

But the castle, built of the summer wind,
I have vainly sought. I only find
  Shadows, all grim and cold;
For the dreaming maiden, who thought to see
Into the future years, was me,
  And I am gray, and old.
Ah! my dream of earth was as fair and bright
As my hope of heaven is to-night.

Dreams are but dreams, at the very best,
And the friends I loved lay down to rest,
  With their faces hid away:
They had furrowed brows, and snowy hair,
And they willingly laid their burdens where
  Mine shall be laid one day.
A shadow fell over my vision-scene,
For the clouds of sorrow came in between.

The hands that I thought to clasp are crossed,
The lips and the beautiful eyes are lost,
  And I seek them all in vain.
The gushes of melody, sweet and clear,
And the floating voices I do not hear,
  But only a sob of pain,
And the beating hearts, have paused to rest—
Ah, dreams are but dreams at the very best.

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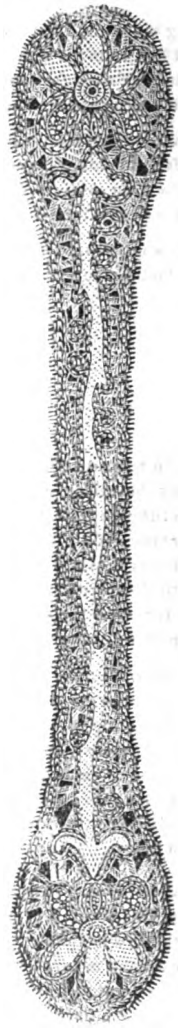
No. 1.

No. 2.

DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENTS OF LACE LAPPETS.—Nos. 1 and 2 show the lappet No. 3 arranged on the hair in different manners. Any other lappet can, of course, be arranged in a similar manner.

No. 1. This lappet is fastened on the chignon. It is gathered about 8 inches in the middle of the edge of the back, and arranged in a loop two inches and two-fifths long on the right-hand side. The ends hang down free, as can be seen in illustration. A mauve bow completes the arrangement.

No. 2. This lappet is arranged like a cap. It is pleated in the middle of the front, and ornamented with a bow of blue ribbon and a blue feather. The left hand end is fastened down with a blue bow. The right-hand end hangs down in its full length.



No. 3.—POINT LACE LAPPET.

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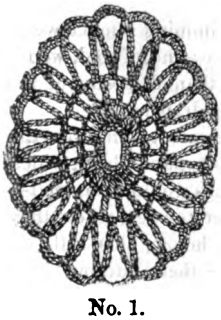
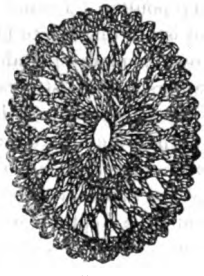
BLACK SILK PALETOT.—This model is tight-fitting, open in front with revers, slit open at the sides, and looped up into a puff at the back. It is made of black grosgrain silk, and trimmed with black lace and braid. The sash is of grosgrain ribbon, with a small bow in front, and a large one with fringed ends at the back.



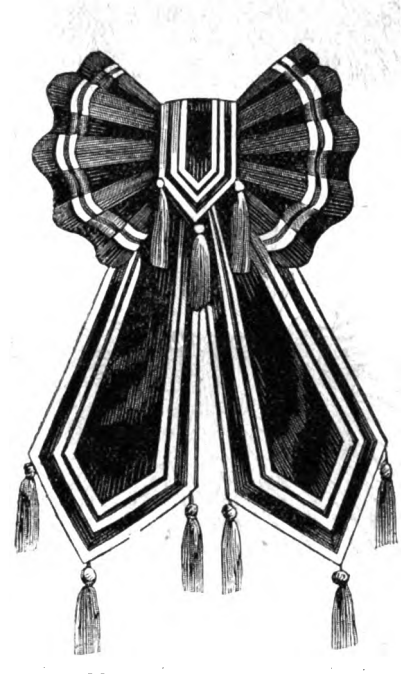
No. 1.



No. 2.

CROCHET ROSETTES FOR ORNAMENTING BABIES' CAPS, LINGERIE, &c.—No. 1. Make a foundation chain of 14 stitches, join them into a circle, and work one round of double stitch. Then work from illustration 2 rounds of treble stitch, divided by chain, and 2 rounds of chain stitch scallops, round the last of which 1 round of double stitch is worked. To make the rosette rather oval in shape, work at the sides some long treble stitch in the treble stitch rounds, increasing likewise the number of chain stitch in the scallops of the 2 other rounds.

No. 2. For this rosette make a foundation chain of 12 stitches, join them into a circle, and work the 1st round: Twice alternately 3 double long treble, 8 long treble divided by 1 chain; instead of the 1st double long treble work 7 chain, at the end of the round 1 slip stitch in the 6th of the 7 chain stitch. 2d round: 1 double on every chain stitch, then 1 purl (7 chain 1 double in the 1st), at the end of the round 1 slip stitch in the 1st double, and 3 slip stitch to the middle stitch of the 1st scallop of this round. 3d round: 3 chain, 1 long treble in the next purl, 6 chain, 1 long treble in the preceding treble stitch, 3 chain, 1 long cross treble stitch (throw the cotton 4 times forward) in the purl already mentioned and in the next one, 1 chain, 7 cross treble stitch, divided by 1 chain stitch on the next purl stitch, as can be seen in illustration, 1 chain, 4 long cross treble stitches, divided by 3 chain, 1 chain, 7 cross treble stitch, divided by 1 chain, 1 chain; 2 long cross treble stitch, divided by 3 chain, 3 chain, and 1 slip stitch in the 4th of the 6 chain at the beginning of the round. 4th round: Like the 2d round.



BLACK VELVET SASH—forming two fan-shaped coquilles at the sides. These are crossed by a band that is pointed at the bottom; the sash ends are likewise pointed. The trimmings are gold braid and gold tassels.

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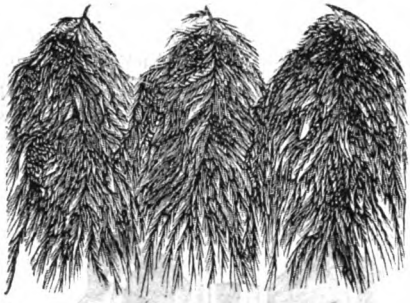
NAME FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

No. 1.



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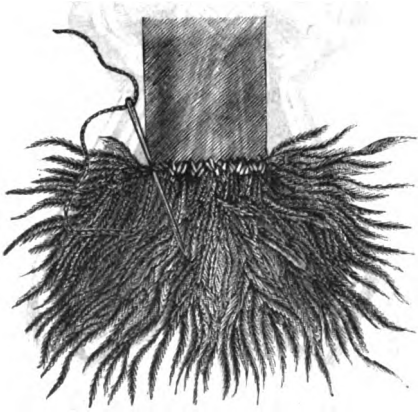

No. 3.

No. 1. FUR FOR THE NECK.—This fur is made of feathers or down. You require a piece of linen, 15 inches long, by 1 wide; some poultry feathers or down, which should be prepared. As this is a very useful as well as fashionable work, we will describe a good method of preparing feathers for the benefit of those who keep poultry. Feather trimming is much worn, and is not difficult to make; and, if sold, would prove far more profitable than disposing of the feathers to upholsterers or drapers.

As soon as your feathers are taken from the bird put them into brown paper bags, which tie close—coarse calico bags would do as well—and put them into a moderate oven, where they should be kept for some hours; this kills all vermin. When you take them out, put on a cloth and shake them well, then pick each feather out, and cut off the little hard piece of quill at the top. If you intend to make trimming of the feathers, before your birds are plucked they should be gently washed in lukewarm water and soapsuds, with a little whiskey or gin in it; by this means the plumage is rendered perfectly clean and free from all dirt and dust, and if the birds are left in a clean, warm place to dry, they can receive no harm. Nearly all birds are washed in this manner before exhibition, on account of the gloss and lustre it gives to the feathers.

Detail 2 shows you how each feather should

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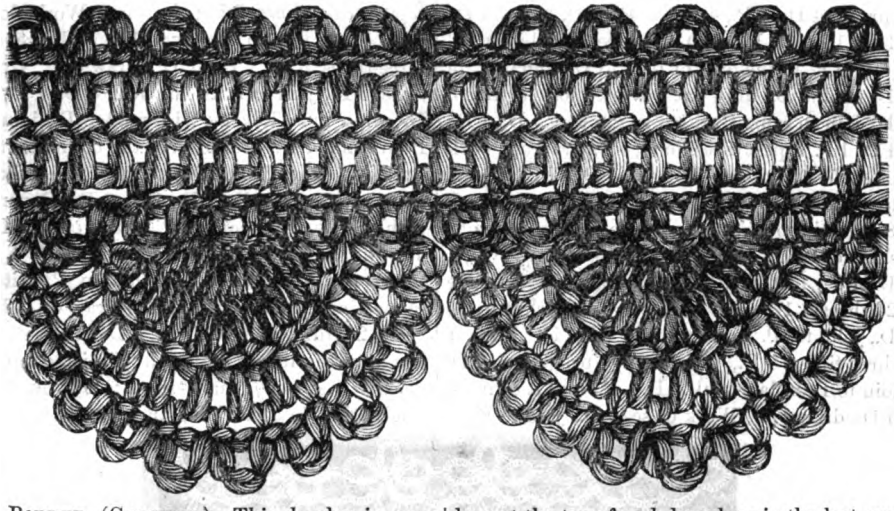
be cut. Prepare a large quantity before you commence working.

Detail 3 shows the manner of sewing on. You take for the first row three or four feathers, and sew them in a row at the extreme end of the linen. They must be sewn on with sewing silk, at about the distance from each other shown in the figure. The stitch used for sewing on is made by working over each feather twice on each side the quill. The detail shows the stitch and the position of the needle so clearly that further explanation is unnecessary.

In the 2nd and all other rows the feathers are put close together, and on each side the linen—that is, for this boa for the neck—in making a trimming, they must not be put so close that they fall over each other, but be carefully arranged. Sew the feathers on the linen till about 1 inch from the middle, then commence the other half, working to the same distance from the middle; then sew the feathers on in a slanting direction, by which means the turning, or rather meeting of the feathers, will not be so visible. When the piece is finished, sew ribbon strings to the extreme ends of the linen to tie it with. When you mount feathers as a trimming, it is well to mount them on material as nearly the color of the feathers as possible. The feathers of the golden pencilled or spangled Hamburgh fowls form a beautiful rich trimming, and a good gray one well marked can be had from the silver-pencilled birds of the same breeds, also from the Brahma Pootra fowls.



Border (Crochet.)—This border is very handsome and effective for trimming sofa covers, berceaunette quilts, and antimacassars. It is worked in wool, with a bone crochet hook, single Berlin red, and white, and a No. 6 hook would be suitable for a small quilt. You work first all the points in the border; each one is worked separately. With white wool make a chain of 12, take up all the loops on the needle, and work back in plain crochet tricotee. 2d row: 3 chain, 1 double crochet between the next two loops, * 4 Ch., draw loosely through the last DC., 1 DC. between the 2 next loops, repeat from * and fasten off. This last row forms the outside edge of the scollop. Take the red wool and work on the other side of the foundation chain of white wool, take up each loop from the *back* of the chain, and work back as before; then take up each little knotted loop at the top of each long loop in the last row. When all 12 are raised draw the wool through them all at once and fasten off. This forms one point. Work as many as are required. You now work the heading. Make a chain with white wool the length required, then take up all the loops and work back; now take up the loops on the other side the foundation chain and work back in the same manner; with the red wool you now work a row on each side, 1 double crochet between the two first loops; * 4 chain, 1 DC. in the first of the four chain, miss the space between the 2d and 3d loops in the row, 1 DC. between the two next, repeat from *, then repeat this row on the other side the band; in working it join the points at the proper distances by drawing the needle through the point in working the double crochet stitches.

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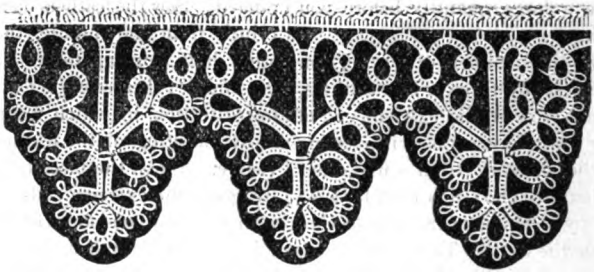
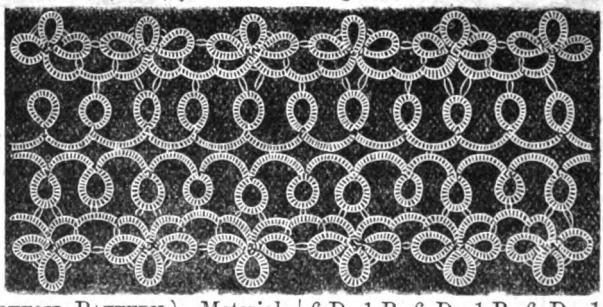


EDGING (TREFOIL PATTERN.)—Material: Ardern's crochet cotton, No. 36. Terms: D., double; P., purl.

Work with two threads, 1st with shuttle, 8 D., 1 P., 8 D., draw up. Reverse, with 2d thread 4 D., 1 P., 4 D.; reverse, with shuttle, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw up. Reverse, 2d thread, 4 D., 1 P., 4 D., 1 P., 4 D., 1 P., 8 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 8 D.; reverse shuttle, 10 D., join to P. in the oval of 6 D., 5 D., join to P. in 1st oval, 5 D., draw up. Work close to this 5 D., join in same P. stitch as the last, 5 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., repeat three times, 5 D., draw up; work close 5 D., join to last P., 1 D., 1 P., repeat three times, 10 D., draw up. Reverse 2d thread, 8 D., join to P., stitch in stalk; reverse, with shuttle, 12 D., join to last P. in the last oval, 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 12 D., draw up. Reverse 2d thread, 1 P., 8 D. Reverse with shuttle, 10 D., join to P. in last oval, 1 D., 1 P., repeat three times, 5 D., draw up. Work close, 5 D. join to P. in last oval, 1 D. 1 P., repeat 5 times, 5 D., draw up. Work close, 5 D., join to P. in last oval, 1 D., 1 P., repeat three times; 10 D., draw up.

Reverse, 2d thread, 8 D., join to P. in stalk; reverse, with shuttle, 12 D., join to P., in last oval, 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 12 D.; draw up. Reverse 2d thread, 1 P., 8 D., reverse, with shuttle, 10 D., join to P. in last oval, 1 D., 1 P., repeat three times, 5 D.; draw up. Work close, 5 D., join to P. in last oval, 1 D., 1 P., repeat three times, 5 D., 1 P., 5 D.; draw up. Work close, 5 D., join to P. in last oval, 5 D., 1 P., 10 D.; draw up. Reverse 2d thread, 8 D., join to P. in stalk, 1 D., join to P. at the bottom of the stalk of first trefoil, 8 D., join to P. in stalk, 4 D., join to P. in stalk, 4 D., 1 P., 4 D. Reverse, with shuttle, 6 D., join to P. in last oval, 6 D.; draw up. Reverse, 2d thread, 4 D., 1 P., 4 D., reverse, with shuttle, 8 D., join to P. stitch, connecting the two ovals, 8 D.; draw up. Reverse, 2d thread, 4 D., 1 P., 4 D. Repeat till you have the length required. Finish off with crochet: 1st row, chain stitch; 2d row, one single stitch in each chain stitch.



INSERTION (TREFOIL PATTERN.)—Material: Ardern's crochet cotton, No. 36. Terms: D. double; P. purl.

Outside row: Work with two threads. Begin with 2d thread. 1 P., 6 D., 1 P., 8 D. * Reverse, with shuttle, 6 D., join to 1st P., 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw up. Work close, 6 D., join to P. in 1st oval, 12 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw up. Work close, 6 D., join to P. in last oval, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw up. Reverse, 2d thread, 8 D., 1 P., 6 D., join to P. in last oval, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., 1 P., 8 D.; repeat from *.

For 2d row: 1st with shuttle, 12 D., join to P. in stalk of trefoil, and again join to next P. in the stalk, 12 D., draw up. Reverse, 2d thread, 7 D., 1 P., 7 D. Reverse, with shuttle, 12 D., join to next P., in the 1st row, 12 D., draw up. Reverse, 7 D., 1 P., 7 D. Reverse and repeat. The 3d row is done like the 2d, joining to every P. stitch between the ovals. The 4th row is like the 1st.

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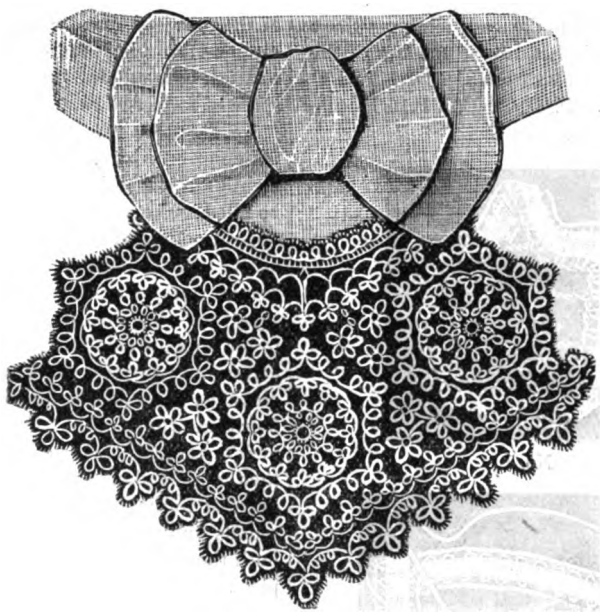

CRAVAT.—Materials: Ardern's crochet cotton, No. 36. Terms: D. double, P. purl. Begin by working the round in * each hexagon thus: 2 D., 1 P. eleven times; fasten off. Then 6 D., join to one of P. stitches in the round, 6 D., draw close. Reverse 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close *. Reverse, and repeat eleven times; fasten off. The inner round of trefoils requires two threads; begin with † 1st oval of trefoil, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Work close to this 2nd oval, 6 D., join to P. in last round, 6 D., draw close. 3d oval, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close, then with 2nd thread 10 D., 1 P., 10 D.; reverse and repeat † all round the circle, joining each trefoil to the preceding one. The outer row also requires two threads; you begin in one of the corners § 1st oval of larger trefoils, 6 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P. four times, 6 D., draw close. 2nd oval, 6 D., join to 1st oval, 2 D., 1 P. six times, 6 D., draw close. 3d oval same as first. Reverse on 2d thread 10 D. Reverse with shuttle 6 D., join to 1st P. in 3d oval of trefoils, 2 D.. 1 P. four times, 6 D., draw close. Reverse on 2d thread 1 D., join to P. in last round of trefoils, 8 D. Reverse with shuttle 6 D., join to last oval, 1 D., 1 P. four times, 6 D., draw close. Reverse on 2d thread 8 D. Reverse with shuttle 6 D., join to last oval, 1 D., 1 P. four times, 6 D., draw close. Reverse on 2d thread 1 D., join to next P. in former round, 10 D. Reverse and repeat § to form the hexagon, which is connected with the next at one corner. The group of flowers between each hexagon is worked with two threads, and 1st with shuttle, 6 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Repeat this four times, then with 2d thread work round each oval 7 D., join to P. in the oval, 1 P., 7 D. Repeat the same round each of the 5 ovals, joining each flower to the hexagons and to each other. The star in the centre is worked with a fine needle and thread. The row of small trefoils at the top and bottom of the border is worked like the inner circle of small trefoils, joining to the trefoil and ovals of one side of the hexagon, and to the P. stitches of the flowers. The outside row of larger trefoils you begin by joining in P. stitch of last row, and working on 2d thread 10 D. ‖ Reverse with shuttle 6 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P. four times, 6 D., draw close. Work close to this 6 D., join to P. in 1st oval, 2 D., 1 P. six times, 6 D., draw close. Work close, 6 D., join 2 D., 1 P. four times, 6 D., draw close. Reverse on 2d thread 10 D. Reverse with shuttle 6 D., join to P. in last oval, 1 D. 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Reverse on 2d thread 1 D., join to P. in last row, 10 D. Reverse with shuttle 6 D., join to P. in last oval, 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Reverse on 2d thread 10 D. Reverse, with shuttle, 6 D., join to P. in last oval, 2 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Reverse, 2d thread 1 D., join to next P. in former round, 10 D. Reverse, and repeat ‖ to the end. The row at the top is done on 2d

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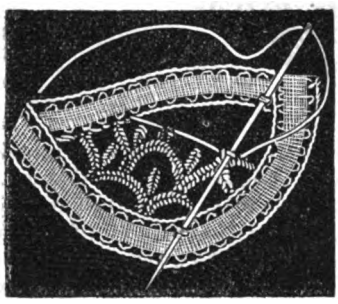
thread only, 10 D., 1 P., 10 D., join to P. in last round; repeat this to the end, joining twice at the centre. A crochet row at the top of this, and then a row of small ovals, 6 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close, and so on to the end.

No. 1.



No. 2.

Nos. 1 & 2. Point Lace Stitches. (Engraved double the usual size, with explanations for working, by Mme. de G.)—Terms used: A Long Stitch. Work a common buttonhole stitch, and before the thread is quite drawn up put the needle through again, and then draw to the length wished for.

A Dot. Place a fine piece of colored thread in a parallel line to any bar, edge, &c., that is being worked, and about an eighth of an inch off; hold it tightly, put the needle through it, draw up the thread to the size of an ordinary dot, and work 5 stitches on it; draw out the colored thread.

Space Thread. The single thread that is left in each row between a stitch, or any number of close stitches.

No. 1 Stitch. Secure the thread at the right-hand side of the leaf near the top; leave a space, work two long stitches close together, leave the same length of space as last time; two long stitches, and repeat to the end of the row. 2d row. Work nine button-holes on the space thread, pass the needle upwards between the two long stitches, work a dot; repeat to the end of the row. 3d row. Same as 1st, with the exception of working the long stitches into the 4th and 5th button-hole stitches worked into each space of former row.

No. 2 Stitch. Commencement (for the foundation of crossings) fasten the thread about an eighth of an inch from the side of the design to be filled; take a stitch through the braid on the opposite side, and overcast the thread back four or five times. Repeat as many of these bars at regular distances as are required to fill the design, then whip the thread alongside the braid to the opposite side, and in making the first bar across only overcast back as far as the first crossing; run the needle in and out round it four times (to form the round), overcast to the next crossing, run the needle round it once, and then work a dot in each of the four spaces, overcast to the next crossing, and repeat these rounds and dots alternately at each crossing until the first line of rounds and dots is complete. In the second crossing work the dots first, and in the third crossing rounds first, and so on until the design is filled.

No. 2. Sash Bow of Plaid and Black Velvet.—Butterfly bow of plaid velvet with a white ground, black velvet traverse between the loops, and two black hanging loops below; the plaid ends terminate with fringe. The bow to each of these sashes is ten inches wide.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

FASHION.

A very goddess of unreason is she, from whose follies we can feel no security, from whose edicts there is no appeal. Yet it is despicable to stand in awe of her; and when lately, in several quarters, the apprehensive cry arose—evidently from those whose taste and conscience alike rebelled—"What if it should again be fashionable to trail our dresses through the muddy streets!" it filled us with indignation and contempt. For such things cannot prevail unless the women who know better sanction them; and it is altogether too mean an opinion to entertain of them that, while the disgusting spectacle is fresh in every one's memory of silks and velvets recklessly swept over the unspeakable pollutions of the public ways, they should deliberately, and with the consequences before them, let down their garments again into the mire from which they have successfully emerged. There *are* women who stand ready to do that or any other startling and indecorous extravagance. Every month, among our arrivals of Parisian fashion plates, we see numbers of just such creatures; but what they do or wear never can be any concern of American ladies.

No, short dresses for the street are established, and there is no cause for fear. If there were, why quake with the helpless terror of slaves? Fashion is made for you, not you for fashion. The wisest men and women yield in trifles, but in matters of importance the higher powers rule. And the follies of fashion have very little chance of sway in our wide-awake American communities. Anything mischievous among them has such a battery of ridicule and reason opened against it, that its time is short, and its theatre limited. Only the convenient and tasteful long obtains as a fashion. What could better unite these requisites than the ordinary dress of the day? Already the superfluities of trimming and ruffling are going by, leaving only elegant simplicity. In several minor details, dressmaking adapts itself more to the form. Shoulder seams, for instance, in an old-fashioned dress, are long, and set behind the shoulders; now they are placed on a line with them, and so short as to offer no impediment to the lifting of the arm—an important improvement. Also, there is usually no temptation to dress tightly, as a good, wholesome waist of twenty-three inches is as fashionable as gored skirts and tunics. This has long been apparent from the best Parisian plates, in which the figures, drawn by talented artists, are always well proportioned; but we think there is a growing endeavor to make ease and comfort the essentials of dress. The ideal, the beautiful, of course will always be uppermost with women, but true beauty must ever harmonize with physiological law.

A RUSTIC BOWER.

The branches of trees, pruned off in winter, make a bower that vines seem glad to twine about and adorn. Early in spring select branches suitable in make and size, trim off a foot or two where they are planted in the ground, but leave the little branches and twigs to form the bower. Plant in a circle, leaving whatever entrances you like, and twining and tying together elsewhere. Draw together the tops of the branches ten or twelve feet high, and tie them with strong twine, forming an open arched roof. Make the circular bed of soil deep and rich, and plant it full of those you like best among the lovely and graceful family of vines. Sweet peas should be planted four inches deep, as early in spring as the ground is soft. Slips of any of the sweet-scented hardy honeysuckles, put in whenever the ground will receive them, in winter or early spring, grow without the least difficulty, and will bloom and reach the top of your bower the same season. Running-roses, and sweet-briar, and jasmine, and the large blue clematis, and the blue hardy passion flower, make a charming variety of flower and leaf, and you can fill in with annuals, which will be sure to cover all with tropic luxuriance. Then in the summer mornings comes the harvest of delight in all this beauty and sweetness, for you have chosen, as wise Lord Bacon advises, "such flowers as doe best perfume the air." It were a pity to miss the dawning of a single day. In those early hours all is fresh and cool, however fervid the after heats. Those fairest of morning-glories, the Ipomeas, running wild over the slender branches, open wide their cups of cerulean or mauve, bordered with white like a halo. The sweet pea, reaching out its tendrils, careless where they twine, clambers up successfully, and whispers to the tender cypress vine, feeling about for support, "Take hold on me, and we will mount together," and the cypress vine, thus assisted, soon runs aloft, far above its kindly neighbor, fringing the dry, brown twigs with its exquisite foliage and perfect crimson stars. The dainty humming birds, so seldom seen to alight, will come whirring about the bower in pairs, and sipping capriciously here and there, and darting from each other with a hasty "chic!" settle on opposite sides, and remain still for several minutes, seeming to find the slender twigs just the resting place they need for the clasp of their tiny feet. One hardly knows how very small they are—these

"Winged flowers or flying gems"—

until such an opportunity for inspection as this, when they alight unconsciously close to you, standing motionless among the vines, and let you mark their fairy proportions as they smooth their plumage

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of glossy green and gold, only the bright, restless eyes alert. As they are usually caught sight of, darting from no one knows where with a sudden whizz, poising one second above a scarlet trumpet, and then with another dart disappearing as rapidly as they came, the whirring wings make them look larger, and one never fairly sees them.

Resting in such a bower, after

> "No more
> Of your sweet gardening labors than suffice
> To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
> More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
> More grateful"—

you can watch the birds, and bees, and butterflies come and go, and

> "Whether you look or whether you listen,
> You hear life murmur or see it glisten."

DRESS IN ENGLAND.

A London letter in *Lippincott* for August speaks thus of the ladies and their dress:

"The pale, beautiful sunshine of an English summer is touching with rare but pallid radiance the myriad towers and steeples of grand old London. The season is at its height, and streets and parks are alike crowded with equipages which would be faultless in all respects were it not for their occupants. Beauty and style will be sought for in vain among the long-nosed, high-born dames who recline on the soft cushions of the elegant carriages; and, as was once written respecting our dear dead president—

> 'He who looks upon their feet
> Gains new ideas of immensity;'

while their attire is enough to drive a woman of taste distracted. Why is it that no Englishwoman on earth has ever yet learned the simple, almost instinctive art of dressing herself well? Why is it that the most aristocratic female of British origin can achieve nothing beyond ruining the effect of a Parisian costume by becoming its wearer? And why are they all so homely? It seems hard for a woman to be otherwise than handsome, possessing the complexion of cream and roses that meets your eye here at every turn; but these Englishwomen *do* manage it somehow, and with the coloring of Titian contrive to look like caricatures by Cruikshank. Very fearfully and wonderfully made are their garments, and most marvelous are the structures of hair with which they adorn the backs of their heads, leaving the front hair perfectly plain in the flat, bandolined bandeaux which were fashionable once (Heaven only knows how long ago!) in the civilized world of well-dressed women. Then these gigantic chignons are usually decorated with flowers of equal magnitude, in some instances standing erect from the summit of the structure, as though they had been planted there and had taken root. I saw one lady who, not content with wearing a chignon in the place where such an appendage is usually worn, had contrived to fasten a second one on the summit of her head, and the effect was certainly novel and decidedly startling."

We in America are said to be the best dressed women in the world. Foreign observers are surprised to find all over the land, in remote country places, this tasteful, ladylike dressing. Of course, the reason is that magazines like THE LADY'S FRIEND go everywhere, their cheapness placing them within the reach of the most moderate means, and their comprehensive excellence in every department, far surpassing anything of the kind abroad, educates the general taste up to the highest standard. What, for instance, could be more beautiful in its way than our colored fashion plate for this month? The best Parisian designs, engraved in the finest manner, illustrate the styles last adopted and now prevailing in the most polished society of the world; and these are transmitted promptly, far and wide, over the country. At every little cross-road and obscurest village, the ladies see at once, in their first freshness, the latest ideas in regard to dress, and with true American facility and ingenuity fashion their material, whether silk or alpaca, so stylishly, that the traveller from the old world may well wonder how it is done. Abroad, the fashion magazines, inferior as they are to ours, are so costly, that only the wealthy take them, consequently the country at large remains in the dark as to fashion, and is always two or three years behind the mode.

SUNFLOWERS.

It has recently been asserted by experimenters in France and Holland that sunflowers, when planted on an extensive scale, will neutralize the deleterious effects of exhalations from marshes. This plan has been tried with great success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, France; and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has entirely disappeared from districts where the sunflowers have been planted.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN THE HAIR.

In answer to a recent question as to the best method of keeping natural flowers quite fresh in the hair for a whole evening, I am happy to state that I have been most successful, both with hothouse flowers and ferns, by inserting the ends of the stalks in a grape from which the stalk has been previously removed. The grape is easily concealed among the folds of the hair. I have had as many as three grapes in at one time.—YOUNG WIFE.

DOUBTFUL COLORS.

To "Busy Bee." All colors being of chemical elements, a chemist is the best person to consult. What will set a blue will obliterate some other colors, and *vice versa*. Sugar of lead (sold in penny packets, very poisonous) will set green. Soda will brighten mauve and violets, and will destroy other colors. The coal tar or aniline colors are not permanent, except on silk or woollen.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

A growing girl of fourteen needs every whit of her strength and vital power for the rapid enlargement of her physical frame, and ought not to be pestered with an ounce-weight more than she can carry lightly of science, language, or other accomplishments.

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THOUGHT-CHAINS.

A very suggestive article, with this title, by Carl Both, Boston, appears in "Good Health." It is particularly interesting to mothers, as the foundations of character are in their hands, built up well or ill, as the baby is treated, and either way fixed unalterably:

IMPROPER TREATMENT OF CHILDREN IN THOUGHT-CULTURE.

When a child is born its brain is not protected by nature, and is flexible, like soft wax. It, however, soon becomes safely enclosed, and is constantly constructing itself. Whoever has watched the development of a child's intellect, will have noticed how it tried to connect impressions received. Nothing can be more important than to help the child to form the thought-chains *well*. The foundation of the intellectual power of the child is laid in its infancy, just as surely as are the foundations of a city. But in what way are children generally treated?

Every mother knows that a *plant*, if it is ever to be developed according to the laws of its nature, requires rest. If you take her favorite flower-pot and shake and tumble it every day, she will raise strong and serious objections to such a course of procedure. But if you do the same thing with her baby, she is pleased; though by such shaking and tumbling you might confuse and break the already formed thought-chains, leaving them in ruins like a city after an earthquake. In fact, what child has not been tossed or rocked until stupefied to sleep? And when the poor victim made objections by crying, it was only shaken the more.

Let any person be put into a swing, and kept there but half an hour in constant motion, it will not only produce dizziness, but total unfitness for the process of thinking. Let me ask any common-sense being if there is a more stupefying and senseless manipulation than this perpetual shaking back and forth, up and down? Then comes the paregoric and the soothing syrups! No woman would give them to her dog, but her much-loved baby must take them. The very best born child is thus prepared for the semi-intellectual incapacity which we see everywhere.

"Twenty-seven millions,—mostly fools,"—says Carlyle, in speaking of the inhabitants of Great Britain; and the same remark might be applied with equal force to this country. Among the various causes which produce the difficulty of comprehension so widely noticed in children, there is none more prominent or effective than this shaking of babies—this continued sea-sickness produced by a practice worthy of having its origin in the lower regions.

* * * * Instead of letting the child sit and creep upon the floor, learning distances, forms and colors from the dancing sunbeam upon the carpet, and listening quietly to the sounds mother nature and other circumstances provide, it is dressed up like a doll or show-baby, carried to the photographer, under the pretext of securing the likeness of the dear little one—to various other places for like reasons—and is kept in constant handling, for fear of soiling its clothes.

Instead of teaching the child to exercise its *reason* in reference to its strength, and learning it to profit by its failures, from the bump on the nose to the burning on the stove or in the flame of the gas or lamp, it is put into a carriage, strapped down to prevent its tumbling out, and rattled up and down the sidewalk or street by some careless and irresponsible person.

Watch a cat instructing her kittens! Every mother might learn something therefrom.

As the child advances, it is forbidden to reason freely, or discouraged in the attempt, and checked through fear of the black man, ghost, or some other nonsense, which leaves its *mark* in the brain, nevertheless.

THE SCHOOL.

The whole and more, of what a child can *learn* in the common schools during eight or ten years, *it could comprehend, if properly taught, in six months, at the age of twelve*, provided that the common sense has not already been shaken out of it. *Learning without comprehension, is the very foundation of stupidity.*

Sometimes it seems as though learning and common sense excluded each other in men's brains. A brain which has been built up crooked, can no more be mended or straightened than London can be differently shaped now. A brain with confused thought-chains is an illogical, and a brain with correctly organized thought-chains a logical brain. It is impossible for a logical brain to think illogically, and it is just as impossible for an illogical brain to think or reason logically. *In this fact lies the misery of the world.* With our present knowledge, it is no more difficult for us to lay the foundations for logical thinking in infancy, than it is to lay out cities in such manner that no future costly changes of house-raising and street-widening will be required. The basis for a logical brain is laid in the earliest childhood; if neglected, no power on earth can rectify it. No learning, no teacher or teachers can *reform* an already spoiled brain. The fact that the intellect of the small baby is not cultivated in a manner similar to that of the gardener who cultivates the young sprout of a costly plant, and that, on the contrary, its primitive thought-chains are either confused or broken by injudicious treatment, is mainly the reason why millions of civilized beings, as Carlisle expresses it, are "mostly fools."

* * * * * The children of the rich almost always lack brilliancy of reason, and why? Because they were, when babies, brought up not like men, but like parrots. If we look at all the great thinkers of the present or the past, we shall find that *not one* of them was especially born, or intended as such. Their good luck or misery, (as the case may be—for it is not always lucky to reason correctly, and to think logically; for if one logically-thinking man be put among a multitude of fools, *he* is miserable, *not the fools*), lies in their earliest childhood. *Their* wit was not shaken out of them when in the cradle. They grew up by mother nature; they were taught by her more than by ignorant servants or nurses, and spoiled mothers. They were none of your show-babies, for in many instances *want* was one of their nurses.

DICKENS'S CHRISTIANITY.

"I have always striven in my writing to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I re-wrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops."—*Dickens's last written words. Extract from a private letter dated June 8th*, 1870.

Air is a dish which one feeds on every minute; therefore it ought always to be fresh.

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ORNAMENTS FOR THE LAWN.

Some beautiful objects for lawn decoration can be made of Wistarias, by training them as standards. A young plant is selected and trained to a stake six feet high. When the plant reaches this, it is headed off. The second year the stake may be taken away, and the young plant will support itself. It will never make running branches after this, as it takes all its nutritive powers to overcome gravitation and sustain itself erect. A beautiful umbrella-like head is formed, and its hundreds of drooping flowers in spring thus shown off to beautiful advantage. Another point of interest to a nurseryman in this is, that with this check to growth the re-productive powers are called into play, and the plants then *usually produce seed abundantly*. There is hope for numerous improved varieties as soon as these facts become generally known. Our first year's crop of plants bloomed this year. We had retained only a couple of dozen of plants; but though there were no very distinct variations amongst them, no two of them were exactly alike, showing that the principle of variation is active there.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

HONEYSUCKLES.

Dr. K. has the pillars of his veranda very neatly covered with honeysuckles. Four vines run up at each pillar, and are equally covered with foliage, from the bottom to the top. We generally see naked stems below and a mass of branches above. The Doctor sets out a plant and allows four shoots to start from the root. These are each trained to a perpendicular wire. When the shoots are a few feet high, the point is pinched; this causes a branch to start at each leaf; the uppermost branch will continue up the wire for a leader, and after a while it is pinched again. The side-shoots are also pinched if they grow too strong. The result is a stem with short branches along its sides, which makes a very neat appearance.

M. Maxime du Camp, who has made a study of such subjects, says that French prisoners under sentence of death, show a great fondness for Fennimore Cooper's novels.

LOTHAIR.

The London *Spectator* thus prefaces its notice of this novel:

"Lothair" floats so very high in the aristocratic empyrean, that, without an impartial duke on your literary staff, a conscientious editor has scruples as to forming an opinion upon it. The psychology of a man who scarcely knows any woman under a duchess, and who, strolling into his jeweller's to order "*ropes* of pearls" for the lady he admires, finds his own service of gold plate, after Flaxman, which he had never before seen, in the back room, and is rather indifferent to the discovery than otherwise, must ever be, to some extent, an unknown world to writers like the present.

This is a specimen of that English reverence for rank and wealth that strikes an American as servility. Why should a duchess be out of the pale of an ordinary mortal's comprehension? And why should indifference to the possession of gold plate be such an "unknown world" of feeling? Nothing could be more natural. The wealthy are all the more simply human beings that they are disembarrassed, once for all, of pecuniary cares. It must be a very *nouveau riche* who is in bonds to his treasures; and only a poor man, after all, who cannot afford the luxury of indifference to gold and pearls!

HOW TO CHOOSE BLACK SILK.

When a woman is about to choose black silk, it is well to pull a thread out of the "tram," or filling. She must try the strength of the thread. If it breaks easily, the examination has gone far enough; it is wisdom to look further. We will suppose the thread has been tried and indicates some backbone, then it is necessary, if the woman is right brave, and dares to do such a thing with a handsome pair of clerk's eyes bearing down upon her like a privateer upon a poor little merchantman, to seize the silk by the corner and rub it just as the washerwoman would do when she intends to remove a stain. If this awful ordeal can be performed to perfection—remember some muscle must be brought into play—the silk is honest and legitimate. If it is heavy with dye, if held up to the light slight traces of disaster may be discerned.

New Publications.

Robert Falconer, By George MacDonald, LL.D., author of "David Elginbrod," etc. Boston: Loring. For sale by Turner & Co., Philadelphia.

A handsomely bound novel, and the best of its author's works that we have seen. A contemporary says:

"Fascinating merely as a novel, Robert Falconer possesses a still higher value in its treatment of genuine, earnest doubt. Would that many a soul struggling for the light, sadly despairing or content in hostile prejudice, might, reading this book, renew the experience of Falconer, who, educated under the influence of the sternest type of Scottish theology—a type scarcely known among ourselves—and tormented, thence, with many doubts, finds a refuge, at last, from doubts and formulas alike in the living presence of his Lord and Master!

Forgiven at Last. By Jeannette R. Hadermann. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

A romantic and tragical story of desertion and almost bigamy, the whole tragedy arising from the wicked folly of a mother, who, foreseeing that the youth her Bessie loves will certainly never come back to her if he goes free, urges on a marriage, which does not prevent the more suitable choice of his maturer years—only makes it criminal.

The Quaker Partizans. A Story of the Revolution. By the author of "The Scout." With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

An interesting feature of the Revolution, and also of the late civil war, was the withdrawal from the society of Friends of a portion of its members, who could not consent to be held by the testimony against fighting. These, entering heartily into the contest, proved of essential service, often showing not only steady and solid, but, in emergencies, brilliant soldierly qualifications. The story before

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us is ably written by one who knows whereof he speaks.

—

A Week in a French Country-House, Medusa and other Tales. By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. Boston: Loring, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

Those who have not read these popular stories, by a sister of Fanny Kemble, have them here in paper cover, convenient for holiday reading. Price fifty cents.

—

Jealousy; or, Teverino. A Novel, by George Sand, author of "Consuelo," etc. etc.: with a Biography of George Sand; and translated from the French by Oliver S. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The best part of this book, to us, is the character of the bird-tamer, whose sympathy with the little birds on the mountains, and her magnetic attraction for them, through which they flock lovingly about her, even nestling in the folds of her garments, make a charming picture.

—

The Old Countess. A Novel. From the German of Edmund Höfer. By the translator of "Over Yonder," "Magdalena," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

An uncommonly spirited, fascinating story, the writer and translator of which we shall remember.

Receipts.

Tomato Meat Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton, cut in small pieces, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs, another of meat, another of tomatoes, and then cover with bread crumbs and bake till the crust is brown. Season with salt and pepper to your taste. It will bear high seasoning. Serve hot and a better relishing dish is not often met with.

Below we give a recipe for an excellent soup of gumbo or okra, which is a delicious ingredient, and one which may be easily raised and will keep for winter use if sliced thin, strung and dried; soak it over night and it will be ready for use. This vegetable is now so popular in our city markets that it would be well to raise some for profit as well as for home use. It does not require a particularly rich soil. Plant the seeds thinly, about three feet apart; they grow large and produce an abundance of pods. In Turkey, they form an essential in all national dishes, and have long been much used in our southern states. Who has not heard of the favorite dish called "gumbo," which consists of stewed chicken, rice, and okra.

Gumbo Soup.—Fry a light brown two pounds of the round of beef with four sliced onions; put into the soup pot with four quarts of water, half a can of tomatoes or a dozen fresh ones, one teacupful of sliced okra and one green pepper; boil slowly five hours and put through the cullender. Throw into the tureen some sippets of fried bread and serve at once. This soup is sufficiently rich and healthy to form the basis of a family dinner, and will, if the members are not over particular, take the place of a roast.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Wash and slice them, salt them (lightly) and let them remain over night, then drain the water off. To three-quarts of good apple-vinegar, add one pound of sugar; season with black pepper, white mustard, cinnamon, and cloves, to the taste. Put the tomatoes and spices in a kettle, and let them scald in the vinegar five minutes.

Mushrooms a la Creme.—Trim and rub half a pint of button mushrooms, dissolve two ounces of butter rolled in flour in a stewpan; then put in the mushrooms a bunch of parsley, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful each of white pepper and of powdered sugar, shake the pan round for ten minutes, then beat up the yelks of two eggs, with two tablespoonfuls of cream, and add by degrees to the mushrooms: in two or three minutes you can serve them in the sauce.

Mushrooms on Toast.—Put a pint of mushrooms into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter rolled in flour; add a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, a blade of mace powdered, and half a teaspoonful of grated lemon; stew till the butter is all absorbed, then add as much white *roux* as will moisten the mushrooms: fry a slice of bread in butter, to fit the dish, and as soon as the mushrooms are tender serve them on the toast.

Egg Plant.—Cut it in slices an eighth of an inch or more; have a dressing of bread crumbs, egg with plenty of salt and pepper. Fry brown, and serve hot.

Cucumber Pickles.—For one barrel of pickles take three pails of pure rain-water, three quarts of salt, and one pound of alum. Dissolve the salt in the water; dissolve the alum in a separate vessel and mix with the brine. The pickles should be washed clean before being put into the brine, and stirred briskly with the hand every day until fermentation takes place, and a white scum begins to form on the surface of the brine; then spread over the pickles a cloth, place on this a board, nearly fitting the barrel, and on the board a weight sufficient to keep all covered with the brine. When more pickles are added, the cover and cloth must be removed and thoroughly washed before being replaced. When the barrel is full, the cover and weight may be replaced and left to stand for use. I have kept pickles in this manner perfectly sound and crisp for two years. Pickles kept in this way need no soaking: they may at any time be taken from the brine, washed, and put immediately into vinegar.

I have had excellent pickles on my dinner-table three hours after they were removed from the brine. If from any peculiarity of the season, or from any mismanagement, any of the pickles should be found to soften, at once remove all from the brine and make a new one, and I will guarantee that they will keep for years, if desired. If the brine should evaporate so as to leave the pickles uncovered, make a weak brine of salt and water, and pour enough over them to keep them well covered.

A. C.

Crystalized Plums.—Stone them, and put one pound of plums to half a pound of sugar: cook them to a pulp; then spread on broad dishes to dry: pack them away in glass jars. When wanted to serve, take a little and roll in powered sugar the shape of plums.

M. L. N.

Peach Leather.—Stew peaches as if for pies taking out the stones and making into a pulp: put this on planed boards on a roof in the sun. In a few days it will be dry enough to peel off the boards. Roll it, and put away dry.

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PICKLED PEACHES.—For each peck of peaches allow four pounds of sugar, a pint of sharp vinegar and spice to taste. With a coarse towel rub all the down from the peaches; boil the vinegar and sugar together for a few minutes; then drop in the peaches and boil until moderately soft. When done pour the vinegar over them, and let them stand until cold before covering. Pears, plums, etc., may be done in the same way.

PEPPER SAUCE.—Take twenty-five peppers without seeds; cut them pretty fine, then take more than double the quantity of cabbage, cut like slaw; one root horse-radish grated, one handful salt, a heaping tablespoonful of mustard-seed, and ground cloves ditto, allspice ditto, boil enough vinegar to cover it, and pour over boiling hot, mixing it well through.

TOMATO FIGS.—Scald and remove the skins of *eight* pounds of tomatoes, cook them in *three* pounds of sugar, till they are clear. Take them out with a spoon, (with as little juice as possible,) on dishes, to be dried in the sun, or a cool oven, occasionally turning them. When dry, pack them in a box, sprinkling sugar between the layers. These taste exceedingly like figs. The round, middle-sized tomatoes are the best; the pear-shaped yellow are also good, we know from trial.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Jelly from any other tart apples can be made in the same way as the following—apples, however, should first be sliced. The crab apples have a very delicate flavor—better for jelly than that of other apples.

Put them in a kettle with just enough water to cover them, and let them boil four hours, then take them off the fire and rub them through a colander; this will separate the seeds and skin from the pulp: then strain them through a flannel bag. Then to each pint of the juice thus strained add a pound of white sugar and boil for twenty minutes—meanwhile skim, if necessary; then fill your glasses or moulds, and let them stand for two or three days in the sun, till sufficiently hardened.

QUINCE BLANCMANGE.—First prepare some quince juice by pouring into an earthen pan some spring water and throw into it some quinces just pared, cored, and weighed, in the proportion of four pounds to two quarts of water. Stew them gently till well broken, but not quite a pulp, and strain through a jelly-bag. Dissolve in a pint of this juice an ounce of gelatine, add ten ounces of pounded sugar, and stir together gently over a clear fire from twenty to thirty minutes, till it falls from the spoon in a jelly. Take off the scum carefully, and gradually pour the jelly, while boiling, into half a pint of thick cream or milk, stirring them briskly until nearly cold, and then pour them into a mould, after dipping it in cold water. It should be made with ripe quinces.

QUINCE JAM.—Grate quinces which have been pared, cored and halved: to one pound quince, after grated, three-fourths of a pound of sugar: boil twenty minutes. This is very light-colored, and if put in moulds or bowls, turns out well.

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Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Little Girl's Dress. A gay striped summer silk, sash bow of the same. Overskirt and pelerine of white pique.

FIG. 2.—A clear, white muslin dress, trimmed with lace and with yellow silk.

FIG. 3.—A clear, white muslin dress, trimmed with little flounces set on bias, and with a wide puffing on either side the tablier, which is embroidered with garlands of flowers, and scalloped at the bottom. The second skirt is very short, forming a panier, and is ornamented with the same embroidery, which is also upon the waist and sash.

FIG. 4.—Costume for a little girl between five and ten years old. Skirt of green foulard, trimmed with a flounce, a bouillonnée, and fluted heading. Low bodice without sleeves, and tunic of green and white striped foulard. This tunic is entirely edged with a green silk marquise ruche, open in front, and simulates revers of green silk; waistband without ends. High chemisette, edged at the neck and bottom of long sleeves with lace. Hat of white English straw, trimmed with loops of green ribbon.

FIG. 5.—Robe of buff foulard. The round skirt has a deep flounce with a heading. The high waist is open in front, and has a deep basque with a ruffle Sleeves with a deep ruffle, headed with two narrow ones.

FIG. 6.—Dress of rose grenadine trimmed with fan-shaped pleatings set on with a bias fold. The tunic, in the form of a tight-fitting casaque, is looped up on each side with an embroidered black silk bow. Toquet of rice straw, with bias bands of rose-silk, and black and white feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.

For new models of hats, fashion seems to have been looking over the portraits of an historical gallery. The Marie Antoinette, Lavalliere, and Fontanges are worn. The toquet is discarded.

For travelling dresses all elaborate trimmings in the way of flutings and ruches are eschewed, the plain toile de laine costumes, trimmed with wide bands of velvet, are the most appropriate of all for anything like a serious journey.

Many ladies prefer black silk. This is ladylike, certainly, but it shows dust more than anything else, with the exception, indeed, of black cashmere or other woollens.

Dust gray is very fashionable this season. If you wish it to be elegant, you may have your costume of twilled foulard. It is a most pleasant material to wear in summer—cool, light, and not liable either to tear or to crumple.

A trimming which is allowable even with a travelling costume is the very deep plissé round the bottom of the skirt. The plissé consists of a strip of the material, from ten to fifteen inches deep, arranged in flat folds, the long way, slightly overlapping one another, and stitched down firmly a short distance from the edge, top, and bottom.

The complete costume consists of a first skirt thus trimmed, of a second skirt, ornamented with a band of velvet, and a double-breasted paletot, loose in front and half-fitting at the back, also trimmed with a band of velvet, and sometimes with silk fringe. The paletot is fastened in front with a double row of velvet buttons; it is sometimes open in front, with rows of velvet.

Black velvet looks well with any color, but the most tasteful style of trimming is that of the same color as the dress, but a shade darker; the fringe may be either light or dark.

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The more fanciful travelling, or rather excursion costumes, are very generally of some pretty fancy material, much trimmed with flutings and crossway bands, with silk pipings of a darker shade, like the walking-costume.

The dress is made with a jacket bodice, dispensing with any separate confection. The basque of the jacket is often lengthened into coat lappets, or else it is a postillion, while the front part is made like a Louis XIV. waistcoat, with a double fluted jabot in front.

For excursions in the mountains, a special costume is made of fine white woollen serge. There is a short skirt, trimmed with five rows of dark, blue velvet of graduated widths. A second skirt is short and bridled in front; it is long behind, but very gracefully looped up with a scarf of blue grosgrain silk, which is also put on over the bodice, across the left shoulder. The bodice is high and plain, with a double row of blue velvet buttons down the front, and a band of blue ribbon, put on so as to simulate an open jacket, rounded off at the sides, and continued behind, round the edge of a postillion basque. This basque forms two double pleats, fastened down with buttons. The sleeves are tight, and trimmed with bracelets of blue velvet, and a ruche of old guipure lace. A similar ruche is placed round the neck.

This costume, completed by a Tyrolese hat of white straw, turned up with blue velvet, and trimmed with bluish-black feathers, is quite distingué. With it must not be forgotten the long walking-stick for climbing mountains, with sunshade of unbleached foulard at the top. Another article of the costume, though it should be invisible, must yet be mentioned; it is the pantalon, of the same material as the dress, which is worn underneath, and comes down almost to the ankle.

White costumes and mantles have never been so fashionable as they are now. They are made not only of white muslin and cambric, but of white woollen tissues, and even of white silk.

The crêpe de chine fichus are very much liked for wearing with a low silk dress. The newest pattern is the sportsman fichu, shaped in front like a waistcoat, opening in front en châle, and prettily draped at the back: it is made of light-colored crape, and edged with Valenciennes lace.

By way of cravats, fashion very much favors the large bow of colored crêpe de chine, edged with silk fringe or with Bruges lace. With the open bodices no cravats properly so called can be worn, but this bow is placed just at the fastening of the bodice—that is, rather low down on the bosom.

White tarlatan plaitings upon black dresses are popular. For tunics and redingotes this style of ornament is invaluable. A bouillonné of white tarlatan, edged with two narrow black silk bouillonnés, is also in vogue; and skirts trimmed in this manner look extremely stylish. These tarlatan plaitings and bouillonnés are infinitely cheaper than rich fringe; but care should be taken to have them fresh, for if they are the least soiled they look miserable.

Contrasts in color are more admissible for children than for ladies this season; and some of the most stylish buff linen suits are trimmed with bias folds of the linen, bound on the lower edge with bright blue, green, or brown alpaca braid. The fold is two inches wide when doubled, and is held on by a plain stitching at the top. Usually there are three folds an inch apart on the lower skirt, with but one on the tunic and jacket. The folds must be perfectly bias, and stitched on very smoothly, neither drawn nor fulled on the skirt. They are less dressy than frills, but are neat and substantial for plain frocks, and, if well put on, are easily ironed. Similar folds of striped percale are used for trimming piqués and brillantés, dotted with the color of the stripe.

Embroidery on the material is the most stylish trimming for white corded piqué dresses. Inserted bands, and edging of white guipure embroidery, and plaitings of white lawn, are also much used. When the dress is washed the lawn plaitings should be kept out of the starch as much as possible, and while being ironed should be constantly moistened with a wet cloth, each plait being laid with precision and ironed flatly. Careless laundresses think this too much trouble, but those more experienced fold the plaits rapidly, and consider the process much easier than fluting frills.

Colored percales look as well as linen, and will wear as long, provided they are carefully washed. The laundress should not be permitted to touch them with soda or soap, but should wash them in tepid soapsuds, in which half a teacupful of salt has been dissolved. They should be dried in the shade and ironed on the wrong side.

Grenadines of soft bright colors, summer silks, and white muslins are selected for dressy attire. These are made with low bodices and worn with white chemisettes. Grenadines are worn over silk slips of the same color. The slip, when made separate, will serve for an under-dress beneath suits of Swiss muslin worn for party dresses. Valenciennes lace and appliqué embroidery trim Swiss muslin. Simply-shaped over-skirts of blue or bright green silk, made with bretelles, and trimmed with ruches of the material ravelled at the edges, are worn with white dresses.

Blonde hair is most often worn flowing in crimps, prepared by being braided the night before. A blue or brown ribbon confines the fluffy front hair. Dark brown and black hair is braided in two long, thick plaits, tied with ribbons.

Bronzed boots are worn with brown or with white dresses; but black kid boots, cut only half high, ornamented with white stitching, and either buttoned or laced on the sides, are more generally adopted. Buff and fawn-colored kids are chosen for toddlers of one or two years. A novelty to be commended is the metallic heel, black, or plated with silver, gold, or nickel. They are less easily trodden over at the sides than leather; but as any metal may be worn away, a ring placed at the bottom of these heels may be turned around, and the pressure brought to bear on another part. They are screwed on, and are easily transferred from one pair of boots to another.

[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—I purchased a Grover & Baker Machine some twelve years since, and it has never been out of order in any way, but has proved very serviceable in my family. I do not know how I could do without it.

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[Announcement.]

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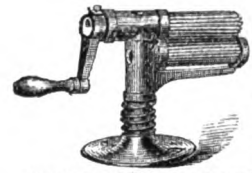

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See New Prospectus on third page of Cover.

Vol. VII. OCTOBER, 1870. No. 10.

THE

Lady's Friend.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

EDITED BY MRS. HENRY PETERSON.

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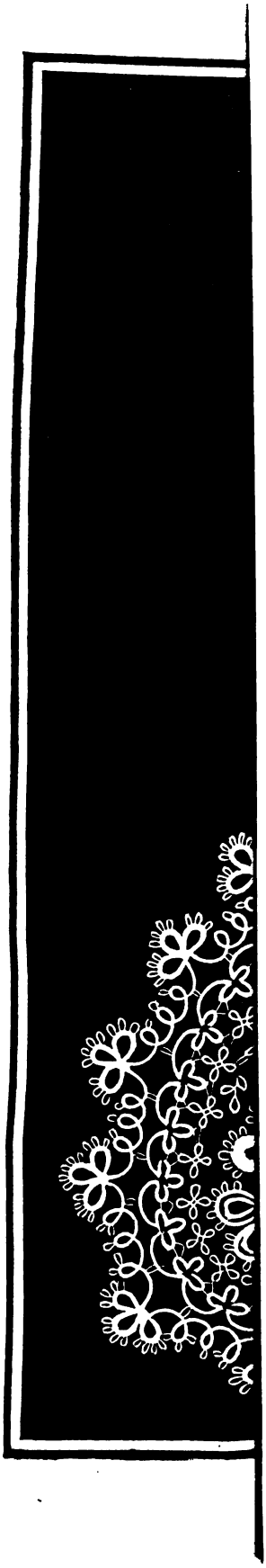

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JEAN.

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Black Lace and Tulle Bonnet.—Bonnet of black tulle and lace, with torsade and rouleau of pink ribbon. One large, full blown rose is placed in front, and a trailing spray of buds and foliage falls at the side. The lace necklet is ornamented in front with a large bow of pink ribbon.

Tyrolese Hat of Brussels Straw, turned up with a bouillon of blue crape; a scarf of the same is arranged round the crown, and a spray of blue convolvulus is placed as an aigrette at the side.

Bodice of Mauve Silk, very open in front, and round basque trimmed with a band and pleating of satin the same shade. Chemisette of muslin, arranged in large pleats, with fluting and band of satin at the top. Medici collarette surrounds the low square bodice.

Low Bodice with waistcoat fronts of white poult-de-soie and revers of blue silk, edged with black lace. Full pleated basque of blue, with large revers on each side, also trimmed with lace.

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AFTERNOON TOILET.—Skirt, with demi-train of green crèpeline, the shade called vert paon; it is bordered with two gathered flounces, the second terminating with a heading. Black spotted tulle tunic, open in front, gathered all round the edge, and having the effect in front of two wide-pointed bouillonnés. It is trimmed with black lace, a cross band of black satin, and a frill of black lace. The points at the sides terminate with a large black satin bow. Black satin waistband with bow at the back and four bows on the front breadth of the skirt. Low square bodice bordered at the top with black lace and a black bias; long sleeves to correspond. Green gauze fichu, trimmed with black lace. Black velvet ribbon, on which a locket is suspended, round the throat. Rice straw Watteau hat, with a tuft of green and black feathers.

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COUNTRY AND WALKING TOILETS.—No. 1. Costume for the country or seaside in Havana mohair and drab foulard. The mohair skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a flounce cut in square tabs to imitate a Greek design, and put on with a fluted heading. Maroon bodice, open en chale, and coat sleeves. Casaque of drab foulard without sleeves. The long basques are cut in large and small tabs, and it is fitted to the waist by a maroon band. Hat of maroon straw with a rose at the side.

No. 2.—Walking toilet. Dress of pearl-gray sultana, with deep flounce at the bottom, ornamented at equal distances by satin bows of the same shade. Tight-fitting casaque forming the second skirt. Waistband of satin, fastened at the side with a bow. Bodice open in front, with revers. Plain sleeves, very large at the bottom. Bonnet of English straw, turned up in front and behind; it is trimmed with a bunch of field-flowers and a scarf of pearl-gray crepe de chine.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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GRACIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

WORDS BY FLORENCE PERCY.

MUSIC BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
Allegany Academy of Music, Friendship, N. Y.

Composed and arranged for the piano forte for "THE LADY'S FRIEND."

Piano.

Is she not ex - ceed - ing fair, Gracie with the golden hair,

Floating round her like the haze Of the In - dian summer days?

Just a ba - by un - de - filed, Dancing, dim - pled, dar - ling child!

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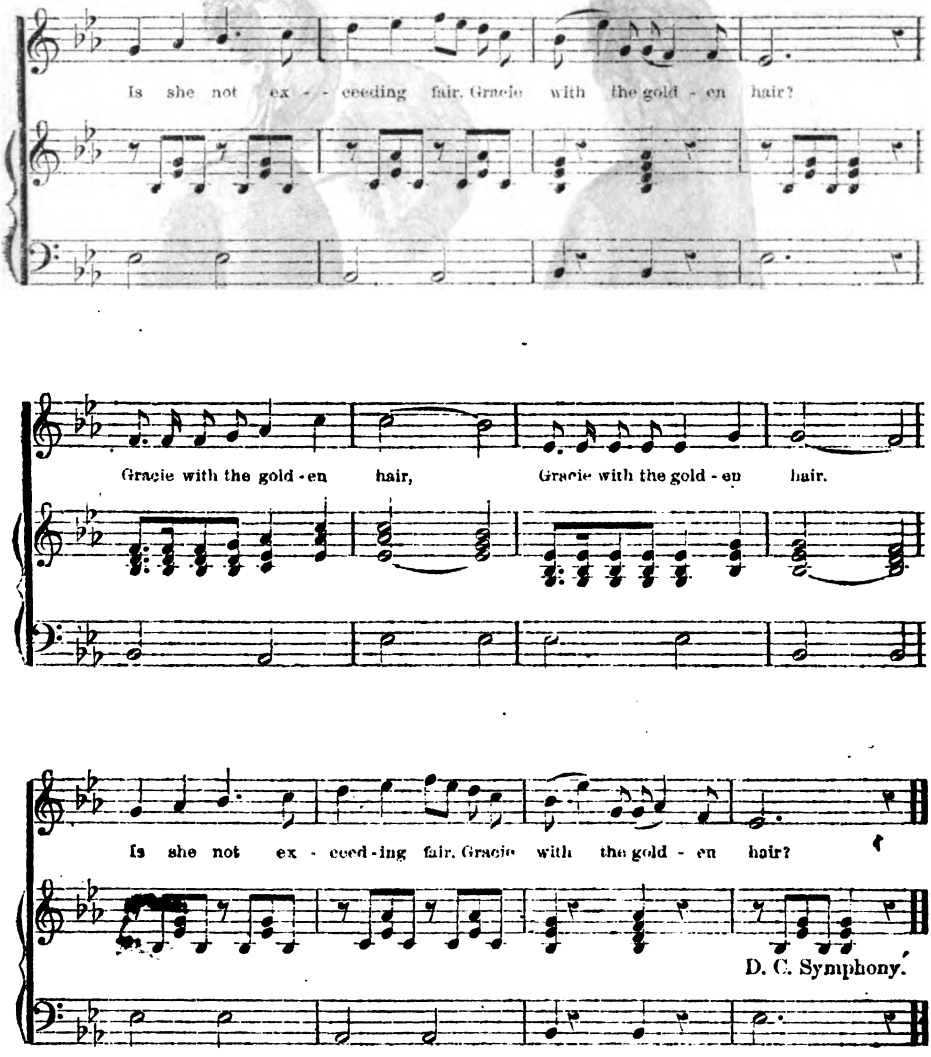

Two short years hath Gracie stayed
In this world of shine and shade,
And her life has been as blest
As a young bird's in its nest,
Shielded safe from want and fear
By the hearts which hold her dear,
Wholly happy unaware,
Gracie with the golden hair.

Never to herself she saith,
"Wherefore life?" or, "Wherefore death?"
Gracie leaves these queries dread
To some graver, older head;
Longing for no morrow's rays,
Mourning for no yesterdays,
She hath neither doubt nor care,
Gracie with the golden hair.

Yet, sometimes, a thoughtful shade
Falls athwart the little maid,
And a tender sadness lies
Deep within her gentle eyes;

But she smiles again ere long,
Carrolling her merriest song,
Like a sparrow in the air,
Gracie with the golden hair.

Gracie hath a pretty face,
Full of sweet, unworldly grace—
Gracie's eyes are tenderest blue,
Limpid as a drop of dew,
And her cheek, so pure it shows,
Something like a fresh, white rose—
Is she not exceeding fair,
Gracie with the golden hair?

And if Gracie—though it seems
Like the shapes in holy dreams—
Be not quite an angel yet,
Wherefore should we feel regret?
For our hearts would all be riven,
Should she fly away to Heaven;
Ah! our souls could never spare
Gracie with the golden hair!

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MOURNING WALKING TOILET.—Dress of black alpaca. The under-skirt is trimmed with two flounces, second skirt is scalloped, and forms a heading to the flounces. Tunic forming three large scallops at the sides; four scallops are simply bound, and three are trimmed with fringe. A large end to the waistband completes this new-shaped tunic. Bodice with plain basque. Hanging sleeves scalloped with flounce underneath. Oval hat of crape, with long crape scarf flowing behind.

VISITING TOILET.—Dress of light Havana poul-de-soie with plain train skirt. Long mantle from the waist of black grosgrain silk, forming a second skirt, with apron front and shawl-shaped behind. Metternich open behind, fitting to the waist by a bow and simulating large sleeves.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1870. [No. 10.

SOLID SILVER;
OR, CHRISIE DEANE'S BRIDAL GIFTS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
Author of "The Debarry Fortune."

(*Continued from page* 574.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.
A PARTY BY CONTRAST.

They went to tea at Mrs. Kirkland's about a week later, the middle of February. Arthur and Lily were brought down to the parlor, as there was no nurse to stay with them elsewhere. And the graceful willow work-stand, with its hosts of odd trifles—for Mrs. Kirkland always had some sewing handy.

"Chrisie is very fashionable, indeed," she thought, when she had sat there for an hour or more, listening to the prattle of the children, and instructing them into the mystery of enjoying pretty things by sight, without fingering them.

At last a light ring at the door-bell.

"I began to fear something had happened," said Mrs. Kirkland, with the daintiest bit of reproach in her voice.

"I didn't mean to be quite so late—I went to inspect some rooms. How bright and well the babies are! You look as cosey as the descriptions in a story-book!"

"Let me take your wraps; I won't trouble you to go up-stairs."

Chrisie's cloak was velvet, her furs ermine—a Christmas present from Dick. And her walking-dress, of Irish poplin, was very handsome, her laces fine.

"What was it about the rooms?" Mrs. Kirkland asked when she returned. "I have wanted to see you so much. The house next to us is to rent."

"Is it?" said Chrisie rather languidly.

"Yes. It would be so pleasant to have you for a neighbor. And three hundred and fifty is quite a reasonable rent, the advancing tendency being considered."

"Mother and I went to look at one in Jay street, at three hundred—not quite so large as this, I think—but the neighborhood is fearful. I can't bear such dingy, tumble-down looking places."

"This street is very nice."

"Yes. Though I am not quite sure I shall go to housekeeping."

"O Chrisie! I don't believe you will like boarding. A house of one's own is so much pleasanter."

"But it is a great deal of work and bother. Mother thinks I might do without a girl, but I really do not see how it is possible."

The Deanes had kept a servant just two years, and Chrisie had not been brought up a helpless, fine lady.

"I did not have any help the first year, nor after Arthur was a year old. But we lived in the house with Mrs. Brewster, who was like a mother to me."

"I shouldn't like the routine of housework," said Chrisie dryly.

"I used to have a woman to wash and iron once a fortnight, and to come in on Saturday mornings. But Arthur's salary was much smaller then."

"How much do you spend, if it isn't impertinent?"

"Arthur gives me a hundred dollars a month

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which covers all the regular household expenses except rent and the coal bill."

"It would be cheaper to board, then," said Chrisie. "I've been into Mrs. Hall's, on Cedar street, that large, double house, you know. I can have a handsome front room on the third floor, and a small bed-room, for twenty-five dollars a week—lights included."

"There will be washing and ironing beside, and some extras."

"But there is a bath-room on the floor, and an elegantly furnished parlor. Mrs. Thorne thinks it a charming place to board. They have every delicacy early in the season."

"I do not believe you will like it as well."

"Isn't there a great deal of romance about housekeeping? It seems to me that washing dishes, sweeping and dusting, isn't particularly lovely work."

Mrs. Kirkland laughed.

"One gets used to it after a little. But you surely could afford a servant."

"Which mother considers utterly ridiculous."

"Then in housekeeping one buys so many things that one hardly feels, and so the house is enriched and beautified without any special effort. You can have visitors with perfect freedom; you can do as you choose without any remark. And men, I believe, always prefer homes of their own."

"Dick has left it all to me, and I think I should like to try boarding."

"But we should so like to have you next door."

"And I want to make mother a nice long visit this summer. One would hate to leave a house alone, or trust it with a servant."

"True."

Chrisie leaned back in her chair and surveyed the rooms. They looked rather plain—common, after the elegance she had seen of late. A small-figured, green Brussels carpet, furniture in black walnut and hair cloth, except a pair of bright ottomans, a large easy chair in crimson plush, and an Oriental chair, for which Mrs. Kirkland had embroidered the centre stripe—her gift to her husband on his birthday. Some pretty chromos, the medallions of Night and Morning, a few brackets carved very prettily, and surmounted by a bust or tiny statue.

A year or so ago she used to think these two parlors pretty enough for any one. What a little goose she had been in taste, and all that! Why, to tell the truth—whispering it softly way down in the depths of her heart—she would feel mortified to ask some of the people she knew to no more stylish place than this.

But Mrs. Kirkland little guessed it as Chrisie chatted of her winter's pleasure, and played with Lily in a most entertaining fashion. Yet somehow, she was not quite like the Chrisie of old.

The gentlemen came in presently. Mrs. Kirkland ran down to see that everything was in order, and rang the tea-bell.

Some most absurd vagaries came into Chrisie's head as she sat at the table. The dining-room was rather small, a space being taken off between the two rooms for pantries. She fancied herself in next door. The ceiling was low, the mantel-piece varnished black. Bouquet-holders as beautiful as hers would be incongruous, but then a person of taste always did want flowers in a dining-room. A sideboard would not show off at all in that corner. And—*her* silver would be lost upon this table. Her beautiful tea-set, her waiter and goblets to stand on the sideboard, her two cake-baskets, her tall, graceful *epergne*, her pretty tea-knives—no, it would never do.

Mrs. Kirkland's best china was white, with a green band, the tea-set costing just thirty dollars. It would look rather poor beside her other adornments. The cake-basket was simple and pretty—but plated; so was the butter-tray, standing on slender, twisted supports. Could she be content with anything like this?

Mr. Kirkland went over all the arguments in favor of housekeeping, and Dick admitted that he would rather have a home of his own. But perhaps it was as well to convince Chrisie by experience that boarding was not a state of heavenly content. And then there was the promised visit at Mount Hope. Altogether, it might be better to wait until fall.

"I feel a good deal disappointed," exclaimed Mr. Kirkland, after the guests had gone. "To tell the truth, I like Chrisie and Dick wonderfully, but they have some grand notions in their heads. The other girls have made such charming wives."

"Chrisie is young yet."

"But Mrs. Prescott, with all her sweetness, is not just the friend and adviser for Chrisie. I could see that she did not consider the next door house *quite* fine enough. And after any one has boarded in a palace, it is hard to come down to a cottage."

"Chrisie will understand life better a year or two hence."

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"Oh! I forgot to mention that Grayson had gone under. Poor fellow, I'm sorry. But there is a bill standing at Heath & Taylor's, for nearly six hundred dollars worth of dry goods since last July, and I heard that her gift to Chrisie had not been paid for. That is strictly confidential, though."

"But it is a shame, nevertheless," said Margaret warmly.

"Yes. I feel almost like telling Dick. It would mortify him awfully for it to get out."

"I think I would," returned Mrs. Kirkland gravely.

And the conclusion of the matter was that Dick begged Mr. Kirkland to step in and settle it as if the money had come from Grayson. Chrisie never knew that her husband paid for that gift.

"I don't know a happier couple than Kirkland and his wife," said Dick, as they were walking home. And I half think we have missed it Chrisie in not taking the house."

"I couldn't endure such a mean little dining-room!"

"Was it small? Why, I did not notice it."

"And no place for a sideboard!"

"Why—a good many people do without. Is it an absolute necessity?"

"It would be with me. I'd rather have less parlor," returned Chrisie dryly.

"Kirkland's income is the same as mine."

"But they have two children."

"And cunning little rogues, too! I wonder why they are so much better behaved than most of the children you see."

"They ought to be paragons, Mrs. Kirkland devotes her whole time to them."

"And yet I do not know a woman who keeps up better with the current literature of the day."

Chrisie was silent. Margaret Kirkland's life did not look as inviting to her as it used.

Mrs. Deane tried her best to persuade Chrisie into housekeeping. They, or she, would remain in the city until April if it was any object.

With all his winter's gayety and expenses, Dick had but a thousand dollars left.

"We couldn't begin to furnish on that," said Chrisie decisively.

Somehow Dick had a romantic leaning toward love in a cottage. Chrisie with her sleeves tucked up, making biscuits and puddings was a favorite fancy picture with him. Of course, he wouldn't want her in the kitchen always, but whatever she made with her slender, white fingers, would be nectar and ambrosia to him.

However, he gave up—he was very indulgent, as I have told you. They took the rooms at Mrs. Hall's, and proceeded to settle themselves.

"We never can sleep in this scrap of a closet," he said after the first night. "Why I felt as if I was in prison! Can't we have the bed moved out and use that for a kind of dressing-room?"

"And have no sitting-room at all?" asked Chrisie in an injured tone.

"Oh! we shall not sit here very much, and the place is nice and large. I'm in dead earnest, Chrisie! I wouldn't sleep there a week for anything. And in summer it will be intolerable!"

Mr. Verner spoke to Mrs. Hall before he went to the bank.

"Oh! of course, the bed could be changed;" with the utmost affability. She would send the servant up this very morning to do it.

Chrisie was a good deal provoked at Dick's summary proceeding. But when she came to unpack her dresses and found no place to hang them, and no corner into which to stow the trunks, her complacency was restored. Out came the bedstead, in went washstand, trunks, hat-boxes, and Dick ordered a long strip of hooks on which to hang feminine apparel.

Chrisie found herself very much crowded in one bureau. Dick's clothes had to remain in the trunk, at which he grumbled a little. But in the course of a week they made themselves quite comfortable.

The boarders were rather stylish people, the parlors quite pretentious, though the Wilton carpet was a little shabby. Chrisie's piano had been sent thither, and was quite a contrast to the thin-voiced instrument at the other end of the room. But it must be confessed that it was not altogether pleasant to have everybody drumming on it. There were some other annoyances. Old Mrs. Hayter, past sixty, but dressing for twenty, with her eye-glass forever in her hand, ready to be applied at every other moment to assist her in staring at the texture of gowns, laces, handkerchiefs, and complexions, and announcing in a confidential whisper that this was imitation—that paint and powder—and these false teeth; and the two rather gushing Callan girls, who were forever putting their arms around the waist of their nearest neighbor, and going into ecstasies. It wasn't quite like a house of one's own.

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In about ten days Chrisie paid a visit to Mount Hope. Mrs. Deane and Lucy had the place in comfortable array. Walter reported on the state of hot-beds, the prospect of fruit, with not a bud to be seen, and took Chrisie a good, long drive. What a splendid, roomy place the house was! And the young wife experienced a little longing for something beside her restricted apartments. Clara and Mary were happy and contented with no sideboard, no great array of solid silver. But then she *had* the silver, she lived in the city, her husband was in a bank, and it behooved her to sustain a certain amount of style. But whether comfort and thorough enjoyment were not of more importance ——?

There she always came to a pause in her reflections.

It was a very busy summer for Chrisie. Mrs. Prescott took a cottage at Long Branch, and besought her to come down as often as she could. Dick escorted her thither one Saturday and left her through the next week. She found out then that she needed some new dresses. It was quite impossible to have a woman come in the house to sew, and she had recourse to Madame Hesse, who was, after all, quite moderate in her charges, compared to a few others. Her last summer's gowns must be altered, and re-trimmed, and to gloves, slippers, and boots there seemed positively no end.

Still, between Mount Hope and Long Branch she had a gay, enjoyable time. True, it made no difference in their board bill, the room had to be kept, the table prepared, and Mrs. Hall was in nowise inclined to suffer.

"Couldn't you get off and go to Newport for a week?" asked Chrisie of her husband, one evening.

"I don't know—really. I take my vacation the first fortnight in August, but I had counted on going up to your father's. Walter says the fishing is splendid! And Newport isn't—much. Long Branch on a little grander scale."

"But I've never seen it. And as Mrs. Prescott says—I may not have as good a chance again in my whole life. I think you might please me, Dick!"

Dick thought he had been pleasing her pretty steadily ever since their marriage.

"You might go—"

"I shall not go alone."

There was a very pathetic little quiver in Chrisie's voice, and it always made Dick feel that he had been doing something dreadful.

"I don't care a penny for Newport."

"You have been there half a dozen times."

Dick smoked on in silence.

Of course he consented at last, and Mrs. Prescott promised to wait. Then the gowns, and ribbons, and laces, and gloves, were gone over again.

Just two days before they started, Madame Hesse's bill came in. One hundred and thirty dollars! It was exorbitant! Chrisie's face was scarlet with indignation.

Then she ran over the items. Black thread lace for trimming one dress, skirt and all, bindings of silk, linings, fringes, buttons—well, perhaps it was right—and she gave a sigh. Instead of going to Newport, she ought to take the money and pay this bill. Two weeks' pleasure at father's would cost them nothing.

But it *would* be so delightful to go! And she might never have another opportunity.

She called on Madame Hesse, and found that the bill might stand two, or even three months. Sometime she would tell Dick about it, and in future be very careful.

In the meanwhile, Dick's summer had not been brimming over with delight. Now and then he thought he might about as well be a bachelor. When he took Chrisie down to Long Branch on a Saturday, she rarely returned until late in the ensuing week. He lounged about evenings, played billiards and drank champagne with his friends, or dropped into Kirkland's.

"How do you manage to keep the children in the city?" he asked of Mrs. Kirkland, as he was taking tea one evening. "Country air can make no prettier red and white than that;" pinching Arthur's cheek.

"They are very healthy children."

"But what *keeps* them so?"

"Good care," said Mr. Kirkland.

"I really think it is more of a worry than pleasure to go to the country with children. You seldom have as much room as at home; you are afraid they will annoy other people, or, perhaps, destroy something of value. They manage to get hold of green fruit, or exhaust themselves with running in the sun, and you find them in the main not much improved."

"That sounds very sensible, Mrs. Kirkland," and Dick laughed.

"But we do have some change. I take the children once a week in the steamboat to Roseville, and give them one good, long, horse-car ride to some of our pleasant suburbs. Then every Saturday we have a drive."

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"So you indulge in a little extravagance, Kirkland?"

"I pay a dollar an hour for a carriage once a week, generally on Saturday. Our dissipations for the whole summer will not cost us much more than a fortnight's board in the country, and we have the comfort of our home."

"Which is a great thing, Kirkland."

There was a little touch of longing in Dick Verner's voice, and his brown eyes grew dreamy.

"I'm absolutely sorry for Dick," said Margaret, after he had gone. "Boarding at Mrs. Hall's doesn't seem to improve Chrisie."

"The world goes crazy on the subject of fashion, and happiness, honor, love, everything is sacrificed to it."

"The great mystery to me is how people can afford all these luxuries."

"They cannot. But men in ordinary circumstances run in debt thirty or forty thousand dollars and fail, thinking nothing of it. Business honor and honesty are at a low ebb. Every one gets the most he can to-day, feeling very insecure about to-morrow. I heard to-day that Grayson had been offered some kind of government position, and had to find bondsmen for thirty thousand dollars. He is at least twenty thousand in debt. You see there is really no premium upon honesty."

Margaret sighed.

Chrisie went to Newport and met Mr. Randolph there, besides other notabilities, and was flattered to her heart's content. They remained two weeks, and spent one hundred and fifty dollars, nearly all the salary for July, and August was but half gone. Then there was half board to pay at Mrs. Hall's—she had generously made that deduction.

Dick drew on his little fund.

"We must begin to economize now, Chrisie," he said soberly.

They went home for the next fortnight. Chrisie was really fagged out, and rest under her mother's wing was most delightful. Dick came up every night, though he had to start at six in the morning to get down in time. But the home-made bread, fresh milk, sweetest of all sweet corn, and deliciously ripe fruit, made amends.

"I'll never spend another summer in a city boarding house!" he said decisively.

Chrisie thought she might venture to pay thirty dollars to Madame Hesse without mentioning it to Dick, though she felt conscience-smitten at having such a secret. And in future she *would* not be so extravagant—that she was determined upon. She made hosts of good resolves, and set about sewing with considerable alacrity and perseverance.

And yet, it must be confessed that she had acquired a distaste for the small commonplaces of life. Dick's love was most tender, but it had lost the flavor of courtship. And the delicate compliments paid by other men, the half envy of less favored women, *were* rather enjoyable.

"I dare say I shall be grave enough when I get older, so there is no sense in taking too much care now," Chrisie thought to herself consolingly.

Ah! was there nothing beyond this butterfly existence? no sacredness in having a man's large and loyal soul laid in one's hands "till death do part?"

CHAPTER V.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE SILVER.

"There is Julia Raynor's wedding card," said Chrisie one evening. "Reception at four. Mrs. Gay said it was to be a grand affair—Duval's band is engaged."

"Not for dancing—in the day time?"

"Oh! no. Simply to discourse sweet sounds. They are going to Europe."

"The sounds?"

Chrisie laughed.

"What shall we give her, Dick?"

"I don't know. Suit yourself."

"She sent me half a dozen dessert forks."

"Send her the same."

"O Dick! that wouldn't do."

"Well—teaspoons."

"The forks cost—at least three dollars a piece, perhaps more," said Chrisie thoughtfully.

"Eighteen dollars. Do you have to give the same value back?"

"I should want to."

"Well." Dick breathed a sigh.

"I should be ashamed to give Julia anything mean."

"But it seems as if she was—rich enough to buy her own silver."

"O Dick! It isn't the—I mean—whether one couldn't afford to buy for one's self, but the interchange of—friendship and all that."

Which incoherent speech Dick answered with a whistle.

Chrisie took several journeys before she could

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decide. It seemed to her that she would much rather use the money in lessening Madame Hesse's bill. She had it down to eighty now.

At last she met with a silver soup-ladle for twenty dollars. I cannot say that she altogether enjoyed buying it, but she knew that Julia was quite given to making remarks in this style—"I gave her such an article, and she sent me this paltry thing in return. Would you have believed it of her?"

And yet Miss Raynor had ten thousand dollars in her own right.

But then Chrisie felt amply repaid when Julia, stealing a moment from the duties of her reception, whispered softly—"You darling, I *must* thank you for your gift! It was so sweet of you. I shall be sure to bring you something from Paris."

Which she forgot, of course.

Chrisie was just over that when another demand came.

"Alice and Harry Fielder have made up, Dick," she announced to her husband. "Alice was in this morning. The conclusion of the matter was very romantic, indeed; but Harry is in a most unearthly hurry to be married, and Alice thinks she will order her trousseau in New York—at least all but her dresses."

"Well, I am rather glad, though Alice is an abominable flirt. Now for some more silver."

"It would never do to treat one's bridesmaid shabbily."

"No. And for Harry's sake we must do the handsome thing."

This time it was thirty-five dollars. And Chrisie longed so for a new dress, too.

She had been very brave and self-denying. One new fall walking-suit of dark-blue ladies' cloth, trimmed with Hercules braid; and then she had made it while visiting at Clara's, with the help of the sewing machine and her sister's dressmaking genius.

And yet—how the money *did* melt away! Now there was an extra charge for fire, and the washerwoman had raised twenty-five cents on the dozen, and you were taxed on every side for something. Then Madame Hesse became urgent for a settlement. She had been quite willing to let the account stand while the customer appeared a profitable one.

Chrisie had pinched to the utmost, made her old gloves and boots do double duty, walked when she wanted to ride, given up cream and candies, and here was still fifty-three dollars due. When would she get it paid?

"I made a cool fifty to-day," said Dick, brushing out his bronze beard. "Ray came in on Tuesday, frantic for a hundred and fifty dollars, having an important speculation on hand. I let him have it for three days, on condition that I went shares, not dreaming that he would do half as well. He made four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh! that is royal. Why can't you do some of those things, Dick?"

The sweet, pleading face was enough to tempt any man.

"I can't say that I quite like it, Chrisie. It is too absorbing—too dangerous. A man always ends by going farther than he intended."

"But it seems such an easy way of making money. And if you were prudent——"

"You wouldn't like to have me up for forgery, or hear of an astounding bank defalcation—Richard Verner, a man of hitherto unblemished reputation, and all that!"

"Oh! don't." The tears almost came into Chrisie's eyes.

"I never shall if I keep my senses."

"But if you were in some business, Dick! The worst of a salary is that it seldom gets any larger."

"But it is necessary to have money before you can go into business. Some people manage to save; but I believe we belong to the spendthrift species," and he laughed.

"Oh! Collamore was in to-day," and gave me an invitation to Bertha's silver wedding," he went on, as an after thought.

These were two of Dick's dearly loved cousins.

"Some more silver, then," and Chrisie's smile was rather faint.

"Yes. Bertha sent one of our cake-baskets; but if she had never given us a penny's worth, I should like to do it out of love."

"Yet she has almost everything."

"I like those bouquet-holders of yours so much. Dear! I wish we had a house where our pretty things might see daylight."

Chrisie sighed.

"So you may spend twenty-five for the gift, and have the rest to buy snuff and pins."

"Thank you."

"And now the bill was thirty, and it only wanted ten days of Christmas. She must give Dick something.

It was no more costly gift than a pair of gloves and a box of handkerchiefs, but she embroidered his initials in the corner.

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They went home to "father's" for a Christmas dinner, and had a grand, good time.

"I suppose you will go to housekeeping this spring," said Mrs. Deane to her daughter. "Dick would enjoy it so much, and you could live more cheaply."

"I don't know," returned Chrisie, dubiously.

"There never was a year in which we spent two thousand dollars—with the children and all."

"But everything is so much dearer!"

"And father could spare you quantities of vegetables. I do believe we shall about make our living this year. We had so much fruit for sale, and the hay was excellent. Next year Walter means to go into the berry business."

"I'm glad to have you do so well."

"And I want to see you really settled for once. Boarding-house life is not good for young married people."

"I can't see that it has hurt us."

"But other people might," said the mother, softly, with a little pain at her heart.

Mrs. Deane certainly had talked Dick into it, for Chrisie heard nothing else during the next week.

When his December's salary was paid, he had to purchase a new coat, so Chrisie debated within herself whether she could do anything for Madame Hesse. She had promised her the balance of the bill, positively.

On the evening of the third of January Dick came home earlier than usual. Chrisie was in the parlor gossiping with a small group over the register. She often waited down here, but now it would be a good half-hour before tea time, so she tore herself away reluctantly.

Dick gave her a cold, little kiss as she entered the room. His face was flushed and his eyes sparkling.

"Chrisie, what is the meaning of this?" and he took a slip of paper out of his memorandum book.

She might have fancied it an intercepted love-letter, only her conscience was quite clear on this point. But oh! and she started with pain and shame at the well known cramped hand—Madame Hesse's bill! She was speechless with dismay.

"You never did run up an account like that and let it stand? Last July! Chrisie——"

Ah, it was too evident.

"The mean, treacherous thing!" burst from her quivering lips.

"No, Chrisie, when a woman doesn't pay her debts in six months, they ought to be sent to her husband."

"But I was trying to——"

"Why didn't you tell me of it when it first came in?"

Anger, shame, and wounded pride struggled in her soul.

"And how you could have run up such a bill as that last summer—but you went to Newport, didn't you?"

The taunt was bitter, and hard for her to bear.

"It is no more than other women do," she retorted, her eyes flashing. "And since last July I have not had one dollar's worth of dress-making done."

"But it is true? There is not an item in it to dispute?"

"No," rather sullenly.

"Well, Mrs. Verner, in future you will let no bills of any kind stand. I am ashamed that my wife should have been in debt for six months or more to any person. And I think—considering our circumstances—that it is a pretty large account. However, it is paid."

He offered her the bill, and she thanked him coldly. She could almost have torn Madame Hesse in pieces. That the woman should have dared to take such a step!

Dick felt a good deal hurt.

"Oh, Chrisie," he said, presently, "why didn't you tell me sooner? Its the lack of confidence that pains me so cruelly!"

She turned. Her own darling, generous Dick! And then her face, full of tears, was hidden upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Dick! it has troubled me so. I didn't dare—it was so much larger than I imagined—and I've kept paying as I could."

This between her sobs.

"Did the bill come in before we went to Newport?"

It was a sore temptation to say "No."

As if he guessed, he rejoined softly—"Tell me the truth, my darling."

"It did, Dick. I know we ought not to have gone, but I wanted to so very much, and then I was all ready. And I've pinched every way the whole fall and winter to make it up."

"The truth is, Chrisie, that we lived quite beyond our means last summer. We are poor people, and cannot compete with Mrs. Prescott. I was angry about the bill, for the want of confidence was a severe blow, and so I dare say I've been unreasonable."

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"I deserved every word. I never had the courage to tell it, although it has been like a horrible weight upon my conscience. And you need not fear that I shall ever do it again. It has been a bitter, bitter lesson!"

He kissed her tenderly.

"I never was in debt myself, and I have such an unconquerable aversion to accounts left standing for months. I want to know what I have, and what I can spend."

Just then the tea-bell rang.

"I have ever so much more to say," and he smiled a little. "We have both been rather wild, and need to turn over a new leaf."

Chrisie bathed her eyes and went down to supper. She did not loiter in the parlor afterward, but had a good, serious talk with Dick.

"We certainly ought to keep our expenses inside of my salary," he said. "We cannot economize any in board, for that is a fixed fact, and it does seem to me that we had better go to housekeeping. If the Kirklands can live on a hundred dollars a month and pay their servants wages, surely we might, and have much more comfort."

What could Chrisie do but acquiesce.

She had not seen very much of Mrs. Prescott this winter. That lady had been to St. Louis and New Orleans, accompanying her husband on some business trips, and now went to Washington. Chrisie had been forced to decline some rather stylish parties on account of not having new dresses, and perhaps a little because Dick would not go.

Then they began house-hunting. Some places were too small, others too old-fashioned, and the desirable ones too expensive. Four hundred dollars was the utmost limit for rent.

"Ransom made me an offer to-day," he announced to Chrisie. A cottage-house on Winter street that he will sell for five thousand dollars, one thousand down, and the remainder, interest and principal, five hundred yearly. Every twelve months the interest would decrease and the principal gain. Very likely in five years I should have it clear."

Chrisie went to look at it. A pretty, moderate sized parlor, dining-room back of that and kitchen in the rear, besides a basement wash-room. On the second floor three nice chambers and a roomy clothes press, and a servant's room in the attic.

A snug little place, but the ceilings were low, the folding doors narrow, the wood work very plain, and only one marble mantel. Mr. Gage, a real estate agent, boarding at the house, ridiculed the idea of its being a bargain.

"Ransom built the five houses in that row and he has had hard work to sell them at any price," he commented rather sneeringly.

"And if we bought the house what would we do about furniture?"

"True." Dick sighed a little.

Then Chrisie was sick with a cold and fever and as soon as she could go out Mother Deane came and took her home.

The season did fair to be very early. Already March gave suspiciously bland days. But Chrisie seemed to be weak and nervous, and finally Mrs. Deane proposed that she should remain home during the summer. If Dick thought it too much of a tax to come up every night, he might at least spend Sundays.

So they gave up the rooms at Mrs. Hall's and Dick persuaded the Kirklands to take him in when he needed shelter. He would be at Mount Hope the greater part of the time.

Mr. Deane utterly refused any remuneration.

"You have your expenses, going up and down," he said, "and we are blessed with an abundance of everything. My children may as well have a little now as to wait until I am done with it."

Chrisie found it rather quiet and monotonous, but then she felt somewhat languid in soul and body, and she would hardly have enjoyed the dancing or driving at Long Branch, had there been any one to invite her thither. Mrs. Prescott went to Europe in April, with a wealthy widowed sister, and had rented her house furnished to some cousins.

Chrisie made ready bed and table linen, quilts and comfortables. Mary and Clara came over to help, Doctor Adams took her out when the others were busy, until she learned to drive, and then it was a great pleasure to go down to the station for Dick. He, happy fellow, was in clover, and talked laughingly of the time when he should be able to retire.

A most delightful summer it proved. And in September a little son was born to Richard Verner, the finest and handsomest of the grandchildren.

Mrs. Verner went down to Franklin the last of October to see about a house. A rather pretentious row had been erected during the summer, and, business being dull, were offered low—at three hundred and fifty dollars. Chrisie was taken with the place at once. A stylish parlor, with cornice and centre-piece, a dining-room

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at the back, with a basement kitchen, made convenient by means of a dumb waiter. One large room and three small ones up-stairs, and a low third story, finished.

"You don't want such a great house," argued her mother.

"I may as well have a large one as a small one, since it costs no more," was her reply.

She found a very nice nurse for her baby, a young country girl lately orphaned, who had conceived a great affection for pretty Mrs. Verner.

"Though furnishing will be such a care and nuisance," exclaimed Dick, "I wish that could be done. We have saved almost enough money to set us up in style."

Mr. Deane gave Chrisie a hundred dollars. She was quite elated, and in excellent health and spirits.

I ought to tell you that she had learned some useful lessons by the past. She did consider herself quite improved; but she still had her elegant silver, and the house must be furnished to suit that. She could not disgrace her bridal presents by anything mean.

Mrs. Deane superintended the kitchen department, and soon had that in working order.

"It would be good enough to eat in on all ordinary occasions," she said; "only I never did like underground rooms.

"It will do for awhile," answered Chrisie, desiring not to alarm her mother by the grandeur of her half matured plans.

The second story room ran across the entire front. This Chrisie chose for sleeping apartment and nursery until baby should be larger. There was plenty of closet room, and a wardrobe adjoining. A small room in the third story was furnished for Jane. With her hundred dollars, Chrisie purchased a set of chamber furniture, and selected a pretty light ingrain carpet.

Though in her heart she resolved to make a change as soon as possible. Nothing less than black walnut would do for steady company.

At this juncture Mrs. Deane returned home. Chrisie and Dick spent their first evening alone, discussing carpets for the rooms below.

"Brussels carpet wears so much better," she said. "And since the rooms will open into each other, they must be alike."

Dick did not demur. They went out the next day and inspected various patterns and styles. Trade was exeeedingly dull, so they were offered a bargain. The clerk was ordered to come and measure rooms, halls, and stairs. After this was finished it would be time enough to select furniture.

And then a very fortunate incident occurred, Chrisie thought. The Irvings, who had been keeping house barely eighteen months, wished to sell out, having received an advantageous offer to go abroad.

"It is so out of season for an auction," said Mr. Irving, "that we should have to fairly give the things away. I think I can make it too good for you to refuse. Come round and see."

So they went round. Mrs. Irving, a flighty little body, with her head full of Paris and fine dresses, was ready to persuade Chrisie into anything. There was the drawing-room suite in green plush, with two *tete-a-tetes*, and four fancy chairs beside. Neither husband nor wife could remember what it cost, but would three hundred dollars be dear? That certainly was higher than Dick had intended to go. There was the dining-room furniture—extension-table, sideboard and chairs—say about one hundred and thirty for that. Then there were several chamber suites. Chrisie looked at the black walnut with longing eyes. It was *so* elegant. Almost everybody *did* have black walnut—you were hardly considered respectable in anything else.

Mrs. Irving remembered that it cost two hundred dollars. She had it made to order. Put it at one hundred and fifty, and the drawing-room suite at two seventy-five. Mr. Irving was very urgent.

"You'll never meet with such a bargain again, Dick, I can tell you."

Chrisie thought so, too, going home.

"The question with me is whether we really do need such handsome furniture," Dick answered soberly.

"But we may spend almost as much money, and not get nearly so good. If we get commoner, we shall want to change by and by, and it seems to me that it is cheaper to get good in the beginning, and something of which you will never be ashamed."

"But then we shall want everything else handsome," and he laughed.

"But, Dick, we have been so very economical the past summer. I haven't had a dress in a year that cost over ten dollars." But there had been the baby's elegant wardrobe, which she forgot at the moment.

It was so easy to be talked into this matter, so hard to refute Chrisie's plausible arguments.

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And they finally concluded to take not only those, but a Brussels bed-room carpet, which swelled the bill to six hundred dollars.

But then parlor and dining-room were undeniably elegant. She had something to match the silver now. Then she changed the appointments of her room, and felt most happy at the picture of Brussels and black-walnut.

"And that gives us our spare room," she said, quite elated. It certainly did look very pretty in her discarded furniture. But since she must use her apartment for a nursery, it was necessary that callers should see the best.

"But we have spent nearly all our money, and the carpet bill has not come in yet," returned Dick rather lugubriously.

"I mean to be *very—very* economical," she made answer, with her sweetest smile, and somehow Dick couldn't preach a sermon under those bewildering eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

A bill of two hundred and ninety dollars, and one hundred and twenty toward paying it. The month's salary pretty well spent; coal, groceries, and various little odds and ends needed, and most of all, a China set, for this white-ware, although the prettiest of French China, was not the real thing after all. If they only had another thousand dollars!

The silver came home from the bank after two years' storage. How handsome it was! Chrisie's eyes sparkled with delight, and then friends began to drop in, many of them out of curiosity. She was glad to look so stylish, and displayed her house with no small degree of pride. Her baby certainly was a splendid little fellow.

She found it difficult to do with only one girl; but then Jane was willing, handy, and adored her young mistress. Chrisie had not been brought up in ignorance. She could cook quite well, and do almost any kind of housework. Mrs. Deane had taken care that her daughters should not be helpless, fine ladies.

But Chrisie did not take to it kindly, after her two years of ease. She liked to see everything neat and orderly; to have the meals well cooked and well served; but the drudgery came very hard. Jane rose early and prepared breakfast. After two or three trials they decided not to have it in the dining-room, on account of the extra work. The kitchen being nice and fresh, and Jane such a tidy maiden, it was very cosey and comfortable, and saved a deal of running up and down stairs.

Mr. Deane sent his daughter a bountiful Christmas. Potatoes, apples, vegetables of all kinds, and some fine poultry; while Mrs. Deane added preserves and canned fruit. Clara and Mary both made sundry additions to the stock.

"It quite sets us up, Dick," exclaimed Chrisie, with delight. "All these things cost so much in the city, and country folks have such an abundance of them. And I showed father all through the house."

"He thought we were rather grand for poor people, didn't he?"

"I don't consider us exactly poor," said Chrisie, meditatively.

"I shall feel poor until I am out of debt."

Chrisie wished from the bottom of her soul that he would not keep harping continually upon being in debt.

"Dick," she said, a day or two after, "Charley Baker was in here this morning. He and a Mr. Morehouse have taken the store in which they were clerks, and he asked for our trade. I'd like to have one particular store, and not run all over."

"To cheapen everything?"

"That isn't my style. I want good articles and am willing to pay a fair price."

"The most satisfactory in the end."

"And he said that many of their best customers settled but once a month. I think that is very convenient."

"And a great temptation to buy a good deal. However, it is the easiest way, unless you always go to the store yourself. As well trade with him as anybody, I suppose."

The first of January, besides his salary, Dick received a present of seventy-five dollars.

"We ought to buy a picture with that," said Chrisie.

"I think instead I will pay seventy-five dollars on the carpet. Allen, like a good fellow, told me not to distress myself, but I want to be straight with the world as soon as possible."

Chrisie felt a little bit disappointed. They had a few choice chromos and engravings, fancies of Dick's bachelor days. But there were not half enough.

They had quite a number of New-Year's calls. To be prepared for such an emergency Chrisie had provided suitable entertainment. Clara came down to spend two or three days, and heartily enjoyed her sister's elegance.

Mr. Kirkland was among the callers. Margaret had not yet found time to pay her respects to the young housekeeper.

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"I suppose Chrisie looks lovely in her small palace?" she inquired of her husband as they sat at breakfast the next morning.

"Yes. They have furnished very handsomely, indeed. Chrisie wants us to come to tea. Only you must promise not to be discontented with your own plain surroundings."

Margaret laughed cheerily.

"I only ask for your success, Arthur, and am quite willing to wait."

"Dick told me in confidence that they bought most of their furniture from a friend who was going abroad, and did not give more than two-thirds of its value. But I can't help wishing that he had made as great an effort to buy the cottage of Ransom."

"I really do not believe Chrisie would have been happy there."

"And the Deanes were always such plain people!"

The Kirklands paid the visit before very long. Margaret was delighted with the lady, and had no words for the house. It was beautiful and in excellent taste, for Chrisie had not fallen into the blunder of buying cheap or second-hand ugliness.

"We want a good many things yet, little fancy articles and ornaments that give a place that pretty home-like look, and pictures, and curtains. Then I actually haven't a bit of China, but one can't get everything on a little money. Margaret, did you never long to be rich, and feel as if a life of poverty is of small account?"

"My life has been so busy and happy that I have hardly had time to think that far," she answered with a smile.

"I'm sure I don't know how I came by such cultivated tastes, unless it is a part of my musical temperament; but some deprivations *would* render me miserable. I want everything to be harmonious. Now these white shades, which are very fashionable, look so unfinished to me without curtains."

"Yet a thing can be simple and harmonious," said Margaret softly.

"But simple things are nearly always cheap, and say what you will, there is a certain commonness in cheap articles. It is like real and imitation laces."

"And a great many people must be content with imitation lace."

"I would rather not have any. I do detest shams of all kinds!" said Chrisie energetically.

"Is there not such a thing as carrying the matter too far? Even our servant girls insist upon real laces and grosgrain silks. I think there is a good deal of cheap beauty in the world, a great comfort to people with small incomes."

"I will say that I could not be satisfied with it. If I can have but little, I *must* have that little good."

Margaret smiled inwardly. Chrisie would not be satisfied with a *little* that was good, but wanted an abundance of it.

The tea-table was in exquisite array. The beautiful damask cloth, the lovely silver service, cake-basket, knives and forks, and a bouquet-holder, with a cluster of deep, red roses, half blown. Chrisie had paid half a dollar for them that very morning. Then she looked so elegant in her soft green dress and shining hair, and Jane was the deftest of handmaidens.

"I really feel as if I had been to a party," said Margaret laughingly, as she walked home beside her husband. "I do wonder how they managed?"

"Dick had saved up a little, you know."

"One nice thing in Chrisie is her not feeling very grand. Some women would be wonderfully lifted up. And another trait makes me smile. It is getting so fashionable now-a-days to discard the idea of economy, and make everything a matter of taste. If a person does not wear the finest of all *real* articles, it is because she is lacking in that most important requisite—taste. If she does not have soft carpets, beautiful pictures, luxurious chairs, and——"

"Solid silver," laughed her husband.

"Yes, that is just it. Now I think our plated silver does very well for our circumstances. I do not feel mortified when I use it, or envy my richer neighbors, because I consider your prosperity and our children's welfare are of more importance than the verdict of a few people, who at heart care very little for me. Only yesterday Carry Harlan was in, and, looking at my Christmas gift, said—'What *did* make Mr. Kirkland get that "basket of peaches." It is in every shop window and in two-thirds of the parlors. I have a friend who had nearly the first one out, and she sold it a few days ago for half price. It has become so *very* common.'"

"And what did you say to that?"

"My reply was that I should always like the picture for its glow of late summer beauty, and because you had remembered a wish of mine in purchasing it."

"Then she did not discourage you?"

"No, although she said—'That is the worst

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feature in chromos—their continual replication. People of refined taste will have to go back to oil paintings.'"

"Copies of the old masters," and Mr. Kirkland laughed.

"But it is rather hard that we cannot enjoy our poverty contentedly without being considered deficient in taste and refinement."

Chrisie and Dick packed up their silver again. It was kept in a small closet just off of their sleeping-room. When it first came home Chrisie had felt quite troubled.

"Clara always was in such a worry about robbers," she said.

"It stands us in hand to be careful."

So they discussed a hiding-place, and finally hit upon this closet. Chrisie found two old hat-boxes, which she lined with cotton wool, and packed in her choice silver.

"They would never think of anything valuable being there," she exclaimed exultantly.

"And be sure to lock the door. Stragglers sometimes manage to creep in during the day-time."

They restored it to its former place, and the silver basket containing that in ordinary use was deposited on its usual shelf. Afterward Chrisie took up her sleeping babe, who had been laid in the cradle still dressed.

"Dick," she said, as he stretched himself out and began to read the paper, "I feel as if I *must* have a sewing machine. I became so used to Clara's last summer, that I hardly know how to get along by hand. And Margaret says it is quite impossible. Her first Christmas present from Mr. Kirkland was a sewing machine."

"You'll have to wait a bit, dear."

"But we could pay for one by instalments."

"Not now," said Dick.

"But the sewing is so dreadfully behindhand. All my dresses want altering and trimming, and I could do most of it myself if I had a machine."

"Chrisie, I've resolved that I will not run in debt another dollar until all back accounts are paid. I do not want to spend that much money."

"Then I *must* have a dressmaker."

"I don't see anything at fault with your dresses. I'm sure you looked pretty enough to-night."

"And this is the only decent one I have."

"Well, my dear, I cannot do it for you now, so do not ask me."

Chrisie dropped a tear on her baby's soft, golden hair. How foolish Dick was on some points!

Her first impulse was to pack up her old dresses and send them to some dressmaker; then her experience with Madame Hesse deterred her. People of that kind made you pay so enormously for trimmings. And a friend recommended some one else as being very excellent.

She came and stayed a week. A really wonderful woman for making old gowns into new ones. Chrisie was delighted to have five dresses in order, looking fresh and tasteful. But on Saturday night there was twelve dollars to pay.

Dick took it good-naturedly, and grumbled not a word.

By April, to Chrisie's great satisfaction, they were out of debt. She had managed to get a few small household luxuries, as Dick never questioned her very closely. And now she felt quite elated.

But how the money *did* go! Here was baby needing everything; and she, after the manner of women, had nothing to wear.

Of course, Chrisie couldn't stay in the city all summer with Baby Charlie. So the first of July they went home to mother's. Chrisie was growing quite thin and pale.

"You take life too hard," her mother said. "Chrisie, you are wearing and worrying yourself out for the sake of show."

"I'm sure we live wonderfully quiet. I have not been to a party this whole winter. But it is hard work to take care of Charlie."

Mrs. Deane sighed. Mary was rosy and young as a girl, in spite of her four children.

"It *is* hard getting along with one servant. I either have to do the work or tend Charlie."

"And I never had a servant at all, except a woman to come in and wash. But I didn't have such a great house to take care of. Women of to-day want everything, and then slave themselves to death keeping it in order."

"But you can't be odd, and unlike every one else."

"I think I would be comfortable."

Chrisie was silent. Her mother's old-fashioned ways and enjoyments would not do for her. Society changed continually, and one must pay a little regard to social customs.

And yet the old-fashioned ways were delightful, she was forced to confess. Everybody at Mount Hope, who did not take summer boarders, seemed to have such an easy, jolly time. True, their gowns were not always of the latest style, and they were not given to Brussels

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carpets, nor black walnut bed-room suites; but they seemed to enjoy as refreshing slumber.

"I really wonder that you don't brighten up a little," she said to Clara. "You and Tom are so young, and you have so much city company."

"What would be the use? I should think I was losing my senses if I bought a quantity of stylish furniture for these old-fashioned rooms. Grandma Bristowe likes it just as it was in her son's time, and would be lost in any change. After they are gone, I suppose Tom will build a new house, but while they are alive I shall not disturb them by being a fashionable, fine woman. And I've noticed that every one always likes to come here. Why, the Van Alstons offered Tom seventy-five dollars to board them—four people and a servant."

"What a nice thing it is to be rich!"

"Well, it is pleasant to have what you want. But if I had to take Fanny Van Alston's life, have her changes, and worries, and servants, and perpetual care, for fine clothes, I should say ——"

"Give me liberty or give me death!" said Tom's rollicking voice, as he leaned his elbows on the window-sill, and commenced whistling to Charlie.

When Chrisie went home in September, the whole house was to be aired and renovated. They had a brawny Irishwoman for a week, who broke the pitcher belonging to Chrisie's pretty China toilet set, three of their cut-glass goblets, a dinner dish, and several kitchen articles. As an offset, she cleaned and scoured like a Trojan.

Then Mrs. Verner happened to meet with a small girl, who was homeless and friendless, and took her in to look after Master Charlie. Dick surprised her by the gift of a sewing machine, and now Chrisie thought she might begin to live.

Dick brought home a letter one evening. "Cousin Al Lawrence and his wife are coming to make us a visit, if it is convenient."

"Of course it will be," said Chrisie, who had seen and liked Al immensely. But Mrs. Albert was an heiress, and came of one of the first families in Baltimore. Moreover, the Lawrences had sent them some silver.

"When will they come?"

"Next week. There is the letter."

Chrisie read the gay, chatty epistle, and felt that she should be in quite nice order to receive them. And then she bethought herself—not a bit of China yet!

"Dick," she said the next night, "we really ought to have some decent dishes. Our silver is so beautiful, and our glass very nice, at least."

"What's the matter with our dishes?"

"Oh, Dick! Those common things! I do like pretty table appointments, and people are always sure to criticize articles that are not in keeping."

"The Lawrences spend ten thousand a year, at the very least. You don't expect us to vie with them, Chrisie?"

"No. But for my *own* sake I'd like to have the China. It always mortifies me to see such incongruity. A silk gown and cotton laces. As if one did not know any better!"

"And because people have given us handsome silver, which we seem to have to pay back in different ways, we must get everything else expensive!"

"Oh, Dick, dear, do be reasonable."

"If I had the money, you might buy it tomorrow."

"Now listen, please, that's a darling. I've tried to be very economical all summer, and bought only two inexpensive dresses, and done nearly all my sewing myself. It seems as if I might be indulged a little."

This winsome, pleading way of Chrisie's was pretty hard for Dick's firmness. You could see the wavering light in his eyes.

"I dropped in Kenny's to-day, for there was such a lovely set of China in the window, as clear as crystal, with just a salmon-colored band, exceedingly neat and rich looking. There is a perfect tea and dinner set—soup, and oyster, and dessert dishes. And he said I might have it for one hundred and thirty dollars."

Dick gave a prolonged whistle.

Chrisie went on undaunted.

"And he said that a great many well to do people paid these large sums by instalments. He offered me the set for thirty dollars a month, without my saying a word. Oh, Dick, if you only *would* let me," and there was a tremble in Chrisie's voice. "I'm sure I could pay it as we went along, and we would hardly feel it."

"You know what I said, Chrisie!"

"But it really doesn't seem like running in debt. I'm sure people buy houses when they cannot pay down the entire sum."

"This is a luxury, not a necessity."

"And I'll make my old dresses do this winter."

"Oh, Chrisie, dear, don't tease me."

Chrisie might have been a little cross and sulky, but instead she was very sweet—so sweet that the day before the Lawrences came he

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stopped at Kenny's and ordered the China sent home, paying down forty dollars.

The Lawrences were a very charming, generous couple. Every day Albert had a horse and carriage and took the ladies to ride; Mrs. Lawrence bought Baby Charlie a host of pretty things, and the visit was most delightful. Mrs. Lawrence admired the house, the silver, the China, and went into ecstasies over Chrisie's beautiful voice.

Chrisie gave a small tea-party of the very *elite* of their friends, and it was a success in every point of view. Then at parting, Laura gave her a beautiful necklace, and insisted that the first time Dick could get away they should come to Baltimore, for the Lawrences had a country as well as a town house.

But the butcher's and grocer's bills went up frightfully during that fortnight. Chrisie nearly always paid them, and Dick being quite engrossed, never asked to see them. The month's rent was paid, the thirty dollars to Mr. Kenny, the butcher's bill, and there Chrisie had to pause. It would not do to be without money, for there was still servants' wages, gas, and little odds and ends.

"But she has given Charlie almost fifty dollars' worth of things," thought Chrisie, though I should not grudge the money if she had done nothing at all, we did have such a delightful time."

So she set herself about making them, and announced triumphantly to Dick that they would have to buy Charlie nothing but shoes and a pair of leggings this winter.

Dick was well-pleased to see her so happy. Her two servants did nicely, and Charlie was growing into the cunningest little mischief you could imagine.

Still Chrisie found it very hard to give up the dresses. She furbished over cloth and poplins, and as double skirts were just coming into vogue, made one trim another. But if she only *could* have a new silk dress, for she was being asked out to parties where her white silk was rather too grand to wear, and the others hardly nice enough. She kept her longings and heartburnings to herself, however, and looked at shop windows with a secret pang, comforting herself with the thought of having the China.

The lease of their house expired in January, and the rent was raised one hundred dollars. It had been undeniably cheap before.

"I really cannot afford to pay so much," said Dick gravely.

But the expense of moving, the alteration, the refitting of carpets, and the general discomfort was terrible to think of. It would cost as much, or more, by the time they were settled anew.

Mr. Verner proposed to take a lease for three years, but the landlord was quite too wary. Provisions were more costly—indeed there seemed to be a general advance in everything except salaries.

"Mrs. Gordon has just been buying a new set of China," remarked Chrisie one evening. "She gave one hundred and sixty dollars, and it is not as elegant China as ours. That certainly *was* a bargain."

Dick smiled rather grimly.

(*To be continued.*)

MY LIFE.

BY NINA OWEN.

Like a sweet dream my little life glides on—
So calm, so fair;
Onward my bright barque idly, softly floats—
No woe, no care;
Sunshine and gladness beam along my path—
No gleam, no shade;
Of one enchanted golden thread alone
My life seems made.

Friends are beside me who can read my faults,
Yet love me still;
Hearts of affection with a silent power
Charm every ill;
By dear companions, mirthful as myself,
I am caressed;
Mother and father, brothers, sisters dear,
With all I'm blest.

And if the future still another gift,
(Dearer than these,)
Lavishes on my then perfected life,
Still may it please
My grateful heart to give no *second* place
To Him above,
Who thus is making beautiful my life
Through His great love.

But 'mid it all, forever, may I send
Off'rings of praise,
To God who guides my hasty, heedless feet,
Through wand'ring ways;
Whose tender mercy, mourning o'er my sins,
Yearns to forgive;
Who blesses me with health and happiness,
In whom I live.

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THE GREEN VAULT.

BY HARRIE BOYER.

At Dresden we went to see what some one disrespectfully calls "The Play-House of the Saxon Kings." Guide books call it "The Green Vault," though why a perfectly respectable series of first floor apartments should be termed a "vault," is beyond conjecture.

We were admitted through the archway of the palace—called, by courtesy, the gate—by a stunted sentinel, who showed not the slightest disposition to place any obstacle in our way, which did not strike me at all at the time, and did strike me as very remarkable just afterward, as we shall see. The court-yard of the palace is paved with dingy brick, the walls are peeling off, and the *tout ensemble* most unroyal. We were admitted through a side door into a small hall or vestibule, furnished meagrely with desk and chairs. A little, old, owlish-looking man blinked at our permits, allowed us to transcribe our names in the Visitors' Book, took with careful circumspection a bunch of keys from their accustomed hook, unlocked a door, and—*le voila!*

Fancy Aladin's Cave swept and garnished, hung with a continuous range of mirrors, lit by a large window, all the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, sapphires, topazes, garnets, and amethysts, instead of being heaped about in ill-bred and bewildering confusion, carefully ticketed and laid on beds of regal velvet, behind glass doors! Fancy caskets studded with precious stones, a necklace composed of twenty-five brilliants, each one nearly an inch long and half an inch wide—crowns, tiaras, scabbards, sword-hilts, shoulder-knots, stars and crosses, and orders of diamonds, with only sufficient setting to give them stress, and individual stones of intrinsic integrity and world-wide reputation, besides the black brilliants and pink topazes, the *lusus naturæ* of that species of creation.

Ah, well! ever since the sight of that immense profusion, all precious stones seem cold, and common, and vulgar, beside the artistic fretwork of pure gold.

"Well," I said, "here's this owl, and the stunted sentinel at the gate, and the open door, and the archway, and liberty. What's to hinder our helping ourselves, and shining like royalty in our own land?"

"*Bien*," said *Monsieur le docteur*. "Meanwhile there is a carbine pointed at each of our heads from loop-holes in the ceiling, imperceptible to view; a single suspicious movement would send us where brilliants are neither needed nor coveted."

"Ah!" I answered abstractedly.

I remember just then we passed into other rooms, not quite so carefully guarded, where the air seemed to contain more oxygen, and I breathed freely.

It would be impossible to recall, and certainly to transcribe in a limited space, all the wonders of ancient art and invention which crowd the four apartments into which we were next ushered. There were dozens of cabinets, beautifully carved and executed, of amber, that brittlest of substances; rice cups, looking like purest porcelain, a relic of the lost arts in China; a chalice of Bohemian ware, of which Bohemian glass is but an imperfect imitation. The mineral used in its composition is no more to be found, and it is believed that this chalice is the only one of the kind in the world. There is a famous clock here which at one time rivalled the one in Strasbourgh Cathedral; by some accident it has become disarranged, and, strange to say, no one can be found scientific enough to understand its interior workings, and so restore it to its original use. So it stands a mute monument of man's skill and man's ignorance.

What interested me most was a bit of ivory carving, executed by a pupil of Benvenuto Cellini's. It is only a foot long and half a foot wide, and contains within this minute space *one hundred and forty-four* figures. The carving represents the angels pushing the devils down into hell. The triumphant looks of the conquering ones, the soft, fine outlines of their faces, the graceful curves of their floating garments, are exquisitely translated, and no less vivid are the mad, angular, fiendish faces of the devils, their eyeballs starting, their teeth clinching, their bat-like wings extended, their whole forms instinct with angry hate and wild despair. Further than that he is a pupil of Cellini's, nothing is known of this artist, who, in our day at least, is so namelessly famous.

Something else interested me only a little

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less—a basket of flowers fashioned by a lady at Easter time, not many years ago, from flour and water, and baked into marble purity and hardness. Each tiny grass and field flower is faithfully copied, together with ivy, violets, and lilies; and the effect is more pure and perfect than any words of mine could designate; witness the rare favor accorded to its artistic merit by the position it occupies in this conservative museum of art.

Apropos to Dresden. I wonder whether I shall shock my readers by the declaration of a disappointed feeling, after strolling through its far-famed picture galleries? Raphael's Madonna is too wonderful for words. One stands before it filled with a passion of ecstasy, such as the divinity of music may occasionally call forth or express; but beyond that, count the paintings on your fingers that you would care to copy or possess. At least such was my experience. If dinginess be a virtue, the old galleries of Europe possess it in plenteousness. I recall a picture I saw not many weeks ago—Venice at Midday, by Gifford—that is absolutely startling in its effects, and dazzles one like a sunstroke. Such yellow, living, mellow sunshine, that you shade your eyes with involuntary motion as you trace the ancient, lazy, beautiful city, with its adjuncts of bare gondolas or indolent sails, and faint, rippling tides. It seems as if such a picture could never dim with age, but, having absorbed into its grain the very essence of sunlight, should go shining down to posterity by virtue of its own intrinsic radiance. For such I would barter half a gallery of ancient fame and dimness.

Apropos to nothing. There is in Potsdam a palace, called by courtesy *neu*, or new, in contradistinction to certain more ancient ones which lie in close proximity all about it. This *Neu Palais* was built by Frederick the Great, just after the seven years' war, in order to convince his enemies that his funds were not entirely exhausted; and certainly a more huge, misshapen pile could scarcely be erected for a more ridiculous reason. Aside from the memories which link it to its great author, it has but one point of interest, and that is an immense hall, *one hundred and twenty* feet long by *sixty wide*, and absolutely bare of furniture and adornment. The floor is of marble, carved in immense grotesque shapes of sea-shells and sea-monsters. The ceilings, walls, and pillars are composed of rock crystal, amber, topaz, amethyst, sapphire, malachite, heliotrope, beryl, and chalcedony, large and small fragments massed together to form one sparkling continuation of unset, unfacetted, unburnished, pointed, rough, unchiselled brilliancy. The effect produced is, of course, marvellous, though many travellers slight the ugly brick pile, unconscious of, or unwilling to give credence to, the hidden splendors within.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY MIRIAM EARLE.

You only see a misty bridal veil,
  A white-clad form, pure brow, and trustful eyes,
And lips that late have learned the old, old tale,
  And told its fond replies.

You see the bridegroom, tall and princely proud,
  Look on her with his face aflame;
You hear the gratulations of the crowd
  Repeating her new name.

To-night their heaven of heavens bendeth near,
  And angels strike their harps for them and sing;
Only a stricken breast finds room for fear
  Of what the years may bring.

What if her heart has deeps he cannot sound?
  What if his soul knows heights by her untrod?
And if she look not up, nor he look down,
  Pity Thou them, O God!

What if the little beck dear Jean has sung
  Grows wide and wider till they walk apart,
The ready world will wag its gossip tongue,
  Nor keep its wisdom dark!

And if the day of birth, or day of death,
  Of pretty children fail to bridge the stream,
To-night spanned by a waft of prayerful breath,
  Flowing along unseen;

If all the solemn sweets of wedded life
  Touch not the spring where hidden fountains lie,
If heaven's record read not—husband, wife—
  Grant Thou that one may die.

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WINIFRED ELLIOTT'S BIRTHDAY.

It was a hot, uncomfortable day in July—hot and uncomfortable enough in the open air, but still more so in the great cotton factory of Eldenbrook, Erskine & Co. The air, loaded with oily smells, and filled with cotton-dust, was almost suffocating, while the heavy, monotonous movement of the machinery shook the building from foundation to roof, giving one unused to it a disagreeable conviction of the instability of all brick and mortar.

At the door of one of the weaving-rooms stood two gentlemen, looking in upon the busy workers at the looms: one—the younger—wearing a look of something very like disgust upon his countenance, caused, doubtless, by the uncongenial atmosphere which surrounded him; the other, with a grave, pre-occupied look, which seemed to reach further than the limits of the dingy room.

The younger gentleman was John Winston, a nephew of Mr. Eldenbrook, the senior partner of the prosperous firm; a nephew in whom he had seen fit to interest himself particularly, and had sent him down to Heston to look into the details of the business, preparatory to entering the house as a junior partner. He was a handsome man, as men go, slightly effeminate in appearance, perhaps; but the somewhat hard mouth, partly concealed by the long, drooping mustache, redeemed his face from absolute weakness.

His companion, Leonard Dayton, was superintendent of the factory. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose whole manner and carriage gave evidence of the great strength which lay, as it were, latent within him. Massive was the precise word which described him; and his face, although not handsome, was a face which one would never be afraid to trust—a face which had been seen to grow almost womanish over a poor, little, starved kitten, which had crept inside the factory gates to die (which kitten, by the way, now reposed, plump and comfortable, on his desk in the company's office).

These two men had stood by the door some time in silence, when Mr. Winston, who had been examining for some minutes, with a patronizing air, the pale, tired faces of the girls near him, exclaimed suddenly — "By Jove, what glorious hair; I must see that girl nearer," and immediately started off in pursuit of this laudable object, entirely forgetful, for the moment, of his companion. Leonard Dayton flushed angrily. He knew there was but one girl in the room who could lay claim to "glorious hair," and that girl, of all those present, he did not wish Mr. John Winston to discover. The latter gentleman had observed her, however, and as there was no help for it, Mr. Dayton followed him slowly down the room, past the busy girls, who looked up at them with passing curiosity, and then hurried back to their work, until he reached the looms which were tended by the young girl who so aroused the interest of the stranger.

She stood back to them, but the delicate, girlish figure, the round, white arms, and dimpled elbows, to which the sleeves were rolled, and—more than these—the heavy coil of her hair, of as rich and brilliant a tint as ever gladdened the hearts of the ancient Roman ladies, and full of the most ungovernable ripples and waves, excited Mr. Winston's admiration to the highest pitch.

"I suppose her face is ugly enough to make it up," he said, at last, rather dubiously, pulling his mustache. "I should like to see." The girl, as though in answer to his wish, although quite unconscious of his presence, turned, and, without noticing the passers, went on with her work. The low, broad forehead, over which the damp hair drooped caressingly; the eyes of that peculiar dark-brown so rarely seen; the fair complexion which sometimes accompanies red hair; the sensitive mouth, larger than strictly classical beauty would demand, but shaped like Cupid's bow, completed the fascination which had, at first sight of her, touched the fancy of the enthusiastic Mr. Winston.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he asked, impulsively, of his companion, who had all the time been watching him narrowly.

The girl looked up, and although she had not heard the question, flushed deeply, for the gaze which she met expressed admiration almost too plainly, and answering the grave nod of the superintendent with a confused smile, she turned again to the loom behind her.

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By the time John Winston had completed his inspection of the mill, he had, by dint of persistent questioning (for on this subject Mr. Dayton was unusually reticent), possessed himself of the main facts in regard to the young girl who had so much interested him.

Winifred Elliott was the daughter of a clergyman, who, broken in health and spirits, had come to Heston, soon after the death of his wife, bringing with him Winifred, her sister, Josephine—then an infant—and his widowed sister, a gentle, old lady, whose whole life was devoted to the happiness and comfort of himself and his two motherless children.

After his death, which had happened when Winifred had not reached her seventeenth birthday, she, proudly refusing the tenderly-offered help of her father's relatives, had, to the surprise of every one who had known her in better days, entered the cotton-mill, and since that time had worked steadily on, taking no heed of the remarks of her acquaintances, who could not comprehend the feeling which had urged the young girl to so decided and practical a course.

Mr. Winston smiled a little as he saw the flush on the superintendent's face when he spoke of Winifred, and, after parting with him at the office door, he said to himself—"So Mr. Dayton is in love with the girl, is he? A little flirtation will help to pass away my surplus time, and harm no one. I fancy I'll try it. She *is* a beauty—no wonder that he loves her. But what a fine name Winifred Winston would be!" And with a prolonged whistle he looked back at the big factory-building, and walked slowly toward his lodgings.

That evening, when the day's work was over, and the tired girls came by the office-door, and went through the gates into the pure air outside, Leonard Dayton lingered until Winifred came down the stairs, laughing and chatting with three or four of her young companions, and passed out in the dusky street. Then he followed her at a distance, walking slowly, and noting every motion of her slender and graceful figure. At the corner of a cross street she stopped, and bidding good-night to her companions, turned toward the less frequented part of the town. Hastening his footsteps, he soon overtook her, and quietly taking the little lunch-basket from her arm, walked along beside her, after replying, in his grave way, to her merry "good-evening." They walked in silence for a time; she too much absorbed in her own thoughts to speak; he content to walk silent beside her and watch the sweet face under the shabby hat—forever, if it might be.

She soon broke the quiet, however, for it was not her nature to remain silent long, and spoke of her plans for Josie; and finally—half-jestingly—of the handsome stranger, who had, as she said, "stared at her so strangely." Dayton answered in his serious, methodical way, telling the name of the stranger, the circumstances of his visit—all he knew, in fact, concerning him; and as she laughed at his apparent lack of interest in the subject, he said quietly—"I am sorry I cannot tell you more, Winifred; I will endeavor to find out something more in detail concerning him, if you wish." She immediately disclaimed all interest in him, and pettishly exclaimed at her companion's seriousness in taking all her light words as earnest, then shut her lips and turned away from him. He roused himself at this, and shifting the little basket uneasily from one hand to the other, in a manner very unlike his usual calm, methodical habit, said nervously—"The truth is Winnie, I was thinking of something else; I was thinking of—" he paused a moment, and then went on desperately. "I want to tell you something, Winnie—will you hear me?"

The girl looked up at this, the momentary cloud had passed from her face, and although she was surprised at his unusual agitation, no suspicion of its cause entered her mind. "What is it?—about Josie?"

He touched her sleeve lightly as though he would have detained her, then dropped his hand, and his voice sounded harsh and unnatural as he spoke—"It is this, Winifred—I love you. I have watched you since you were ten years old and I twenty-four. Your father was a good and true friend to me, and I loved you then for his sake. Since then, Winifred"—his voice grew very tender—"since then I have learned to love you for your own sake."

The girl stopped, and put her hands up to her face, as one might if blinded by a flash of lightning, and when she dropped them the pink flush had faded from her cheeks and left them very pale.

"Leonard," she began; but he interrupted her.

"Do not speak yet, please; do not answer me now. I love you. I am not wealthy, nor learned, nor handsome; but, Winnie, I love you; I have loved you always; please God, I always will love you."

He had finished at last, and stood before her waiting for her to speak.

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She looked up pleadingly. "It is so new—so trange. I have always loved you, but, to be our wife, I cannot understand it—give me time."

"Will you answer me on your next birthday, hat is yet three months away?" He was almer now, but he looked at her pale face vith a sort of dread. "Will that be long enough o think of it, Winnie?"

"Yes, I will answer you then, Leonard." The girl's voice, though low, was clear and firm.

"Thank you," he said, "meanwhile let me be is I have always been, your friend and Josie's. Perhaps you will sometime give me another place."

She did not reply to this, and they walked on n silence, until they reached the little house which had been her home since her coming to Heston. Then, as he held the gate open for her, she said, half hesitatingly—"Will you come in? Aunt Rebecca and Josie will be glad to see you."

"Not to-night; give my respects to auntie and Joe, please."

At this juncture the young lady last mentioned came rushing out of the house and into his arms. "You dear, old darling," she said, or rather panted, "I'm dreadful glad you've come; tea is ready, and if you stay we shall have some preserves;" at the mention of which luxury she drew in the little breath she had left to an alarming extent, while her eyes widened with delightful anticipation.

The placid face and Quaker cap of Aunt Rebecca appeared at the window—"Thee'd better come in and sit awhile, Leonard."

The combined invitations had, however, no effect, for after putting the child gently down, and bidding good-night to Aunt Rebecca and Winifred, he walked swiftly away through the gathering darkness, whistling softly, as was his practice when perplexed or disturbed.

That night, as Winifred Elliot sat by the window of her little room, listening to the regular breathing of her sleeping sister, she thought long and earnestly on the subject so unexpectedly presented to her; on the present phase of her life, which, though hard and monotonous, was yet independent, and, in many respects, pleasant; and drew on the future, which one word of hers might change so entirely. She thought of the time when she first came to Heston—a mere child, only ten years old, while Josie was an infant—of her father, a visionary, disappointed man—of the kind, motherly Aunt Rebecca, who, by means of economy, hard work, imperturbable patience, and good temper, managed to keep the little family from actual want—and finally, of Leonard Dayton, then a clerk in the employ of Eldenbrook, Erskine & Co., who became, after a while, an inmate of the house, and added considerably to its comfort and brightness by his pleasant face and voice, no less than by his weekly payments.

She smiled as she remembered his fondness for her, even then, and his often-expressed admiration of her hair, which her father had always disliked, and which even the mild Aunt Rebecca considered a disfigurement. Then she recalled her father's sudden death, Leonard's removal, the grudging proffers of assistance from her father's relatives, her entrance into the tedious life of a factory operative, and, through all, the firm and unvarying friendship of the man of whom she had been accustomed to think in a more paternal aspect than his years would warrant, and again and again, with a new surprise, of the proposition which he had this evening made to her.

Like all young girls, Winifred had painted in her heart the shadow portrait of the fairy prince who should one day come and waken her from this dream of toil and trouble, and bear her away with him to a kingdom of love and happiness; and now, as she contrasted the real lover with the ideal, she felt that her castles in Spain were tottering to their fall. Is it not always so? Does not the most demure maiden hide in her heart's most secret chamber an ideal of him who shall one day come and crown her queen of love and beauty.

She sat by the window, wrapped in a maze of mingled sweet and bitter fancies, until the great clock struck one, then rising hastily, with a half-yawn, began to lower the curtain. As she did so, her eyes fell on the figure of a man, almost concealed by the shadows on the other side of the street. She did not recognize him, but, as he seemed to be gazing intently at the window, she brought the blinds together with an unmistakable emphasis, and, after shaking her little fist defiantly in his direction, hurried to her pillow.

The obnoxious personage, who was no other than Leonard Dayton, came out of the shadow, and, with a farewell look at the closed blinds, walked quickly away, still seeming to see before him the fair head which he had been watching for so long, as the brilliant moonlight showed so plainly the sweet, flower-like face, and touched every ripple of her wondrous hair with gold;

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the round chin resting on the folded hands, and a dreamy, far-away look in the dark eyes. He smiled as he thought of her, and entering his "bachelor's castle," as he called his little room, said aloud, gayly to the kitten, as he patted her head—"Strange things may happen in three months, eh, puss?"

The next morning Winifred returned his greeting in a manner somewhat more embarrassed than had been her wont. She could not so easily ignore the conversation of the previous night, and she blushed deeply, with painful constraint, when, as usual, he joined her in her homeward walk that evening. Before she reached home, however, she understood perfectly that he meant all that he had said, and that he would make no allusion to the subject until the appointed time.

The days passed by, until two months had expired, and during that time John Winston had made a number of discoveries and several acquaintances.

The first discovery was that Winifred Elliott lived in the little wood-colored house on the cross-street, shaded by the horse-chestnut trees; the second, that her Aunt Rebecca did plain sewing, when opportunity offered; the third, that he needed some plain sewing done immediately. Was it to be wondered at that the end of two months found John Winston a constant visitor at the wood-colored house, and a welcome one, too, for he had a talent for being agreeable, and was not averse to exercise it. Meanwhile, Leonard Dayton's visits had become less frequent. Josie, fickle, like all children, began to dispose of her surplus affection to Mr. Winston, and although Winifred had still the same sweet, shy smile for him, he felt ill at ease in the presence of the new friend, who seemed somehow to have usurped his own old place in the household.

Winifred, although she told herself twenty times a day that she did not and never should love John Winston, whose shallow nature was only half concealed by his powers of fascination, felt herself constantly drawn further away from her old friend and adviser, and when she heard Mr. Winston's knock at the door, her face would flush consciously, and Aunt Rebecca would smile significantly over her work. So the days went by, until the frosts came, and October, with its bright days and chilly nights, was preparing the way for winter.

Mr. Winston's stay in Heston had been unreasonably prolonged on various pretexts, until it appeared probable that he would spend the winter there; but he knew that the end was near, and it yet remained for him to tell Winifred of his intended departure.

In the meantime, Leonard Dayton had become convinced that the handsome young stranger was gaining in a few months the love for which he had waited patiently and silently so many years; and, with a gnawing pain at his heart, he saw the usurper smilingly taking the place which had once been his own: at Winifred's side during the pleasant walks homeward at evening, and lingering by the gate to look into the bright eyes of Winifred until their lids drooped before his gaze.

At last the night before her birthday came, and for the first time in many days Leonard Dayton turned down the cross street and walked slowly toward the little house which had once been his home.

It was a bright, moonlit evening, and, as he neared the gate, he saw Winifred standing by it, leaning her head on her arm. Her face was concealed by the shadow, but her hair, rippling down her temples, and coiled smoothly around her head, her white dress and Josie's red cloak draping her shoulders, made a charming bit of picture, which he could not help pausing a moment to study and admire.

He waited a little, hoping she would wake from her revery and perceive him, but as she did not, he bent over her, touching her hair lightly.

She looked up, and seeing him, was visibly confused. "I thought," she faltered, hardly knowing what she said, "I thought it was some one else."

"It is only I," he said, and the stern look on his face deepened, for he knew only too well who was meant by "some one else." He paused a moment before continuing—"You thought it was Mr. Winston?"

The brown eyes met his with a defiant look, but she answered him quietly—"Yes, I am expecting him"—and then she looked up the street and tapped with her fingers on the gate, as though unconscious of his presence.

"Winnie," he began, and then stopped short. To-morrow was the day on which she had so long ago promised to answer him, and he wondered if she had forgotten it. He longed to ask once more the question he had asked her then, but there was no encouragement in her face, and he hesitated.

"Winnie, to-morrow will be your birthday."

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"Well?"

She *had* forgotten it, then, he thought, for her voice was unconcerned, and she did not turn her head.

He choked down the sob which rose to his lips and went on hurriedly—"I have brought you a little present, for old times' sake—will you have it?"

With a pre-occupied air, she took the little box which he held toward her and opened it. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed, gazing at it in childish delight. It was, indeed, beautiful—a brooch of frosted silver, like a fairy flower, delicate and dainty as a snow-flake.

He had selected it because he knew she would more willingly receive it than anything more expensive, and he watched her face intently as she examined it.

"I am glad it pleases you," he said, after a moment. "Good-night."

She looked up quickly. "Come in, won't you?"

"Not to-night." He was walking away already.

She extended her hand. "I am much obliged to you, Leonard, for this; will you not congratulate me on my birthday?"

He came back and took her hand in his. "May you be very happy to-morrow and always, Winnie. God bless you!"

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night," he answered, without looking back.

Half way up the street he met John Winston, who passed him with a cheery nod and a good-humored—"Hello, where are you bound?" leaving, as he passed, like a meteor, a trail of smoke in his wake.

When Winifred saw the well-known form approaching, she flushed quietly, and thrust the little box deep in her pocket. Then, fearing that he might see that something had disturbed her, she ushered him with a gay little laugh into the pleasant sitting-room.

For the next hour Josie monopolized him, and when she distributed her good-nights, and vanished, accompanied by Aunt Rebecca, he rose and announced that he too must depart.

Winifred looked up from her work. "So soon?"

He tried to meet her eyes frankly, as he answered her, but failed. "Yes, Miss Winifred, I am going."

Something in his manner surprised her, and when he, after shouting a last good-night to Josie up the stairway, passed out into the chill air, Winnie followed him down to the gate, and then stopping, looked up at him inquiringly—"What is the matter?" she asked.

He laughed in an embarrassed way, and pulled his mustache nervously.

Three months before, when he had determined to make the acquaintance of the girl with the "glorious hair," he had thought, in his idle, careless fashion, that it would be very charming to have this delicate face brighten at his coming, and the brown eyes droop before his own; he had never cast one thought on the pain which his inevitable departure might cause her, if he should succeed in his plans; nor, indeed, had the idea of the parting ever occurred to him.

Idle, careless, and selfish, he had lived only for the present, and now that the time had come when he was to say good-by to her forever, he shrank from it. Standing there before her, he felt for the first time how utterly selfish and cruel he had been, and he wondered how he had dared trifle with her as he had done. It was impossible to retract it now, however, and with an effort to speak lightly, he answered her—"The truth is, Winnie"—he had never called her so before—"I am going to leave Heston."

"Going away?" The hand which had been unconsciously pulling at the ribbon which confined her hair dropped heavily down, and the loosened locks shadowed her face.

He watched her narrowly as he answered—"Yes, forever!"

But only a quiver of the eyelids showed that she heard him.

"Are you sorry, Winifred?"

She turned her head sharply away from him, answering nothing. For one brief moment a wild purpose took possession of John Winston.

He would tell her the whole, and then with her hand in his, commence life anew, leaving behind all his past follies and sins. It would be very easy to be good and true with those brown eyes to guide him. But even as he thought thus, there rose before him the thin, dark face of Ruth Eldenbrook, the woman who wore his ring on her slender hand, the woman who would bring him wealth and luxury, and looking down on the drooping head beside him, he chose between them.

"Good-by, Winnie. I am sorry if you will grieve for my going—very sorry," he said remorsefully. "God knows I have done miserably enough this summer, and"—he caught her

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hands in his, with a hurried "Good-by," and was gone almost before she knew it.

When he turned at the head of the street and looked back, she was still standing there as he had left her, the moonlight giving to her face a wan, ghastly look that frightened him; even then, his better nature urged him to go back to her; but he had made his choice, and so he turned away, half-fearing his own weakness, and looked no more; but never, until the day of his death, did he forget the girlish figure standing there in the moonlight, with the pale face turned toward him, and the bright hair falling like a veil over her shoulders.

The next day Winifred's white face aroused the anxiety of the loving old lady, whose every thought was for the welfare of "the children," as she called them.

"Thee'd better not go to the mill to-day, Winifred; it's thy birthday thee knows; and beside, thee doesn't look well," she said, kindly, as Winnie rose from her untasted breakfast.

"I've only a headache, auntie," she answered. "I sat late on the porch last night, and the wind was cold, that's all," and with a bright smile she went out into the chill, gray morning. Outside the gate, she turned and kissed her hand to the two faces at the window. "Good-by," she said, and drawing her shawl more closely about her, she walked away.

Everything seemed to go wrong that morning. She was late at the mill, and when she had at last commenced work, the noise and jar of the machinery almost crazed her, and the dust and oily smells were suffocatingly oppressive. She worked on like one in a dream, until the young girl who stood at the next loom, noticing her extreme paleness, asked her kindly whether she were ill?

The question seemed to rouse her, and pushing back her hair from her temples, she said, slowly, "I believe I am faint," then, gratefully accepting the girl's offer to take charge of her work while she could go out into the air for a moment, she went out of the room and down the stairway.

Half-way down the carding-room she paused, seeing a number of visitors standing near the door. Almost crazed by the pain in her head, which seemed to beat and quiver in unison with the machinery, her only thought was to avoid them. So she turned to retrace her steps. But the room seemed to grow suddenly dark, and as she threw out her hand blindly, it was caught in a crushing iron grasp. An agonizing pain shot through her arm—she felt herself flung upward with fearful force, and then——

When she opened her eyes she was in the little office, and saw, as through a mist, Leonard Dayton's face above her, then the group of strangers looking down on her, and, at last, as the mist cleared away, the group of frightened girls in the doorway—then she closed her eyes wearily and waited.

She was only half-conscious as yet, but she knew what had happened—that she had been caught in the machinery, and they were awaiting the arrival of the surgeon. She had no power to speak or move—she felt a strange numbness creeping over her, and she wondered, in a dull way, if she were dying.

The sobs of the girls roused her again presently, and the old doctor, whom she had known since her childhood, came hurrying in, and stooped over her. She saw the mournful shake of his head, and felt that he lifted her arm tenderly—then a moment of intense agony, the numbness giving way to pain almost insupportable, and she woke to life again for a little.

"Leonard," she said, faintly.

He bent over her and raised her head.

"Leonard, shall I die?"

"I hope not, Winnie."

The voice was very low that answered her, and she felt hot tears dropping on her forehead.

"Don't cry, Leonard, it troubles me." Then, after a pause—"Am I hurt very badly?" A hush fell on them all as she asked this, and nothing answered her but the sobs of the grieving girls, who had all known and loved her. She felt the strange numbness stealing over her again, and then, as by a flash of light, the end was revealed to her.

"I am dying," she said, quietly, "send for Josie and auntie."

"They are already coming. Is there any one else you wish to see?"

It was Leonard who spoke, and she knew his meaning. A moment, and John Winston was beside her. Now that it was too late, he would have given all the world to have the past night back again; the bright eyes looking happily up to his face, the soft hands clasped in his. But it was too late, and as he looked at the crushed girl before him, his heart sent forth a wild prayer for forgiveness.

"Winnie," he said, and stopped.

She understood what he would have said, and smiled faintly once more. "Good-by," she said,

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and turning her head away, lay quietly, waiting for Josie and her aunt.

The doctor looked at her anxiously. "She is going fast," he said, in a low whisper.

At last they came, and when Josie, in her childish despair, threw herself down beside her, she kissed her tenderly—"Good-by, Birdie, be a good girl," she said, and then lay back, exhausted.

Suddenly she drew her breath with a quick sob, and started up in terror. "Oh, Leonard," she gasped, "where are you? it is so dark; I am afraid——"

"I am here, Winnie, close by you." He bent over her and took the poor, broken fingers in his own hands, strong and full of life.

The touch and voice seemed to calm her, and she spoke again—"You will take care of me, Leonard"—her breath was growing very short. "It is my birthday—and—I love you—it is so cold—kiss me, Leonard—" The bright head drooped lower—she shuddered slightly—and with her best friend's kiss on her lips, and her hands clasped in his, Winifred Elliott was dead.

JEAN.

(*See Engraving.*)

There's a wreath of autumn glory on the forest dark and hoary;
The acorn-cups are falling in the mill-stream one by one;
On the fruit-trees, tinted yellow, hangs the fruit all ripe and mellow,
And the berries on the blackthorn glow like rubies in the sun.

Where eve's deep shadows fall athwart the tapestry on my wall
Stands a woman's misty figure, as it stood in days of yore,
When no cloud had dimmed the glory of her young life's untold story,
And there yet had come no waking to the bitterness in store.

Through the rich, stained window, wide, comes the light all purple dyed;
It falls in crimson hues upon the dark, old oaken floor,
Now glows with sapphire splendor in those eyes so deeply tender—
Now dies in golden trellis on the panels of the door.

Oh, pale amber streaming hair! Oh, face exquisitely fair!
Oh, eyes of wondrous beauty, yet ever sad and drear!
Oh, brow whose maiden whiteness made my spring so full of brightness,
Though to me there came no reaping in the harvest of the year!

Yet to you, O Jean, was given that for which I had so striven,
One day that came through golden gates, although it was but one,
While my weary heart was breaking with its long-enduring aching,
And I scarce could gather strength to finish that I had begun.

Ah, yes, my bonnie Jean, in those long-dead days my queen,
There rose for you a star that lent your life a transient glow;
But the vision bright had fled ere the bridal wreath was dead,
And their silent shadows mock you as your lonely road you go.

Oh! snow-white haunting face, in your pale, mysterious grace,
Rising up before me, in my chamber evermore;
Oh, worn and faded Jean, in those olden days my queen,
I see you not as now you are, but as you were of yore.

C. C.

LIFE.

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas' kiss, and trusting love betrays:
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 592.)

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"What is this about Gerard, Miss Zollicoffer?" said Sir Lancelot, appearing suddenly to Zoe Zoll, who was darning stockings, that nurse might help the laundress.

"Oh! Yes, he is here," said Zoe Zoll.

"So Rosamond told me—and also of his interview with Miss Cascannon."

"*Has he seen Bess?*" asked Zoe Zoll, with wide eyes of astonishment.

Sir Lancelot repeated Rosamond. Zoe Zoll dropped her work to clap her hands—"I'm so glad!"

"So am not I."

Her face fell, and she looked at him with a puzzled air.

"Your niece is very much afflicted."

"Is she?"

"Rosamond found her lying on her face on the grass."

"She *did!* and she didn't tell me!" Zoe Zoll jumped up, dropping stockings, ball and cotton, all of which rolled in different directions.

"I think she must be over with it, now," said the baronet, stooping to pick up her scattered property.

"You don't know, *Elizabeth*, but I had thought—something that isn't so. Where is Rosamond?"

"In the garden."

"*Oh! my poor Bess!*" said Zoe Zoll, with tears in her eyes. Then she looked sideways at Sir Lancelot, and set her teeth.

"I am very sorry," he began.

"*Are* you?" said she, shortly, marching out of the room. She found Rosamond under the tree, in the same Sterne-attitude.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she said, sharply.

Rosamond started, and grew red—"I don't know."

"Where was she when you told Sir Lancelot?"

"Oh! *he* has told you! Did he tell you that he won't marry her?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Well, *I* did."

"*You* did!"

"Yes, and he says he don't want to be married."

"*Doesn't* he? But, Rosamond, you shouldn't have said anything. What will Elizabeth say?"

"Oh! Bess! Don't tell her, *please*, Auntie Zoll!"

"You meddlesome little thing!" said Zoe Zoll, angrily. "Why couldn't you let him alone?"

"Oh! *you* want him, do you?"

"*I!*"

"Yes, *you*."

"No, I *don't*," snapped Zoe Zoll.

"Well, he wants you, which is about the same thing."

"*Stuff!*"

"It isn't stuff. He said he liked somebody that looks just like me."

Zoe Zoll grew red as fire.

"You *know* it! You are standing in my Bess's way!"

"Nonsense!" said Zoe Zoll. "I can't *bear* the man." So saying, she dashed away from Rosamond and flew down the path where, somewhere under the trees, she thought Elizabeth might still be lying.

Elizabeth, having recovered from her faintness, had re-arranged her hair and dress, as well as she could, and now met Zoe Zoll as she was rushing through the path in search of her. She was very pale, but then she had had a headache all the morning. She was walking very, very slowly; but Elizabeth never hurried. "You are in a hurry," she said, as Zoe Zoll stopped, breathless and somewhat confused by her unexpected appearance and composure.

"Yes, Rosamond told me—" She paused, for Elizabeth colored, and her eyes flashed.

"She said you would find me in the park?"

"Yes; and oh! Bess! about Gerard!"

"I told her not to tell you, and she promised—"

"No; *she* did not tell me. It was Sir Lancelot."

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"*Sir Lancelot!* How should *he* know?"

Zoe Zoll wished she hadn't said it.

"Rosamond told him that you had seen Gerard."

"Why should she tell *him?* How strange!"

"Perhaps that he might act the part of a brother," insinuated Zoe Zoll.

Elizabeth frowned, but she blushed at the same time.

"He is very kind," said she.

They walked on for a few minutes without speaking. Zoe Zoll watched Elizabeth, not appearing to do so. She seemed sad, but not unhappy. She looked like one who mourned a severed friendship rather than a wounded love. The wound was there, but the balm was at hand, and the balm was healing—and the balm was Sir Lancelot. So reasoned Zoe Zoll, and her heart was lightened. My darling Bess! she said in her heart, and took Elizabeth's hand as she walked by her side, pressing it gently. Elizabeth's lip quivered, but she turned aside her head at the moment, although responding to the pressure of Zoe Zoll's small fingers. When she turned her face around again it was serene.

"What should I do without you, Zoe Zoll?" she said.

"Oh! *I* am not the *only* one in the world," said Zoe Zoll, shaking her head, and looking very wise.

"Small as you are, you are so much to me."

Then they were silent for another little while, when Elizabeth said—"I would like to know what Rosamond told Sir Lancelot."

"I can tell you. Gerard was walking with Leslie when you were crossing the bridge. You said, 'Good-morning, Gerard,' and held out your hand to him. His reply was, 'Do you know Leslie, Miss Cascannon?' Then they walked on, and you went into the park."

"*Why* did she tell him?" said Elizabeth again.

"Because he is your friend and Gerard's friend," said Zoe Zoll, hoping that no untoward circumstance would ever reveal to Elizabeth what Rosamond had further said in her behalf.

"That child loves me, but——"

"She loves you with all her heart and soul, and I hope you won't scold her for having told Sir Lancelot."

"She might have chosen a worse confidant. At least he cannot blame me as having alienated his friend. I have been very faithful."

Her voice trembled slightly. Zoe Zoll looked at her, and arrived at a conclusion.

As they neared the house, they saw Sir Lancelot sitting on the piazza. They had come to a turn in the walk that would take them to another part of the house. Zoe Zoll half paused, to see if Elizabeth would take it, but she moved steadily forward. When the baronet looked up from his book, as they reached the piazza, Elizabeth's cheeks flamed for an instant. Then the flush passed away, leaving a delicate rose-tint, and the baronet thought that she did not look much like one who mourned for a lover. He put down his book, and remarked to the ladies that it was pleasant to be on the piazza at that hour.

"Let us have our luncheon brought out here," said Elizabeth.

"A good suggestion," said Sir Lancelot.

Elizabeth went in to give her orders, and the baronet whirled his chair around until he faced Zoe Zoll.

"You see I was right, Miss Zollicoffer?"

"About what?" said Zoe Zoll nonchalantly.

"About her getting over it."

"I think her *getting over it*, as you phrase it, proves that she had learned to like him less, or to like some one else more." This was speaking to the point, and so he seemed to feel it, for he blushed, and moved uneasily on his chair.

At this juncture, Elizabeth came out on the piazza, followed by a maid with a tray, and a small table having been wheeled out, proceeded to heap the fruit with an artistic hand, to place the custards and the creams, and to arrange the fragile, bubble-like glasses.

"We will have everything light and cool today," she said. "Even a bit of the breast of a chicken would 'lie heavy on *our* souls.'"

"Or—on our stomachs," said Zoe Zoll audaciously. "What are you going to give us to drink, my Bess-t?"

"Lemonade—with something in it."

"Sherry, I hope?"

"Sherry—and well-iced."

Zoe Zoll clapped her hands. "How nice!"

"Oh! I wasn't thinking of *you*, Miss. I remembered that Lancelot particularly liked it."

"Thank you," said the baronet, bowing gravely, while Zoe Zoll bit her lip to hide a smile. Then they drew up their chairs to the table, and sat around it in easy attitudes.

"I like *al frescoing* it," said Zoe Zoll; "and this is a sort of *al fresco*."

"I thought it was almond cream," said a voice, and Rosamond's face peered in through the vines, half roguish, half deprecating.

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"Here is one for you," said Elizabeth, holding up a glass.

Rosamond pushed her way through the vines, and, while devouring her cream, quietly watched Elizabeth.

"These grapes are delicious," said Zoe Zoll. "I hope that eating them won't make a gra-ape of me."

"I peach," said Rosamond, putting out her hand for a nectarine.

"I think you do," said Elizabeth reproachfully.

Rosamond grew red, and looked at Zoe Zoll. Zoe Zoll pretended not to remark her glance.

"I cherry-sh these," remarked Sir Lancelot, with a handful of ox-hearts.

"That's abominable!" exclaimed Zoe Zoll.

"Perhaps you think I gra-aped you? But I always had a fancy for cherry cheeks, cherry lips, and cherry-ripe. The ripe cherries that grow on a twenty-four year old tree."

"How would you like cherry-bounce!" asked Zoe Zoll viciously.

"I would meet it with my lips," said Sir Lancelot with a meaning look.

Zoe Zoll reddened, and looked at Rosamond who was watching Elizabeth. Elizabeth was very pale and quiet, seeming to have retired within herself while these two were bandying words.

"I am overpowered," said Zoe Zoll. "I must have some lemon-ade to endurance. Where is it?"

"I know, said Rosamond jumping up, and bringing out a silver pitcher, beaded with bright drops, and sounding forth the refreshing rattle of broken ice.

"Pour out, Hebe," said Zoe Zoll, "pour to great Jupiter and the majestic Juno, and wise Minerva—that's myself, for I mean to be an old maid."

"And *I* don't mean you shall," said Sir Lancelot.

Zoe Zoll gave a sudden push to the pile of nectarines, which rolled on the floor of the piazza. Elizabeth started from her revery, and the baronet gathered up the fallen fruit, while Rosamond neatly brimmed the bubble-like glasses, and carried them carefully to each one.

"You should wait on the ladies, first," said Zoe Zoll.

"Not when there is only *one* gentleman," retorted Rosamond.

"You have given him one of the small glasses. Change with me please, Sir Lancelot," said Elizabeth.

"He can have it filled twice as often," said Rosamond, stepping in between them.

"It can't be that there is poison in the glass, she is so determined I shall have it!" said the baronet; and then he bowed to Rosamond, smiling as he drank it. As he did so, a certain look on her face struck him as peculiar. He put down the glass, and looked at her again. She nodded to him over the brim of one that she had filled for herself.

"*You* shouldn't drink this stuff, child!" said Zoe Zoll.

"What *should* I drink, then?"

"You are not over your milk-days, yet."

"I dare to do what you wouldn't," said Rosamond, with a furtive glance at the baronet.

"What is that?"

"You will see," was the enigmatical reply.

Sir Lancelot looked at her gravely. She laughed and whirled around on one foot, then went and hid her face in the vines that climbed the piazza, and he saw her shoulders shaking with suppressed laughter. "Our young friend is merry," he said.

"I'm *your* young *enemy*," said Rosamond, coming forward.

"What have I done to you?"

"Oh! you haven't done anything—to—*me*. But I choose to detest you, and I shall."

"A very good reason for detesting any one!"

"'A *woman's* reason,'" said Zoe Zoll laughing.

"That's as good as a *man's* reason," said Rosamond. "I hate men. They're a sneaky set."

"When did you find that out?" asked the baronet, looking very much amused.

"This summer."

"Do you share your niece's opinion?" asked Sir Lancelot of Zoe Zoll.

"What an unfortunate question—should I say yes, since you belong to the 'sneaky set.'"

"Put me out of the question, then. Think of me as anything—but a woman."

"You tempt me to be very severe. I may not exactly think them what Rosamond does, but I think it is better not to put one's-self in their power. Just hear this, that I was reading to-day, and wonder not at my 'early wisdom.' Does rhyme bore you?"

"Not particularly," said Lancelot, and then added—"Not when you read it."

"I would thank you, if you had ever heard

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me read, but as you have not, I will give you an opportunity to judge of my style. So, here goes! as Rosamond would say—

"'Bound! bound! bound!
Bound for the term of her life—
Enough to eat, enough to wear,
A ring, and the name of wife.
And she saw her sister-women sit in the shadow and weep,
While the sun for her shone all the day, and she danced when the wêary sleep.

"'Bound! bound! bound!
The ring was a fetter of gold,
And the bands that kissed each dimpled wrist
Were heavy, and shining, and cold.
To her they were but manacles, fast to a viewless chain,
That pressed on her heart's best pulses, and tightened around her brain.

"'Bound! bound! bound!
Not even her thoughts were free,
For one might trace in her varying face
Their shifting imagery.
And his eyes were cold and piercing, and hovered like birds of prey,
Over the changing tide of her blood on cheek and brow alway.

"'Bound! bound! bound!
Captive, body and will,
Even the throbs of her warm, young heart
His icy glance could still.
He could ring her hand with his fetter, her struggling will control,
And crush her heart in his deadly grasp, but he could not keep her soul.

"'Bound! bound! bound!
Dead in its chains it lay,
Broken, faded, and perished,
The beautiful image of clay!
How the freed wings of the spirit smote through the amber train,
Of the sunset clouds, as it upward soared, to Him who had broken its chain!'"

"That is a rhyme, but no argument," said the baronet, when Zoe Zoll had finished.

"One doesn't argue in poetry," said Zoe Zoll.

"I presume that was written by some fat, contented mother of a dozen children. Some people like to be unhappy on paper, you know."

"I don't know," said Zoe Zoll, shortly.

"It made me think of a ball," said Rosamond.

"How?"

"'*Bound! bound! bound!*'"

"Oh! you wretch!" said Zoe Zoll.

"We are spoiling your poem, aren't we?" said the baronet.

"Not in the least. I can rely on my own judgment," said Zoe Zoll, loftily.

"Now *I* can quote a poem on the opposite side," said Sir Lancelot.

"Pray do," said Elizabeth.

"If Miss Zollicoffer—"

"Miss Zollicoffer will listen," said Zoe Zoll, "but she won't be convinced."

"That depends—"

"Here it is, as nearly as I can recollect—

"'She looked in the wonderful mirror
Of memory, and dull years had fled,
The glad, purple light of youth's morning
Again haloed 'round her young head,
And laughing, she sprang, at the dawning,
Still laughing when daylight was dead.

"'What lilies, what roses, what diamonds,
Had bloomed and had shone for her then!
"Those roses can never have fadêd!
Those lilies are white now as when
He likened my eyes to two jewels,
Those eyes that saw him 'King of Men.'"

"'And then there was that rhyming lover,
Who likened my locks to a vine,
And swore that my voice was as honey,
My laugh like the sparkling of wine;
But if he was after my money,
Or myself, I ne'er could divine.

"'Then men would go mad for my beauty.
And put their necks under my feet,
How lovely I was, oh! how lovely!
Face, figure, and all so complete!
How golden the springtide, the summer!
The harvest of autumn, how sweet!

"'The mirror had dropped from her fingers,
She saw herself old and alone,
Shivering 'mid the snows of her winter,
No child's voice to bid her come home.
Her spring-flowers, her garlands of summer,
Her autumn-blooms, withered and strewn.'"

"H-m!" said Zoe Zoll. "I presume *that* was written by some *lean, withered, old bachelor!*"

The baronet laughed. "Take it to heart?" said he.

"If I am going to take anything to heart, it shall be something better than that," said Zoe Zoll.

"Such as a nice young man," suggested the baronet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Miss Tilden was not present at dinner that evening, but she now dined very often with Mrs. Cascannon. The soup having been carried out, and Mr. Cascannon beginning to carve the fish, the door opened, and Mrs. Cascannon came in. Had it been the gracious Victoria herself, she could hardly have caused greater surprise. The children expressed it openly. Elizabeth and Zoe Zoll exchanged wondering glances. Rosamond asked if Miss Tilden were *dead*, and Mr. Cascannon said—"Well, my dear, I *am* astonished."

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"You all seem more astonished than pleased," she said.

"We are so used to living without you," apologized her husband.

"Yes, I know I am of no importance. But when I am lonely, I suppose I can be allowed to dine in my own dining-room?"

"Certainly. I had supposed that our society wanted the charm you found elsewhere. Where is Miss Tilden to-day?"

"I do not always follow Miss Tilden's motions."

"Do you see Sir Lancelot, mamma?" said Elizabeth.

Mrs. Cascannon bowed negligently across the table. She was very near-sighted, and could not tell that it was not the same Sir Lancelot who had made her that memorable call.

"You have been at the Cascade some time, I believe?" she said.

"A somewhat shorter time than Mr. Sunderland, madam."

Mrs. Cascannon colored. "Mr. Sunderland had a reason for staying."

"The same reason that I have, I believe."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Cascannon.

This "oh!" was wonderfully expressive. Elizabeth, very pale, looked from her mother to the baronet. Zoe Zoll's eyes brightened, and her face was as eloquent as her tongue could have been. Sir Lancelot, his eyes on his plate, seemed intent upon securing his last bit of salmon; and Rosamond suddenly became all eyes and ears.

"You can never go to sleep again if you open your eyes so wide, Ro," said Ethel.

"At any rate, my *mouth* don't look like a tunnel waiting for a train of cars to run into it," responded Rosamond. And having thus "shut up" her brother, she resumed her vigilance; but the conversation was now diverted from dangerous subjects, and had become, to Rosamond, disgustingly commonplace.

"I wish you would call on me this evening, Sir Lancelot," said Mrs. Cascannon, as she left the table. "I wish to see you particularly. And *alone*," she added with emphasis.

"What do you suppose mamma wishes to say to him?" asked Elizabeth of Zoe Zoll, as they left the dining-room together.

"I—don't—know. I never can quite follow Laura. I don't see why she should dine with us to-day, instead of in her own apartments, as usual."

"And she complained of being lonely," said Elizabeth.

"Her fancy for Leslie lasted a long time."

"*Fancies* are erratic. I wonder if he will fancy her for life?"

"If who will fancy whom?"

"If Gerard will fancy Leslie."

"Don't let's think of them," said Zoe Zoll impatiently.

"Not think of them! I can do nothing else."

"And you despise them—him, do you not?"

"I do not despise Gerard. He would not have loved her if he could have helped it."

"I consider him a despicable traitor. Sir Lancelot is worth twenty of him."

"That is *your* opinion."

"And should be yours. O Bess! where is your pride?"

"My pride has had a fall. I think its neck is broken."

"Not broken, Bess!—only slightly dislocated. Time will bring a skilful surgeon."

"Time, the consoler," said Elizabeth softly.

Soon after dinner, Sir Lancelot went to call on Mrs. Cascannon, as desired. As he threaded the dark passages, convoyed by a pretty little maid bearing a candle, he wondered what she could have to tell him. Something about Gerard, of course. Had she decided to confess that he was secreted in that part of the house, having at last concluded that her daughter had some claim to a knowledge of her lover's abiding-place? The pretty little maid paused and knocked at a door, was bidden to come in, opened the door, announced Sir Lancelot Redmond, and vanished.

It was much more than twilight in the room that the baronet now entered, and the only light was placed under a shade on a distant table. A voice, and a heap of white drapery, directed his steps toward that part of the room in which Mrs. Cascannon was, and, having seated himself, he waited for her to speak.

"You have not seen Mr. Sunderland since you have been at the Cascade, I believe?"

"I have not. I suppose that he finds Miss Tilden and yourself so charming that he cares for no other society."

"You knew that he was here, then?"

"I had good reason to think so."

"And the others?"

"And the others."

"You all seemed resigned."

"It is best to be resigned to the inevitable."

"He is gone now."

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"Indeed! Has he gone home?"

"I do not know. But Leslie Tilden went with him."

"They have eloped?" cried the baronet, in a tone of horror.

"Yes, they have eloped, and my diamonds have eloped with them."

"Your *diamonds*, madam!"

"My family jewels—an heir-loom. I hope you will make your friend give them back to me."

"Do you mean to accuse my friend of taking your diamonds, madam?"

"I mean to accuse your friend's wife that-is-to-be. And they were to be Elizabeth's, too; so *you* have an interest in their recovery."

"Of course, as Miss Cascannon's friend—"

"It is so fortunate that she preferred you to Mr. Sunderland. A girl who is jilted always runs the risk of being an old maid."

"There is some mistake here, Mrs. Cascannon. There is nothing but friendship between Miss Cascannon and myself."

"*Nothing but friendship*—when you came and talked to me in that way!"

"I have never conversed with you before on this, or any other subject."

"Do you mean to deny that, in this very room, you told me that you *adored* her, and meant to teach her to like you better than Mr. Sunderland?"

"I *do* mean to deny it."

Mrs. Cascannon rose impetuously. "Do you think that you and your friend can insult my daughter and steal my diamonds with impunity?" She jarred the table in rising, shaking the shade from the lamp, and the light streamed full across his face as she rushed up to him. "Who *are* you?" she said, recoiling. "What are you doing here?"

"I am Lancelot Redmond, and I am here at your request."

"Oh! you are a wretch, an impostor!" shrieked Mrs. Cascannon, flying to the bell. Before she could ring it, the baronet caught her arm. "Pray, don't make a scene," said he. "Send for some one to identify me."

"There are no police in the neighborhood."

"The police wouldn't know me," he replied, unable to avoid smiling—"but, Miss Zollicoffer, or one of your daughters—"

"Who wants Miss Zollicoffer?" said Miss Zollicoffer's voice, and Zoe Zoll herself appeared on the threshold.

"I do, to establish my identity," said the baronet.

"What are you supposed to be?"

"Any one but myself. A burglar, an assassin, perhaps."

"You are certainly Sir Lancelot Redmond, as far as I know, unless you have deceived us from the very beginning," said Zoe Zoll smiling.

"It is certainly not the Sir Lancelot whom *I* saw," said Mrs. Cascannon. "And, as Mr. Sunderland never has seen him here—"

"The Sir Lancelot whom you saw, Laura, was your daughter Rosamond."

Mrs. Cascannon gasped, and then ejaculated—"I don't believe it!"

"Believe it or not, as you please. Rosamond confessed it to me."

"I *don't* believe it. It was a *man* I saw."

"A very small man, in a light wig and whiskers," said Zoe Zoll laughing. "That wig the boys wear in the theatricals."

"No, it wasn't at all such a wig."

"You never would believe anything that you did not wish to, Laura. But, if you won't believe me, pray summon your dear friend, Mr. Sunderland. Oh! I know that he is here, and have known it for some time," she continued, as Mrs. Cascannon stared blankly at her.

"He *isn't* here," said Laura doggedly.

"When did he go?"

"I—don't know."

"Then you acknowledge that he *has* been here?"

"Mrs. Cascannon was telling me about it, just before you came," said the baronet. "Unfortunately, he did not go alone."

"Leslie Tilden!"

"*Fortunately*, I say. We are well rid of them both," cried Zoe Zoll, after a short pause of astonishment.

"But, Miss Cascannon—"

"Miss Cascannon, I think, had learned to view him in his proper light."

"I think you are mistaken."

"No, Sir Lancelot. Laura, are you now persuaded that Sir Lancelot is Sir Lancelot?"

"I am *not* persuaded," said Mrs. Cascannon, evidently triumphing in her incredulity.

"Persist in your delusion, then, if it's any satisfaction. Sir Lancelot, I presume you do not wish to remain here, in your character of impostor?"

Sir Lancelot rose, and wished Mrs. Cascannon good-evening, to which she did not reply—then joined Zoe Zoll, who was standing at the door,

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lamp in hand. "You must pardon my sister," she said, as soon as the door was closed behind them. "She knows that you are Sir Lancelot Redmond, but she does not like to acknowledge that she has been deceived. And you must not be angry with Rosamond. After all, she did no harm."

"I am not so sure of that. But I shall not be angry with her. Only, I do not hold myself responsible for anything she may have said in my name."

Zoe Zoll's eyes flashed in the lamplight, and she looked up at him uneasily.

"I should judge, from what her mother said, that she represented me as going on absurdly about Miss Cascannon."

"Of course, Rosamond's language would be that of a ridiculous child—"

"But the ideas that it conveyed were equally—ridiculous."

"They seemed to me very natural, very proper—"

"Was it natural, was it proper that I should so speak of my friend's betrothed?"

"Yes, when your friend had behaved either like a rascal or a fool."

"Your language is strong, but I fear he deserves it. However, there is some excuse for him, if he supposed that it was I who talked in that way about Miss Cascannon. He must have thought that she had given me encouragement."

"He—must—have—thought so," said Zoe Zoll slowly. "And I am glad that he did."

"Even if the result should be the destruction of your niece's happiness?"

"But it will not," said Zoe Zoll triumphantly. "Elizabeth has ceased to care about him."

"I doubt that."

"You do? Has she told you—"

"We have never had any conversation on such a delicate subject."

Zoe Zoll looked so very much disappointed that the baronet could hardly keep from laughing. Suddenly she looked up with the air of one about to clinch a subject.

"May I ask upon what subject you *were* conversing when you kissed her out in the garden?"

Sir Lancelot grew scarlet, and groaned internally. Presently he stammered out—"I—I kissed her as a brother."

Zoe Zoll burst into a scornful laugh. "That sounds very plausible. Elizabeth isn't that kind of a girl."

"You can ask Elizabeth herself," he said desperately.

"*Miss Cascannon*, if you please, until you can invent some more suitable apology for your conduct."

"My conduct requires no apology."

"*Nor your friend's*, either, I suppose? You have only been playing the same rôle!"

"There is no parallel between the cases."

"Is there not? You have both of you pretended to love E—"

"Pardon me, Miss Zollicoffer; *I* have made no such pretence, and Gerard was in earnest *at the time*. You should have seen his letters."

"I don't wish to see his letters. There are a pair of you!"

"Miss Zollicoffer, pray be reasonable. Ask your niece if I have ever appeared to herself to love her."

"However you may have appeared, you have made her love you."

"You are mistaken—you are, indeed."

"I am not. *You* deceived me when you *acted* love; but Elizabeth is no actress. *She* knew that Gerard was concealed in the house; she met him and that—that girl together. And do you remember how merry she was at the lunch-table this very day?"

"That was her pride."

"It was something else. He could not wound her, for you were her shield."

"You are deceived. She will tell you so."

"I shall not ask her."

"Pray, do."

"I shall not prick her when you are about to stab her," said Zoe Zoll, bursting into tears.

"My dear Miss Zollicoffer, your tears distress me!" said the baronet, who did, indeed, seem to be more moved than his usually calm temperament would warrant. But some men are only to be moved by the hydraulic process.

"I am glad they do," said Zoe Zoll spitefully; but she stopped crying, and looked up in his face imploringly. "O Sir Lancelot! *couldn't* you?"

"Couldn't I what?" he asked gently.

"Couldn't you love her? She is so gentle, so sweet, so lovable. I don't know of any one whom I would rather have for my wife than Elizabeth."

Sir Lancelot smiled. "I am sorry that our tastes are so different," said he.

"Perhaps—you—love—some—one—else?" said Zoe Zoll, growing very pale.

"Perhaps I do."

"Why did you not tell me before, that I need

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not have degraded Elizabeth and myself in this manner?"

"I had not intended to tell you just at present."

"It was unkind, *ungentlemanly!*" said Zoe Zoll, her cheeks flushing and her eyes flashing.

"I was hardly prepared for your communication, and was so taken by surprise that I could not arrange my thoughts. It is so unusual for a lady to urge a man to address another lady—"

"It was unusual, but do not feel too highly flattered. I am not responsible for Elizabeth's bad taste, though I may have sought to gratify it. If you had told me about that other woman at first, we should both have been spared what followed."

"You hardly gave me a chance."

"You could have found a chance had you wished one. But then your vanity would have been less fully gratified."

"You judge me severely, Miss Zollicoffer!"

"I judge you as I find you. Ah! here is the door. Good-night, Sir Lancelot."

(*To be continued.*)

TWO LIVES.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

When last the earth was green
Under the summer's sheen,
And shrub and weed were breaking into flower,
One of my lilies sweet
Drooped in the pitiless heat,
And fainted and grew feeble, hour by hour.

Its leaves drooped sadly down,
And withered, dry and brown,
Its stems were shrivelled, even in early June—
Alas, untimely doomed
With all its buds unbloomed—
"Ah, cruel death," I said, "to come so soon!"

Yet, of the woes which Fate
Holds for us, soon or late
Bringing to each his load for soul and brain,
Not theirs the dreariest doom
Who die before their bloom,
And lose life's joys while they escape its pain.

In February's air
One of my rose-trees fair
Pushed its red shoots, as though the spring were here;
Green leaves unrolled and grew,
Buds drank the chilly dew,
And dared to dream their blossom-time was near.

But ere the eldest one
Had opened to the sun,
Across the garden fell a bitter frost—
The rose-tree in its pride
Was stricken that it died,
And all its tender promise blighted—lost.

And when the spring's slow grace
Came back and blessed the place,
The rose no longer sprouted by the gate—
In vain the breeze beguiled,
In vain the sunlight smiled—
"Ah, cruel love," I said, "to come so late!"

Alas! in life's long list
Of blessings lost or missed,
Of wrong, and early blight, and slighted trust,
Theirs is the saddest fate
To whom love comes too late,
And showers with useless tears their lifeless dust.

BEREFT.

BY NARCISSA E. DAVIS.

Oh! little bird out in the meadow!
Do you know my heart seems dead?
While you sing 'neath the hawthorn's shadow,
The hope of my life has fled;
For cold in death *our* song-bird lies,
And quenched is the light of her violet eyes.

Oh! flowers so pure and lovely!
Down by the garden-walk,
Do you know you remind me so much of her,
And her little childish talk?
And burning tears my eyes now fill,
When I think of her little hands folded still.

It seems to us in our sorrow
There were angels enough above,
Without taking our darling one away,
When we had but her to love;
But we know she is free from earthly sin,
For the gates of heaven have shut her in.

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THE TWO WIVES;
OR, THE STRONG AND THE WEAK.

BY LETTICE THORP.

Belle Perkins was a fair, sweet girl, the idol of her parents and the favorite in a large family of brothers and sisters. She was the youngest, the prettiest, and most amiable. Her home was in a quiet New England village, where her father, being rich, dignified and honorable, held a high position in business and in society, so that Belle had many admirers, and many devoted lovers; but, like hundreds of girls before her, she chose the one, of all the least likely to make her happy.

Paul Dunbar was a man of elegant manners, prosperous in his worldly affairs, and much respected for his integrity; but he was a thorough egotist, precise, and very exacting. The delicate beauty and quiet, lady-like manner of Belle Perkins suited him exactly. There was no fear of her ever overstepping the limits of propriety or decorum. The high spirits of most young girls wearied him. Their vivacity and animation were only vulgar, outré. Belle was all gentleness and repose. Paul lived with his mother and sister—stern, unattractive women—who adored him, but who criticized most vindictively every woman that dared to be more fascinating than themselves; so that although Paul loved them in a properly filial and brotherly way, they certainly did not render his home very agreeable, and he was impatient to introduce some fresher, sweeter element there. He wanted a wife to make his house more cheerful, but he never thought or cared how it might be with the young wife herself. Alas! poor Belle, to be taken from such a home as hers to a place like that. She had one very intimate friend—the most complete contrast to herself—a gay, fascinating girl, of decided character and will, whose evident influence over Belle, Paul Dunbar could not tolerate patiently, and he tried hard to break up the intimacy, but without any success whatever, for, like all other weak, yielding dispositions, Belle could sometimes be as obstinate as any one else, and so it proved in this instance; for as to giving up her old and dear friend, Anna Merrill, she could not and would not do it. Anna understood Paul perfectly, and knowing Belle's gentle, submissive nature, she trembled for her future happiness with such a man. "O Belle!" she exclaimed one day, "are you really going to marry Paul Dunbar?"

"I never shall marry any one else, Anna."

"Why, Belle, he will never know how to treat a wife. You do not realize what you are doing."

"I love him," was the quiet reply.

"But, my poor darling, how will you ever live with those two dreadful women? They will just walk right over you, for, you know, dear, that you haven't the spirit of a mouse. If it were *I* now, I should take perfect delight in mastering those two women. They would soon find out who was mistress. But you—O Belle, Belle, I tremble for you!"

"If Paul loves me as he says he will never look on and see me made unhappy, and I think that I can trust him, Anna."

And so, in spite of the misgivings of all her friends, Paul Dunbar wooed and won the gentle girl, and after a short bridal tour he took her to his cheerles home, where very soon her trials began in good earnest.

Mrs. Dunbar and her daughter had held the reins too long to yield them without a struggle. They looked upon Belle as an interloper, and taking advantage of her timid, yielding disposition, they treated her as if she had no right or business there. Poor, innocent Belle could not realize her position at first. Loving her husband to idolatry, she was prepared to love all those who were dear to him. She did not know how to assert her will, for, in her own home, it had never been necessary. *There* her slightest wish was law; she was the pet, the darling; but here, in her husband's family, her affectionate impulses were all repulsed and checked, until, like a grieved child, she longed to weep upon her mother's bosom. But in this, too, was she thwarted; for Margaret, the sister, advised Paul not to let his wife go home so much, they made "such a baby of her, and would make her dissatisfied and unhappy in her own home." The man's jealousy was easily aroused, so that when Belle next expressed a wish to visit her parents, he had his lesson all learned and ready. "Why, Belle," he said, "it seems to me that you

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like your own home much better than your husband's."

The tears came into her eyes, as she answered: "Paul, can you blame me for loving my parents and family? It is my first separation."

"But I supposed when a woman married that she expected to give up her family for her husband."

"You certainly do not wish me to *renounce* my father and mother because I am married."

"I certainly do not wish you to be running home with complaints every day or two."

"Complaints! When have I complained?"

"Well, you do not look very happy. I cannot bear a crying woman round the house. I supposed when I married that I should have some one to cheer me and make my home happy."

Belle turned and gave her husband a look, which, in after years, he often recalled with anguish and remorse, and then slowly left the room.

About this time Anna Merrill came to visit Belle, and her bright, radiant face and presence seemed to light up the whole house. She saw at once a change in the appearance of her friend, and found it very difficult to restrain her tears; but her indignation was even greater than her sorrow. She soon perceived that Belle was a mere cipher in her own house, and that her husband was too selfish or indifferent even to notice it. One thing that aroused her anger was seeing Margaret still keep her place at the head of the table, just as before Belle was introduced there; so, in a laughing way, she said, one morning—"Why, Belle, have you grown lazy, that you do not fulfil your duties at the head of the table, but make poor Margaret there, so *much* older than yourself, pour out the tea and coffee?"

"Margaret has never resigned the place," answered Belle, a faint semblance of indignation sparkling in her eyes.

"You are welcome to the place if you wish it, Mrs. Dunbar," said the angry maiden, as she flounced, in a most undignified manner, out of the room. Belle very quietly took her proper seat, much to Anna's delight, who longed to go to her room and enjoy a good laugh. Paul looked ashamed, but said nothing, and from that time Belle retained her seat at the head of the table, although the two women tried their best to annoy her in every possible way, continually passing their cups to be changed, and resorting to all the devices that ill-natured, small souls would delight in. At another time, when there was a talk of having some alterations made to the house, Mr. Dunbar and his mother were discussing the matter, without any reference to Belle, who sat a silent listener, until Anna, turning directly to her, said—"Belle, do you intend having a bay-window in your new parlor?"

"I do not care, Anna," she answered, "I would rather live in the smallest hut in town, and feel that it was my own, than——" and here she stopped, looking pale and excited.

"Really, Paul," exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar, rising and flourishing a red bandanna somewhere near her stony eyes, in all of which demonstrations her daughter solemnly followed suit, "I think that it is time for my poor Margaret and myself to leave our dear old home; we are not wanted here now, my son, and we had better go."

"Nonsense, mother," replied Paul, "sit down, you know that you will share my home as long as I have one. Margaret, don't be a fool!" Then, turning toward his wife, he said—"Belle, I am surprised that you should be guilty of such unkind remarks."

The latter rose quietly from her seat, and taking Anna's proffered arm, left the room. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself upon the bed, saying—"Anna, Anna, this is killing me."

"Why don't you leave them, Belle, and go back to your own home? Those women are jealous of your beauty and sweetness, and are determined to render your life miserable. Go back to the home where you are loved and appreciated as you deserve to be!"

"Leave my husband, Anna? Never! Never!"

"O Belle, Belle, are you determined to sacrifice yourself for a cold, selfish man like him?"

"Why, he is my husband, Anna."

"What if he is? Does he owe you nothing? Is it not his duty to make your life cheerful and happy? But lie down, now, darling, and rest awhile. I will come back again before long." So saying, she left the room to go in search of Mr. Dunbar, whom she found in his study, and there, accosting him without preface or apology, she said—"Paul Dunbar, do you know that you are killing your wife?"

"Really, Miss Merrill, will you have the kindness to tell me what you mean?"

"Just what I said. You are killing her, inch by inch. Why, have you no feeling, no compassion? You have taken a young and lovely

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girl from a home where she was idolized, and brought her to this cheerless place, in which she has found no sympathy, no consideration, either for her youth or inexperience, and you allow your mother and sister to wound her feelings in every possible way, and for what reason? Because they cannot forgive her for being young and beautiful. Better for her if she had been less attractive, for then she might have found a cheerful home with some humbler but less exacting man. Paul Dunbar, what have you ever done to make your wife happy? Nothing, absolutely nothing."

"Do I not give her all that she wants?"

"To feed and clothe her, yes. But do you think the woman has no heart, no soul? Why, she loves you now better, far better than you deserve. No, Paul Dunbar, *you* should have married a woman with a heart of stone and a will of iron. I am going now from this dreary place, as I should have done an hour after I came here, only that I saw my presence was some consolation to your broken-spirited and ill-used wife. Mark my words, if there is not some change made here very soon, before a year has passed my poor Belle will be lying in the grave."

Shuddering involuntarily at the vision her words called up, she passed quickly from the room, and again sought Belle. Finding her more composed, she bade her a tender farewell, and went immediately to Mrs. Perkins, to whom she related all that had passed, and begged her to go at once and bring Belle home. The mother's fears were quickly awakened, and she started off as soon as possible to see her daughter, whom she found looking worse even than she had feared. Anna's description had not been exaggerated. The poor girl was worn to a shadow. Her bloom and beauty all gone—great hollows under her eyes that made them look twice their usual size. Mrs. Perkins held out her arms and sobbed hysterically. Belle threw herself upon her mother's bosom, but the latter soon quieted and soothed her, saying—"Belle, I shall take you home with me immediately. You need change and cheerful young society."

Belle shook her head, but her mother bidding her rest a few moments, went to Paul, and told him in very few words that she intended taking her daughter home, as she considered a pleasant change absolutely necessary. Paul quailed somewhat before the stern looks of the anxious mother, which expressed even more plainly than words could have done the indignation she felt. He yielded a sullen assent, and in less than an hour Belle was seated in the carriage, her head upon her mother's shoulder, her mother's arms folded tenderly about her. Her brothers and sisters were all delighted to have her once more with them, and in their genial society, she soon revived, and seemed like her own sweet self again. Her health, of course, improved, and before the end of two months, she became the mother of a fine, active child. Even Paul was guilty of some gushing adjectives when he looked upon his lovely wife and daughter, and his heart must have been stony, indeed, could he have seen Belle at that time unmoved. So fair, so pure, so pale, with her soft, brown eyes gazing with such pride and tenderness upon the little dark-eyed baby at her side. But he soon grew very impatient to have the two all to himself; it annoyed him to see the endless procession of brothers and sisters forever hovering and cooing over his wife and child. Then his mother and sister were always ready to excite unjust suspicions and fault-finding.

"Is it possible," said Margaret one day, "that Belle isn't up yet? She'll come home more of a baby than ever, and a pretty mother she'll make. I suppose *I* shall have to take care of that child."

So the next day he said to her—"Belle, are you never going to get up; it seems to me you must be very fond of being waited upon."

Poor Belle! This was a harsh awakening from her dream of happiness, and she shuddered involuntarily at the thought of returning to her husband's home. But she forced back her tears, saying—"Well, Paul, to-morrow, when you come, you shall find me sitting up." So the next day she insisted upon being dressed, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of all her family. She got up, and so received her husband, but before he left, she fell back fainting in her chair. They laid her on the bed, but she drooped and drooped from that time. Everything was done, every remedy applied; but all in vain, she never rallied. For two days she lay almost wholly unconscious, then passed gently away without a sigh. She did not live to see her twentieth summer. Her friends, filled with indignation, could scarce bear to look upon Paul, until finally his evident anguish and remorse touched their hearts, and they pitied the wreck he had become. Much as they longed to keep the little Belle themselves, she seemed to be his only source of comfort and

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consolation; so, for his sake, they yielded the little wailing infant into the hands of the two women, who, for the first time, displayed some evidence of feeling and sympathy. They soon learned to love the little helpless creature, whose smiles alone could win her father from the gloom which seemed to encompass him. Finally, he yielded to the advice of his friends, and went abroad, where he remained a miserable exile from his own home.

—

Ten years had passed since Belle Dunbar was laid to rest beneath the spring violets, and still her husband had not returned to the home made so wretched through his own selfishness.

Seated at the window of an elegant house in —— was our old friend Anna Merrill. She still looked bright, happy, and animated, although the passing ten years had toned down somewhat the exuberance of her spirits and left some lines upon her face and brow. Still she was a very handsome woman, and carried her four and thirty years right royally. She sat gazing upon a curl of soft, yellow hair that lay upon her lap, and tears filled her eyes as she said—"No, I never can forgive Paul Dunbar. I feel that he was as much a murderer as if he had administered poison to my darling. My poor, poor Belle!" she sobbed almost convulsively, as she pressed the curl to her lips.

"Anna," answered the lady seated near her, "I think you are unjust in this." Although, of course, Mr. Dunbar treated his wife very cruelly, I cannot think him guilty of her death. She must have been in a very precarious state, or merely sitting up a few minutes would not have had such a terrible effect."

"Oh! but his conduct from the beginning was so unfeeling and selfish. You never knew Belle, Mary, or you would feel as I do. She was so pure, so lovely—how could they abuse such a sweet and gentle creature?"

"But, Anna, you do not doubt his grief at her loss. Think, he never has returned; but there, I forgot to tell you—John says that he is expected home very soon."

"Then I sincerely hope that I may not see him. I would avoid him as I would a serpent."

"Anna, you must overcome this feeling; it is wrong, it is unchristian."

A week or two after this, when Anna was calling at the house of a friend, who should be ushered into the room but Paul Dunbar himself. Poor Anna turned pale as ashes, and in spite of all her efforts to control herself, she burst into tears and left the room. Paul was also frightfully agitated, but, fortunately, the lady hostess, being possessed of exquisite tact, soon introduced some interesting topic of conversation, and he recovered his accustomed easy grace and courtesy. He was greatly changed; although in reality only six and thirty years of age, he looked fully ten years older. The most unforgiving heart could not have looked upon Paul Dunbar's face without some feeling of compassion, for the deep lines imprinted there bore evidence of the anguish that he had endured. But his manners were perfect, and the sad, remorseful look in his dark eyes only made him more interesting to the young, romantic girls of ——. His history was, of course, known by all, and he became quite a hero. His wealth did not detract from his numerous charms, and many a fascinating woman exerted herself to please and console the melancholy widower. Anna Merrill was disgusted and indignant, and avoided another meeting with him; in fact, she showed her repugnance so plainly that he could not help seeing it, and it mortified and annoyed him, for his vanity was not all extinct, and Anna Merrill was a very charming woman, and many a young and blooming girl looked on in wonder and indignation when she involuntarily attracted their chosen admirers to her side. Paul felt it the more because his little Belle often talked about her and made her frequent visits. His only happiness now was in his child, a delicate little creature, quiet and womanly in all her ways. Her grandmother and aunt loved her, and tried in their own hard way to make her happy, but it was a dull, cheerless home, and her delight was inexpressible when allowed to visit her mother's family or Anna Merrill. The little girl prattled, of course, about her father, until at last, even Anna began to feel some compassion for the lonely, broken-spirited man, although she hated to acknowledge it. Finally, they again met, and when she saw the ravages that grief had made, her feelings of pity were, of course, heightened, and in her own noble, whole-souled way, she offered him her hand. Surprised and pleased, he gave her a look of grateful acknowledgment. She questioned him about his travels and they were soon engaged in an animated conversation. He left her that day feeling in better spirits than he had known for many a long year, and Anna could not but acknowledge him to be a very delightful and entertaining companion. "Mary,"

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she said afterward to her friend, "who do you think I have met and talked with?"

"Paul Dunbar, of course!"

"Why Paul Dunbar, of all others?"

"Because I knew you could not help but meet him, and I knew you had too much sense and good-breeding to treat him rudely."

"Well, Mary, I must acknowledge that I feel very sorry for him; he is fearfully changed."

"And pity is akin to love," answered Mary laughingly, although she felt a little frightened when Anna turned quickly upon her, saying—

"Don't dare to mention such a thing to me again. Love Belle Perkins's murderer—never, never!"

But she now met Paul very frequently, and she could not help enjoying his conversation exceedingly. He was vastly superior to all the other men she met, and he so evidently preferred her society to that of all others, young or old, that she felt flattered in spite of herself. In fact, Paul Dunbar loved her. She was his equal in every sense. Her handsome, cheerful face gladdened his heart, and her elegant manners and appearance fascinated him. But how would he ever dare to tell her—the dearest friend of his poor, lost Belle? No, he must wait and see.

"Anna," said her friend to her one day, "do you not see that Paul Dunbar loves you?"

"Yes, I *do* see it, Mary," was the quiet reply.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Nothing, of course. You do not expect me to offer myself, do you?"

"Nonsense, Anna. Do you care for him? Do you love him?"

"Love him? No, I have never loved but once, and never shall love again. Strange that I should have lost my lover and my dearest friend so soon—so soon. They both left me in my youth."

"But, Anna, you will not remain unmarried all your life, so lonely, when you are in every way fitted to make some man's home a most delightful one? You know you like Mr. Dunbar. You respect him, and you have no fear of his treating you as he did his first wife. You do not dread those women?"

"Well, no, Mary, to tell the wicked truth, I should rather enjoy brow-beating those creatures, just for poor Belle's sake. The very thought of them makes me feel like a war-horse, eager for the conflict. But it is of little Belle that I think more particularly. I love her dearly, and she loves me, and I know that I could make her home a little more cheerful than it is at present. However, the man has not spoken yet, and I believe he is afraid to do it."

But, as now, after frequent struggles and hesitations, she had fully made up her mind to accept him when he chose to speak, her manner toward him was naturally softer and kinder, so that his heart beat high with hope, and he resolved to speak, at all hazards. So, one day, when they were alone, he said, in a low, broken voice—"Anna, have you forgiven me for the cruel part I played in years gone by? Do you still judge me as severely as you did, or have these ten years of penitence and remorse atoned for all the suffering I brought upon the friends of my gentle Belle?"

"Do not speak of the past, Paul. Remember that you have another Belle, and your thoughts now should be given to the present and the future."

"And will you share that future with me, Anna? It is the only hope of happiness I have now in the world. Believe me, dear, I will try to be worthy of you, and if I ever forget myself, and seem hard or selfish, you must tell me so, in words as plain as those you once used to me, long years ago. Do you know that I admired you more that day than I ever admired any other woman. The words you spoke in your fearless indignation rang in my ears long after, and now, Anna, I love you with the whole strength of my manhood. Will you be my wife?"

"Paul, I will be your wife, if you wish it, but I must not deceive you. I do not love you. The only man I ever loved died years ago. But I enjoy your conversation, your society, and I think that I can make you and Belle happy. So, take me if you will."

Paul was too glad to win her to find any fault with the conditions; so, after a short engagement, they were married, and Paul took his second wife home, enacting the rôle of lover-husband with far more fervor than he had done in his youth. Anna, of course, noticed this, and although the thought of poor Belle caused her a frequent pang, still she would scarcely have been human if attentions so devoted had displeased or annoyed her.

Paul had never enjoyed an intellectual companion in his own home before, and, fiercely as he had often denounced strong-minded women, he now found such society elevating and delightful. As for Belle, her joy was unbounded. Under the cheering influence of her step-mother,

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she seemed really more a child than she had ever been before. Anna saw that she needed the companionship of children like herself, and such companionship she procured for her. In truth, she created a revolution in the dark and cheerless house. Blinds and shutters that had been closed for years were thrown wide open, and floods of sunlight poured into the rooms. Even the prim old cat indulged in a most undignified frisk, and two flies were seen immediately after upon the walls.

Mrs. Dunbar and Margaret looked grim and horrified, but dared not interfere. The old, paralytic servant was dismissed, with an annuity, and two active young girls engaged in her place.

"Such extravagance! Two girls to do the work of one!" and the two women held up their hands in holy horror. Meeting Margaret one morning, with a pitcher in her hand, Anna sent her back to her room on the double quick, saying—"Margaret, if Rose neglects to fulfil her duties, I wish to know it at once, so that I can attend to it. I will ring now, and have your pitcher filled. I intend this summer to have water carried all over the house."

"What will Paul say?" gasped Margaret, in utter horror.

"I think he will enjoy the convenience exceedingly."

"But such an expense."

"O well, that is *our* concern, you know, sister."

So, always bright, cheerful, and happy, but firm and decided in maintaining her rights, she carried all before her. Even the two stern women thawed beneath her genial influence, and became a little less like gnomes, and, always happy herself, she made all about her happy.

NIGHT SONG.

BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

The task is done—now let thought dreamward leap:
Lullaby!
Sweet night is rocking sun-eyed day to sleep,
In the blue-curtained cradle of the sky:
Lullaby! lullaby!

The winds are dreaming on the distant hills:
Lullaby!
In the low vales the music-making rills,
Sing to the nodding flowers as they flit by:
Lullaby! lullaby!

In scented bells the drowsy hum-bee swings,
Lullaby!
The gleesome birds have folded up their wings,
In pleasant haunts, where leafy billows sigh:
Lullaby! lullaby!

The evening star sleeps on the young moon's breast:
Lullaby!
The mountains droop, and sink, by dreams oppresst,
And slumbrous shadows hover where they lie:
Lullaby! lullaby!

Come dreams, and bring us heaven in our sleep:
Lullaby!
Rest, weary, rest! God's watchful angels keep
Kind eyes upon us, and are ever nigh:
Lullaby! lullaby!

CLEARER VISION.

I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision, quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unannointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light;
You do not see my friend at all;
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb;
You, but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
You, but the garment and the clay.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet!

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THAT MORTGAGE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

It was the worst time in the world that I could have been taken ill. For there was the mortgage on our place that would be due in a few weeks, and Simpson was a hard-hearted man, and wouldn't be apt to wait for his money; yet, where it was to come from was more than I knew. My salary did not go on while I was sick, and the snug little sum that Mary and I had contrived to save barely sufficed for bread, and meat, and medicine, and doctors' bills.

But this money embarrassment was by no means the only trouble I had. I might have been too sensitive, but I certainly thought that Mary neglected me during that illness, and I couldn't understand it in such a devoted, tender-hearted little woman as she had always been. I don't mean that she didn't attend to all of my wants, and see that I had the best of care, and treat me with wifely consideration. But then day after day she left me alone, for hours at a time, in charge of Minnie, a brown-eyed darling ten years old, who was only too glad to "stay with papa," and Nora, our "maid-of-all-work."

It was not domestic duties, I knew, that called her from my side, for Minnie had told me, with childish artlessness, that "mamma went down town every day, and didn't come back sometimes until after dark." If I questioned Mary about these absences she would laughingly evade my inquiries and wonder how a sick man could be so curious and inquisitive. Yet I often noticed that she looked troubled, in spite of her assumed merriment, and finally strange suspicions stole into my head, and I grew half frantic, thinking of the possible secret she might be hiding. And one day, after turning the matter over and over in my mind, I fancied that I had gained a clue to the mystery, although the doubts it suggested were so horrible that I almost drew back from further investigation. Yet they haunted me continually; and, alas! for my peace of mind, something happened soon afterward to confirm them.

But I must go back a little, in order to give my readers a clear idea of the story.

Mary had been a belle before our marriage, and not a few envied me the prize that I carried off successfully. Among her disappointed suitors was a handsome young artist, Robert Grey, who afterward rose to eminence in his profession, and succeeded far better than myself in a worldly point of view. I was still a poor clerk, working on a small salary, while he enjoyed a lucrative income from the sale of his pictures. He visited at our house occasionally, and was not yet married—whether from his Bohemian proclivities, or for other reasons, I could not tell. He was a universal favorite—one of those genial, good-natured men who always look on the "sunny side of life," and are never troubled with forebodings of evil.

But somehow, I don't know why, I never liked him exactly; and that afternoon he called, soon after I was taken ill, I was really vexed at some of the remarks he made.

His eye happened to be caught by a picture that Mary had painted in her girlhood, and, after examining it critically, he turned to me, saying—"What a pity your wife ever gave up painting. You shouldn't have allowed it, Willis. She has an exquisite touch, and, with a little training, would have ranked high as an artist. But so it is with these married women. Husband and children fill up their lives, and they bury their talents in a napkin."

A faint flush crimsoned Mary's cheek, and I answered rather sharply—"It's a little strange that you have just found out my wife's artistic gifts."

"Exactly what I was thinking myself," he said, going up to the picture again. "I must have been blind. Yet I'm sure I never saw anything of hers equal to this before."

I tried to change the conversation once or twice, but it seemed as though he couldn't say enough about that picture, and Mary was evidently flattered by his marked admiration. I don't know as I have mentioned it, but Mr. Grey had the reputation of being a "lady's man," and could rattle off by the hour all those agreeable nothings so delightful to feminine ears.

Then, too, he had been Mary's suitor, and I've no doubt that had something to do with my annoyance at his remarks. What if she should draw comparisons between her life as it was, and as it might have been?—for James Willis, clerk, certainly occupied a much lower

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place in the social scale than Robert Grey, artist. Did he mean to remind her of this by talking of her "buried talents," and hinting, in his delicate way, that she wasn't appreciated?

I couldn't help mistrusting that he had some such object in view, and I was glad enough when his call came to an end and he finally took up his hat to go. But was it mere courtesy, as she afterward said, that induced Mary to accompany him to the front-door and stand there talking for nearly an hour?

I didn't think so much of it at the time, and not until after I had racked my brain, for days and days together, to find some explanation of Mary's mysterious visits down town, did the idea suddenly occur to me that they dated from that identical call. Could it be that my pure-hearted, high-minded wife, tired of sickness and poverty, was beguiled by the subtle flattery of Robert Grey, and was it for his sake that I was neglected? I looked into her clear eyes, and could have killed myself for cherishing so unworthy a suspicion, What! was I to be jealous—jealous, too, of one who had clung to me with unfaltering devotion through sickness and troubles manifold?

I was indignant at myself, and yet, the doubt having once arisen, was not so easily banished. And when circumstance after circumstance happened to corroborate it, I could no longer shut my eyes to the fatal truth.

But I will relate, as briefly as possible, the proofs of her guilt that confronted me.

I had been sick nearly six weeks, when Charlie Morris, one of my fellow-clerks, talking to me one morning, said casually—"By the way, Willis, it's too bad that you can't get down town to see Grey's new picture. According to my ideas, it's the best he ever painted. What say you, Mrs. Willis?" And he turned to Mary who was seated near the window.

She started, as if struck by a thunder-bolt, and did not answer for a moment, but finally stammered forth—"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, if you don't, I don't know who does," he said laughing, and without noticing her embarrassment. "For he certainly hasn't a more devoted admirer of his pictures than yourself. I don't believe you ever go down town without calling at his studio. Frayne says he's met you there any number of times within the last month."

Mary's face was scarlet, and she gave me a glance, half-timid, half appealing.

Disturbed as I was by this unexpected revelation, I didn't wish Morris to suspect anything wrong, and so I auswered carelessly—"You weren't aware, probably, that Mrs. Willis was once an artist herself, and has been a lover of pictures all her life."

Then I skilfully turned the conversation to other topics, but of what was said afterward I have little recollection.

I was sorely perplexed, for I couldn't understand Mary's silence concerning her visits to Grey's studio, if the motive that took her there was an innocent one. Nor did she volunteer the slightest information on the subject, after Morris left, and I was too proud and indignant to make any inquiries.

I will mention just here that Mary was one of those women who dearly love to talk, and that I was usually enlightened as to all that happened in or out of the house, however insignificant. That very fact only made her reticence, when confined to the one topic, all the more remarkable.

So I lay on my bed, tossing with pain and fever, my heart torn with jealous distrust of the woman I loved. Mary never guessed what I suffered, for either with real, or assumed blindness to the cause of my trouble, she persisted in ascribing it to pecuniary difficulties. It was so hard to doubt her. For there was no shadow of deceit in her honest eyes, no taint of guilt on her open brow.

Yet, link by link, I gathered up the chain of evidence which convinced me that she had a secret understanding with Robert Grey, and that it was in his company she passed her time while away from me. And when, finally, in spite of the mental anguish I endured, I became convalescent and able to get around the house again, her absences grew longer and more frequent. At last, I was forced to remonstrate with her on the impropriety of such conduct.

She listened to me sadly, and then said—"I didn't think, James, that you placed so little confidence in my prudence and discretion. I am quite sure that you will be sorry hereafter for what you have said. I don't deserve it."

I wasn't softened even when I saw the tears in her eyes, and I answered severely—"I am afraid, Mary, that you do. There is a mystery about your conduct that I cannot fathom."

Her face grew deadly pale at these words, and for a moment I thought she would have fainted. But she rallied almost instantly, and

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after giving me a look that I shall never forget, it was so full of wounded pride and affection, she turned away in silence and left the room.

A week afterward I found the following note in her work-basket, in Grey's hand-writing:

"Everything is arranged. Your life will be a happy one hereafter, if freedom from the cares of poverty can make it so. The future looks smiling, and you certainly have courage enough to put the past behind you. I will have the carriage ready at eight o'clock; don't you fail me. Does Willis suspect anything?"

I read that note twice before I could fairly take in its meaning; for, in spite of my suspicions, I had cherished a faint hope that someting would yet happen to establish Mary's innocence. But Robert Grey stood between me and all future happiness, and I could no longer doubt that she was the victim of his wiles and had consented to place herself under his protection.

Miserable wretch! did he think that I would tamely submit to such disgrace? Murderous thoughts seethed through my brain, and, rushing for my hat and pistol, I resolved that his blood should wipe out my dishonor.

But I looked at the note again; it was dated that very day, and the clock on the mantelpiece was already striking nine. Ah! yes, and their appointment was at eight, and Mary had gone out, as I knew, early in the evening, taking Minnie with her.

I was too late; Robert Grey had robbed me of both wife and child, and the shameful story of my wrongs would soon be known to all the world. And I had been so proud of my stainless name; could I ever lift up my head again? Wife and child, and home, and happiness—all were gone from me together. Was there anything left in the world worth living for? I took up my pistol and loaded it mechanically, and then, only half-conscious of what I was doing, placed the muzzle at my breast, and was about to fire, when—a woman's hand dashed the weapon to the floor, and Mary stood before me, white and trembling.

"O James, James!" she cried wildly, "has it come to this? And to-night of all other nights. For I have such glad news to tell you. The mortgage is paid, and I earned every cent of the money myself. But, oh dear!" and she sank into a chair, shuddering—"I can't get over the fright you have given me. Promise me—promise me, that no matter how poor we are, you will never think of such a thing again."

I looked at her in a bewildered sort of way, hardly comprehending what she said.

"And now, dear," she urged gently, "come down into the parlor. Mr. Grey is there, and I want to show you the pictures I have painted under his supervision. You didn't know I could keep a secret, did you? And do you remember that scolding you gave me one night about going out so often? I told you then that you'd be sorry for it afterward. That stupid Mr. Morris, too, he nearly spoiled my plans. But it's all over now, and I'm sorry I didn't tell you at first, for then you wouldn't have been so troubled about that mortgage as to—O James! it makes me sick with terror to think what might have happened if I had been a moment later." And she clung to my arm convulsively.

A faint glimmer of the truth began to steal over me, and when I entered the parlor and met the cordial greetings of Robert Grey, and saw the beautiful pictures that Mary had painted, I understood it all.

"I have already sold them for three hundred dollars a piece, and received the money, too," said Mary exultingly. "But the purchaser kindly let me keep them for a week or two. And to-night Mr. Grey had a carriage ready, and Minnie and I found Mr. Simpson (he lives two or three miles from the city, you know), and he said it would be all right about the mortgage. I am so happy; you don't know anything about it. Mr. Grey tells me, too, that I can earn ever so much money painting pictures, and so we needn't be poor any more."

"And I, too," said Grey, "have my own especial bit of good news. Your employers, Willis, have advanced your salary five hundred dollars a year, and you were mistaken in supposing that it was stopped during your sickness. No such thing! They have too high an appreciation of your business worth to do anything of the kind. It has been going on the same as usual, and you can draw it at any time."

The reaction was too great, and it was some time before I could talk in any rational sort of manner.

Grey left shortly afterward, and, as soon as I had Mary all to myself, I told her of the note I had found, and the way I had misinterpreted it, and the dreadful suspicion that had haunted me for weeks past. She was hurt and indignant at first, and I couldn't blame her for it certainly—is there any wife that wouldn't have been?—

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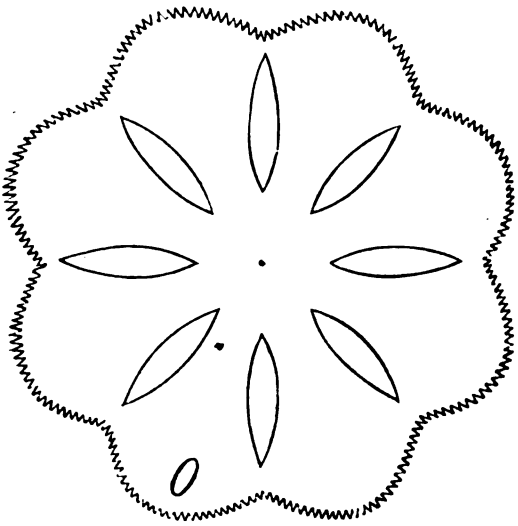
but after a little consideration, forgave me fully. We have agreed, however, never to have any more secrets from each other.

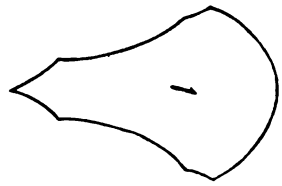
I have not been jealous since, but Mary has a delightful little studio fitted up at home, and doesn't go down town any more to paint. Grey comes to see us often, and is more enthusiastic than ever about her pictures. There is not as much conceit and vanity in the man as I had supposed.

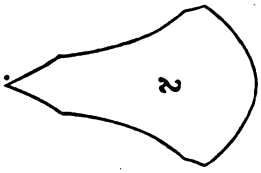
Everything is prospering with us, and I rather expect that my employers will offer me a junior partnership in the business on the first of January.

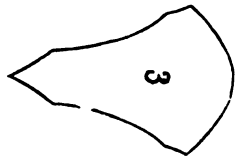
PAPER-FLOWER MAKING.

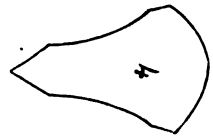
A CARNATION PINK.

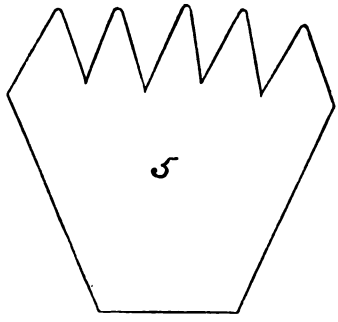












Double your paper, as for a rose, making a fold three inches deep across the sheet. Cut into squares and make a three-cornered fold of each square three times. Take number 1 design, and, laying it upon your three-cornered fold—the point of the pattern to the point of the fold—cut evenly on each side from an eighth of an inch at the bottom to a sixteenth of an inch at the top; and then rounding off the top according to the pattern, notch it finely and evenly. Clip off the point of the fold so as to allow the stem to pass through.

The design when opened will be like the design number 0. It will take four layers of each number—1, 2, 3, and 4. Having cut them all nicely, separate them and fold each layer as when first cut. Then crumple it in your fingers as hard and as closely as you can, leaving it so until every layer has been so prepared. This gives to the pink its crushed appearance. Do not get the numbers mixed, but lay those of each number to themselves so that there may be no trouble in sorting them when you go to put the pink together.

For your stem and stamens, take a piece of fine wire and a small bit of white feather, or goose-quill. Taking as much of the feather as you think will answer for the stamens, tie it to the end of your wire, and then wrap a small bit of raw cotton around just where you tied it, so

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as to form a kind of capsule, not over a half inch long. Tie this also at the bottom and cover with green tissue paper, by taking a strip a third of an inch wide and attaching it to the bottom of the stamens with gum arabic; twist round and down until the whole stem is covered. Curl the stamens slightly by drawing them between your thumb and scissors' blade. Your stem being now ready, open out your petals, but not too much, and laying each one in the palm of your left hand, press the head of your lead pencil in the centre of each so as to make them cup. The petals being thus prepared, your pink is ready to put together. Touch the bottom of your seed-bud with your brush, and put on the first layer of number 4. Fold the forefinger and thumb of your left hand closely around the pink as each layer is put on, so that the flower may have a compact and natural appearance. After the petals are all on, take design number 5 and cut your calyx from green leaf paper. Glue the opposite edges together, and this will form a conical and deeply pointed calyx.. Touch the bottom of your pink with your brush and draw on the calyx, and your flower will be then finished.

Pinks may be made of a variety of colors in paper. Rose-colored paper answers the purpose very well, and there is a mottled paper—scarlet and white—which makes a very natural looking pink. But plain white tissue paper, flecked with scarlet water-colored paint after the pink is done, makes as handsome a flower as any garden-pink we ever saw.

NOVELTIES FOR OCTOBER.

Little Boy's Suit.

Infant's Flannel Shoe, with Knitted Sock.—This pretty little shoe is made of white flannel, worked round with buttonhole stitch of red wool; the sock is knitted with colored wool. Cast on for the sock a sufficient number of stitches with red wool; begin at the upper edge and work 16 rounds alternately 2 stitches knitted, 2 purled; then begin the striped pattern, which is worked in plain knitting, 2 rounds with red wool, 3 rounds with white wool, 2 rounds red, and 1 round black. The sock is worked like a stocking, only shorter and looser. The shoe is made of flannel taken double; it is embroidered with red wool from illustration. The lappets of the shoe are fastened with a button and buttonhole.

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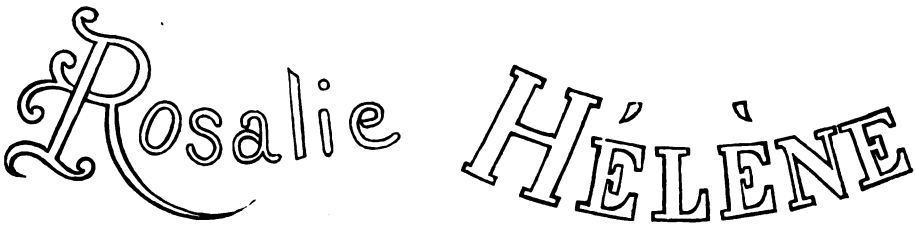
Morning dress of very fine cambric, trimmed with flounces arranged on the skirt to simulate large tabs, ornamented with black velvet. Bodice with square pelerine edged with a narrow flounce. Pagoda sleeves with flounce, narrow at the top and getting very wide toward the bottom; waistband, with bow of black velvet.



NAMES FOR MARKING.

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CROCHET TASSEL COVER.

Begin the covering for the heading of the tassel in the upper centre on a foundation chain of 8 stitches, joined into a circle; work round the same 18 rounds of double crochet, increasing in the first 8 rounds in such a manner that the 8th round has 40 stitches; the remaining 10 rounds are worked on the same number of stitches. On every stitch of the 18th round work 1 double, 5 chain after every double. Then work 11 rounds more of alternate chain stitch scallops. In the 1st to 5th of these 11 rounds each scallop has 5 chain stitch; in the remaining rounds 6 chain stitch; lastly, work 6 double round every scallop of the last round. The double crochet covering of the heading is ornamented with a sort of network of alternate chain stitch scallops. The double stitch of the first and last round are worked on the stitch of the heading of the tassel. At the upper edge of the heading work a round of chain stitch scallops, turned upward. At the top of the tassel fasten a crochet loop.

Bodice of white muslin, cut low and square in front, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. Pagoda sleeves trimmed to correspond.

BOW FOR THE HAIR.—This bow is made of ribbed ribbon, the same color as the dress with which it is worn, and of black velvet. It is mounted on stiff foundation net, through which the hair pin is inserted. The ribbon ends are fringed out.

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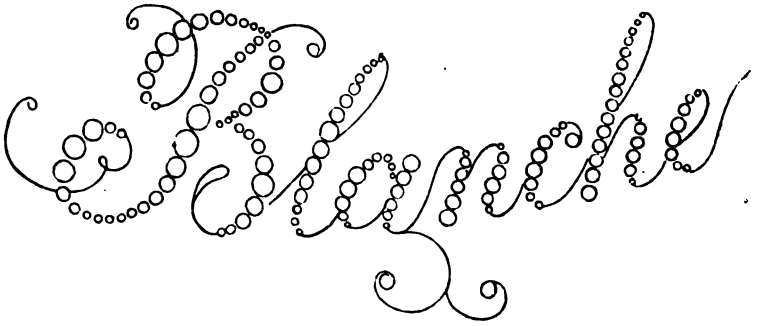
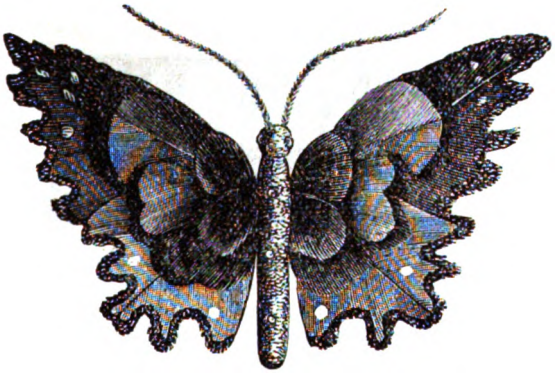
ORNAMENTAL LETTERS.



NAME FOR MARKING.



No. 1. ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR (FEATHER WORK).

NOS. 1 TO 7.—FEATHER TRIMMINGS FOR BALL DRESSES, &C.—Some of the newest and most uncommon trimmings of the present season are composed of feathers arranged in a variety of ways, either as ornaments for the hair, in separate shapes, or in continuous rows forming a border of any desired width, very suitable for trimming court or ball dresses. In the account of Queen Victoria's last Drawing Room, it was noticed that the greatest novelty was the feather trimmings, ostrich, pheasant, and even partridge feathers being called into requisition. Ladies residing in the country, and keeping fancy and other poultry, may easily make a collection of useful and effective feathers for the purpose, while those living in towns may obtain them from their poulterers. The white poultry feathers are particularly useful, as by the aid of "Judson's dyes" they may be made to assume any tint required to match or contrast with any ball dress. From the magenta dye a beautiful rose pink may be obtained by putting in a small

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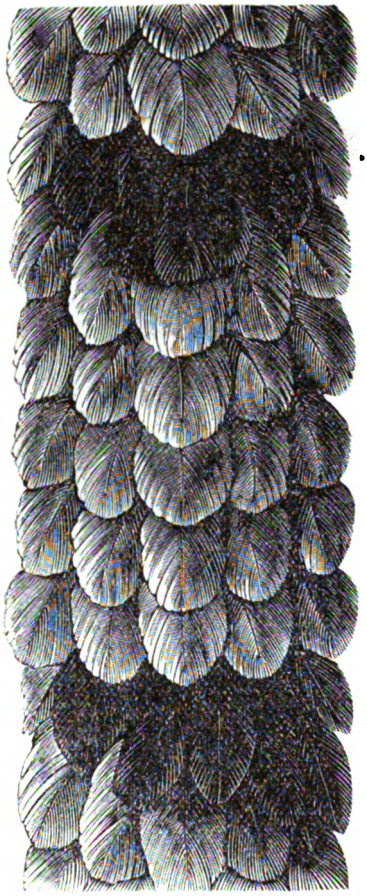
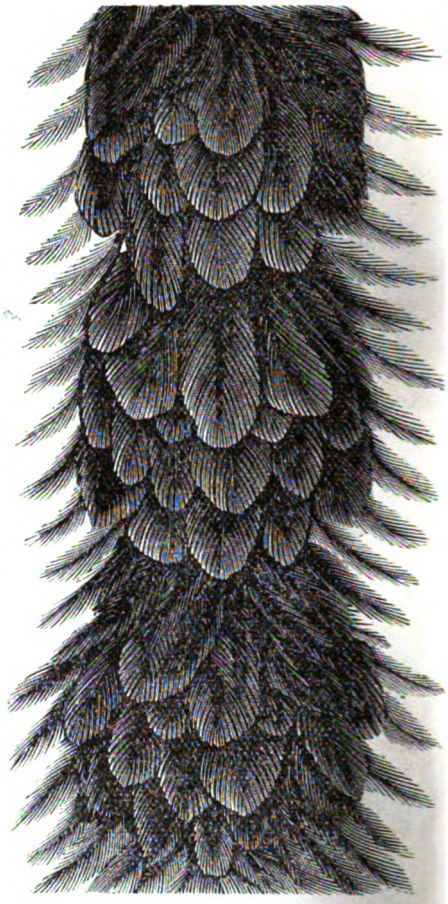
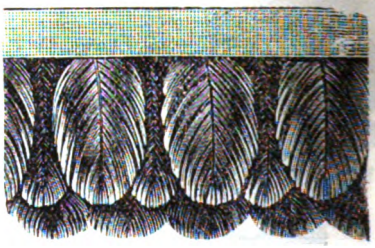


No. 2. Band for Dress (Feather Work).



No. 3. Band for Dress (Feather Work).

quantity of it. Scarlet, cerise, mauve, violet, yellow, blue, orange, gray, and many other colors may be had. For dyeing the small feathers, pour into an earthen basin two quarts of boiling water, and let the feathers soak in it for a minute or two, then lift them out with a perfectly clean quill pen or piece of stick, and pour in a little of the dye. The quantity must depend on the shade required; but it is better to put in too little than too much, as it is easy to add more if requisite. The feathers must never be allowed to remain in the basin while the dye is poured in. When the dye is thoroughly mixed with the water, put the feathers in and stir them about well with a pen or stick in each hand, that the color may take effect equally. When the feathers are of the shade you wish, take them out of the water with your little implement, and hang them to dry. We will now proceed to describe the various trimmings, illus-



No. 4. Trimming (Feather Work).

trations of which are given in Nos. 1 to 7. No. 1 is a pretty ornament for the hair, and looks extremely well with lace, ribbon bows, or flowers. It admits of great variety in the combination and arrangement of the colors, and, after describing the manner in which it is made, we must leave each lady to exercise her taste and ingenuity in the matter, merely remarking that the feathers of all kinds of foreign birds are very available for this purpose, as they need only

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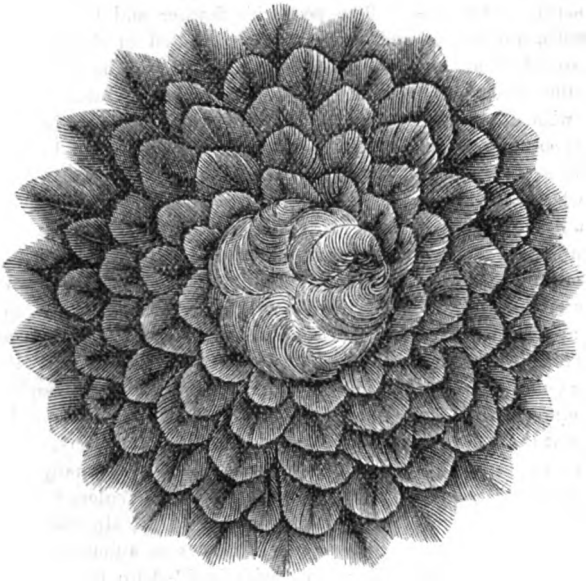
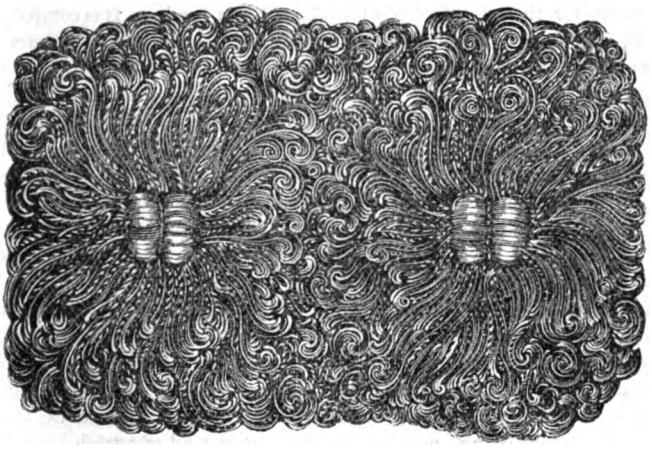
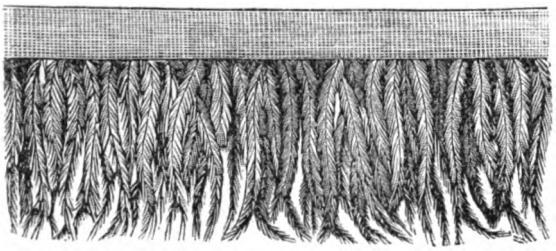


No. 5. Rosette (Feather Work).



No. 6. Trimming for low Bodice (Feather Work).



No. 7. Fringe (Feather Work).

match each other in pairs. For the foundation take a piece of rather thin Bristol board, three-quarters of an inch in depth and one inch and one-eighth in width; slope the outer corners toward the centre, leaving one-quarter of an inch in the middle for the body, which must be sloped and rounded at the extremities, and slightly fold the cardboard straight across, depthways, on each side of this. This piece is for the support of the wings (it is better to be colored black on the underside), and to it the feathers composing them must be fixed with strong gum arabic. For these, feathers having a larger and stronger shaft than those forming the trimmings hereafter described must be selected, those for the two upper wings cut to about an inch and three-quarters in length, and for the lower ones an inch and a quarter; these last must overlap the former, part of one side of the feather being cut away that they may not do so too much. The feathers for the upper wings must also be shaped with the scissors, and sloped to meet the under ones, and both sets notched at the edge. Scarlet looks well for the upper wings, and buff or sulphur color for the lower ones (but these can be varied in any way); white spots may be painted on the scarlet with body or oil color, and black on the buff with lamp black, with which also the notches may be edged. The breast feathers of pheasants are very pretty for the centre, arranged something in the manner shown in No. 1, their natural markings coming into great advantage. The very small neck feathers of the peacock, too, may be advantageously used for the same purpose. Having arranged the wings to your satisfaction proceed to cut the shape of the

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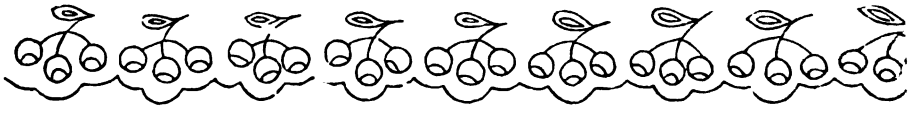
butterfly's body in the Bristol board, about an inch and three-quarters in length, rather pointed at one extremity, and rounded at the other for the head; paint the underside black and cover the upper with black velvet gummed on; but before doing so put between it and the former piece of cardboard two of the thinnest filaments of a peacock's feather (or, if not thin enough, cut them narrower), about one inch and three-quarters in length, for the antennæ; these, being so very light, are the best things for the purpose, as they move with the air, and give a more natural appearance. Now insert into the centre of the under piece of cardboard a short length of fine wire (such as is used for artificial flowers) twisted round a knitting needle, and make a small loop at the disengaged end; it only remains now to gum on the body in its proper place, and the butterfly is complete. A hair-pin put through the loop in the wire fastens it to the hair in any required position. Nos. 2 and 3 are well adapted for bands to loop up the tunic of a white tarlatan or crape ball dress. A foundation must be made by folding a double piece of the same material as the dress, rather narrower than the feathers will cover, and on it, for No. 2, are to be fixed a row of five feathers in breadth, of any light or bright color preferred, placed not quite straight across, but in the manner shown in the illustration. There are to be five rows of the same feathers also in height, as distinctly seen in the illustration, and then by way of contrast the tip of a large dark-green and black cock's feather, or a peacock's eye, which would have the best effect at night, with a very small feather of the same color as the rest on each side of it to make up the width. There are two ways of fastening on the feathers. Some people fix them with very strong gum arabic at the quill end of each; but the most secure way is sewing over every feather twice on each side the top of the quill. The peacock's feather and the smaller colored ones are to be repeated in the manner shown in the illustration till you have the required length. No. 3, which is intended for the same purpose, for a mourning dress, is composed entirely of black feathers, arranged in the form there shown, and edged with very light narrow ones. Some gray feathers might be intermixed in any way preferred to lighten this trimming; and, in order to adapt them to any desired shape, all and any of the feathers may be cut with sharp scissors to give them the proper form and make them fit in where required. No. 4 is a narrow trimming for the edge of the tunic, to correspond with the looping up, and, in the choice and arrangement of the colors, must be made to match the others. No. 5 is a rosette, which may be used for many purposes, composed of single white or colored feathers, which, being rounded at the tip with scissors, are arranged in circles on a foundation of stiff tulle; the centre is filled up with a few longer, slightly curled feathers, prepared before fixing with the back of a heated knife. No. 6 is peculiarly adapted for trimming the low bodice of a ball dress, like a berthe. It is composed entirely of the single barbs of white ostrich feathers, curled as before directed, arranged in the manner shown in the illustration in a kind of continuous row of rosettes, which appear as if tied together by loops of white floss silk placed in the centre of each. Ostrich feathers, which have become worn at the tips, or otherwise damaged, may be made available for this trimming, which is to be repeated in a narrower width round the short sleeves; and No. 7 is a fringe for the edge of the tunic to correspond. Strong gum arabic will be the most expeditious way of fastening these barbs to the foundation either of stiff tulle or tarlatan. The same trimming looks still lighter and more delicate if made with marabout instead of ostrich feathers.



EMBROIDERY.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

AUTUMN GARDENING.

Now is the time to plant beds of tulips and hyacinths for a brilliant show early in spring. What a rich repayment for a little expense and trouble is the superb coloring of a tulip-bed, the sweetness of a mass of hyacinths! coming, too, in such close and vivid contrast with the desolation of winter. Some flower-seeds, also, do best planted in the fall. Pansies, put in now, will be ready for the earliest spring blooming. After finishing the planting of spring bulbs, scatter all over the bed the seeds of sweet alyssum, portulacca, nemophila, myosotis, petunia, eschscholtzia, &c., and their varied bloom will keep up its beauty through the season.

The summer bulbs are of the easiest culture and propagation. We find our stock of gladioli and tuberoses much increased; the bulbs kept without fail through the winter, and planted out in spring. One of our gladiolus roots, left in the ground accidentally, came up early in the season, and bloomed finely. The mild winter of course accounts for its surviving.

We have had a new pleasure this summer in the Japan lilies sent us by Mr. Vick. The Auratum, large and fragrant, is the grandest flower we have ever had unfolding beneath our eye. Its size seems marvellous, and three successive lilies hang their golden splendor upon a stalk not a foot in height. The Roseum is smaller but more beautiful—a lovely rose color. These are said to be hardy. We shall look for them anxiously when winter is over.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF GARDENING.

We clip from an exchange the following decided opinion, thinking there may be truth in it. The old fable of the giant Antæus renewing his strength at every contact with mother earth, shows what the Greeks thought.

Of all the means which can be used to give strength, tone, power, and intrinsic force to the physical organization of the human being, working the soil is the best. It is better than mechanics; better than gymnastics; better than travel, though it be on foot; better than riding on horseback, or going to sea, or drinking the waters of medicinal springs. True, women are to be found in great numbers who are so sick as not to be able to dig the earth. These must avail themselves of other forms of labor in the open air. But where no special disease exists, but only want of constitutional force, of muscular power, as is the case with many women and grown up girls in this country, digging in the earth is the eminent remedy. However weak and ineffectual their first effort might be, time and steady application would do wonders for them. Their bones would become solid, muscles wiry, tendons elastic, skin clear, blood flowing freely from centre to extremity, brain vigorous, thought practical, habits simple, moral sense acute.

USEFUL CALISTHENICS.

We have often advocated these in preference to the mere aimless exercise of the muscles according to a set of rules. Such exercises soon tire, as they ought to. They are the body without the soul of that divinely ordained work which is a condition of healthful existence, and the most determined leader of a class can only infuse spirit into them for a time. Still the furore in regard to them has been useful. The principle is correct, that all the muscles of the body should be called into daily action. We have only to apply it practically. If girls are excused from home usefulness they must find some substitute or lose their health. Riding, boating, dancing, walking, all are good, but in some circumstances it is a comfort to consider that many items of housework will answer the purpose of relaxation from study or the needle. Wiping windows with a chamois is excellent, so is the working of Doty's washing machine, which you may do in gloves, and seated, if you like. It would solve many a domestic problem to remember that the necessity for exercise is as urgent as that for getting the work done.

The careful English mother makes her girls walk the floor with a book on the head to insure an erect and stately carriage, and promenade the schoolroom with a bucket in each hand to cultivate drooping shoulders. Of course if something useful is accomplished at the same time, it would not spoil the recipe. One thing is certain, indolence is no friend to grace. To move gracefully, the limbs must be pliant and supple, and only thorough use and habitual activity will make them so. In the tropics it is different, but here the lazy cannot hope to be the graceful.

A GARDEN IN BELGIUM.

Particularly worthy of notice and imitation is the beautiful new garden called Le Jardin de l'Imperatrice. It is in the most finished style of vegetable embroidery, carried out regardless of expense (for Lille is prosperous, wealthy, and proud), with ribbons of flowers, tufts and fringes of leaves, and lawns which you want to roll up and carry away to make your wife a green velvet dress.

SOMETHING NEW.

Among the novelties in dress-goods is a waterproof black silk. It is a grosgrain that has been dipped in a solution of caoutchouc, which renders it impervious to moisture. For mantles, habits, and travelling-suits it will be very serviceable.

The latest thing in necklaces is a chain with pendants of Brazilian bugs in gold. Another style has pendants of cobwebs, in which a fly is caught.

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FALL DRESSES.

There never was a time when black was so fashionable for all ages and classes as at present. Even in summer the black grenadines, and silks, and mohairs, and bereges have been seen everywhere, adapted to the hottest weather, by wearing with skirts of those materials the black and white percale waists that have been found so comfortable and convenient for travelling during the summer heats. And now that autumn dresses are to be thought of, it is evident that black, as being suited for cool weather, will be more fashionable than ever. For a complete suit there can be nothing more really economical than a good black alpaca. Being fine and lustrous, it keeps its elegance through an amount of wear that would deface, two or three times over, an inferior article. Those who have some experience in this kind of goods, know how important it is to secure a good black, fast color. By asking for the Buffalo Brand you will make sure of satisfaction in this particular, as well as in other points of superiority. The full dress pattern makes a handsome suit, without any additional expense for trimming, as the material, being soft and silky, adapts itself well to the varied styles of ornament.

CLUBS.

Those who design raising Clubs for the LADY'S FRIEND for the ensuing year—and we hope there are thousands of such—should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with the canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great that there should be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions should be sent in as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full), in order that the forwarding of the Magazine to new subscribers may not be delayed. *See Prospectus on the last page.*

DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLORED PATTERN.

CRAVATE.—Materials: Ardern's crochet cotton, No. 34. Terms: D., double; P., purl.

Begin by working the inner row of trefoils having two threads. 1st oval—* 7 D., 1 P., 7 D., draw close. Work close to this second oval, 7 D., 1 P., 7 D., draw close. 3d oval—7 D., 1 P., 7 D., draw close. Reverse, with 2d thread 10 D., 1 P., 10 D.; reverse, and repeat* 27 times for the lappet.

For the neck work the length required of trefoils, then work the other lappet, and, on coming back to the neck, join each trefoil to the one opposite.

The outside row is next worked. This also requires two threads. Begin with its oval of trefoil—† 6 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 4 times, 6 D., draw close. Work close to this 2d oval, 6 D., join to 1st oval, 2 D., 1 P. 6 times, 6 D., draw close. 3d oval—6 D., join to 2d oval, 2 D., 1 P., 4 times, draw close. Reverse, with 2d thread 10 D.; reverse, with shuttle 6 D., join to 3d oval, 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close; reverse, with 2d thread join to P. stitch in the centre of last round of trefoils, 8 D.; reverse, with shuttle 6 D., join to last oval; 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close. Reverse with 2d thread 8 D.; reverse, with shuttle 6 D., join to last P., 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 6 D., draw close; reverse, join to next P. stitch in last row, 10 D., repeat † all round the cravate. Then work the star between each trefoil in the inner row, * 4 D., join to trefoil 4 D., draw close; repeat * all round the lappets and in the neck.

The shamrock is worked with 2 threads, 1st with shuttle—S., 6 D., 1 P., 4 D., 1 P., 4 D., 1 P., 6 D.; draw close, work round this with 2d thread, 7 D., join to P. stitch, 1 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to next P., 1 D., 1 P., 5 D., join to last P., 1 D., 1 P., 7 D., draw very tight and work round again; 8 D., join to P., 1 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 1 D., join to P. stitch in the third star to the right of bottom of lappet 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., join to next star, 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 8 D.; draw close round the oval and fix it firmly; leave a short space of cotton and repeat from S. twice, joining to each star. For the stalk reverse the work, and with 2nd thread, 4 D., 1 P., 4 D., 1 P., 4 D., 1 P., 4 D.; reverse and repeat the shamrock twice; reverse again and repeat the stalk: reverse and repeat the shamrock twice; fasten off. The other two groups of shamrocks are worked in the same way, and are connected by stars and dots of 4 D., 1 P., 4 D. to the stars at the sides of the lappets.

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

We clip the following from a London paper for the benefit of our readers who may like to see the routine of such occasions among the upper ten of England:

The marriage of the Marquis of Downshire with Miss Balfour, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Georgina Balfour, took place on Tuesday, at St. George's, Hanover-square, in the presence of a very large circle of friends. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Exeter, assisted by the Rev. J. Howarth. The Marquis of Downshire arrived about twenty minutes after eleven, attended by his best man, his brother, Lord A. Hill; and the bride arrived soon after, leaning on the arm of her father. Her dress was of very thick white satin, with a deep flounce of point lace, with a heading of narrow lace, with enormous white satin bows on each side of the skirt; she was enveloped by the thickest of lace veils; she had a diamond necklace which shone through the veil, and the regulation bouquet.

The bridesmaids were six in number: Miss Mary Balfour, sister of the bride, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Muriel Cambell, Hon. Hester Cotton, the Hon. Rosa Hood, and Miss Bouverie. They were dressed in fine white muslin over white silk slips, made with three deep flounces; the upperskirt made with a narrow flounce on the edge, raised at the side; a muslin sash; the body of white muslin over white silk, cut very low in front, trimmed with *bouillonés* of muslin; the bonnet of white tulle, very high in front, trimmed with white lace, one large pink rose on the front of the bonnet, and one to fasten the strings; the tulle veils were not very long, but tied behind over the chignon. The bridesmaids' bouquets were of jasmine, &c. At the conclusion of the ceremony the organ played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the party followed each other into the vestry to sign the register. The wedding party returned to Lady Georgina's house in Belgrave-square, and were ushered into the large drawing-rooms to inspect the wedding presents till the breakfast was announced. During this time a newly wedded pair is obliged to sit in state, generally on an ottoman in the middle of the apartment, with

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the bridesmaids standing behind Miss Balfour. Wedding presents were too numerous to mention; every description of table ornaments and a splendid dressing case.

Though the inspection was very interesting the announcement of breakfast was not unwelcome. The bridegroom offered his arm to Lady Downshire, and headed the procession to the dining-room; then came the head bridesmaid with the best man, followed by the five other young ladies with their cavaliers. On this occasion there were many more ladies than gentlemen. The wedding cake occupied the place of honor in the centre of the table on a magnificent stand. The cake itself was about three feet high, and ornamented with a wreath of orange blossoms. The table was covered with dishes of fruit and flowers; the other refreshments were handed to the guests. Some very good speeches were made during the breakfast, and the health of lords and ladies drank, as usual. By this time it was getting late. The bride retired to change her dress for a travelling one. The departure of the bride and bridegroom took place a little before three, in a carriage and four, for the nearest railway station, *en route*, not for the Continent, on account of the war, but for Hampsted Park.

On another occasion: A very large company assembled in the church to witness the event, and afterward partook of breakfast at the South Kensington Hotel. The bride wore a rich white silk, trimmed with Brussels lace, and a Brussels lace veil. There were seven bridesmaids. The presents were very numerous and costly; among them we may enumerate a dressing-case, ruby, emerald, and diamond rings, some silver vases, two exquisite renaissance gilt goblets, flower stands, lockets, &c.

Another wedding was an exceedingly pretty one. The nine bridesmaids wore white grenadine dresses with small flounces reaching to the waist, over which fell tunics, caught up with bunches of bluebells and heather; the bride wore white satin and Honiton lace.

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.

If some man or woman of genius would rise, having in them vital force enough to institute a peripatetic school, gathering together a class of scholars and spending time with them every pleasant day, summer and winter, largely in the open air; teaching them, notwithstanding the liability because of the great variety of surrounding objects to have their attention drawn away, to fix the attention strictly on the thing to be taught, taking it up in all its variety and amplitude, and fastening it in the mind at the time so it would never be forgotten, what such children would acquire in the way of knowledge and in the way of discipline in the course of one year would be of more value to them than ten years of ordinary schooling now is. It would be so for the reason that outside of the knowledge actually gained, would be acquired the power constantly to obtain knowledge. Wherever such child might be, once the habit of close observation and fixed attention was established, knowledge would come pouring in through eye, and ear, and finger-tip, through nostril and tongue-tip. God would be constantly infusing new intelligence into the child's nature. The sensorium would be an immense reservoir of facts, and these would be laid away to be generalized upon at the proper time. The memory would become quick and tenacious; the power of analysis or of keen discrimination would be developed in large measure, and many children who, under our system of education, are dull and stupid, would come to be quick, sagacious, ready to learn, and wise to use their learning.—*Laws of Life.*

New Publications.

Life of Charles Dickens. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D., Literary Editor of the "Philadelphia Press." With Personal Recollections and Anecdotes; Letters by "Boz," never before published; and Uncollected Papers in Prose and Verse. With Portrait and Autograph. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is just the book that the admirers of Dickens (and who are not his admirers?) want to see at this time. His life having suddenly ended, one naturally takes such retrospect of it as he can, and seeks eagerly for additional information. The volume before us furnishes most interesting particulars:

MR. JOHN DICKENS.

Mr. John Dickens, the author's father, was a fine specimen of the semi-Sheridan class of gentlemen, who dressed well, were very liberal with other folks' money, enjoyed a joke, repeated a *bon mot* in an airy manner, and believed, with Micawber, that giving a note at hand, or accepting a promissory note for the amount of debt, interest, and costs, was a payment in full.

He was undeniably a man of talent and energy, gifted with a lively and convivial spirit that made him, wherever he went, "a hail-fellow well met," and a man so generally liked that his company was much sought after, which his personal friends hint led him to "launch out," like many other kindred spirits, a little more than his means would permit, and, as a natural consequence, he was not altogether free from those peculiar anxieties and troubles that follow such indulgences.

MRS. ELIZABETH DICKENS.

The mother of the novelist has been described to me as having much resembled Mrs. Nickleby, of happy memory, in the charming inaccuracy of her memory and the curious inscutiveness of her conversation. In later years she was tall and thin, with a wasp's waist, of which she was very vain, and was what is called "dressy." She was a good wife, very fond of her husband, devoted to her children, and extremely proud of her son Charles, who was kind and liberal to her from the time it was in his power to be so.

The next question of interest is his marriage. How came he to choose a woman so unsuited to him? A letter, written at the time of the separation, says:

Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman-servant (more friend to both of us than servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was and still is in Mrs. Dickens's confidence and mine, who had the closest familiar experience of this unhappiness in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children.

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She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser, companion.

In the manly consideration toward Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will only remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine—what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered, and toiled, and came again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens has often expressed to her her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the house—never more strongly than within the last few months.

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart, that her always increasing estrangement was due to a mental disorder under which she sometimes labors; more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead, as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together in "appearance."

A separation was eventually decided upon, however, as the world knows. The behavior of Dickens in this matter appears to us chivalrous and generous. Probably many of the deep lines of pain and care that are so striking in his portrait are due to this life-long trouble, a mistaken marriage. He was very young and Miss Hogarth younger when it took place. One cannot help thinking of the child wife in that confessedly autobiographic story, David Copperfield, and concluding that Dora did not die young, as there related, and as in poetic justice she should, but lived to be the mother of nine children and the trouble of her husband's life.

Grace Greenwood gives this picture of the family when she dined there in 1852:

"I have in my mind still a perfectly distinct picture of the bright, elegant interior of Tavistock House, and of its inmates—of my host himself, then in his early prime—of Mrs. Dickens, a plump, rosy, English, handsome woman, with a certain air of absent-mindedness, yet gentle and kindly. Miss Hogarth, a very lovely person, with charming manners—and the young ladies, then *very* young—real English girls, fresh and simple, and innocent-looking as English daisies."

It seems that at this early date Dickens was in the habit, which he continued the rest of his life, of writing until a certain hour in the morning, and when the clock struck, starting out for a walk.

"I go at once," he said, hardly waiting to complete a sentence. "I could not keep my health otherwise. I let nothing deprive me of my tramp."

The habit was as good a one as possible; yet it seems to us that his faith in this daily constitutional was the rock on which he was wrecked at last. Relying upon its efficacy to balance all excesses of intellectual effort, he increased the number of miles in proportion to his need of relaxation; and so did not relax at all, but added the walking task to the writing task, and kept up to high pressure tension that tax upon the system, that strain upon the nerves, which finally snapped the thread of life.

Among the hitherto unpublished papers in this volume, we like very much "A Small Star in the East."

Married in Haste. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. A Tale of Love, Selfishness, and Retribution. By Miss Dickens, daughter of Chas. Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Why does not this gifted daughter of the great novelist write more? "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," when it appeared some time ago, was pronounced a remarkable story, and its author warmly congratulated upon the inheritance of a portion of her father's genius. We have read it over with interest, and are impressed anew with its excellence. The moral is instructive to wilful, impetuous natures—precisely the kind, however, that would disdain to be instructed. As Miss Dickens says—"I never heard of a case in which one human being's heart-experience served to teach any but himself or herself." Still, it is well to put the case upon record, being true to human nature and to life.

Anna falls in love with her sister's betrothed lover, and such is the force of her will and the fascination of her beauty and spirit, that he elopes with and marries her, all the while, in the bottom of his heart, loving only Margaret. Anna gains what she strives for, but it is dead sea fruit—dust and ashes in the mouth; and all through the long wretched years of married life, though her husband tries to do his duty, the love that she had wilfully and defiantly seized upon, forever mocks and eludes her.

Receipts.

How Prof. Blot Fries Potatoes.—Cut them in whatever shape you wish above a bowl of cold water, so that they will drop into it. Then drain and wipe them dry. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potatoes to turn reddish. Have a coarse towel ready, then turn the potatoes into a colander, and immediately turn them into the towel, shake them a little, and quickly drop them into hot fat. When done turn them into a colander, sprinkle salt on them and serve hot. If you wish them light or swelled, leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then put them back in the very hot fat, stir for about a minute, and put them again in the colander. If the fat is very hot, when dropped into it for the second time, they will certainly swell. Bear in mind that fried potatoes must be eaten as hot as possible. Fry only one size at a time, as it takes three times as long to fry them when cut in pieces as when sliced.

Pickles.—To insure good cider-vinegar, it is safest to purchase it of some farmer who is known to have a cider-press, as so much of the beautiful vinegar we see is made from *a weed*, which eats and destroys the pickles.

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FRIED POTATOES IN SUMMER.—The potatoes are first peeled, and put in ice water several hours; then they are taken out, sliced very thin with a machine, and thrown into pounded ice, to be kept until wanted. When required, they are taken out carefully, and quickly wiped dry upon a napkin, and thrown into boiling lard. When done, they are taken out with a skimmer, salt sprinkled over them, and shaken in a sieve. They are then ready to serve.

TO MAKE APPLE BUTTER.—Select two bushels of sweet apples and two bushels of sour apples, and peel, core and quarter them. Take a barrel of good sweet apple cider, and boil it in a copper kettle until all the impurities have risen to the surface. After this is done, and the impurities skimmed off, take out two-thirds of the cider. Then put in the apples, and as the quantity boils down put in the rest of the cider. After putting in the apples the butter must be stirred without interruption until it is taken off. It will take about five hours boiling after the apples are put into the cider. It should be boiled until the whole mass becomes smooth and of the same consistency, and of a dark brown color. Spice with ground cloves and cinnamon to taste. The butter can then be taken off and put into vessels or use. Earthen crocks are best for this purpose. Tie the vessels over with heavy paper and set them away in a dry place. The butter will keep a year if wanted.

Peach butter is made much in the same way. Sometimes the peaches are not peeled, though the butter is better if the peelings are taken off. It does not require so much boiling to make peach butter, and as soon as the peaches are thoroughly boiled up and the butter is thick enough it can be taken off. Cover the vessels with paper, moistened with whiskey. This will keep the butter from moulding on top.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Take a clean tin or porcelain kettle of large size, so there will be no danger of boiling over; put in a sufficient quantity of good molasses (Trinidad), and place it over a good fire, and boil briskly until it will be brittle when cooled—which may be known by dipping a small quantity into a dish of cold water—then pour into well buttered pans not over an inch thick. Let it cool until it can be handled, then pull smartly until wh te. Draw out on a clean table into sticks. No soda or other ingredients required.

APPLE POT-PIE.—Pare and quarter half a dozen russets, lay them in a porcelain kettle, sprinkle over a cup of crushed sugar, a dust of nutmeg and cinnamon, a bit of butter; over all spread a layer of dough, made up with Horsford's yeast powder, or cream-tartar and soda, or sour milk and soda; add one quart of boiling water, cover tightly, and boil forty minutes; if berries are used, omit the water.

CUCUMBERS.—Procure the smallest size; lay them in a washtub of cold water three days, changing them into another tub and fresh water three times a day; then wipe them dry and put them in the jars with whole peppers, allspice, and mustard-seed, and a handful of salt to each jar. Boil the vinegar three days in succession, and pour over them hot, till quite covered.

MARTINOES.—Gather them when you can run a pinhead into them, and, after wiping them, keep them ten days in weak brine, changing it every other day. Then wipe them, and pour over boiling spiced vinegar. In four weeks they are ready for use.

PICKLE CHOW-CHOW.—Quarter of a peck green tomatoes, quarter of a peck white onions, quarter of a peck pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celery-seed, salt, to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best cider vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil while hot.

SPICED PICKLED PLUMS.—Four quarts plums, one pint vinegar, one pound sugar; boil the vinegar, spices and sugar together, and then put in plums, and boil awhile longer.

BAKED QUINCES.—The fruit may be baked like apples, adding syrup, or sugar and water, while baking. Certainly every one who likes a sour baked apple will relish a baked quince. They are very good simply baked and eaten with powdered sugar.

TO DRY SWEET APPLES.—Bake as for the table, then dry in a brick oven. They may be soaked, heated, water dried away, and restored very nearly to the condition of a fresh baked apple. Stewed in more syrup, they make a much richer sauce than the common dried apples.

SPICED PEACHES.—Take nine pounds of good ripe peaches, rub them with a coarse towel, and halve them; put four pounds sugar and a pint of good vinegar in your preserving kettle, with cloves, cinnamon, and mace; when the syrup is formed, throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them as whole as may be; when clear, take them out and put in more; boil the syrup till quite rich, and then pour it over the peaches. Cherries may be done in the same way.

CRAB APPLES.—Select perfect ones; pour boiling water over them, which removes the skin; lay them in water enough to cover them; let them simmer slowly till soft; take them out and drain; make a clean syrup, pound for pound; boil them in it till clear, lay them on dishes to cool, and place in jars; cook the syrup a little longer, and pour it over the apples when hot. Seal.

SPARKLING GRAPE WINE.—To a gallon of grapes put three quarts of water; bruise the fruit thoroughly, let it stand for a week without stirring, and then strain off the liquor; then add three pounds of powdered loaf sugar and cork up the vessel before fermentation has entirely ceased, as otherwise the wine will not sparkle; let it stand at least two months, then bottle it, but be sure to cork it well and to keep it in a dry cellar.

QUINCE WINE.—Grate whole quinces (cutting out rot and worms), squeeze the juice through a flannel bag, and to each quart juice put one pound sugar. Let it work long enough to clear out the pugs; when clear bottle it.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Get ripe berries, put them in something to scald them, as the juice can be got easier and quicker. Put a little water in to keep the berries from burning; then extract the juice and put one pound of granulated sugar to a quart, and set it near the stove to keep warm and work; it will work in two or three weeks. Put in nothing but the sugar and a little water. After it is ready for the sugar, heat some of the juice and stir the sugar in so that it will be all dissolved; it will work itself. The scum should be taken off, and when it is done working, turn it off carefully and bottle. For twenty quarts of juice, two or three quarts of water should be used.

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PATTERNS FOR OCTOBER.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Little boy's suit, ... 40 cents.
Sleeve of muslin bodice, ... 10 cents.

Fashions.

FIGS. 1 AND 2.—These two figures represent the same toilet—one a front view, the other showing the back. Skirt with demi-train of either pale green or blue silk, shot with white, and trimmed with a plaited flounce of white muslin, fastened down with a cross-band to match the dress; above the cross-band there is a double-plaited heading. A similar plaiting, only an inch narrower, is arranged above this flounce. A white muslin tunic, gathered up the centre, forms a full pouf, and at the sides two small plain basques much shorter than the pouf. The trimming corresponds with the flounces. Silk sash, consisting of four loops and two ends. Low silk bodice, square both front and back, and trimmed with a plaiting and cross-band. High muslin chemisette, tucked and open in front, where it is ornamented with small silk revers. Short silk sleeves, forming a point on the outside of the arm, and trimmed with two rows of narrow muslin plaiting. Long muslin sleeves, with cuffs in the same style.

FIG. 3.—Under-dress of purple silk, with a fluted ruffle, above which are bands of insertion and medallion of passementerie. Over-dress of Algerian stuff, trimmed with Thibet fringe.

FIG. 4.—Costume for a little girl from eight to nine, of rose-colored silk and white muslin.

FIG. 5.—Suit of gray summer cloth for a boy of ten. Pantaloons buttoned at the knee; stockings striped blue and white. Blue cravat and white vest.

FIG. 6.—Short dress of thin blue muslin, with little flounces. Corsage cut very low. Tunic of clear white muslin, shorter before than behind, with a deep flounce, headed with insertion. The corsage is trimmed with insertion and lace, and makes revers behind. The blue belt is tied in a small bow. Coiffure, a small lace toquet, with blue flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Fashion seems to have gone into half-mourning, so many toilets are white and black. In the winter we shall have jet again, and it will be all the more fashionable because of having been laid aside for a time. Not only will there be jet in all passementerie ornaments, but our dresses, paletots, and jackets will be trimmed with jet bead patterns arranged like braiding.

Great skill and taste are now required from a modiste to make up a bonnet, as there is no well defined rule to observe for the shape or trimming, and almost all depends upon the maker's own caprice and fancy.

Each bonnet is a study, and none should be chosen lightly and without regard to the age, style, and physiognomy of the wearer.

The Tyrolese hat is still fashionable. One variety of it, the Brigand, is of black crêpe de chine, trimmed with black feathers and roses, and with a small gilt poniard thrust through the roses.

Watteau hats, trimmed round with crape and with a bouquet of flowers at the side, are also in great favor. The crape and flowers should be of the color of the dress.

Some of the latest straw bonnets are formed of literally nothing but a front border, bound with silk or velvet at the back, and ornamented with a large bunch of flowers and foliage. Ribbon strings or lace lappets are tied in front.

Rouleaux are taking the place of plaits. In other coiffures the chignon is composed of long, thick curls. The flowers are always placed on the top of the head for evening—coiffures, with long, trailing sprays coming very low down in the neck.

Circulars of black and white, and maize striped chaly, with llama fringes, are fashionable. They have a flat, three-cornered hood, finished off with tassels of both colors of the material.

Then there is the Mussulman, a graceful little paletot of black cashmere lined with soft silk, trimmed with arabesque or sheaf patterns, in varied bright colors, according to the fashionable Oriental style. This model is also made of colored cashmere, with braiding of a darker shade of the same color.

The sans-souci paletot of fancy chinéd cloth, trimmed with flutings and narrow velvet ribbons.

And the Hungarian paletot, of white or red cloth, of a new and graceful shape, slit open in the lower part of all the seams, and richly trimmed with soutache.

The alpaca toilets are very simple and elegant, trimmed with flutings divided by pipings of white or colored silk. The second skirt, also trimmed with flutings, is draped and looped up at the side with bows of ribbon. The bodice, with cut out basques, is open in front, with revers. The sleeves are either of the pagoda fashion or with revers.

Flutings of white muslin are put on as a trimming to silk dresses. They are placed rather wide apart, so as to show the silk material between. These flutings are sometimes merely hemmed round, sometimes they are edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

Ladies who have dresses of embroidered muslin, such as were the fashion some years ago, can now make use of the embroidered flounces, have them done up and placed upon silk dresses, rose-colored, pale-blue, &c.

Crêpe de chine fichus are seen with many pretty evening toilets. Beside the Régence and the Watteau fichu, there is now a new model, the Novice, of black crape, edged with a fluting of white tarlatan. Ladies who have brooches can display them to advantage with such fichus. If not, they fasten the folds of crape with a fringed bow, and let fall in the opening of the fichu a jewelled cross or locket, suspended by a velvet necklace or coiled gold chain.

[Announcement.]

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[Announcement.]

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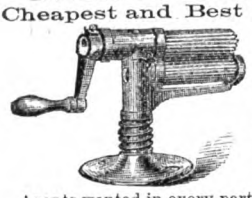

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THE

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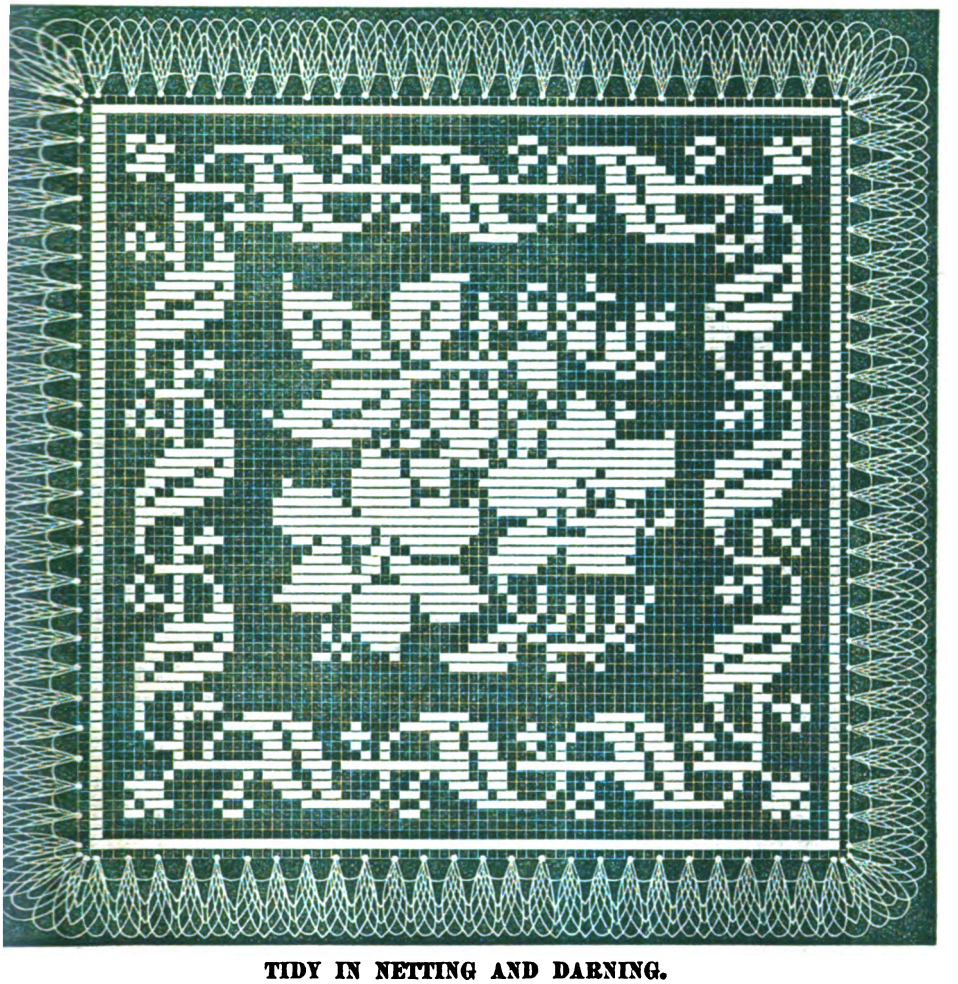
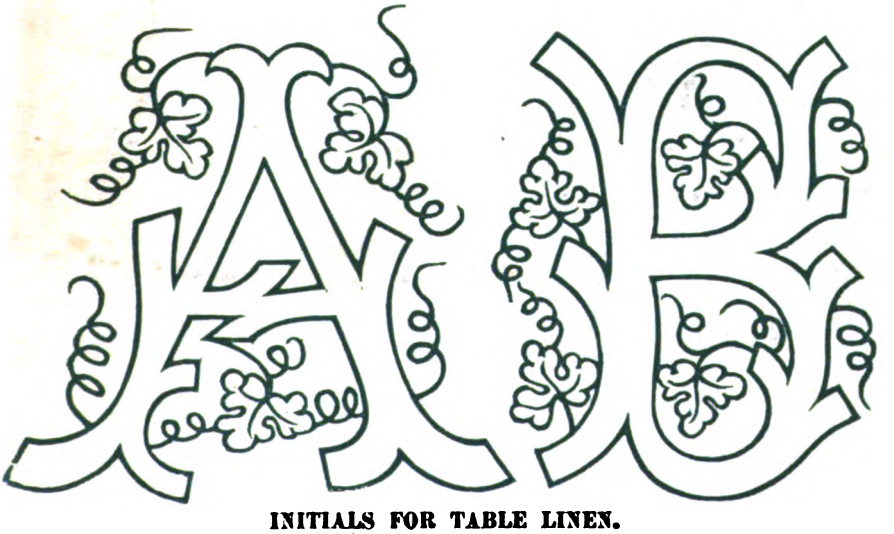


TIDY IN NETTING AND DARNING.



INITIALS FOR TABLE LINEN.

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BEAUTY IN WINTER. (*See Poem on page* 725.)

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No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1.—A maroon silk dress, trimmed with black velvet and fringe.

No. 2.—A salmon silk dress, with a deep flounce plaited *a la Russe*, and headed with a box-plaiting to match. Black velvet *casaque*, looped up at the back; it has an ornament of ruched satin at the sides, which ruche is fastened down in the centre with a narrow black velvet band. A similar ruche is laid on the close-fitting bodice, so as to describe a small cape; a similar trimming encircles the throat and sleeves, the latter being of the pagoda form. The waistband fastens at the back, and the sash ends fall *en cascade* on the back of the paletôt. Black velvet bonnet, with flowers to match the dress, and rich black lace lappets.

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No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1.—Slight Mourning Toilet.—Round skirt of black velvet, terminating with a deep flounce, which is sewn on with a heading. Casaque of gray cashemire de soie forming two points in front, one point at each side, and a pouf at the back. Small black velvet pelerine with long ends; the waistband is velvet; a narrow frill of the cashmere borders the pelerine. Plain sleeves with velvet revers at each cuff, trimmed to match the pelerine. Black velvet Montpensier toquet ornamented with a velvet bow and long gray feather. Gauze veil; gray kid gloves.

No. 2.—Suit of brown merino, trimmed with ruffles of the same, and brown fur.

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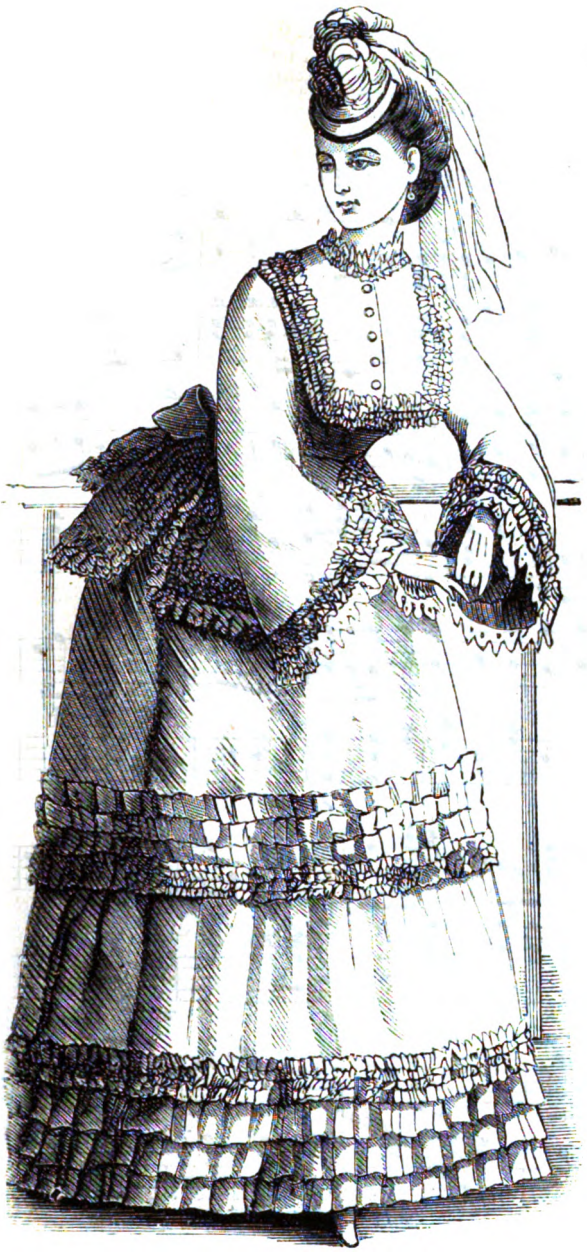

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 1.—High Bodice with Basque. Trimming put on low and square.

Nos. 2 and 3.—Borders (Fancy Embroidery).—These borders are useful for jackets, bodices, aprons, &c. They may be worked either on a black or colored ground, with either white or gold or with a variety of colored silks, which gives them a Persian effect.

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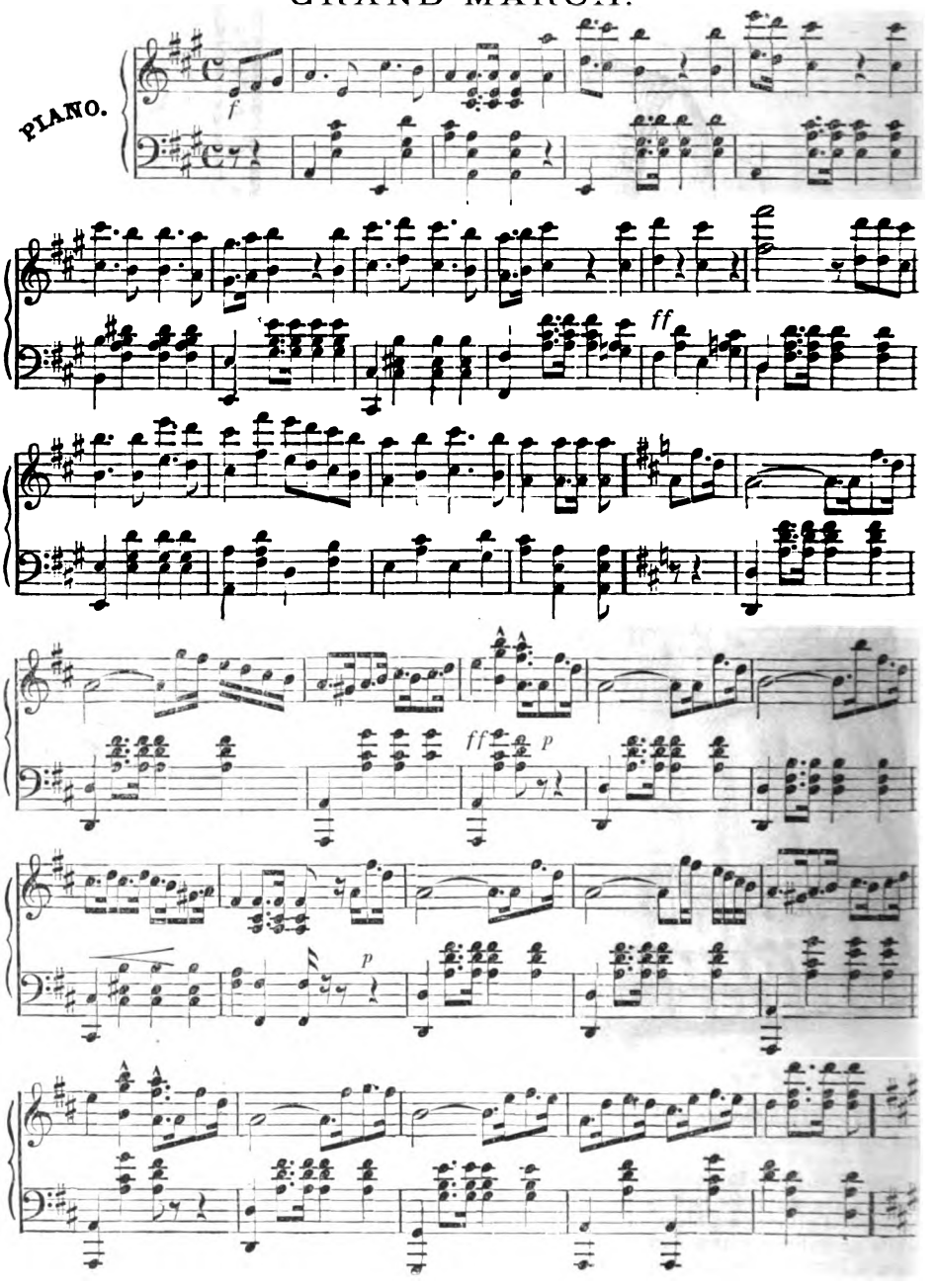
GERMAN FATHERLAND.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't Swabia? Is't the Prussian's land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O, no! more great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

GRAND MARCH.



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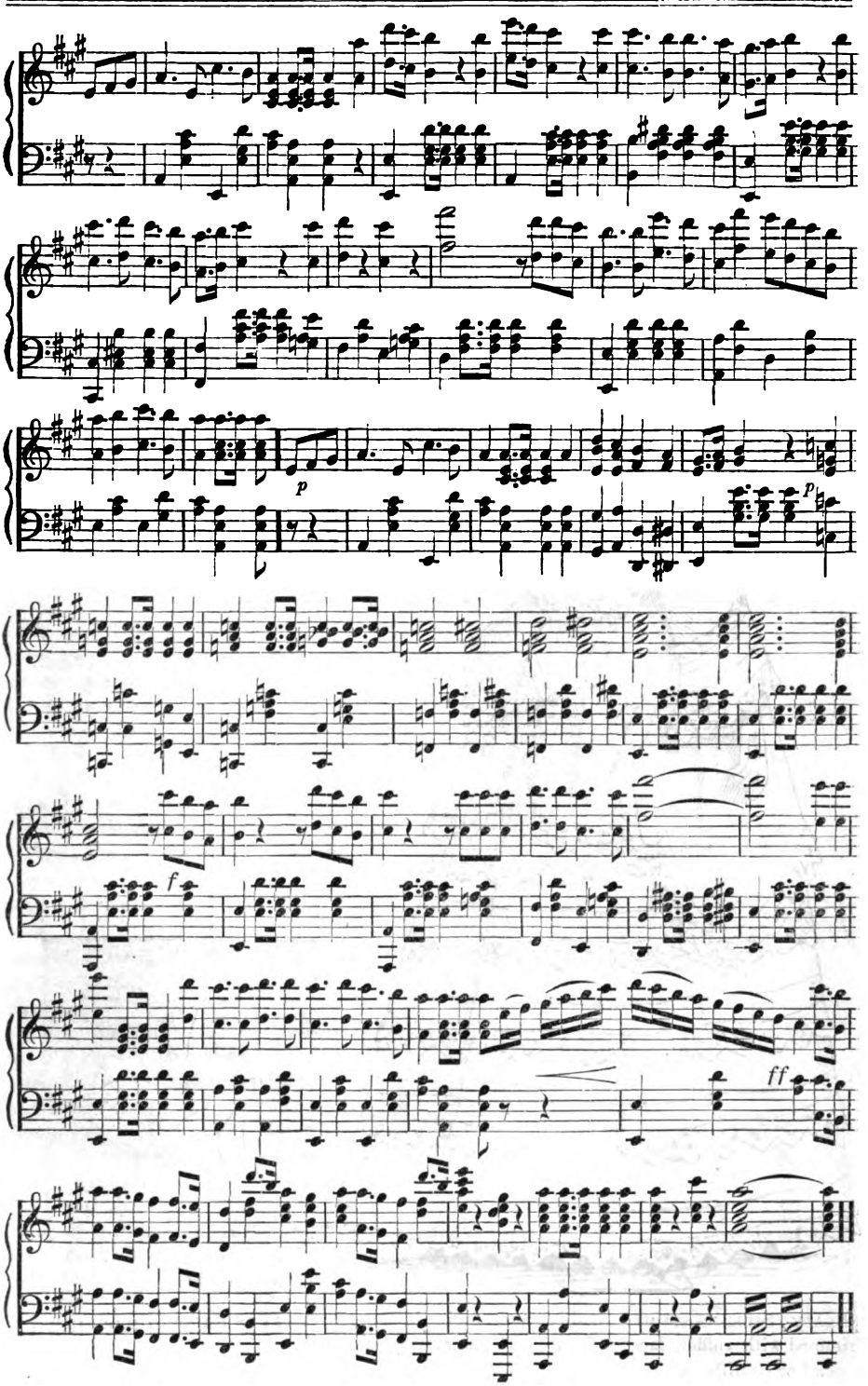

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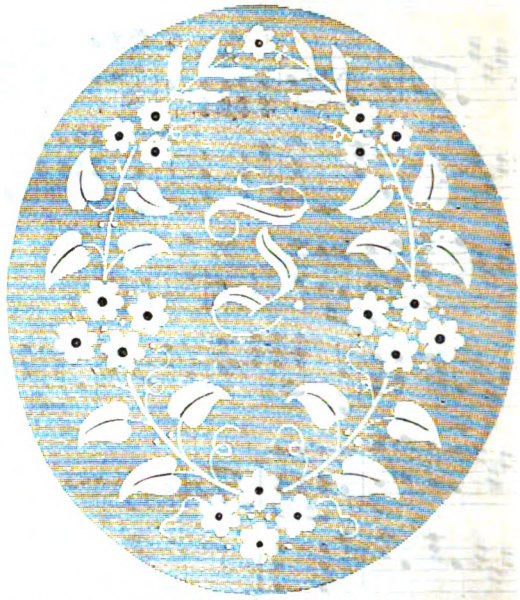
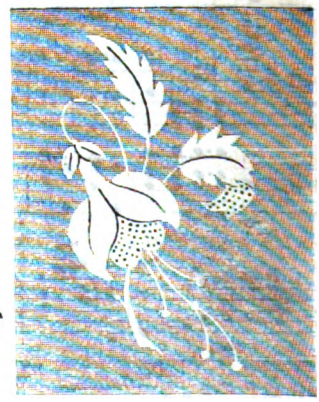


HANDKERCHIEF CORNER IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

BLACK SILK COSTUME.—Bodice and tunic in one. Trimmed with ruffles, lace, or fringe. The skirt may correspond or be different.



SPRAY IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1870. [No. 11.

SOLID SILVER;
OR, CHRISIE DEANE'S BRIDAL GIFTS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.
Author of "The Debarry Fortune,"

(*Continued from page* 638.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.
LOSSES AND CROSSES.

The next summer Chrisie lost her delightful handmaiden, Jane, who married a young farmer at Mount Hope. She went home as usual, and Dick, having made a rather fortunate outside speculation, had his winter coal put in, and then proposed that he and Chrisie should take a little tour.

She was delighted. Baby was left with mother and Lizzy, of whom he was very fond, and Chrisie declared it seemed almost like a bridal trip. Dick enjoyed it very much.

But the new experience with a Bridget was not so pleasant. Chrisie's housekeeping trials had been very light until this time. In a week their tidy kitchen was fearful and wonderful to behold. Bridget entertained her cousins, who smoked vile tobacco, demolished cake, apples, and choice fruits. Chrisie was glad to have the month end.

After that, taking the advice of a friend, she made her period of trial merely of a week's duration. But misfortunes seemed to follow thick and fast. The range was broken, the water faucets out of order almost daily, dishes disappeared as if by a miracle, Master Charlie's clothes, that had taken so many hours to braid and embroider, were washed to ribbons or scorched to cinders in the ironing. And, oh! how fearfully bills of all kinds increased. The month's salary failed to pay them all.

"O dear!" cried Chrisie in despair, "I have half a mind to try boarding!"

"How do other people manage?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It is said that a good housekeeper makes good servants, and I know that I can manage a house well, but I cannot transform a miserable, slovenly, inefficient servant into a good one. And none of them are willing to be taught."

"How royally Mrs. Kirkland seems to get along!"

"So did we with Jane. If her girl should leave, it might be hard work to find another as good. And yet she only pays her nine dollars a month. Nearly every one who has been here wants twelve at the lowest."

Dick sighed. Latterly there had been very little comfort in housekeeping. Half-cooked meals, fires out nearly every night, linen in so shabby a state that to put on clean, so called by courtesy, was no pleasure whatever. The few days they were without a girl were the only glimpses of anything like comfort. But then Chrisie was overworked and had to spend her evenings on the sofa, resting up for the next day.

The first of January their rent was raised again. Five hundred now.

"I can't pay it," said Dick, "and that is all there is about it. Chrisie, do you know that we are nearly two hundred behindhand?"

"I'm sure I can't help it. I believe it would be cheaper to board."

Chrisie made some inquiries. For themselves, baby, and servant, charges were from thirty-five dollars upwards. One lovely place she saw for fifty dollars a week, but that was quite beyond their means. Then she looked at houses. The

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one next door to Mrs. Kirkland's was to let for four hundred dollars.

To think of fitting her nice dining-room carpet to this dingy basement, of piecing out parlor carpets, and crowding their handsome furniture in all manner of out of the way corners!

"I *should* be miserable and discontented there, and that is the truth, Dick," Chrisie exclaimed with tears in her eyes. "And that is the only place I've seen which would do at all, for less than five hundred. If you could have a little more salary!"

"But I can't."

By this time it was March and they had a tolerably good servant. So they concluded to take the house for another year.

There was one course open to Richard Verner. Speculating in gold and stocks. He had some advantages, it is true, but very little ready money; none at all, if his debts were paid. But how was he to get out of debt?

It looked so simple and easy. He knew men who made a good deal of money by small operations. Why not try again?

So he tried. A very fortunate chance, for after a fortnight's outlay of a small sum of borrowed money, he was the gainer by five hundred dollars.

"There, Chrisie!" he exclaimed triumphantly one evening, "thank Heaven that we can get out of debt at last. Bring your bills and account book."

"Oh! it is absolutely splendid! dear Dick!"

Chrisie kissed her husband in a transport of joy.

"I don't believe you love to be in debt any better than I do," he said with a smile.

"Indeed I do not."

"And you have absolutely grown thin, my darling."

"I *have* been fearfully worried."

"First we must pay Tom his hundred dollars. And now for bills."

One hundred and eighty dollars to the grocer, forty-three to the butcher, sixty-four dollars for coal, Lizzy's wages for three months, and some little odds and ends.

"It will take every bit," Chrisie remarked rather despondingly.

"But it will be so delightful to have them paid."

"Yes, indeed."

So they were free once more. Then an intimate friend was to be married.

"We havn't been anywhere this whole winter," said Chrisie, "and Frances will take it as a slight if we do not come. There's the silver—O dear!"

"Chrisie, I begin to think silver bridal gifts a nuisance. I believe up to this time we have spent over two hundred dollars paying back ours."

"Oh! no, not so much as that."

"Well, now, let us count it up."

So they began. One friend after another was remembered, and Dick or Chrisie had made an item of nearly every article. Two hundred and ten dollars! Besides that the bill Dick had paid for Mrs. Grayson, which he blushed over a little, even now, but kept to himself. Chrisie looked amazed.

"I would not have believed it!"

"And if we should live twenty years we shall spend four or five times as much!"

"There are some things that we never can pay back—Mrs. Prescott's gift for instance. And she is so royally generous one does not feel the obligation."

"True, in that case. But after all, isn't there something wrong in the system? Is it worth while to have costly gifts that you must return?"

"You are not compelled."

"Well, yes, by sheer force of general opinion. Now take Fanny Collins. Her father is a man in very easy circumstances, and she made you a handsome present. She did not have to give up any finery, or luxury, or comfort. But if *you* spend twenty or thirty dollars you must feel the pinch somewhere."

"O Dick! it seems as if we grudged our friends these pleasant little favors."

"We give them—not for the present pleasure to us, but because we do not want our friends to consider us mean. And it seems as if a good many people thought if they gave you something handsome, you must reciprocate at the same expense, no matter in what circumstances you may be."

"But I am sure we did not ask for our gifts. I was as much surprised as any one at their number and elegance."

"And uselessness!"

"I am sure there are not very many useless ones."

"If we had five or six thousand dollars income they would be much more suitable. There are half a dozen silver goblets that are of very little account. We have paid for two already nearly twice their value. Fanny gave us a handsome

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pair, and we shall try not to spend much less on her present. We certainly could have lived quite comfortable without them."

"But they are very nice to have."

"To use a dozen times a year! I like cut glass better. It seems to me there is some serious mistake about this bridal gift business. Young married people had better buy their own silver, and then they will be sure to have it according to their station. It was our misfortune to have a good many wealthy friends, and generous ones, perhaps, but still, we feel the sense of obligation too keenly not to make a befitting return. Yet we cannot afford it—that is the plain truth of the matter."

"O Dick! it sounds selfish and narrow to talk so."

"And—stingy. But it is the truth."

"Perhaps we had better not give Fanny anything."

"I am afraid we should both feel a little afraid of her comments. And yet we *do* like her. She is charming company."

"You do not suppose she invited us for the sake of the gift?"

"Well, not altogether. And you my darling will bear witness, I think, that I am *not* stingy nor mean. I feel as if I would like to return the compliment of every one of these gifts, when the proper time comes. But I should be content with about half;" and he laughed gayly.

That was a plain, common sense view of the matter, Chrisie felt. They had not a dollar to spend. Dick wanted a new business suit—was absolutely shabby in fact. And she needed a nice dress. She had bought just one handsome black silk dress since her marriage. Four years and a half. That two hundred dollars would be a great luxury now.

Still she tried to get Dick's over-plain reasoning out of her mind. This interchange of gifts kept up a pleasant, social feeling. If one never looked beyond one's own narrow life——

Somehow, so confused was she, that these matters seemed mere polite figments of society. A life that held in it the duty of husband and wife, child and parent, could not be very narrow unless perverted from the truth and seal that God had set upon it. Why did she feel so worn with it, so half discouraged, and wholly dissatisfied.

"It must be the trouble with servants," she thought to herself.

They purchased a handsome gift—solid silver—as society declared that the most fitting offering. Chrisie retrimmed her black silk and began to search for her elegant lace that she had bought for Mr. Randolph's party. She was glad she had it, and the purchase of it which had been an extravagance then, was a piece of economy now, when it would cost nearly twice as much.

She kept her fine laces in an ebony box, always locked in her bureau drawer. She took it out, found the key after a little search, and opened it. The soft white paper was folded over the top as usual. Two pretty nice handkerchiefs, a piece or two of thread lace, some out of date collars, and—why—had any one been to the box? Her set that came from Paris, her best handkerchief, and her beautiful lace, besides some lovely applique—oh! they couldn't be gone, surely. And yet she always kept them here!

Perhaps she *might* have mislaid them. With trembling fingers, and sharp, eager eyes she began the search in the bureau. Every drawer was examined, every article shaken out, but not a trace. Then two or three trunks underwent a rigorous inspection, and the closet and the dresses were searched. All in vain.

"They *have* been stolen!" burst from her lips. "My lovely, lovely laces, that I shall never be able to replace!"

She was excited and exhausted with her two hours' labor, and throwing herself into her easy chair, gave way to a flood of tears. It was *too* cruel.

Chrisie tried to recall the leading characteristics of some of the migratory tribe. What could they want of such laces? Two or three rough washings would bring them to grief.

There had been one Maggie Jones, the possessor of two or three handsome silk gowns, a very "airy" kind of girl, with an excellent recommendation from Mrs. Shelby, one of the first ladies in Franklin. The girl was a good cook, washer, and ironer, but out every evening in the week, careless and extravagant. She had stayed just a fortnight, and then concluded the place would not suit. While Maggie was in the house she had worn her set of *Point de Alencon*.

Chrisie was going out that afternoon, and called at Mrs. Shelby's. She was ushered into the handsome drawing-room, and after half an hour of anxious waiting the stately lady made her appearance.

Mrs. Verner went straight to her errand at once. Had Mrs. Shelby any special fault to find with the girl called Maggie Jones that she had recommended so highly?

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"We have had so many girls that I really cannot recall her," was the languid answer.

Chrisie described her minutely.

"Oh, I believe I do. She was very gay and dressy, but an excellent washer and ironer."

"Had you any reason to think her dishonest?"

Mrs. Shelby colored.

"I, really—could not be certain. I remember there was quite a scene when she left. I missed several handkerchiefs, and some rich trimmings, and we—my sister and I—accused her. She was very indignant; made us go to her room while she emptied the contents of her trunk, and talked at such a fearful rate that I was really glad to get the creature out of the house, though she insisted that she would not go without a recommendation. I think I said nothing about her honesty in it."

"But what you *did* say would have led almost any one to take her. She was in my house a fortnight and stole some valuable articles, though I had no suspicion of it at the time. If I doubted a girl I certainly would not endorse her character."

Chrisie spoke warmly.

"What is one to do in such a case? I am always afraid of rousing their anger, and a great many of them are *not* honest. One wants to get along as comfortably as possible. Servants are the bane of one's life."

"But why make them the bane of others' lives?"

"I'm sorry, I am sure, but I know I said nothing about her honesty. I seldom speak in such cases, or in any case. You never know what a girl *may* do."

This was not much satisfaction to Chrisie, and she rose rather stiffly.

That night she told Dick, who had a carefully worded advertisement inserted in the paper. But no Maggie Jones ever appeared to learn the "important information" promised.

Chrisie felt heart-sick over her loss. The beautiful articles that were to be handed down to her daughters, after having served one lifetime of adornment! Alas!

She was not in a state of mind to take much delight in the wedding party. Everything appeared vanity and vexation of spirit. She envied the elegant dresses, the soft, rich laces, the cobwebs of handkerchiefs, and hated poverty in her heart of hearts. There was round-faced, common-place George Austen, who had been wonderfully sweet upon her in the old days, and who had made a fortune with a lucky government contract, whose wife flaunted in velvet and diamonds. *She* might have had them. Then there was Mrs. Morgan, in a lovely new silk, with a lace overskirt and a set of amethyst. Mr. Morgan was a book-keeper, on twenty-five hundred as salary, and they were paying forty dollars a week at Mrs. Hall's for board. How *did* people manage to succeed?

They talked of it going home. Chrisie was sore at heart and unreasonable.

"There is an enormous under-current of speculation, and some are very fortunate," said Dick. "Of course, Morgan never lives on his salary alone."

"And you have been real lucky, Dick. I wonder you don't try oftener."

"I can't help but think that for every one who gains, some one has to lose. And if I should be one of the losers?"

"You have not been. Think of that five hundred dollars!"

"That was one chance out of a thousand!"

"If I was a man and had money, I would speculate in gold," she said, with emphasis.

"I should buy up real estate. And that reminds me, Chrisie, the house Ransom offered us was sold a day or two ago for eight thousand dollars."

"It isn't worth that."

"It brought the sum easily enough. We missed it there, I think."

"Well, I should make money *some how*," she returned, bitterly.

Dick sighed. Perhaps he had not been wise in clinging to his situation. But to give up a certainty for an uncertainty did not appear the wiser part. If he had been the possessor of even a small amount of money, he could make a start, but it required a good deal of finesse to double nothing.

Chrisie was out of spirits and unhappy. It seemed to her often that there really was no use in living unless one was rich. To drudge along in the dull housekeeping routine, never to go out, never to have company, *was* disheartening. She had a pretty house and pretty appointments, but she had never given a real party since her marriage. Many of her friends had one each winter—people in no better circumstances than they.

Dick tried to make the best of their poverty, and kept so cheerful that it almost vexed his wife. What did men care if they only had their meals regularly and plenty of cigars?—though

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Dick had almost stopped smoking, good cigars were so high.

Not an hour in the day but a subtle temptation floated through his brain. Speculate. One and another was doing it—the most of them fortunately. Yet the air was full of rumors. Gold fluctuated a good deal and was sure to go down in the end. And so with stocks, as well as other commodities. If one could only be sure; but he knew well that much of it was like taking a leap in the dark.

Up to this time Richard Verner had been a man of the purest integrity. He was strictly honest by nature as well as education. His whole soul instinctively revolted at the thought of trickery, sharp dealing, or perversion of any kind. Yet less scrupulous men had succeeded brilliantly, and were received in the best society, and made presidents and directors of moneyed corporations. His salary had been increased just one hundred dollars since his marriage. It was insufficient.

Yet his mind would return to the picture of the cottage, and Chrisie in white, making the simple tea-table a picture of beauty, watching over her child, eager for her husband's home-coming, sweet, lovely, and happy. Was it all a dream?

Alas, yes! It was too much to ask that a woman should make a slave of herself for household ties. The mothers and wives of the past were of a different stamp. It seemed as if they must have had their enjoyments as well, but velvets and diamonds, and solid silver, and grand houses were not then such an absolute necessity. Would people ever be happy again without them?

But *he* must do something. They really could not live on his salary in any comfort. Another thousand a year would give them peace and happiness, correct the daily worries, put an end to the trials, and render Chrisie bright and blooming. He would think only of success, and take the utmost pains to bring it about, being *very* cautious indeed.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO MATCH THE SILVER.

The next summer Mrs. Verner spent at "home," as they always called Mr. Deane's. A pleasant time in the main, for Dick had overcome his scruples and gone into some outside speculations. Chrisie was supplied quite lavishly with money, and the future appeared to promise brightly.

A little daughter was born to them, also. Dick was exceedingly proud of his boy, but baby Gertrude, with her soft, brown eyes and hair was clasped to his heart in a transport of joy that brought the tears to his eyes.

The first of September they began to make arrangements for returning to the city. Chrisie had found a trusty woman, a widow without children, for a nurse. True, she had to pay her twelve dollars a month, which Mrs. Deane thought quite extravagant.

"But Lizzy never could manage two children, mother," said Chrisie. "And it is better to have a good woman at twelve than a poor one at eight."

So Lizzy went to be nurse-maid at Mrs. Adams's, where there were five children, and one a baby.

Dick gave Chrisie five hundred dollars on the day of their return. Her room must have a new carpet and toilet set—handles and spouts, and knobs of various articles having suffered severely. Then it took fifty dollars to replenish the kitchen, and Chrisie found when she was through with necessities she would have three hundred left for herself.

So she bought an elegant black silk and a light silk for full dress, and laid in another stock of laces. A first-class dressmaker came and did up her best work, charging eighteen dollars a week, and a second-rate one, in fashionable repute, much neater and quicker, altered over the old garments for nine dollars a week.

"Do you know, Dick, it will soon be five years since we were married?" said Chrisie one evening.

"Yes. I keep pretty good watch of times and seasons. But don't let us breathe it outside the doors!"

"Why? I was thinking of keeping a little kind of—of anniversary."

"For sweet pity's sake, no. We have had so much trouble with our silver gifts that I never desire to place myself in a position to receive any more. What we want in paper, linen, wood, tin, copper, brass, or crystal, we will buy for ourselves."

Chrisie laughed.

"But it *would* be so nice to give a party, Dick."

"If I am prosperous you shall have one this winter, but do not let us make it an occasion for any more favors."

"You feel rather sore on the subject."

"We have spent three hundred and seven

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dollars on return gifts since we were married, to say nothing of all the other extravagances our solid silver has brought upon us," and he gave a peculiar smile.

Chrisie managed to obtain a treasure of a cook.

To be sure, she wouldn't do a bit of washing and ironing, but she was tidy and honest, and had only one "follower." Then she was very quiet, and Martha being of the same mind, the household moved along in a delightfully smooth fashion.

True, it did cost a good deal. But money seemed to be quite easy with Dick now. The salary was depended upon for paying the regular bills, but Dick would hand Chrisie twenty or thirty dollars of a morning, which she felt quite free to spend upon her pleasures.

The marriage anniversary passed quietly, but the party was under consideration. The season opened with a great deal of gayety. Mr. and Mrs. Prescott had returned, and the lady still retained her *penchant* for Chrisie.

"It is a shame to have made such a positive nun of yourself!" declared Mrs. Prescott. "In spite of the two babies you look wonderfully young and fresh, and your voice is as sweet as ever. It is really barbarous to lead such a secluded life!"

So Chrisie began her winter's career with a grand party at Mrs. Prescott's. The light silk, elegant as it was, looked rather too matronly, and she must have a dress "suitable for the occasion," a beautiful light blue grenadine, trimmed with silver cord. Her white silk was brought to light again—she had kept it very carefully—and retrimmed with scarlet velvet and lace.

Then began the whirl and rush. Somehow Dick did not enjoy these things with as thorough a zest as formerly.

"There are plenty of young men who love to dance," he would say, "and we old fogies enjoy the smoking-room ever so much better."

Indeed now and then he had urgent business, and she went with Mrs. Prescott. He was becoming a good deal absorbed in the life outside of daily duty and home. Still, he kept his speculations rather private. He understood that it would not add to his business reputation to have it known that he, without any capital, was dabbling in gold and stocks.

Each day the fever grew upon him, yet he both hated and feared it. But what could he do?

His salary was not large enough to meet all expenses, and it *was* cruel to restrict Chrisie now in her youth. There had been no time when she could enjoy so much since the first winter of her marriage. By and by they would settle down into sober old people, but now let her have the bright holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Deane had many secret misgivings. How Chrisie and Dick could live in such style and keep two servants, on a salary of twenty-one hundred, was a mystery to them.

"Of course, Dick must have some means of increasing his income," said Mr. Deane, "but I feel so afraid of these enticing speculations. My only hope rests in the fact that he is a man of the highest integrity."

"I never fancied that Chrisie would be so extravagant. I'm sure she was plainly brought up and taught to do everything. I should feel conscience-smitten if my girls had not been trained to good, economical housekeeping habits. Chrisie seems so different from the other two."

Mrs. Deane looked anxiously at her husband as if for some explanation of the mystery.

"Because she has led a more fashionable life, I suppose," he made answer.

"Yet she really doesn't seem as happy and contented, and she has had so much trouble with servants. They think Kate a paragon, but my heart fairly aches over the waste in that kitchen. And it will not do to say a word. Women must give up being mistresses in their own houses."

"The world has changed a great deal since our young days. Maybe the new generation are wiser."

Good Mrs. Deane sighed.

Chrisie, after mature consideration, decided that she would not have her party until after the holidays. Expenses *had* been very heavy. With all the extra income they were not able to keep the grocer's bill settled at the end of every month, a step that Dick had insisted upon. But then Mr. Baker had the comfortable habit of saying—"Don't distress yourself about it, Mrs. Verner. If everybody paid as good attention to their bills as you do, we should have very little trouble about money."

In her heart Chrisie wondered whether the facility of obtaining credit did not lead people into extravagance? Her father's favorite motto had been—"If you cannot pay, it is a sure sign you ought not to purchase."

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Yet Chrisie had been deluded into something more than grocer's accounts. Since her experience with Madame Hesse, she had been careful in the matter of dress until this winter. It really seemed as if she was out of clothes and needed an entire new stock. She found it so convenient to get what she wanted and when she wanted it, and in these large stores women generally *did* allow their bills to stand.

One morning she dropped in and asked for hers. She had paid different sums upon it at various times, and now she meant to extinguish it.

The book-keeper made it out and handed it to her—one hundred and thirty-four dollars. She started in the utmost surprise—why there must be some mistake!

With that she glanced over the items. There was a poplin for which she had been persuaded to pay six dollars a yard when she could have bought a very good one for four, only Mrs. Prescott had been with her. Handkerchiefs twenty dollars a dozen; gloves two dollars and a half—a dozen pairs at a time—ah yes, these things *did* count up.

"I did not think it was quite so large, Mr. Brooks," she said, with a faint smile and a great pang at her heart. "However, I will pay sixty dollars on it this morning."

"We shall be glad to get that," returned Mr. Brooks with a cordial air.

So then she was seventy-four dollars in debt! Now she must not buy another article until that was paid.

The holidays whisked by in a trice. The Verners made some handsome presents, and received several sensible gifts, but more that were showy and useless.

And now Chrisie began to turn her thoughts to the party. She had a secret misgiving about it, for conscience told her that it would be more honorable to devote the money toward paying the debts.

Of late Dick had grown quite careless. He rarely asked to see a bill, or made any inquiries about the money affairs, being absorbed in separate interests of his own. Sometimes he would be very gay, and seem in the best of spirits, then grave, almost morose. Chrisie never had any time for pleasant little confidences. Every day she had to think of some party, matinée, stylish little tea-drinking, or fancy lunch. Then dresses had to be altered and trimmed continually. To wear one a whole season in the same fashion looked beggarly. She often sighed over it, but she *must* be like other people.

And it would be the height of meanness, after going to so many parties, not to give one in return. She really could not endure that.

So she took Dick in one of his bright humored moods, and he said—"Yes, only don't make it *very* expensive. I shall have considerable money about the first of February, and I hope we shall come out straight."

Their rent had been raised another hundred dollars. Chrisie declared it outrageous! No bath-room, no furnace, no water, except in the kitchen. Why, for seven hundred they could get a house with all the modern improvements!

"But we cannot pay seven hundred, Chrisie, nor six either. Business is dull, and stocks of all kinds are falling. I think there will be a general overturn in affairs."

"And you have had your salary raised three hundred dollars. It is real unkind for you to say so, Dick. If you could realize how hard the work is in this house, the water that has to be carried up and down, the fires that must be attended to continually, and how much time it all takes, you would see that it was almost impossible to keep help in such a place as this. Girls insist upon conveniences as much as the mistresses."

Their treasure of a cook had left on this ground.

Richard Verner had been advanced to a more responsible position, with a salary of twenty-five hundred. A great many complimentary things had been said concerning his sterling integrity, his high sense of honor and honesty, the unbounded confidence that was placed in him, and all the praise so grateful to a man of pure soul and purpose. Three months ago he would have deserved every word; now it made him cold and sick at heart. A secret to hide from everybody! A weight that sometimes seemed like a mountain of lead, dragging him down to perdition!

Still, he was quite willing that Chrisie should give up the house. He was not sure but that it would be cheaper to retire to some of the country suburbs, where there could not be such a continual round of gayety. For he had promised himself if fate or providence would befriend him and help him out of this tortuous path to straight and honest ways once more, he would *never* turn aside from the legitimate channels of business, so help him God!

For it led to horrible depths; to abysses that yawned frightfully, and curdled every pulse. Ah, how could a man put his honor and honesty

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in the fatal strife, pitting it against pure chance or the cunning of others?

But he did feel very sure of winning. He had not made any headlong plunges, though some very tempting ones had been presented to him, with the mouth of the pit skilfully covered. Still, he wanted to be out of it all.

Because he had resolved upon a change of life, he was the more willing that Chrisie should give her party. They would go out of society gracefully. When his money came in, at least when gold reached a certain point he would sell out, pay every debt, and retrench. They *were* living beyond their means.

Chrisie commenced her party preparations. Mrs. Prescott came round for a consultation.

"If there only was any other place you could use for a supper-room?"

"But there isn't," returned Chrisie, disconsolately.

"Then we must make the best of what there is. You will have to be careful about your invitations, and not get more people than your house will hold."

Chrisie sighed. There were perplexities even to such a delightful event as giving a party.

"I should empty the room up stairs—yours—and keep that for card-tables; then out of one of the others you might make a smoking-room."

"But we should need two dressing-rooms."

"True—and it will not do to send people to the third story."

"Is it absolutely necessary that gentlemen should go off and smoke? It seems rather unsocial to me."

"They always enjoy it, I believe."

"But we shall have some dancing."

"Well, I suppose then they will have to sit over the dinner-table awhile. They always *will* smoke, my dear."

"We shall want three pieces of music beside the piano."

"Yes;" rather suggestively.

"At least, that is all Dick thought we could afford;" and Chrisie blushed at the remembrance of her poverty.

"That will do very well."

"And the supper?" she queried, anxiously.

"I should have cold meats principally. Ham, boned-turkey, tongue, oysters in various styles, and then jellies and confectionery. Marsh will do this for you about as reasonably as you could with a first-class cook, and save all the bother. And Alger had such lovely oysters."

"Yes, I thought I should order from there."

"Then you had better engage that Caroline Jones for two days. She devotes herself exclusively to such business, and asks five dollars a day, but she will be cheaper than any other two women in the end. Her sons are excellent waiters. If you say so, I'll stop, going home, and learn if you can have them."

"Oh, if you will!" said Chrisie, much relieved.

"I only hope that I shall be able to get her."

Mrs. Prescott was successful in this. Mrs. Jones and her two sons had no engagement for the eighth of February.

The next important step was to issue cards. Chrisie made out her list—one hundred and thirteen.

"You cannot invite half the number," declared Mrs. Prescott. "There really ought not to be more than fifty persons asked. Forty would crowd the house dreadfully."

Chrisie opened her eyes in amazement.

"And here are ever so many people who never give parties. What do you want of the Kirklands, the Strongs, and the Cummings? There are seven marked out. I'll go through the list."

She reduced it to seventy, but that was still too many.

"But there are always some who do not come."

"It will not do to count on more than a dozen defections. First, we will mark those to whom you really owe the compliment."

There were thirty people, members of the different families at whose houses she had been invited during the past three months. Then about a dozen single gentlemen and eight sisters whom it would not do to slight.

But Chrisie declared that she could not leave out all the rest. Old friends would feel hurt.

"You can make a little tea-party for them afterward."

Chrisie sighed again. If she only had a large house and plenty of money!

They could not get the list below sixty, and then Chrisie felt that she had "slighted" a good many. But what could she do?

The cards were issued. In three days they found that fifty-four people had accepted. Of course some of these would yield at the last moment, or be prevented by untoward circumstances.

Caroline Jones came and told her what she needed for that number of guests. It seemed quite frightful to Chrisie. However, she had undertaken it and must go through.

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So the necessary articles were ordered. Creams, jellies, fruits, and little dainties, not much of each one but a good deal in the aggregate. Still Chrisie took great delight in making her selections.

Then the house was to be made ready, and everything was disturbed to the very foundation. Chrisie found it needful to have some more furniture. Mrs. Prescott proffered hers, and the place was quite transformed. Flowers were ordered from the hot-house, and the two ladies displayed their taste in arranging the treasures.

Something should have happened as a useful lesson to Chrisie for all this vanity and ambition. Nothing did, however; at least no kind of *contretemps*. The rooms looked really lovely, the guests came, the supper was nicely gotten up and nicely served, and for all the crowd, there was a general feeling of enjoyment. The music was inspiriting, though there was not space for much dancing. Dick was congratulated more than once on his advanced position, and he looked very happy indeed. Gold had been going up steadily the last three days.

Chrisie had an opportunity to display all her silver now. It *was* very handsome. How fortunate she had been after all! No matter how they were prospered there never would be any more silver to buy. And Dick might some day be president of a bank!

It was long past midnight when the guests dispersed. Chrisie was too tired to stand up another moment. Everything was in confusion and nothing could be taken care of, so Dick called in a watchman for the night, as all the precious silver was home.

"It's been splendid, hasn't it, Dick?" she said sleepily.

"Well—very fair, but I wonder if it is worth all the money it cost? I don't believe I ever shall be persuaded into giving another grand party."

Chrisie sighed. How queer and unreasonable men were!

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG THE RUINS.

After a good deal of work and worry the house was restored to its normal state. Chrisie found herself very much fagged out, and had to spend several days resting from her labors. And now came the bills.

Music, thirty-five. Waiters' services and cook, twenty-five. Cream and confectionery, thirty-six; flowers, fifteen, and the rest went to swell butcher's and grocer's bills. Then the wines!

Chrisie started in dismay. She had told Dick that one hundred and fifty dollars would cover everything, and she had tried so hard to be economical, but it would be nearer two hundred and fifty when all expenses were counted. And the dining-room carpet was ruined past redemption, the beautiful china had suffered, the furniture had been marred, two lovely vases broken, and her elegant photograph album, one of Dick's Christmas gifts, injured by careless handling.

All this for one evening's gratification—it could hardly be called pleasure. And then a sick dispirited feeling rushed over Chrisie.

There were various other perplexities. She had offended acquaintances by not inviting them, and they seized upon the pretext to say ill-natured things and throw out impertinent surmises. The cook went off in a miff, and Dick was very queer, almost cross.

If she had known! Dick was carrying a fearful weight in those days. Gold dropped lower and lower. Everybody said it *must* come up—it was disarranging the very foundations of business. Speculators urged, tightened the money market, resorted to all kinds of stratagems, but in vain. Down, down. A spasmodic rally now and then, but nothing to help the poor souls caught in the trap. And then a crash!

Richard Verner looked his fate in the face. Two thousand dollars engulfed at that stroke! Not one penny of it honorably his.

He wrote to Tom Bristowe for a loan of the sum, as he did not mean to give up without a struggle. He counted the days like a man under the death sentence—just seven between him and—O God! could he think of it? Not loss and ruin in a financial point of view merely, but the deeper, more terrible anguish—to be branded to the world as a felon!

Tom's answer came. A good-hearted, chatty epistle, lamenting his inability, but he had just been investing everything he could rake and scrape together for a much needed railroad that was to work wonders for Mount Hope. Otherwise, Dick might have had it in welcome.

Then he tried Mr. Prescott.

"Some speculation on hand, eh?" he asked, eyeing Verner sharply.

"I've had a chance offered me to make considerable"—and Dick paused. Was it a lie?

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Were not honor, and reputation, and position more than life itself?

"You young fellows don't know much about it. For every dollar you put in anything now you will lose two—I can tell you that, and I am pretty good authority."

"This is very certain," said Dick with white, faltering lips.

"Nothing is certain but taxes," with a grim smile. "Heard about Morgan?"

"No—what?" almost gasped Dick, guessing at the fatal truth.

"Defaulted! Run away, I believe. Deficit of some eight or ten thousand dollars in his account; but they have been living at a pretty high rate. These things don't answer in the long run."

The place swam round before Dick's eyes, but he made a great effort.

"Then you think I better not try this, Prescott?"

"If you do not want to get into trouble keep out of speculation. It has ruined thousands. And then I really havn't the money to-day."

Dick Verner turned. His knees smote together and his teeth chattered in anguish.

"He has scorched his fingers a little," murmured Prescott to himself. "Let him learn the lesson well while he is about it."

It was a gloomy February day, with now and then a spiteful gust of snow blowing out of the low, thick, gray clouds. Richard Verner walked slowly along, not heeding the weather, nor the biting blast. Two days of grace yet before him!

He knew how he could save himself. Go to Mr. Deane and confess the difficulty, tell him that this sum lay between a good name and dishonor. Could he acknowledge the husband of Chrisie Deane a villain to her own father! O my God! no.

A hundred thoughts flitted through his brain. One demon urged him to flight, another to suicide—for he was a very proud man, and disgrace of any kind seemed more than he could well endure. But his wife and his darling babies!

It was growing dusky. Happier men were hurrying to pleasant homes, men who could look in their children's faces without a blush. Ah! how wild he had been to barter honor for a little gold, a little show. He seemed to understand how a fugitive must feel as he goes skulking along in the night and darkness. In how much was he better than Morgan? Suppose this horrible story were afloat about him?

He felt sick and cold, and an agonizing shiver ran through his frame. He reached out his hands to grasp some support.

"Why—Verner—Dick!"

The strong arm half clasped him and steadied his steps, and Arthur Kirkland glanced into his friend's ghastly face.

"Why, Dick, you are ill! And what are you doing down in this direction?"

By the dim glow of the street lamp, Kirkland noted the tense lines of the mouth and the anguish overflowing the usually bright eyes. The hand, too, trembled in his hearty grasp.

"What is the matter, Dick?"

A terrible fear seized Kirkland. Has Richard Verner so far forgotten himself that he had allowed wine to steal away his senses?

"I'm having a hard fight, that is all."

His voice was hoarse and hollow.

"You'll tell me—an old friend?"

"O Kirkland! if I might!"

He turned the face so full of misery upon him. It was not wine, Kirkland saw then.

"What *has* happened? Chrisie——"

"It is not Chrisie altogether, who may have been foolish after the manner of women; but I, who ought to have known—who *did* know better—"

"You are in some trouble, Dick. Confide in me as if I were your brother."

"Let us go back to the store, Kirkland."

They turned and walked in silence. The youngest clerk was just locking the door when they reached the place.

"You may go, James," said Mr. Kirkland, and groping around he lighted the gas.

"Come into the office, Dick. It is warm and cosey there."

Richard Verner seated himself and leaned his arm upon the table. He was still deadly pale, and his very fingers shook as he clutched nervously at his coat.

"The truth is, Kirkland, I'm a villain. I who used to be so proud of my good name, my honor and honesty! If what I have done was known at the bank, I should sleep in a felon's cell to-night."

"O Dick!"

"Yes, it is the truth. God only knows how hard it is for me to confess it. A thief—ugly word, isn't it?"

"Dick, I believe you are going crazy!"

"No. I believe I've been crazy for the last three months, from the very hour that I first touched a dollar not rightfully mine."

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"I think I know. Oh Dick, dear friend! How much is it?"

"Two thousand dollars. Not much to a rich man, but to a poor, miserable fool who has taken what is not his——"

Kirkland opened his check-book, found a pen and wrote a moment.

"Will that save you?"

"My God, Arthur! No, you can't mean it?"

"I do mean it. I am in a situation to do this with ease, and if I were not, I should still do it, for I think you have been led astray through the more generous instincts of your nature, rather than a tendency to dishonesty."

"God bless you, Kirkland," and there was a quiver of tears in his voice. "I cannot tell when I shall get it paid, but it shall be my first and earnest effort."

"I can trust you."

"I don't deserve it. And yet I never meant to be a thief. I think you know, Kirkland, that I would sooner cut off my right hand than to take a dollar of any man's money. I look at myself in horror and amazement, and ask how I could have become so infatuated, against my reason and better judgment. You must guess that I've been speculating."

Kirkland bowed.

"I withstood it a long while. I saw others rush in and make fortunes. I needed money sorely and made a few small attempts. If I had been unlucky, I should have left the field, satisfied with my one lesson, but in every effort I was successful. Now and then I borrowed a little money, always returning it as soon as my own gains came in. About three months ago I met with a very tempting prospect. On the spur of the moment I used some, meaning to replace it, but I could not obtain it readily. And then some evil fate lured me on. 'Why not make a large sum and leave the business forever?' said the beguiling voice, and I yielded, was first made mad, and then destroyed. I have two thousand dollars of the bank funds that must be in the safe by Thursday noon. The alternative is ruin and disgrace, not only for me, but for my wife and babies."

Dick's last words were uttered with a dry, convulsive sob, and he bowed his head in his hands.

"I shall exact but one promise," said Kirkland, "that you never allow yourself to be tempted again. Few are always successful—thousands go to ruin."

He stretched out his hand, while his eyes filled with tears.

"I promise, my best friend, my savior. I had made some attempts to get it, but two thousand seems a large sum for a man not in business, to borrow. There was Mr. Deane, but how could I have told this story to him?"

A scarlet flush overspread the hitherto pale face.

"Trust it to my keeping. But, Dick, the trouble goes farther back than that. It is—the wrong manner of living."

Kirkland uttered the last in a low tone.

"Yes, I did try at first not to do it. But——"

"Have you ever explained the matter fully to your wife?"

"Perhaps not as I ought."

"A husband and wife must work together in this matter."

"Chrisie isn't so much to blame," he said, with the tenderness and loyalty of true love. "I should have been stronger. Oh, Kirkland, how can I ever thank you?"

He rose and stood beside his friend, his voice faltering, his eyes swimming in tears.

"My reward will be in seeing you save yourself. Too many precious souls go down to perdition every day."

Richard Verner reached out for a pen and wrote a note, binding himself to pay the sum by instalments in four years.

"If I can do any better, Heaven knows that I shall."

The store was locked again, and the two started out in the storm together.

"Is Chrisie at home?"

"No, she went to Ellenwood this afternoon with Mrs. Prescott. There was to be a grand tableau party, and they would not give her up."

"Come home with me to tea."

Dick did not need a second invitation. The cheerful prospect was so tempting.

The pretty, cosey home looked more delightful than ever. In one window of the back parlor was a stand of flowers in bloom, and the heliotrope scented the atmosphere of the room. The children were bright, clean, and merry. Mrs. Kirkland looked very pretty in her soft, crimson merino dress, and a little puff of plain lace at the throat and wrists.

She ran down stairs a moment to inspect the tea table, and found it all in order. Warm biscuits, stewed fruit, dried beef, plain cake that the children could eat without harm, and a

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plate of home-made Graham bread that looked most tempting, simply by contrast.

Dick rallied a little, though he still looked pale, and there was a certain huskiness in his voice. But the children were so gay that he soon softened and went back to his usual self.

"Have you told Dick about our new house?" Mrs. Kirkland asked, after the children had been dismissed.

"No. We have been talking business."

"You are going to move then? I wonder if you will ever be as happy elsewhere?"

"I think so. Tell him all about it, Arthur."

"We are going to buy a pretty house just out of the city—at Roselle. Do you remember Washington avenue?"

"Not very distinctly."

"Just at its commencement, about two hundred feet from the city line, there is a row of cottages that were commenced last summer. The avenue is broad and straight, the plots of ground have a front of fifty feet, and a depth of one hundred and fifty. The houses are really charming, and the garden will prove a great source of pleasure. The horse-cars pass within two or three hundred feet. There is gas already in the street, and will be water ere long. The houses cost seven thousand dollars, and certainly are not dear."

"I'm glad for both your sakes. It will be delightful. I've always had a fancy for a little of the country myself."

"It will be so pleasant for the children. The terms are very easy—only two thousand dollars down, and the rest may remain five years."

Dick sighed. They had wasted two thousand during the five years of their married life.

Mrs. Kirkland was very enthusiastic. The garden would be such a delight; they could have a few trees, grape-vines, berries, and vegetables, and, best of all, flowers.

Dick staid until ten, and then started up reluctantly. He hardly knew of another place so cosey and home-like this side of Mount Hope.

Mr. Kirkland followed him to the hall-door, where they held each other's hands in a lingering clasp.

"I shall never forget this night," said Dick, in a tone of emotion. "You have proved yourself the noblest and tenderest of friends, and with God's help you will see your generous deed bearing fruit in my life. I wasn't meant for a villain, though I've——"

"Hush, Dick. I understand it all. Shall you tell——"

"Chrisie? Yes. I begin to see that we have taken up life wrongly, and I shall use my best efforts to get back to the right place. She will aid me, never fear."

He plodded homeward through the storm. It did not gain much except in some sheltered nook, where the wind drifted the snow. His house looked dull enough to-night, for the hall burner had not been lighted.

He ran up to the nursery—one of the spare chambers at the back was used for that purpose now. Charlie was asleep in his crib and Martha was trying to soothe the restless baby.

"I'm afraid she's not well. She has fretted this way for the last two hours, and it is so unlike her, little darling."

For a moment Dick thought rather hardly of Chrisie. She in the midst of gayety and frolic, and her baby suffering at home.

Between them both they quieted her at last.

"Where's Bridget?" asked Mr. Verner.

"She went to bed about eight o'clock, with the toothache."

Dick went down stairs, examined doors and windows, and found one of each unfastened. Then he looked into the dining-room, but the silver basket was not standing on the sideboard.

"Probably Bridget took it up," he said to himself.

Then he sent Martha to bed, and sat down beside the baby's cradle. It was half-past eleven.

From that time until one Richard Verner was occupied with his thoughts. He went back to his first acquaintance with Chrisie Deane. He had not chosen her simply for her pretty face or her beautiful voice, though these were attractive; but for the home-like qualities he fancied that he discerned in her. Had he been so mistaken?

Clara Bristowe was a charming wife—so was Mrs. Adams. And where was there a sweeter or more motherly woman than Mrs. Deane?—a better housekeeper and manager? How happened it that Chrisie should be so different? Had *he* been too careless, too easy in the matter of expenditure?

At all events, their extravagance had led him to this act of dishonesty, at which he shuddered.

The going on had been so easy. Three weeks ago, when he made his venture, there was a prospect of doubling it instead of losing all. But even then the sin had been committed—the very moment he took what did not belong to him.

"And I always hated it so!" he cried in his anguish and humiliation. "I was so proud of

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my good name—of my honor! Oh, how could I have been led astray! God help me to be strong henceforth, for the sake of my innocent babies, for the sake of my own soul!"

The self-communing, bitter as it was, brought out the strength and sincerity of his nature. He saw that he had dallied on the brink of an abyss that must have engulfed him sooner or later. Sharp as the remedy was, present salvation would be better than future and irretrievable ruin.

He heard the sound of wheels presently—Mrs. Prescott had taken Chrisie in the carriage. He went down to meet her and to fasten the hall door.

"What a wretched night!" she exclaimed. "I had no thought of a storm when I went away, but we have not suffered, and we had a royal time, Dick. I am so sorry you did not make an effort and come out. The most elegant little supper that I ever saw. Have the babies been good?"

"Gertie fretted a little after I came home."

"Then you *were* out?"

Chrisie uttered this rather sharply.

"I took tea at the Kirklands. I had some important business with Arthur."

"If it was business I shall have to excuse you," she replied, remarking his pale, almost stern countenance.

"I am absolutely tired to death! Oh, Gertie, why *must* you wake?"

Dick took up his little daughter, while Chrisie laid aside her wraps. Babies *were* a bother when one was tired and sleepy.

"Oh, Dick," she began, settling herself while he carried away her shawls, "I heard of a lovely house this morning. Mrs. Gale was in—and it is but a few doors from her's. Such a delightful neighborhood, and only fifty dollars more than—"

"Chrisie, my darling, there is a good deal for you to hear before our new house is decided upon," he said, with tender gravity. "It must be smaller and cheaper than this!"

She stared at him in cold surprise.

"If I am compelled to live any poorer than I do at present——"

"Well?"

"Oh, Dick, life wouldn't be worth having on any other terms! And now, when we are beginning to go into some of the best society, and I really have a position——"

"But if we cannot afford it?"

"Nonsense! It is the continual cry from you men! I *would* afford it. If one business could not support me I would try another. I am sure I don't have half the luxuries that many women do!"

"It was your misfortune to marry a poor man," Dick said, bitterly.

"And so it is your delight to remain poor all the days of your life! I do believe, Dick, that you refuse to make an effort because you know how I hate poverty. Yes, that is just the word. I cannot endure the petty meannesses, the bare and common shifts, and sacrifices, and worries. It would kill me!"

"O Chrisie!"

He was feeling so sore and tender at heart. He wanted to be comforted, strengthened, forgiven. So he leaned his arms on the table and buried his face in the little covert they made.

"You do provoke me so, Dick," she began fretfully, after a silence of some moments.

"My darling, if I could go back six years and give you your freedom! for you could have married a rich man——"

"How strange you are to-night!" and her tone softened a little.

"I've been down to the depths, stood on the brink of sin, and shame, and despair! When you hear it all you will hate me, but Heaven knows that I meant to do the best I could for you. And if you cast me out of your sight I shall feel it a just punishment."

"O my God!" she cried, wildly, "you have not done as Morgan did? I heard this afternoon—and they are on his track!"

"If I had, Chrisie?"

She was pale as death itself, and her lips quivered without a sound.

(*To be continued.*)

THE spectacle of Nature is always new, for she is always renewing the spectators. Life is her most exquisite invention; and death is her expert contrivance to get plenty of life.

She wraps man in darkness, and makes him forever long for light. She creates him dependent upon the earth, dull and heavy; and yet is always shaking him until he attempts to soar above it.

She creates needs because she loves action. Wondrous! that she produces all this action so easily. Every need is a benefit, swiftly satisfied, swiftly renewed. Every fresh want is a new source of pleasure, but she soon reaches an equilibrium.

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THE ROSE-GERANIUM.

BY A. M. DANA.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will take dinner in the new house," said the landlady, as we rose from the breakfast table on the morning of moving day.

Poor woman! She sighed as she spoke, well knowing that in her exodus from the pleasant house fronting the square, to that away down in the lower part of the city, she would be accompanied by but few of her former boarders. Several had left already, more would leave to-day, and of the few who were brave or attached enough to follow her to her new abode, it was doubtful if any would long endure the inconvenience of the change of locality, or the contrast to our present quiet neighborhood. The probability was that, henceforward, her guests would consist principally of clerks from some of the great warehouses along the docks, with a few railroad employees, or, perhaps, now and then, a transient sea-captain. It was not only a change of vicinity, but a change of friends.

Among the little remnant of faithful adherents I counted myself. I have, constitutionally, a genuine, cat-like dread of change; and had the incoming tenant been a boarding-house keeper, I would, doubtless, have pleaded to retain my room intact. But the fact that the house was being taken possession of by a private family rendered this impracticable. Under these circumstances, the next best thing for me was to cling to my present acquaintances. Besides, I felt a sincere admiration and sympathy for this woman, who, for the sake of a scape-grace son employed upon one of the wharfs, was willing to sacrifice her eligible connection with the respectable professional men, busy *literati*, and wealthy maiden ladies who formed our circle.

"Poor Josey needs a home," she said to me in a confidential talk upon the subject. "I think he would be steadier if he boarded with me. They're a wild set, you know, along the water, and it's entirely too far for him to come up here."

I made some common-place answer, but, mentally, I consigned Joseph to dire punishment if he failed to fulfil the hopes of this fond and unselfish mother.

When at dinner-time I turned *down* street, instead of up, I felt quite heroic in my self-abnegation, but when, having traversed certain unfamiliar streets, I at last turned down into the dingy little square containing our new home, I was not certain but I should fall a martyr to my benevolence and constancy.

The entrance was not so bad. Upon one corner was a coffee-roasting establishment; upon the other a church. The former sending forth an agreeable aroma of the Arabian berry; the latter—it is to be supposed—pervaded with the odor of sanctity. I knew it (the church) at once as a Zion or a Gilead. A broad-shouldered, unpretending structure, bearing something of the same resemblance to its sister churches uptown—beautiful with their stained glass and gothic architecture—that the primitive founders of their faith bear to some of its modern followers.

Next, upon the coffee side of the street—which was my side—came two dusty brick houses with wooden steps. Then a beer-shop. Not a flashy lager saloon, with marble floor and glittering appointments, but the kind that have in the window a few bottles of double X ale and inky porter, flanked by jars of dreary-looking gingerbread and softening mint-stick. This wretchedness was cut off short by an alley, which was evidently "no thoroughfare," as it seemed to lead to no place in particular. Crossing this, came a bandbox-maker's, the unblushing sign of a German mid-wife, another beer shop, and between this and our house—which was one of the stereotyped three story bricks with iron area railings—a wooden dwelling with a high porch: both porch and dwelling bearing in their weather-beaten, lichen-greened appearance the evidence of great age.

Now I am a dear lover of humanity. I suppose all writers are so. It is their capital. I can fully understand Charles Lamb's fond predeliction for the streets of London, and no aristocratic section in the west-end—elegant with brown-stone and marble—could have been an acceptable home for me were the busy human element lacking. But *this* was a deeper descent into the masses than I had calculated upon. Completely disgusted with the meanness and squalor around me, I had almost turned upon my steps, resolving to send my farewell and

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the payment of my board-bill by mail, and so forsaking the unpleasant neighborhood forever, when something so beautiful upon that high, rickety, old porch caught my attention, that, for the moment, I quite forgot my purpose.

Like an angel sent to speak of better things, it stood in the midst of the surrounding vice and misery — a magnificent rose-geranium. The finest I have ever seen. Nearly three feet tall, and covered from base to crown with a veil of soft Magenta blossoms, while the fragrant leaves filled the whole air with perfume.

A gentle spring rain was falling, and as I thought of the careful hands which had set the flower out to enjoy the refreshing shower, I felt sure that there was at least one person of taste and refinement even here. Half unconsciously I began to speculate about her—for I was certain it was a woman—and—well, I was younger then than now—the incident reminded me of other days, and the result was that I relinquished my notion of running away, and determined to try my new boarding-place for a time, at least. Great events have turned upon matters as trifling.

An hour later, coming forth from dining upon cold, funeral-baked meats—the funeral of the lares of our old home—I found that the rain had ceased. A soft, misty, *growing* atmosphere, as they say in the country, surrounded everything, like the subdued passion after tears.

My first glance went instinctively to the porch and the geranium. There, bending lovingly over the plant, scissors in hand, to trim away each fading leaf and imperfect twig, was an old lady. So serene and motherly-looking, with her silvery hair and placid expression; so sweet and *caller*—I know of no word here so expressive as the Scotch—in her white cap, clean check apron, and silver-bowed spectacles, that my heart went out to her at once, and gladly claimed her as a neighbor. I always had a great admiration for old ladies. If young girls in their early freshness and beauty are rose-buds, what is an old lady—one who has grown old gracefully and sweetly? I can think of nothing unless it be a great, creamy, late-blooming souvenir de Malmaison, or, may-be, a pure white Christmas rose.

Impelled by this feeling, I went boldly up to the foot of the steps.

"What a splendid geranium you have, madam!" I said. "May I come up to look at it?"

The old lady turned her thoughtful gaze upon me. "Certainly," she said, with a smile. "Be careful of the steps—that third one is a little shaky."

Instantly I was at her side, and the flower, which from below looked truly handsome, seemed, now that I was closer and could breathe in its dewy fragrance, almost a marvel of beauty.

"What care you must take of it?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, "I am tending it for one who is far away." As she spoke, her patient yet yearning eyes wandered dreamily toward the shipping, the tall masts of which showed like a vast, leafless forest a few squares away.

"Perhaps for a sailor," said I, with unpardonable curiosity, following her glance.

"Yes," she answered gently, "for my sailor boy. He told me when it bloomed he would be home again, but it has bloomed seven times since then and he hasn't come yet. But he will, he will, for I am waiting!" The poor, old face shone with pathetic joy. "Would you like a few flowers, Miss?" she added, in a changed tone.

"O thank you!" I cried, accepting the little cluster of leaves and blossoms. "Thank you a thousand times. But you shouldn't cut it, for he will come, I am sure of it. God is so good."

I spoke impulsively, but I did not regret my words. The sight of that worn but hopeful countenance seemed to draw them forth involuntarily.

From that hour we were friends. I lingered on at my boarding-place, in spite of its disadvantages, growing daily more and more attached to my aged neighbor. I was able to do many little errands for her; to make myself useful in various ways, and it was not long before I found that I was becoming necessary to her happiness. There was something very warming to my orphan heart in finding the kind, motherly face watching each day for my return. Much of my leisure time was spent with her, and one moonlit, summer-evening, when she sat in a low rocker upon the porch, and I upon the upper step at her feet, she told me the story of her life.

"Dear me," she began, with the retrospective garrulity of the aged, "what a heart-break I had when my first baby died! When they shut down the tiny coffin-lid upon the little form, with its white dress and the lilies of the valley, it seemed to me that I had lost all; that life could never have for me another pleasure; and now to think that the only thing of which I am

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really sure, is that little babe whom God took away from the evil, and is keeping safe for me in Heaven! Why, it's just like costly toys, which careful parents put away in drawers till by-and-by, when the children can take better care of them. Yes, by-and-by, by-and-by I shall have my baby."

The closing words were murmured low to herself, and her dim eyes were raised in dreamy revery toward the sky.

"But you had another child," I said, gently recalling her.

"Yes, I had another," she answered. "I will tell you of him presently. Now my thoughts seem all running away toward my little Bee. Beatrice was her name. She was called for a beautiful foreign lady who was kind to me in my youth. I wonder"—she hesitated—"I do so wonder if she will still be a baby when I see her again."

The simple, child-like question of the old lady touched me strangely. "I do not know," I answered. "Longfellow does not seem to think so."

"Don't he, dear? What does he say?"

For reply I repeated these beautiful lines in Resignation:

"Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;
But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face."

"Well, well," said my aged friend. "It doesn't much matter. I shall know her either way. I have a daughter in Heaven, and"—laying her hand caressingly upon my head—"sometimes I feel as if I had one on earth too. Now, my dear, I will go on and tell you of Willie.

"Six months after little Bee was buried, I was made a widow—suddenly and without warning. Ah, child, I cannot tell you of this. The waters which flowed over me then were deeper and darker, and, so far as human sight can go, there was no day-star of hope gleaming over them. But—God is good."

Between the three last words and those preceding them there was a pause, hinting to me of a dark heart-history too sad or too sacred to be revealed. One of those gloomy prisons against whose doors even faith beats with broken wing. Silently I pressed the withered hand in sympathetic reassurance.

After a moment, repressing a struggling sigh, she went on:

"When, a short time after, Willie was born he was all my own. 'Mother' was the first word his baby lips learned to utter. Father had no meaning for him save"—lowering her voice reverently—"'our Father who art in Heaven.' And sometimes I was almost thankful that the divine figure was marred by no unworthy earthly emblem. Resolutely I set myself to take the place of both parents, and if winning my son's fondest love and respect was a sign, I do not think I failed. We were not left quite in poverty, and this made my task much easier. From the time that my toddling little boy could run along by my side, I strove not only to provide for his wants, but to interest myself in all that concerned him. It was to me that he repeated all his triumphs and losses upon the play ground. It was 'mother' who must witness his skill on the ice as well as knit the warm comforter and mittens he wore at his winter sports. For his sake I burnished up my little learning, going along side by side with him in his studies, and when he stood at the head of his class at examination, the schoolmaster, pointing to him, said, proudly, 'There is a boy who has help at home.' No; I am thankful that with my sorrow I do not have to mingle self-reproach. True, when my grief first came, there were plenty to tell me that I had set my heart too much on my boy. A godly minister said the same thing when my little Bee lay dead. He declared that God was a jealous master, who would brook no adoration of his creatures. But I didn't believe it. Even then, in the depth of my misery, I knew it was not true. God *may* punish us for criminal indulgence of our children, but never for loving them. No, indeed! He who gathered the little barefoot prattlers of Judea close to his breast knows too well what love is. The more we love, the nearer are we like to him."

As I listened to her brave, earnest words—I, to whose lips this bitter mockery of consolation had been offered—it seemed as though I sat at the feet of an angel. Presently she went on:

"But though I do not reproach myself, there are some things that I regret. As my son drew toward manhood I had such a dread of his falling into that particular vice, which—if such taints are, indeed, hereditary—I had most cause to fear, that I was, perhaps, a little careless as to other dangers. When Willie came to me, saying, 'Mother, I'm going out to-night with the fellows, but I won't drink a drop,' I knew that I might trust him as I trusted in Heaven; but it

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might have been better had I tried to win him altogether from such society.

"We were living then out at Brindale. You know that pretty little village up the railroad? Ah, me! it's seven years since I have seen it; and in a little country place like that there aren't many rational amusements for young men. No pleasant association rooms, few lectures or scientific exhibitions.

"About half a mile beyond the village lay the old Burke estate. The owner of the property was in Europe, and during his absence the handsome mansion fell into almost total ruin. Broken shutters hung upon the dilapidated walls, the door, grown rusty upon its hinges, stood half-way open, and moss and mildew showed their blighting traces everywhere. During the summer the surrounding grounds were a great resort for picnics, the old house furnishing a good shelter in case of a shower; and when the frosty evenings came the young men made of it a gathering place—a sort of club-room. Collecting bundles of fagots in the neighboring woods they kindled rousing fires in the great fire-place, and made themselves merry in spite of the weather. Just what their amusements were I do not know. As I said before, they made of the empty parlor a club-room, and there, as in similar places, I suppose the nature of the pass-times was decided by the peculiar character of the members. Among the Deshiel set—as a coterie of wild young men from over at the glass-works was called—I know there was more or less drinking and card-playing, but the majority, I think, were simple village youths, who delighted to gather round the blazing hearth to crack nuts and tell jolly stories, and whose worst dissipation was, perhaps, a game of checkers or backgammon.

"So far no objection was made. But just when the mischievous invaders were beginning to feel secure in their retreat, the agent of the property interfered. He forbade further trespass, had a carpenter over to put a new lock upon the door, and threatened all who should hereafter transgress with the direst penalties of the law.

"Loud and bitter were the complaints of the young delinquents. 'He might as well let us have it as the bummers,' they said, in allusion to the vagrant tramps who had the winter previous made their headquarters in the old mansion. Even dark hints of revenge were whispered, it was said, among the more reckless of the Deshiel boys. But these were carefully kept from the respectable part of the community. This ought to have settled the matter; but, alas! it was not only in St. Paul's day that 'sin *took occasion by the commandment.*' What had before been only a boyish caprice—a lark, as they called it—now became something inexpressibly sweet—something to be strongly coveted—to be obtained at any risk.

"'Old Martin never really intended to keep us out, mother,' Willie said when I remonstrated gently with him. 'If he had, he would have fastened the windows. His little splurt of authority was only a salve to his conscience for neglecting the property so shamefully.'

"Still, I did not like it. But I was so much afraid of his falling into worse habits if deprived of his companions, that I withheld the warning I might otherwise have uttered. One sharp evening late in November he came home with the geranium in his hand—this," touching gently the bush at her side. "It was a shrubby little plant then, only a few inches high, and stood in a pretty gray lava pot.

"'Here, mother,' he cried cheerily, as he came in the gate—I was watching for him in the doorway—'Here's a flower for you. Mrs. Lester gave it to me. I've been helping her to pot and gather in her tender plants—it's none too soon either, for there will be a black frost to-night. That's what kept me so late.'"

"It was just like my unselfish, obliging boy, stopping to help the minister's delicate wife, who could ill-afford to hire assistance. 'Thank you, dear,' I said, taking the pot. 'It is beautiful. Come in now to your supper. It is waiting.'

"Alas! Alas! little I thought as I sat watching the merry face with its rich color, and lip just beginning to be shadowed by the badge of manhood, that it was the last meal I should take with my son."

She paused and wiped a tear from her withered cheek.

"How well I remember all that took place that night!" she continued presently.

"After supper he went out and attended to the poultry, brought me in water, and performed many of the little acts which a thoughtful son does for his mother. Then putting on his hat and bidding me good-by for a little while, he went away up the road, whistling as he walked. I stood at the window in the gloaming, watching the lithe form and springing footstep, till he turned the corner into Willow Lane—the lane leading over to Burke's—and then I turned away, as full of jealousy as a love-sick girl. The thought that my boy had reached the time when

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he must have other company than his mother, struck me with a pang as unreasoning as it was selfish."

"I had a fashion in those days of sitting in the fire-light for awhile without a lamp. On this night I do not know how long I had sat so—whether I had been really asleep or only absorbed in dreams of the past—when a tumult in the street aroused me. Hoarse cries of—'Fire! Fire!' startled the sleeping echoes. I had just run to the window, from which I could see the whole western sky illumined by a conflagation, when Willie—not laughing and full of joy, as he went out an hour or two before, but pale as the dead and trembling like an aspen—burst wildly into the room.

"'O mother! mother! hide me, hide me quick!' he cried, clinging to my arm in his agitation.

"'Hide you, my son!' I exclaimed in consternation. 'Why should I hide you?'

"'O mother! don't you see?' he cried impatiently, pointing to the window. 'Burke's house is in flames, and the constables are after us. The crime is arson, mother! Why *don't* you get me a hiding-place?'

"But I never stirred. I could not. I only grasped his two arms desperately, saying—'But why should I hide *you*, Willie? I must know!'

"'Because if you don't I shall be forced to become a tell-tale,' he said impetuously. 'But I won't do that. I'll go to prison first!'

"I breathed more freely, and relaxed my hold a little as he went on—

"'It was the Deshiel boys, mother. I daren't tell even you which one of them. They have been threatening to burn the old rookery ever since Martin made himself so fusty. But I thought it was all bosh and bravado, and, indeed, I don't think they really meant to do it. To-night they were all drunk, and they dared and bantered one of their number, till he took the can of kerosene that we had to fill our lamps, and began dribbling little trickles of it about the hearth and floor. But, O mother,' he exclaimed with a shudder—'I am sure his hand was unsteady, and the can fell! I am sure, bad and graceless as they are, they have too much honor for a deed like that. But who will believe this? Certainly not a jury, for the evidence is all against them. And the worst of all for me is that I saw it done, and—except the drunken Deshiel boys—I alone. There were not many of our fellows out to-night, and those that were, happened to have left the room at the time. So you see, mother, I must disappear for awhile or become a traitor to my comrades. Now, once more, will you help me to avoid this?'

"Alas! I was only a weak woman with a mother's loving heart, and, right or wrong, I did my boy's bidding. I made him a bed in the safest place the house afforded, watched vigilantly all night, and an hour before daylight let him softly out. The next night he ventured back, but it was only to bid me good-by. He had been down here to the city, shipped on board a merchantman bound on a six months' voyage, and merely came home for his leave-taking and some clothes.

"Ah! that was my sorest trial. It was hard for him, too, poor boy, but he tried to cheer me to the end. 'It's only for a little while, till this affair blows over,' he said, in parting. 'But, mother, sooner or later, on land or sea, I'll earn the money to pay at least my share of the damage. To be sure, I didn't do the deed, but I see now that I had no business there after we had been forbidden, and my example may have encouraged others.'

"O my brave, honest, unselfish boy! How I clung to him! It seemed that my heart would break if I let him go.

"'There, there, mammy,' he said, at last, in his soft, coaxing way, 'don't cry. See, here is your geranium. Take good care of it for me. When it blooms I will be with you again. The poor, little plant was standing forgotten and untended in the window where I had placed it the night before. What an age it seemed since then! When at last he broke gently away from my wild kisses and prayers, its first baptism was that of tears. Ah, me! it has been watered with them often since."

Here the dear old lady's narrative broke down, and my own eyes were dim with tears.

"It was hard—it was hard—for he was all I had," she said, in a husky voice, and more bitterly than I had ever heard her speak.

Over from the church, where a few faithful worshippers were gathered for prayer and praise, floated melodiously the lines:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Perhaps these words of hopeful confidence cheered and soothed the old lady, for at the close of the verse she resumed—

"After Willie was gone, I sold the old place, deposited part of the money in a savings'

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bank, as a nest-egg for his conscience fund, and moved down here. It was near the ships, you know, and it didn't much matter to me what the place was like when I hadn't my boy. After I was settled, I wrote, telling him where to find me when he returned. But I have never heard from him. Sometimes I fear I never will till the sea gives up its dead. I have tried to have patience—to keep up my heart—but O it is so long! so long! Oh, where can that treacherous ship have taken my son?"

I thought of Jean Ingelow's sad wail—

> "I think he sailed to some Heavenly port,
> For he never came back to me"—

and nestled closer to the desolate mother's feet.

The sweet song of the sanctuary was ended—perhaps given place to prayer. The placid moonlight threw a consecrating charm over even our homely surroundings, and for once the revelry in the neighboring saloons was strangely silent.

But few were passing, and this, I suppose, was why I so easily noticed an approaching figure. Up the street, now in moonlight, now in shadow, came a man with the rolling gait and easy grace of a sailor. The sight was not an unusual one in that locality, but my gaze was strangely fascinated. Perhaps my old friend's story had something to do with my interest, but this great, bronzed sea-king, with luxuriant beard and shoulders broad as those of Hercules, was so unlike the lithe, fresh-cheeked youth of whom she had been speaking, that even when he came boldly up to the steps, I never suspected. It was only when the simultaneous cries—"Mother!" "Willie!" burst forth that I understood.

"O my darling, come at last!" she cried, as the stranger, bounding up the steps, clasped her in his arms.

"Yes, mammy, dear, I've come at last," was the reply, in a tone so deep, and rich, and *loving* that I could no longer doubt, "and, mother, thank God, I am able to re-build Burke's old rookery, and, if I please, place a tower of Babel on top of it."

This was all I heard, for I managed to slip away unobserved. I almost betrayed myself, though, on that broken step—I'm sure Willie made it worse in his impetuous ascent—but I succeeded in my escape, leaving the two so long separated wrapped in the happiness of a sacred and joyful re-union.

Out at Brierdale there is a pretty Gothic cottage. Upon the little terrace in front—bright with verbenas, and fragrant with stocks and mignonette—stands a handsome rose-geranium, and just within the deeply inlaid English window sits often a kindly old lady. Her serene countenance shines with the peace which follows sorrow, like a calm sunset after a storm. Whenever I can achieve a holiday, I take the early train and go out there, spending the whole long, summer day by her side, listening to her tales of the past or her joyful happiness in the present.

Gossips say that I might make my home there altogether, if I would, and I know that one dear old occupant would welcome me gladly, but—well, as this is not a private journal, I need not tell my secrets. The reader must judge whether the brown-bearded sailor, who comes down to the station with me in the evenings, and who seems to have a great many mysterious errands into the city, is likely to want such a chatter-box for an inmate. He *says* he does—but whether to believe him—would you?

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY ERROL.

I have risen from my ruins, risen to the heights above,
Past my dreams so false, so golden; past my worshipped idol, love;
Pride has given place to meekness, in the truer life I live,
When these verses speak their mission, let them say that I forgive.

Let them also ask forgiveness from that tender heart of thine,
It was tender—very tender—in the days I called it mine;
Thou'lt forgive the moment's madness, when my wounded heart recoiled,
When my shattered life lay at my feet, of every hope despoiled.

Now our love is dead and buried; close thy heart, I want no place,
Though I wish thee well forever, yet I would not see thy face;
Only if an ancient memory, asking, should thy bosom swell,
"Is it well with him who loved me?" let this answer—"It is well."

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COMPENSATION.

BY MILDRED HARD.

Some people *liked* Kate Dunn, and some did *not* like her; it was either the one or the other. Kate always found a friend or an enemy in all her acquaintances—there was no half-way work about her in anything. Her decisions were always quickly formed and promptly acted upon; but to-night Lady Kate was strangely undecided. She had been in that land of Beulah called courtship for four years; ever since she—a girl of fourteen, and being large for her years, was promoted to long dresses and a waterfall—went on a visit to her aunt in Cleveland, where she met young Douglass Austin, a nephew of her uncle, Robert Austin.

Douglass was then a young sophomore, and like all young sophomores, it was expected, both by himself and his friends, that when he emerged from classic halls it would be the dawning of a new era in human affairs.

He was tall, with a good figure, dark-brown hair inclining to curl, which he wore long, and brushed back with "studied carelessness;" dark eyes, brown I believe, and a mouth with a mustache over it. He was of an easy disposition, a lively companion, and, in short, just what boarding-school misses call "splendid."

Of course, he made a decided impression on Miss Kate. A dashing young collegiate is always considered a perfect windfall by ambitious young girls who try to feel themselves fully fledged young ladies. And Kate had never had a young man completely at her service before.

College boys, like sailor boys, are easily captured by the first pretty girl who smiles sweetly upon them; so it might be expected that Kate's bright, changing, gray eyes and witching ways would take Douglass's unfortified boy-heart by storm, and so it was. After several little tilting matches, and jealousies, and misunderstandings of all sorts, the night before he was to return to school he took her sleigh-riding. The moon shone brightly, and the stars winked approbation as Douglass told Kate, with Byronic fervor, the "old story," and Miss Kate blushingly responded to his "Dare I hope, darling Kate?" and sighed and thought herself blessed among women.

He returned to Yale, and she to that temple of Minerva, commonly known as Miss Plympton's boarding-school for young ladies. He dug Latin roots and wrote love letters to his adored Katie, and she toiled up the hill of science, and in the meantime sent sweet responses to Douglass' tender effusions.

So time went on until Miss Kate was declared "finished," and took her leave of Alma Mater, after pronouncing a *very pretty* little speech called a valedictory address, and gathering her arms full of bouquets, among which was one that she cherished as sweeter than the others, because she saw that it came from the south side of the chapel, where sat Douglass Austin, whom the girls all raved about, Kate listening to their rhapsodies with sublime composure.

Miss Plympton handed Kate over to Mrs. Adlington, an aunt to Kate, who was to "bring her out." Mrs. Adlington was a woman of fashion, and Kate was launched on the flashing waves of fashionable society, whereon gracefully she took her position as a well-built yacht, floating at ease on her native element. She was born to rule and reign, and in the circle in which she moved she found no lack of willing subjects. Men of purpose, men of the world, and men of talent. But she still crowned young Douglass her king of men. The winter and spring passed, a busy round of pleasure, and in the summer Mrs. Adlington (as all fashionables) left her city home and took up her summer quarters at Saratoga, whither had been transplanted all the fashions and fripperies of New York—where all well-ordered Gothamites are expected to simmer, and swelter, and dress, and dance through the heated term, all the while supposing themselves to be having such a cool, delightful time. Here Kate took an active part in the gayeties, making herself useful in the promotion of fun, as well as ornamental—never quite forgetting her young collegiate. When commencement week drew nigh, Mrs. Adlington, with her party, betook themselves to New Haven, where Kate saw Douglass in student's gown, and felt a thrill of pride, for he looked a "brave lad." But after all, his style was rather bombastic for Kate's taste, and with her quick intuition she saw the self-conceit in which he was wrapped as a garment. She "saw, but would not see," and still crowned him king.

Time went on for two, nearly three years; he

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was admitted to the bar, and now waited for a case and for a wife.

Kate was thinking of the past and of the future on this night of which we write. She had just received a letter, signed "ever your devoted Douglass," and just to-night she was thinking that the devotion was all on one side. Kate had wakened from the school-girl's dream of a lover, and now she was trying to read in the coals an answer to her question. She was something of a Fire Worshipper, given to seeing figures in the coals and dreaming dreams. To-night she sat until the fire burned low and the red coals dropped away to ashes. Aunt Marie, coming in on her way to bed, exclaimed—"Why *did* you let your fire go out, Kate? it is cold as Greenland here."

"My fire isn't all I find dead to-night."

"Who did you say is dead?"

"Nobody."

"I think you had better go to bed, you are asleep now." And saying her "good-night," Mrs. Adlington went away.

"No, I have awakened," said Kate, as her aunt's slippered feet went pattering down the stairs. "Why was I ever such a fool? If there is one being that I hate more than all others, it is a *jilt*. He loves me. But I can't *marry* him. I have known this time would come, sooner or later. Ah, Kate! where are all your fine theories of constancy and the unchangeableness of love. The Book says, 'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown;' in the face of that I think my miscalled love was childish fancy. I may as well end the farce now as ever."

Drawing her writing-desk toward her, she wrote a little note of regret and humility; telling him plainly the facts of the case, though with a tenderness, as if speaking of the loved dead. Then she tied *his* letters in a bundle, together with the trifles which he had given her, and a ring which she had worn as the sign of their engagement—an opal set in dead gold. She remembered, as she slipped it off her finger, how red it flashed when he put it there, "that night so long ago—when I was a child." Now it was green in hue, as it flashed back at her. She put it out of sight hastily, and directed the package to Douglass Austin. Then taking both the letter and package, went down-stairs and left them on the hall table, that they might be mailed in the morning, and threw herself on the lounge and dreamed that she and Douglass were walking in the meadow beside the brook; he on the one side and she the other. She wouldn't cross and he could not—and the stream widened and deepened as they went on, until, in Douglass's effort to ford the stream, he lost his footing, was drawn into a maelstrom, and so sunk from her sight. She woke at length at the ringing of the door-bell, and as she lay thinking of her dream, blaming herself for even dreaming that Douglass Austin would be in any way (except his vanity) hurt by her broken faith, Aunt Marie came in, saying, "Mr. Austin is in the parlor, wishing to see you. Why, Kate, havn't you been to breakfast—it is ten o'clock. You have been here all night! What ails you—are you sick, child?"

"No, I'm not sick. Say to Mr. Austin that I will be there presently."

Kate rose up as her aunt's footsteps died away, and going to the mirror looked in her own face more earnestly than she had ever done before; and Kate was on very good terms with her looking-glass. But this morning she looked as if trying to see "through a glass, darkly," something that she *had* seen face to face. It was not the same girl-face she had seen there, even a *few* weeks before—none the less fair, perhaps—yet "there had something bright from her features passed," and in its place you could see that "there had something come over her brow and eye," which told of better things than gay, girlish brightness. Kate had been for the few months reading and, strange to say, *thinking*. Besides which, she had been thrown much in the society of Leslie Fairfax. People could not breathe the same air with him and not be inoculated with his theories. He was one of earth's workers—one of her thinkers. Leslie Fairfax was attracted toward Kate Dunn by her—what does always attract "grave old plodders" to "gay young friskers," unless it be that in change there is rest. Not that Leslie Fairfax was *old*. He was, at the time of which we write, in the early flush of manhood, but hard study and earnest work had made him grave beyond his years.

Douglass rose up quickly, and, with radiant face, came forward to meet Kate, extending both hands. Kate advanced to meet him with a cool, ladylike grace, and classic elegance of manner which she could assume when it pleased her to do so. She extended her right hand kindly, and when Douglass seemed loth to relinquish it, she withdrew it, and, inviting him to a seat, she proceeded to increase his bewilderment by saying, as she handed him the letter which she had written the evening before:

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"I am sorry you came this morning, Douglass. If you had received this letter it would have saved us both the pain of this meeting." As Douglass essayed to speak she said quickly: "*Read* it, if you please." And walking across the room, she paused before the window in which stood a pot of blossoming tuberoses; she began, impatiently, to pick the blossoms and strew the leaves on the carpet. Kate's pride was all gone; she stood there a very humble woman. She felt that she would like to humble herself in the dust at Douglass Austin's feet. She, who *so scorned* a mean action. It seemed wrong to break her faith with him, and yet a greater wrong to marry him without loving him; of two evils she was choosing the least. She stood there waiting, when she heard a step at her side, and looking up, she saw Douglass Austin looking nobler than ever before. He extended his hand, saying, "Good-by, Kate," in a voice so sad that her woman-heart ached for him.

"You are not angry with me, are you, Douglass? You do not utterly despise me, do you?"

"No, Katie; I am not angry with you. I think I never could be that; and as to the other, I *honor* you above all women."

Taking Kate's hand in his he wrung it so hard that she almost cried out from pain, and stooping quickly, he touched his lips lightly to her forehead—lightly, and reverently, as a devotee might kiss the feet of his saint; then went out, leaving Kate in a sort of stupor. She watched him down the street, saying to herself, "We wake from dreams, but the memory of them, I think, never dies."

That afternoon, as Kate was sitting with her aunt, both busy with crochet, Aunt Marie suddenly looked up, saying, "What ailed Douglass this morning? I met him in the hall, just as he was going away, and he looked so pale that I asked him if he was sick; he said *no*, almost rudely, and went out without another word, looking as pale as a ghost." Then, as Kate said nothing, she went on: "I thought it very queer of *him*, for he is not in the habit of biting one's head off when one asks him a civil question."

Kate's face flushed from pale to very red, and her eyes filled with tears.

Aunt Marie looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, Kate Dunn! how strange you act! You and Douglass haven't quarrelled, have you? What a silly child you are?"

"No, ma'am; we haven't quarrelled, but we are nothing now to each other but friends."

Aunt Marie looked thunder-struck.

"Why not? Don't you like him, Kate?"

"Yes; I like him better than I ever did before."

Here the conversation dropped. Mrs. Adlington was not accustomed to gainsay anything that Kate might do—nor, in fact, was any one. I said she was born to rule, and she did rule, seemingly without an effort. "And the strong will prevailed"—always did and always will.

Perhaps she missed Douglass's letters, but it was a relief, for of late they had been, like the perfume of tuberose, oppressively sweet. She learned, accidentally, by means of a friend, that he had gone to Scotland. One day, as she and old Dr. Lee were standing together in the greenhouse, having one of their good visits, he said: "By the way, I had a letter from young Austin last night. He says he is very busy there, and seems to like it. I think Douglass is out-growing his early habit of idleness. He was always a nice boy, but just a little lazy; eh, Kate?"

"Yes, Doctor; I think that is his besetting sin."

"People have made an arrangement for you two."

Kate looked up in that perfect bewilderment in which ladies wrap themselves at such times.

"Why, they say you are *engaged*."

"*They* are mistaken, as usual. We are *not* engaged, and are not likely to be."

"Well, Kate, you need not be so savage about it; it is not the first time 'they' have made their bricks without straw."

So matters stood, or, rather, went on; they never stand still; that were impossible. Kate studied—read up a course that Dr. Lee marked out for her and studied German with Leslie Fairfax. They both seemed to enjoy the German lessons; at least Kate seemed very much at a loss what to do with herself and her time while Leslie was away for three weeks, and the lessons were left over. Old Dr. Lee teased Kate about letting him join the class.

"Perhaps I cannot learn *Ich liebe* as fast as you. I should have to go back to my youth." And the doctor looked sad as he thought of the little green mound in the country grave-yard, where his early love had lain her down to rest, leaving him alone. Kate saw the doctor was *distrait*, and guessed the cause, so she said gently:

> "He loveth best, who loveth most,
> All things beneath the sun."

"Surely, doctor, you have not to learn the art of *loving*. Others, besides me, can tell of your proficiency in that line. Do you know, the

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other day, as I saw you going down the street, and watched you stopping to say a kind word to the little newsboy and buy his paper, and a little further on, to help the old applewoman gather up her fruit which had spilled and was rolling about at the mercy of naughty boys; leaving every one the better for having met you, I wished all men could have sorrow like as you have had, if it would give them nobility and *loving*-tenderness such as yours. Nay, doctor, don't open your mouth to call me flatterer; I am not one. You *are* a good man, and I love you as I would have loved a father, had I ever known one. I was always a naughty child, ugly and wilful, and you scolded me and *controlled* me as Aunt Marie could not do. I *thank* you for it; and now I have a favor to ask of you—can you give me something to do? You are all about among the poor and know how they suffer and what they want—will you tell me? I want to do *something*."

"Why, Kate, *I am astonished!* What will upper-tendom do without *you?* All the Flora Mc's will be metamorphosed at once into sisters of charity, and the pet poodles will *suffer*."

"No; but really, doctor, I am in earnest. Isn't there something for me to do?"

"Yes, plenty; and I am pleased to see that you are *really* to be some help to me. This is a hard winter for the poor. I am glad, too, on your account, that you are willing to do something for our suffering brethren."

"There, I am glad you are done teasing me. I know I am frivolous and silly, like all the girls, and thoughtless, too; but I never did enjoy being told of it."

"Something has come to you instead of the trouble that you were just wishing to befall the community. It doesn't seem to be sorrow that has changed you, and you *are* changed. You do not seem the same child you were a year ago. The Great Physician often gives to us in homœopathic doses. I was proud, and haughty, and cold, and hard, so troubles came to me. I was wounded in my only accessible spot—my little Nell was taken from me, and she was all I loved, or lived for then. Out of that great sorrow grew a blessing as great; for I learned to love the Father, who, in His infinite goodness, had made me to 'pass under the rod.' But you, child—I think happiness is doing for you what sorrow did for me."

"Why, doctor, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, only I met a gentleman this morning humming to himself 'Bonnie Doon,' and when I came in here I found a little girl of my acquaintance also humming 'Bonnie Doon.'"

"Really! That is quite a coincidence. There goes a boy, just now, singing 'Hail Columbia.' How would you interpret that?"

"I don't pretend to be able to interpret everything, but I can some things. Besides I thought you wished to hear of some one who needs your help. There is old Mrs. Allan has broken her arm and can't work, of course. She wants anything you may have to give. Then there is blind West—if you would read to him it would be doing him a great kindness. He could read until he lost his sight, but his wife can't. She is a good soul, and takes care of him; but it is lonesome sitting there in the dark all the time. Little May Cliff, who works to take care of her little brother and sister—if you would teach her: she is more than ordinarily bright, and has no chance to learn. Well, that introduces you to the alley. I think you will find no lack of subjects for your charity. Good morning."

Several days after this Dr. Lee came in as he was passing, to tell Kate that he had another letter from Douglass. "He writes that he is not well, and lays it to over-work. Nothing serious, he says. I never thought he would have that to complain of."

"Nor I," said Kate, "but I am glad he has."

"Yes, it is better to wear out than to rust out. Good morning, I am in a hurry," and away went the doctor as briskly as a boy, looking back at Kate and shaking his cane at her as she stood in the window.

She watched him out of sight, then made herself ready to go on her "mission." She found many who needed help. Kate had never known and had never thought just what poverty, sickness and misery meant. The alley not being a fashionable promenade, her dainty feet had never wandered there. More than once she felt a rising of disgust at the dirt and squalor which she saw, but saying to herself—"You are not walking here for pleasure," she went on and explored many a den of wretchedness, such as she had never dreamed of before. It had been, as Dr. Lee said, a hard winter for the poor, and just now, at the opening of spring, there seemed to be much sickness. She lingered long at the blind sailor's, until it grew so dusky in the room that she could not see; then she hurried home, saddened from sympathy, yet gladdened that she had done ever so little to relieve the suffering that is in the world. All through the spring she continued her calling in the alley, and her

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ready sympathy and winning way made many a poor, discouraged woman strong to fight the battle of life a little longer. Her German lessons still went on, and in the circle of fashion she shone the bright, particular star.

When the season of migration arrived, Kate, with Mrs. Adlington, betook themselves to Newport, whither, as in duty (or inclination) bound, followed Leslie Fairfax. Those were the bright days of Kate Dunn's life. The days spent on the beach, riding or walking with Leslie, studying old ocean in all his varying moods, learning to read his face as the face of a friend. Sitting on the rocks together, and dreaming dreams of life, as they would spend it with each other—one long, bright day without a cloud, looking at the sunny face of ocean at peace as at the picture of their future life, for they were betrothed lovers now. And other days, when the winds were abroad, and "old ocean came murmuring to their feet, with white lips, as one in pain," they would talk of "life, death, and the vast forever;" of how together they would not fear the storms of this life. Always like children, building castles grand and gay, and making plans for their future, happy and trustful as little children.

"What a blessed season of refreshing this is to me, Kate. This laying off all the cares of life, and sitting down to rest. Two weeks more and I must go back to my work again, 'taking up the burden of life once more'—not all the burden, for the old feeling of loneliness will be gone. I can come to you when I am tired, and with you is infinite rest. Before I knew you I used to feel tired of the world. I used to say, as Hamlet: 'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world.' Now, it is to me no longer as an 'unweeded garden.' I am a boy again, *your* boy Leslie, and you, my child-wife!"

"Leslie, look there!"

There was running to and fro and shouting. Leslie ran to the crowd and learned that a little girl was lost in the surf. He ran his eyes down the line, and seeing the child's pink dress, he dropped into the waves and swam out boldly toward the pink speck among the breakers. It was a bold venture, but he, being a strong swimmer, succeeded in reaching the drowning child, and with her in his arm he struggled toward the shore. The crowd stood watching with suspended breath, but just as he neared the shore, and the shout of joy rose on the air, a towering wave broke over him, and they were, for a moment, lost to sight. Then the pink dress and floating brown hair was tossed on the sands, and they saw Leslie Fairfax, evidently without strength to buffet the waves, drifting out to sea. A man coming just then with a boat, they succeeded in saving the body, but the life was gone.

Kate sat as one incapable of motion, but when they laid the lifeless body on the sands, she rose, and walking, or rather staggering to the place, knelt down, and, uttering a low cry, laid her head on the still heart that had so lately beat with love to her. It seemed very *strange* to Kate that he should go away and leave her. She sat there on the yellow sands, looking quite white but shedding no tear, and seeming perfectly unconscious of the excited crowd around her. When they took the body to the house, Kate followed slowly as far as the rock where she and Leslie had been sitting together. The pitying crowd passed on and left her there, groping among the ruins of a broken dream. When the moon came up out of the ocean, and the cold breeze began to blow from the "misty Atlantic," Aunt Marie came timidly down to the rock, laid her hand gently on Kate's shoulder, saying—"Kate, you had best come with me." She rose up, saying nothing, and followed her aunt up to the hotel.

For a time Kate seemed stunned, or bewildered, as she said to Dr. Lee—"I don't seem to understand it at all."

"No, Katie, child, we do not understand now, but we shall know hereafter. One thing I firmly believe, the Father never *willingly* afflicts His children. It is one of His laws that He will not suffer broken—that we have no other gods before Him."

After a long pause, Kate said—"Doctor, I want something to do. You helped me once, can't you again?"

"What do you want—what kind of work?"

"Doctor, now don't laugh," and Kate in her earnestness rose up and coming over to where the doctor sat, laid her hand coaxingly on his arm—"Can I study medicine, and have M. D. to my name? Now you said you wouldn't laugh."

"No, Kate, I see nothing to laugh at. It is a hard life but honest, and, thank the Lord, it is a field open to women."

So they settled it between them. Mrs. Adlington looked a little startled, but made no opposition. In course of time Kate came back to the city, bringing with her, as the sign of victory, her diploma. She was welcomed by "her set," over which she still held the sceptre.

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Work came to her, and she was successful and happy in her work. One night while at a party, just as she rose from the piano, Mr. Sumner, the host of the evening, made his way to Kate, saying, "a brother disciple of Esculapius wishes to speak with you." Turning round on the music-stool, she rose up, saying—"Kate Dunn, M. D., at your service," and looking up she saw Douglass Austin, but not the Douglass of her girlhood. He had grown stout and dignified. On his face was the imprint of thought and the furrows of care and work. He did not look the same smooth-faced boy that she had bidden good-by to ten years ago.

She extended her hand, saying—"Welcome home again, if this be indeed you, Douglass."

Douglass took the offered hand in a close, friendly clasp. "We might both question 'if I be I,' but come and see my wife—I left her in the care of Mrs. Sumner."

"Indeed! Did you bring a bonnie lassie with you? Allow me to congratulate you."

Kate was presented by Douglass to a slight, fair girl, with light-brown curls and eyes as "blue as the fairy flax." She seemed very gentle, and looked up with timid pride to her husband—just as Kate never would have done.

Douglass was very evidently proud of his wee, bonnie Jessie. That night, after Kate went home, she kissed the diamond *solitaire*, the pledge of her engagement with Leslie, and as a tear dropped on the stone, dimming its brightness, she said—"I am your child-wife, Leslie, and I do not live alone, for you seem near to me—my angel excelling in strength."

A FADED ROSE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

O, dear, dead rose!
Where is thy fragrance fled?
Thy bloom is pallid, like a maiden's brow,
When unto death her virgin heart is wed,
And her dear hands are still,
Under the snows!

II.

O, life has lost its charm,
Dear, faded rose!
The wind that used to lift thy petals bright,
And shower o'er them happy, sunset-glows,
Now sighs above her grave
All the long night!

III.

O, dear, dead rose!
Once thou wert dewy sweet!
Now, thou canst lift no longer radiant head
At coming of her tiny-sandaled feet;
List'ning, we hear no more
Their dainty tread!

IV.

Four long summers dead,
My pretty rose!
And I sit here, within this old arm-chair,
Watching her grave grow whiter 'neath the snows,
Thinking of that sweet brow,
So very fair!

V.

O, dear, dead Rose!
I hide thee once again!
For thy faint odor rises on the air,
Filling the chambers of my heart with pain;
Dreams of my loved one haunt
Me everywhere!

UNDER THE LILACS.

BY MISS MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Under the lilacs the air is the sweeter,
Under the lilacs I promised to meet her;
What if in spite of my bravest endeavor,
The words I shall speak here divide us forever?

See, there she comes—a face like a flower:
Blooming for me at least this brief hour.
If I should pluck it, and wear it, and so
Be as the gods, would love last, do you know?

Hoping and doubting, but not quite despairing;
Doubting and hoping, what bliss worth comparing?
What better business under the sun,
Than under the lilacs to wait *for one?*

Well, if she love not, will life lose just all
That 'tis sweet to enjoy, that 'tis sweet to call
One's very own? Must I turn to the wall,
And escape (O despair) this most gracious thrall?

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 655.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

When Zoe Zoll bade the baronet good-night, she seemed to forget that she left him lampless in an unlighted corridor. Sir Lancelot did not think of it himself until the little figure bearing the lamp had disappeared, and he found himself in total darkness and very much in danger of losing his "bearings"—as the sailors say—in the bewilderment that ensued. This was a part of the house with which he was totally unacquainted, but he might recall to mind how many turnings he had made while on his way to Mrs. Cascannon's apartment. Three, he was sure, and always to the right; consequently he must now turn to the left. Having made this decision he moved forward, with his hand on the wall at his left, lest an opening in the passage should escape him. While thus slowly feeling his way he heard something drop on the floor with a clash, as of keys. He put his hand in his pocket; his keys were not there, and he retraced his steps in search of them. They were not found without some trouble, and again he resumed his groping, being at last rewarded by arriving at the first turn to the left. Feeling now sure that he was right, he walked quickly forward, and very soon found his farther progress impeded by a door. "There *was* a door. I recollect it," he said to himself, and opening it, was pleased to see a light shining through another door at his right. "Now I can find out where I am!" he thought.

—

When Rosamond found that the real Sir Lancelot was about to call upon her mother, she determined that the fictitious baronet should call also, rightly judging that the meeting of the two in her mother's presence might result in a pleasant little scene, as she contemplated denouncing the true Sir Lancelot as a base impostor. Having arrayed herself in her former attire, she had gone to her mother's apartments, but the inopportune appearance of Zoe Zoll had prevented her from discovering herself, and, very much disappointed, she resolved to indemnify herself by listening to their conversation, from which she learned that her mother persisted in regarding her visitor as an impostor, and resolved to turn her knowledge of this fact to some account. Having waited until the baronet and Zoe Zoll were out of hearing, she knocked at her mother's door, and being bidden to come in, rushed in so excitedly that Mrs. Cascannon, surprised and startled, jumped to her feet, uttering a faint scream.

"Pardon me, madam, but that graceless young scamp—my nephew—oh!" and here the cane she carried was struck violently on the floor, that being always the theatrical accompaniment of the wrath of the angry uncle and "heavy father." Now Mrs. Cascannon in her heart acknowledged the identity of Sir Lancelot, but she had determined that she would *die* before she would say so, not wishing to allow that she had been tricked, and determined, for two or three reasons, that the young man should not stay in her house another day. So, when Rosamond came in, as described, although she knew very well who she was, she exclaimed—"Sir Lancelot!"

"Yes, *Lancelot Redmond*. Has that rascal been here trying to pass himself off for me?"

"He has, indeed, but I would not believe him. He is still in the house, however. I will ring for the servants, and——"

"No, don't ring! He is still my nephew, scamp as he is! and the very image of my deceased sister."

At this juncture, while the afflicted uncle applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and Mrs. Cascannon stood with her hand on the bell-rope, the door opened and the real Sir Lancelot came in.

"There he is again! Murder! thieves! murder!" cried Mrs. Cascannon, ringing the bell furiously. Sir Lancelot stood aghast, and Mrs. Cascannon, uttering a final shriek of twenty steam-engine power, subsided in a heap on the carpet as a rush of feet was heard down the corridor. The door flew open, and a stream of

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servants poured in—two gardeners, the butler, a footman, and the cook, and two chambermaids in the rear.

"What is it, ma'am? *Which* is it?" asked the butler, particularizing, as he looked from the two men to his prostrate mistress.

"The *tall* one. Lock him up. Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Cascannon, coming out of her insensible state to say these words, and immediately relapsing.

"O lor! Why, *it's the baronick!* What *'ave he done?*" cried a chambermaid.

"*Done!*" said the pretended uncle. "*Everything.*"

"*Heverything!* Hoh!" cried chambermaid No. 2.

"Take him away and lock him up! He is an impostor! *I* am the real Sir Lancelot."

"*You!* Lor bless us!" cried cook.

"*Are* you going to take him away and lock him up?" said Mrs. Cascannon, coming violently out of her trance.

"Himmejant, my lady," said the footman, who had once served a lady of rank. Where shall we put him, my lady?"

"In the carriage-house. Take him away! it makes me ill even to look at him."

"See! it makes madam swound even to look at 'im! Take 'im away or the little man will bust, he's swelling so," said cook.

Accordingly, Sir Lancelot was borne away, having no mind to expose Rosamond before the servants, and, amidst a chorus of feminine ahs! and ohs! was locked up in the carriage-house.

"Oh! *such* a thing have happened, Miss!" said Zoe Zoll's maid, as she prepared to brush out her mistress's hair for the night.

"Now it's coming!" thought Zoe Zoll, expecting to hear a full, true, and particular account of the elopement.

"The *real* baronet have turned up, Miss."

"The real baronet!"

"Yes, Miss. Such a funny little man, with yellow 'air and wiskers, not 'alf as 'andsome as Sir Lancelot as was—who they've locked up in the carriage-'ous."

"*They! Who?* What do you mean?"

"Why, Mrs. Cascannon's horders as was carried hout by Mr. Rennser and Spears, with the two gardener-men."

"Good Heavens!" said Zoe Zoll, jumping up and leaving a lock of hair in her maid's hands. "My sister has had Sir Lancelot locked up in the carriage-house?"

"The one as *called* himself Sir Lancelot. The little gentleman——"

"Never mind about the little gentleman. Give me a wrapper."

The girl brought her a wrapper, wondering much at her excitement, for which she could find but one cause. "Hoh! she's in love with 'im!—the low himpostor!" she said to herself, tossing her head as Zoe Zoll bade her take a shaded lamp and come with her. Zoe Zoll passed quickly down the stairs, and went directly to the servant's hall, sending in her maid to get the key of the carriage-house from the butler. "You'd better give it up, for she's in a cold fury," said the girl.

"She'll let him out!" said the butler.

"She usually does as she pleases, has we *hall* know," said the girl, taking the key from his reluctant hand, and carrying it to Zoe Zoll, who directed her to precede her with the lamp. Arrived at the carriage-house she took the lamp from the girl's hand, and telling her to wait outside, unlocked the door and went in.

To the baronet came this vision—a small, slight figure, in a flowing robe of white, the wide sleeve falling back from the round arm and dimpled hand that upheld a lamp, from which a soft light diffused itself over the shining hair combed from the curl, *fluffing* around the charming little head, and waving away from the delicate face, as in one of Raphael's angels. "Why! it's *Zoe Zoll!*" he said, and Zoe Zoll smiled when she saw him sitting in the great, crimson-lined barouche.

"I bring you your release, and I am deeply mortified——"

"Don't mention it," said the baronet, descending from his perch. "I suppose that Rosamond made confession——"

"Don't suppose any such thing. I heard from my maid that you were locked up here as an impostor, and judged from what she said about the funny little man who was the *real* Sir Lancelot, what Rosamond had been about."

"It is strange that your sister should have been so deceived."

"It would be strange," said Zoe Zoll, growing scarlet, "if my sister were not different from ordinary people."

"I think you all are," said Sir Lancelot quietly.

"We are all pretty much after the same pattern," said Zoe Zoll, "but Rosamond's colors are rather the most decided."

"I don't like *neutral* tints," said the baronet,

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and then they came upon Zoe Zoll's maid, who was watching them curiously.

"You may take the lamp, Annie, and show Sir Lancelot the way. Good-night, Sir Lancelot;" and nodding and smiling, she tripped away into the darkness.

Mrs. Cascannon was luxuriating before a fire in the grate, with her hair over her shoulders and a glass of negus by her side, when Zoe Zoll entered, with her small, swift, noiseless steps.

"Goodness! how you startled me!" said her sister.

"*You* startled *me*, first; so we are quits."

"How could I startle you?" asked Laura yawning.

"By your erratic way of locking up strangers."

"I haven't locked up any strangers."

"Don't quibble," said Zoe Zoll severely, "you ordered him to be locked up, which is the same thing."

"Oh! that impostor! Gracious! You haven't come in, at this time of night, to talk about him?"

"This time of night is nine-o'clock, and I have first been to let him out."

"*Let him out!* How dare you?"

"Nonsense! Laura. Don't make me think you have lost your senses. You knew well enough that that was Rosamond."

"That *what* was Rosamond? If any one is insane, it's yourself. You have let loose an impostor, who forced his way into my apartments, to steal, I suppose, and there met his injured uncle, who, very naturally, exposed him. But I shall have him locked up again, as I don't intend to be murdered in my bed." And rising, she went toward the bell-rope.

"Stop!" said Zoe Zoll.

"I won't. I am mistress in my own house." She was about to ring the bell, when Zoe Zoll ran up with a pair of scissors and cut the rope.

"How dare you? in my own house, too!" cried Mrs. Cascannon, almost choked with rage.

"It won't be your house long, if you behave like this. You will be sent to a lunatic asylum."

"Do you threaten me?"

"I do not threaten you. I tell you what will be the natural result of such actions as this."

"And *I* tell *you* that you are in love with this thief—this impostor—and so you defend him."

"I suspected this. I thought you imagined him to be my friend, and took this way to drive him from the house." Her sister's countenance changed so that Zoe Zoll knew she was right. "Why do you dislike me so?" she said. "I have never harmed you, but always tried to do you good; however, in this case you have overshot your mark, for I *detest* this man, and I hope you *have* driven him away. But if you try to have him locked up again, I will write to Mr. Cascannon that you are mad, and that he must come home and see to you." So saying, Zoe Zoll marched out of the room, knowing very well that she had stopped all further proceedings on the part of her sister, who was afraid of her husband; and, when in the corridor, punched an imaginary head, as she ejaculated: "I in love with *him!*" then burst into tears and cried all the way to her own chamber.

Instead of the smiling and rosy vision that had wished him good-night, it was a very pale and stern little face that met Sir Lancelot as he walked in the garden before breakfast next morning. "You are not well?" he asked.

"Perfectly well," said Zoe Zoll shortly; and then from a side-path danced Rosamond, with—"Good morning, *Mister* Redmond. How is your poor, dear uncle to-day?"

"He *looks* very well," said the baronet.

"He had the room next to mine, and he did nothing but sigh and groan, and walk the floor all night," said Rosamond, to the manifest interest of one of the gardeners who had been instrumental in locking up the baronet, and who was now tying up some vines close at hand.

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Zoe Zoll. "You know that there is no such person as Sir Lancelot's uncle."

"Didn't Rennser and James, and all of them see him?" ("I did, Miss," interpolated the gardener.) "Mamma says that *you* won't acknowledge that he is an impostor, because you are in love with him."

Zoe Zoll's reply was a box on the ear, applied with all her force; after which she turned around and walked quickly toward the house.

"That's what people get for telling stories," said Sir Lancelot, as Rosamond stood, looking very red, with her hand pressed against the insulted ear.

"It's true; or she wouldn't have been so mad."

"I wish it *were* true."

"It ought to be," said Rosamond, facing round upon him; "you are a simpleton, and she is a simpleton, and you are both simpletons; so you should like each other."

"A very good reason, certainly."

"Your uncle said so."

"My uncle is a wise man."

"Then there is one wise man in the family."

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"And a very wise young woman in yours."

"It is fortunate. I hope she will box *your* ears."

"The wise young woman?"

"You know who I mean."

"I never know *what* you mean."

"Rosamond! Rosamond!" said a voice.

"Breakfast is ready. I advise you to eat a few razors to make yourself sharp," said Rosamond, springing down the path before him.

"Good-morning, Sir Lance," shouted Ethel, as the baronet entered the breakfast-room. "Where is your uncle?"

"You must ask Rosamond."

"She says she doesn't know."

"If she does not no one does."

"Rosamond says you are only *Mr.* Redmond," said Winny.

"Then of course it must be so."

"And James says that you are an impostor, and that you were locked up in the carriage-house, and——"

"What's a nimpostor?" asked Lilian.

"Something that your sister Rosamond is," said the baronet.

"Oh!" said Lily, turning round to look at Rosamond. "Nimpostors are pretty, aint they?"

Rosamond smiled graciously.

"But *were* you *really* locked up in the carriage-house?" persisted Ethel.

"I was."

"Why didn't you kick 'em, and smash 'em?" asked Winny, indignantly, having a great liking for the baronet.

"Because it was better that I should suffer than my poor old uncle."

"Would they have locked *him* up?" asked Lilian.

"He deserved it."

"No, he didn't," said Rosamond. "He is a very nice gentleman."

"Why don't he come to breakfast, then?" said Lily.

"Your sister Rosamond is going to eat for him," observed the baronet.

"I wouldn't like any one to eat for me," said Lily, meditatively.

"No one could. Their mouths aint big enough," said Ethel.

"Same to you," retorted Lily.

"But I don't understand *anything*," said Winny. "If Sir Lancelot isn't Sir Lancelot, and somebody else is, *where is* he?"

"That is the question," said the baronet.

"And nobody 'll answer it," said Ethel.

"Well, *I* think somebody must have killed him and put him in a chest," said Lily, who had been reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

"Then we shall have a ghost going around, all bloody, and saying o-o-o-o-oh!" said Ethel, in a hollow tone.

"O-oh! don't! You frighten me so I can't eat my breakfast," remonstrated Lily.

"Ha! ha! ha! and she pegging away all the time!" burst out Ethel.

"Papa says you mustn't say *pegging away. Shoemakers* peg."

"And so do *fat*-makers. You'll look like a prize-pig, Lil!"

"Pig yourself," said Lilian, who was not gifted in retort.

"This is peculiar table-talk!" said Zoe Zoll, coming in with Elizabeth. "Pray, don't quarrel over your troughs."

Then the twins began to grunt, and to pretend to root in their plates, obliging their aunt to shake them, playfully. "I think your papa had better come back," said she. "You grow worse every day."

"I guess papa wouldn't let them lock up Sir Lancelot—or Mr. Redmond, which is he, Auntie Zoll?"—queried Winny.

"Sir Lancelot, I suppose."

"And don't you *know*, Auntie Zoll? Rosamond says——"

"Rosamond, I am sorry to say, doesn't always speak the truth."

"She speaks it too much, sometimes," remarked Rosamond.

"You speak too much *all* the time," said Zoe Zoll.

"Auntie Zoll is worse than hornets this morning," observed Rosamond to the assembled company.

"Rosamond, you forget of whom you are speaking," said Elizabeth.

Rosamond shrugged her shoulders.

"Rosamond didn't tell the truth, then," began Winny, "when she said——"

"No, she didn't," said Zoe Zoll.

"You didn't let me say what," expostulated Winny.

"I knew beforehand what you were going to say."

"'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,'" said Lilian.

"We are setting you a bad example, Lily, are we not?" said Zoe Zoll.

"Speak for yourself," muttered Rosamond.

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"I don't like anybody to quarrel," observed Lily. "It makes everything taste bad."

"It is always best to be friends," remarked Sir Lancelot, glancing at Zoe Zoll, who replied—"It is impossible to be friends with some people."

"*More* than friends, then!"

"As with the lady of whom you were speaking last evening?"

"Or, with the lady to whom I am speaking this morning."

Rosamond listened, turning from the one to the other. Elizabeth looked puzzled. She could see that Zoe Zoll was in one of her rare rages, but could not see the why or the wherefore. The boys looked on with delight. The young British animal always scents a fight.

Zoe Zoll rose from the table. "You will excuse me, Elizabeth? I think I hear baby cry," said she. As she went from the room, Mrs. Cascannon came in, and looked curiously at her sister's flushed face and flashing eyes. The children set up a howl and rushed toward her. She was a decided novelty. She bade them be quiet, and greeted Sir Lancelot graciously, extending her hand, and murmuring something about an unfortunate mistake—convinced of error—hoped Sir Lancelot would kindly pardon—nervous invalid—etc., etc. Rosamond began to shake in her shoes. This reconciliation with the enemy could bode her no good.

"What do you think has happened?" said Elizabeth to Zoe Zoll, who was tending baby in the upper hall, while nurse ate her supper.

Zoe Zoll looked up quickly. "What?"

"Mamma has fallen in love with Sir Lancelot. You should have seen how charming she made herself to him."

"Oh!" said Zoe Zoll, who had thought that Elizabeth might have chanced to hear of Gerard's departure. A trampling of horses' feet and rolling of wheels drew her to the window, from which she saw Sir Lancelot lead Mrs. Cascannon to the carriage, and having seated her, follow himself. "Wonders will never cease!" she said. "He is going to drive with her!"

"Isn't it odd?" said Elizabeth.

"Not at all. Gerard having gone, she must supply his place with some one."

There was a pause. Zoe Zoll continued to look from the window, holding the baby up that he might see the horses chafing under their bright harness. The little fellow crowed and clapped his hands. Sir Lancelot looked up, smiled, bowed, and waved his hat. Zoe Zoll did not return the salutation, and the carriage rolled away. Presently, Elizabeth spoke in a low tone. "Did you say that Gerard had gone?"

"Yes."

"I—have not seen Miss Tilden lately," pursued Elizabeth.

"She went with him," replied Zoe Zoll. Was she both blind and deaf? She was, to all intents and purposes, being so fully persuaded that Gerard had given place to Lancelot, and forgetting that she, herself, had once said that Elizabeth loving once, would love always. So she did not see the deadly pallor of her face, did not hear the tears in her voice, as she said—"It is all over, then!" To her it sounded like an expression of relief. With her head full of what the baronet had said the preceding evening and with hot anger against him burning in her heart, she dismissed the apparently unimportant subject with a simple monosyllable, and turning, to her niece, said—"And now, Bess, let us leave the Cascade for awhile. I have a presentiment that everything has been going wrong at home in my absence."

"What! under Celia's sage administration?" said Elizabeth with a faint smile.

Zoe Zoll laughed. How that laugh grated on Elizabeth's nerves! She looked at Zoe Zoll with wonder. But it was certainly kind in her to propose to take her from the Cascade just now, and perhaps she couldn't help despising her for the want of pride that made her cling to the pale memory of a treacherous love, and so refused to speak a sympathy she could not feel. "When do we go?" she said, rising, with a sense of her unspoken woe weighing her as if with the burden of years.

Zoe Zoll answered in two words. "Are you perfectly willing to go?" she added.

"Perfectly," responded Elizabeth, looking at her again in mild wonder.

"I am so glad! But what *shall* I do without *you?*"

CHAPTER XXI.

Sir Lancelot had a very pleasant drive, finding Mrs. Cascannon quite agreeable. They had lunched with the Stanleys, visited with them some very picturesque ruins, and did not return home until late in the afternoon. Mrs. Cascannon immediately retired to her chamber to rest, after such extraordinary fatigue, and the baronet having made a fresh toilet, with even more

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than his usual care, descended to the drawing-room. The drawing-room was deserted, and stepping through a window, out upon the piazza, he looked up and down its vine-shadowed length, but saw no one. He now left the piazza, and crossing the terrace, went down the steps into the garden, through which he strolled, picking a flower here and there, until his hands were filled with a large variegated bouquet. "What shall I do with it?" he said aloud, and continued to walk forward, until a low sound of voices reached him. It seemed as if one spoke, and others interrupted her by exclamations of horror and surprise. "What is going on here?" he said to himself, as he approached the summer-house in which he had once been locked up by Rosamond. He went quite near, and peered through a window, from which he pushed aside the clustering vines. Rosamond was the centre of a group of girls, to whom she had been relating something of intense interest, if it was to be judged by the absorption of their attitudes and expressions. A movement of his, rustling the vines, caused one of the girls to look up.

Starting from her seat, with a scream, she cried, "*Here he is!*" and springing to the door, rushed out, followed by the others, pell-mell.

Sir Lancelot, sorry to have alarmed them, pursued, to tell them there was no cause for fear; but the faster he ran, the faster they fled, Rosamond leading the way, as though her feet had been winged like Mercury's. At length he gained upon one of them, who lagged a little in her flight, as if from want of breath, and detaining her by the ribbon of her sash, asked her of what she was afraid. The poor girl screamed, and sinking on her knees, laid her face in her hands. "I did not mean to frighten you," said he gently, "but who or what do you think I am?" The girl began to sob and moan, still keeping her face closely covered. "Look up, young lady," said he, "and see if I am very terrible." At the same time he raised her from the ground, when, finding herself fairly on her feet, she bounded forward with a scream, and fled down the first alley she came to.

The baronet being very well aware that—

> "Not his the form, nor his the eye,
> That youthful maidens wont to fly,"

was sure that there must have been some cause for such an exhibition of terror as had been made by these several young ladies, and he shrewdly guessed that that which Rosamond had been telling them was it, though what it could be he could not imagine. Returning to the house, the first person he saw was the young lady herself, sitting on the drawing-room floor, and indulging in what she would have called a "good, private laugh."

"What pleases you so much?" he asked, looking in through the window.

She seemed startled, but replied: "I am not pleased; I am laughing hysterically."

"I suppose you are frightened by what you told those young ladies?"

"It is enough to frighten any one," she answered gravely.

"May I ask what it was?"

"It was about your uncle."

"*About my uncle!*"

"Yes; I told them how he came here, what he said, and how he disappeared."

"*Rosamond!*"

"If you will show us where the—the *body* is—for in this warm weather it might—*smell*."

Sir Lancelot laughed until the tears came.

"I will tell you where the body is, if you will tell me where some other *body* is."

"I don't kill people," said Rosamond.

"You do—with laughing. Now tell me where your aunt and sister are?"

"My aunt is in that part of the garden; my sister is in the south parlor."

"Eating bread and honey?" said the baronet, running down the steps of the piazza.

"But *the body?*"

"*Look in the glass.*"

There was a certain old maid, who had been a sempstress in the family when Mr. Cascannon was a little boy in petticoats. She was a woman of grenadier-like height and proportions, and of a ferocity of temperament to match her height and breadth of shoulders. To this woman the title of aunt had attached itself, and she was Aunt Annabella to all the neighborhood, and especially to Mr. Cascannon's children. Upon this formidable personage, as she was quietly taking her tea in a kind of arbor, for the sake of coolness, one of the flying damsels popped unexpectedly, and, to her inquiring why she fled in such affright, did tell her "tale of horror."

One of the principal ornaments of Aunt Annabella's countenance was a pair of shell-bowed spectacles, very round in the eyes; and these she had a habit of settling very firmly on her nose when much moved. It was, in fact, a kind of buckling on of her armor, or setting her

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spear in rest. "Is he 'round, loose?" she asked, at the close of the fair trembler's narration, settling her spectacles as she spoke.

"Didn't I first say that he chased me?"

"A pretty fellow to have around loose, *I* should say! And *he's* gone [Mr. Cascannon]. Why, what'll become of everybody?"

"Oh! *here he is again!*" cried the girl, who had been peering from the arbor while Aunt Annabella was speaking, and stifling a scream by pressing her hand over her mouth, she was about to dash away. Aunt Annabella stopped her.

"Let me go!" she said. "He's after me again."

"Give me your sash."

Without stopping to question this demand, she loosed the ribbon from her waist and fled.

Sir Lancelot, hearing voices, entered the arbor and found himself confronted by a giantess, who was hustling up a length of wide, bright ribbon with her large, powerful-looking hands.

"I am looking for Miss Zollicoffer," he said. "I was told that she was in this part of the garden."

"If you will sit down I will find her," said a strong, deep voice from beneath the moon-eyed glasses she had turned upon him; and so saying the giantess strode out of the arbor.

Sir Lancelot seated himself, and, while listening for Zoe Zoll's small footsteps, looked curiously at the different edibles which accompanied the tea of the departed giantess. Suddenly he started. Something bright and many-hued dropped before his face, and falling, encircled his body, binding his arms to his sides. He sprang up, but was brought back by a sudden jerk. A heavy step shook the floor and the giantess stood before him with folded arms. "Pull away as much as you will, you won't break *that* ribbon in a hurry. Three guineas a yard if it was a penny, and as tough as a hawser," said she, contemplating him and chuckling hugely.

The baronet strained at his bonds, but finding they did not yield, asked what it meant.

"It means *justice*, Sir—or Mr. What's-your-name."

"Oh! I was afraid you might be going to eat me."

Aunt Annabella sniffed—"Pretty poor feeding!"

"I assure you that I am much plumper than I seem to be."

"Pray what do you take me for?" said Aunt Annabella sharply.

"An ogress."

"Humph!"

"And may I ask what you take *me* for?"

"That's coming to the point. Where is the poor, little gentleman, your uncle, who disappeared just after he had told who he was?"

"He is here!" was the melo-dramatic reply; but it was not Sir Lancelot who spoke, and Aunt Annabella, wheeling around, found herself looking down on a little man with the light hair and beard described as appertaining to the missing uncle.

"I am here," repeated the little man. "You may loose him."

"Are *you* his uncle?" said Aunt Annabella, settling her spectacles and bending forward to look at this diminutive specimen of masculinity.

"Don't fall on me, woman!" he said, stepping backward.

"Humph! I don't see why they made such a fuss about such a small gentleman as you are."

"They thought that you and I might make a match."

"*Make a match!* There aint enough of you to make *two* matches, though your head's red enough to strike a light."

"You are getting personal, ma'am. But first unfasten my nephew there, and I'll not only forgive you, but kiss you into the bargain."

The indignant spinster settled her spectacles, and would have *settled* the presumptuous atom also, but the sweep of her large hand only displaced the wig and whiskers, the wearer ducking quickly.

"*Miss Rozzamond!*" she exclaimed, that being her invariable pronunciation of the sweet, old Norman name.

"Didn't I tell yer I could sell yer, Aunt Annabella?" shrieked Rosamond, performing a frantic *pas d'extase*.

"And isn't there *any* such?" asked Aunt Annabella, looking doubtfully at Sir Lancelot.

"Not a bit of a one, except the *bit of a one* I made."

"I hope you will excuse me, sir, but Miss Roz——"

"I am familiar with Miss Rosamond's ways."

"Was *that* the *aunt* you sent me to, Rosamond?" he asked, when released from his bonds he followed her to the house.

"I could not send you to Auntie Zoll, you see, for she 's half-way home by this time."

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CHAPTER XXII.

Miss Zollicoffer's home was a large, cottage-like structure, built of gray stone, with queer sunken casements, and a great stone porch, as large as any room in the house, with a profusion of sweet flowering vines festooning its pillars. The garden was also "a wilderness of sweets," with nothing set or formal about it—no statues, fountains, or long, level alleys—but, "*all humpy*," as Rosamond described it—a bower of roses, carpeted with great velvet pansies; with tall, white lilies, holding up their cups to catch the moonlight; with roughly-spiked, splendidly-blooming cactuses; with whole beds of geraniums; with heliotrope and mignonette, and all sweet odors crowding one another; with gorgeous dahlias and twining honeysuckles, faintly-fragrant ferns, pink and white spireas, and a wild confusion of vines running riot over everything and everywhere.

"If any one don't believe in fairies, just let them go into that garden," said Rosamond.

Perhaps it was a desire to revive the bright faith of childhood that brought him into the garden that evening, where it truly seemed as if Puck had been at work "to hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear," and "dew her orbs upon the green," such diamonds sparkled in the heart of every rose, and every lily was a Cleopatra-cup, with a pearl dissolved therein; and the velvet cheeks of the gorgeous nasturtiums were wet, where, "in their gold coats, spots you see,

These be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors."

Half he expected to hear the fairy roundel, with its chorus—"Philomel, with melody"—and, as if in answer to his expectations, a sweet voice lilted in the distance, and nearing, sang—

The yonder gate's ajar to-night,
The nodding lilac's leaning over,
The winking stars are all so bright,
And honey-sweet the clover.
And will he come or will he tarry—
The bonny lad I fain would marry?

The brown bat sails across the sky,
I hear his leathern wings a humming—
I hear a whistle clear and high,
He's coming, oh! he's coming.
I knew he could not, would not tarry,
The bonny lad I fain would marry.

It was not he. How still the air!
I see the dim beck thread the meadow;
I fancy that those ferns are fair,
That fringe the waters with their shadow.
He must come soon, or I'll not tarry,
I am not in such haste to marry.

The white owl cries—tu-whit, tu-whoo!
I know the covert she is haunting,
I've seen her downy owlets, too,
Where yonder ivy garland's flaunting.
I wonder if he made her tarry—
Her feathered mate—when she would marry.

I'll have him know that others woo—
I'll let him see his day is over—
The tale he told was never true,
But, hist! he comes, the darling rover!
I thought I'd go—but no, I'll tarry—
He'd be a bonny lad to marry.

The merry strain died away, and a mournful air succeeded—

White rose, your sister is dying!
Red rose, your sister is dead!
White as her lilies, and sighing,
Bring me my roses, she said.
Promise that where I am lying,
They shall stand at my feet and my head,
Promise—my soul must be flying,
But my dust with their dust shall be wed.

I, that have lain in your bosom,
Shall find the grave lonely and cold,
Red as my heart, let my roses
Strike their roots into my mould.
White as my cheek, shall their blossoms
In the blithe spring-tide unfold,
Stem, leaf, and each tiny rootlet,
A part of my being will hold.

Heart of my heart—when life gushes
Into their veins, with the May,
It will be my life-blood that rushes
To burst the dull bonds of my clay.
It will be my lost bloom that blushes,
As each opens out to the day,
Milk-white, and tender pink flushes,
Kiss them—your kiss I'll repay.

"That was surely Rosamond's voice," he said, and Rosamond it was, who now appeared through a tangle of honeysuckle and eglantine, and, seeing him, stopped short with widely-opened eyes. "Rosamond—and in black!"

She looked taller and slighter in her crèpe dress, which was trained, and her hair, brushed from its careless curls, was turned up and banded with crèpe.

"Is it you, Rosamond, or your ghost?" he said, going up to her eagerly.

"It is I. But don't talk about ghosts when they buried her only to-day."

"*Buried whom?* Not—E-lizabeth!"

"Oh! no! She is alive and well, and I am the heir."

He stood motionless and looking very pale. "*They buried her to-day*," he said at last, "*and you were singing!*"

"One can't cry forever, particularly when one is an heiress," said Rosamond.

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He gazed at her in horror and disgust. "What was—her—disease?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows."

"Was her—death—sudden?"

"Very. She had a kind of fit—kicked like everything, and——"

"Stop!"

"I thought you wanted to know!" she said innocently.

He turned and walked away from her.

"Are you going away? Don't, please. Come in and get something. I can ask any one I please, now," triumphantly.

"If I did not really feel the need of a glass of wine I would not go in, you heartless little monster!"

"Oh-h-h! Why, what have I done? I cried, and I put on a black dress, and I went to the funeral; and I'm going to cry a little every day, for awhile. This is the way. Isn't it a nice house?"

Sir Lancelot groaned as he went into the pretty room, from which its pretty mistress had vanished forever. Fresh flowers were on the mantel and in the tall vases set before the long mirror. Books strewed the table; a dainty piece of needlework overflowed its silk-lined receptacle; a pile of tumbled cushions; a pink-lined curtain, pushed back by a careless hand; all seemed as if its mistress had but just left the room. Above the mantel hung a crayon sketch—Zoe Zoll herself, laughing from under her curls; a large gray cat squeezed up against her crimson bodice; a bit of blue sky, and a glimpse of a garden back of the right shoulder. "How excellent!" he said, pausing before it.

"Yes; that's her picture. She doesn't look much like that now."

He made no reply—perhaps he did not hear her—and Rosamond left the room.

A servant came in presently with wine and fruit. The sight and smell of the fruit was sickening to the baronet; but he poured out a glass of wine, and raising it to his lips, a tear rolled over the brim and mingled with it. He heard some one coming and passed his handkerchief over his eyes. It was the same servant, who said that the ladies hoped he would at least dine with them.

"Miss Cascannon is here?"

"Yes, sir; and Miss Leslie."

He said he would do himself the pleasure; and when the man had gone out, wondered what Leslie Tilden could be doing there. Could it be that Gerard ——; of course, she had come to the funeral, and Elizabeth could tell him all about it. It did not seem possible that bright, little Zoe Zoll could be dead—and Rosamond the heir! He had always thought that Elizabeth was the favorite. Indeed, Zoe Zoll herself had told him so. Then he went and stood in front of the picture again, and gazed at it through dimmed eyes and with a swelling heart. Poor, pretty little Zoe Zoll! He had not known, until now, how well he had liked her. Such a brave little soul in that small body; such a large heart under that crimson bodice; the small hands so helpful; the tiny feet so eager to run to any one's aid! And what a hateful side of her character Rosamond had developed. She, who had seemed so much like Zoe Zoll! His eyes again ran over. Surely, he owed some tribute to the memory of one—a dear friend—so early lost!

The door opened, and Rosamond came in, accompanied by a tall, large woman, who was introduced to him as Miss Leslie.

"It is not Leslie Tilden who is here, then," he thought—and wondered if this large, raw-boned person could be a sister of the lithe, well-rounded Mrs. Cascannon, and fairy-like Zoe Zoll.

"What a charming rain we have had," observed Miss Leslie, approaching him with a peculiar sliding step.

"It has made your garden look like fairy-land," said the baronet.

"Oh! our garden! It is a bower of greenery—confess, now, that you found it *wild!*" expanding and waving one great hand, with a launch of her large person toward him (intended for a graceful bend) that made him move back involuntarily.

"There was a lack of formality about it that is very agreeable to my eye."

"Oh! I *adore* everything *wild*," clasping her hands. "An uncultivated wilderness, with masses of greenery overhead, through which the sun can but *peep*, at most"—["Like a great chicken," interpolated Rosamond]—"and ferns, and violets, and all wild things under foot." ["*Wild*, *boars*, for instance," suggested Rosamond.] "To roam thus, with a book, or congenial companionship, is bliss enough for me."

"Your wishes are moderate," the baronet remarked.

"*My* tastes are all for *simplicity*."

"'A little cot in a tranquil spot,'" quoted Sir Lancelot.

"Yes, if shared with one I love."

The baronet could hardly help laughing at

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e pastoral airs of the big, awkward woman, no nger young either, who stood before him, trying to look "interesting" with all her might.

"Do you love roses?" she suddenly inquired him.

"I think them a very pretty flower."

"Only *pretty!* When they are so lavish of lor, so various of tint, so *exquisite!* Oh! let e show you *mine!* There will be time before inner, I think?" to Rosamond.

"Oh, yes," said Rosamond.

"I want to get some for my hair—I wear atural flowers in my hair. There seems to be n affinity between women and flowers."

"They both fade quickly," said Sir Lancelot ischievously.

"Oh! you rude man, to speak of *fading* in onnection with a woman! *I* never mean to ade."

There are some women who have never *bloomed*, hought Sir Lancelot, as she opened a window eading into the garden. She intended to *bound* hrough it, but, instead of that, she came down ery solidly, leaving the well-defined imprints f two substantial feet in the soil. "Oh! this ain! this rain!" she said, shaking her head and ighing as she looked around her. "Everyhing will be *too* lovely."

"Everything will grow like fury," observed Rosamond.

"Don't say *like fury*, please," besought Miss Leslie in a gentle wail.

"Why, I mean all those *wild* things you were talking about. *Wild* things are always *furious*."

The baronet smiled. Miss Leslie shook her head playfully at Rosamond, and *tripped* down the walk before them, leaving the marks of her fairy feet in the well-moistened gravel, that immediately presented a series of small pools wherever she had indented it by the pressure of those Cinderella slippers. A protruding brier caught her hair, and shook a shower of drops over it. "I have on my diamonds this evening, in your honor, Sir Lancelot," she said, pointing to the moisture with a little tittering laugh. Shaking off the drops, and pushing aside a branch that bent across the path, she beckoned to Sir Lancelot, who approached her, albeit with some doubt. "Shut your eyes," she said. "I don't want you to get even a glimpse of it until you can see it all at once."

"But I can't find my way."

"I will see to that."

The baronet shut his eyes. His hand was gently grasped, and he was drawn forward a few steps.

"*Now* you may look," with a girlish giggle.

He opened his eyes and saw a large plot of roses of different colors and varieties, but looking as if one of the "wild boars," of which Rosamond had spoken, had made a resting place of it.

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Very pretty. But what a pity they should have been so crushed."

"Why, that is my *bed* of roses, and I *lie down in it*."

The baronet could not help it. Zoe Zoll might just have been dead and buried, his own execution just resolved upon, or the end of the world itself at hand—to think of *that* woman *on a bed of roses*. He shouted. He did not know that she was commonly called *Montezuma* by reason of it.

Miss Leslie looked as if her roses had been turned into scorpions.

The baronet stopped laughing, shocked that he should have laughed. "I beg your pardon, Miss Leslie—I—am of a nervous temperament, and, utterly unable to control myself, often laugh when I am strongly moved. But *you* are Arcadian. You should not have lived in this era of the common-place. In an Idyl, or among the Grecian nymphs, you would have been more at home than in this prosaic nineteenth century."

The scorpions seemed to have ceased to sting. Miss Leslie's face cleared a little.

"Alas! why are our natures now so coarse, when once they were so refined?" pursued Sir Lancelot. "The wisest and most valiant of the Greeks crowned themselves with roses at their feasts. Think of a modern general or statesman in such array! And yet we are no wiser nor braver than the Greeks."

"Oh! I do believe such a crown would become you!" said Miss Leslie, quite herself again, and clapping her hands gleefully.

"They wore them at funerals, too," said Sir Lancelot. "Suppose you make one all of white flowers."

"That would be *sweet*," said Miss Leslie, and began to gather the flowers with many girlish exclamations of delight. The wreath was woven and fitted. "Oh!" said Miss Leslie, retiring a step to take in the whole effect. "O how beautiful!"

"Is it the crown or I?"

"The truth shouldn't be spoken at all times," she replied, dropping her eyes.

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Here the dinner-bell rang.

"Oh! you are not going to take it off?" said Miss Leslie, *crescendo*.

"What would the servants think? And then I value it too much to allow it to perish in an hour. I shall put it in some water when we go to the house, if you will kindly furnish me with a basin." * * * *

"I thought that your sister Elizabeth was here," said Sir Lancelot, when they were seated at the table.

"Just now she is staying with a friend," said Rosamond.

"I had hoped to see her," pursued the baronet.

Rosamond looked up quickly. "She will be going home in two or three days."

"Perhaps Sir Lancelot came purposely to see her," remarked Miss Leslie, with a little giggle.

The baronet appeared not to have heard this remark.

"No, he came to see *you*, Cousin Celia," said Rosamond. "I told him all about you when he was at the Cascade."

"Oh! *what* did you tell him?" exclaimed Celia, with a cry of dismay. "Oh! I *know* it was something *horrid!*"

"I'll tell you after dinner; and I'll tell you what *he* said, too."

"I said nothing, Miss Leslie," said the baronet.

"Didn't you say that you admired auburn hair and gray eyes on the same person"

"I believe I did."

"And hasn't Cousin Celia gray eyes and auburn hair?"

"Can I deny it?" said the baronet, without looking at Miss Leslie, whose carroty crimps flamed above a pair of vividly and unmistakably *green* eyes. Historians tell us that the eyes of Anne of Austria were like "clear emeralds," and we know that the eyes of Becky Sharp and sweet Kate Chester were undeniably fascinating and undeniably green. But *all* green eyes do not possess this fascination, and so did not the fair Celia's orbs, although they beamed full on Sir Lancelot before being drooped above a modest blush.

"I don't see how any one can admire any but *blue* eyes," she observed timidly.

"Blue and gray are so pretty together," observed Rosamond.

"Speaking of things being so pretty together, reminds me that I have forgotten all about my nose—my *rose*, I mean," said Celia, all in a flutter. "Which do you like best, Sir Lancelot, white or red noses—*roses*, I mean again? Dear me! one would take me for a fool!" with what she would have denominated a "ringing laugh."

"*I* know," said Rosamond. "*Crimson* is his favorite color."

Sir Lancelot said nothing, and when they had left the table Miss Leslie said she must be excused for a few moments as she wished to get her roses—the smell of the dinner having been quite overpowering for the want of them.

Sir Lancelot followed Rosamond into the room they had left, and while she busied herself with a stand of flowers that the water had overflowed, he paused again before Zoe Zoll's picture. "Is she buried far from here?" he asked.

"Oh, no, close at hand. You can see the place from the window."

"What! in the garden?"

"It was a favorite spot of hers. We thought that she would have chosen it could she have spoken."

He went to the bowl in which his white wreath was lying, and took it out, carefully shaking the water from it. Rosamond, singing softly while she arranged her flowers, appeared not to observe him, and the baronet and his wreath disappeared through one of the long windows as Miss Leslie came in at the door with crimson roses in her scarlet hair.

The sun had set and the purple twilight somewhat obscured the path leading to the brown hillock that Rosamond had pointed out to him, and which lay at the foot of a willow that trailed its long branches above it. As he reached the spot the night fell suddenly, a soft breeze sprang up and played with the tresses of the willow, and bore with it Rosamond's voice, singing loudly and clearly—

"You would not tell me, dying,
But, come where I am lying,
And, standing there above me,
Say, softly, that you love me.

"And, when these words are spoken,
If death's bonds can be broken,
I'll cleave the earth above me,
And live because you love me."

He flung the wreath upon the grave. "I love you, Zoe Zoll!" he said—"I love you!"

"Who speaks?" a voice replied, and a pallid light shone around and over the grave, and in that light stood Zoe Zoll, looking, oh! so pale!—and wrapped in a grayish vapor. He repeated her name in a voice trembling between tears and laughter, and she spoke again—"Why, is it, can it be Sir Lancelot?"

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That is no dead woman's voice—it is no dead woman's hand that is held frankly out to him. He sees that the pallid light is but the moon, shining from out the scattered clouds; that the grayish vapor is one of those intangible wraps which women assume upon a summer's night—and yet can scarce believe that he has again been tricked by Rosamond.

"When did you come?" she says, "and why are you wandering about here, all alone? Did you find no one in the house to receive you?"

"I found both Miss Leslie and Rosamond," he said at last.

"You know that Elizabeth is also with me?"

"I——yes, I had heard so."

"We have been spending the day with a friend. Don't you think it is rather damp out here?"

"Quite so."

"Let us go in then. Have they given you any dinner, or anything?"

"Rosamond has treated me very hospitably."

"The child can appear wonderfully well when she chooses."

"She can. But may I ask why I found her dressed in black?"

"Did you find her dressed in black?"

"In crépe."

"Oh! Dicksie must be dead! Dicksie is my pet cat, and has been ailing for some days, and Rosamond must have borrowed one of my old gowns to wear to the funeral. Poor Dicksie!"

Sir Lancelot asked no more questions and they both went into the house by the window through which the baronet had left it.

Rosamond looked up from the lounge on which she had thrown herself. "So you found Auntie Zoll," she said, "and in *good preservation* too," she added, her eyes twinkling.

(*To be continued.*)

MIRA;

OR, "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

BY ARDIE BEE.

I have just finished reading Mrs Ames' "Prescription" in the LADY'S FRIEND for March, but, although it ended happily for all concerned, my heart is full of sorrow for the thousands of wives who, like Mrs. Streeter, are toiling beyond their strength, and for whom, alas, there is no hope of rest; for the farmer's life is hard, and but few ever put a thousand dollars in the bank, or feel able to hire help in the house through the harvest, let alone all the year, so the "mistress of the mansion" toils on, hopefully for the first few years, for she thinks that better times are coming, and that, by and by, she will be able to keep help and have a better house, and not be obliged to work over the hot stove with one baby in her arms and another clinging to her skirts, while her temples throb with pain, and her nerves are keenly sensitive to every unpleasant sound.

Seldom is the new house built until the old one endangers their lives in every storm; then it is too often an ill-shaped affair, devoid of taste or comfort, and a constant source of irritation. Household conveniences come after all outdoor machinery (if they come at all), which is often purchased in abundance, although the husband has no money "to throw away on sewing machines and patent wringers." Help does not often come into the house until the wife is carried out in the last, long sleep.

Shall I tell you the sad story of one poor girl who went out from the parent nest "to help her husband make a home on the wild prairie of the West." She went willingly and hopefully, but, oh! the homesickness and vain longings for the dear mother's presence that preceded the birth of little Willie! You, in your happy Eastern homes, with loving friends near you, cannot imagine the lonely, desolate life led by the women who settle, far from neighbors, on our great prairies. Accustomed to the society of parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and to the cheerful, soul-strengthening sermons of Father McIntire every Sabbath, what wonder that she grew lonely while living weeks and months without sight of a face, save that of her husband, which, now when she most needed its loving light, was often clouded.

Twenty months of weary toil, with many a prayer that she might be reconciled to the new life, then came two little girls. "Welcome as spring sunshine," do you think? No! Two

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more hungry mouths to feed, two more little forms to clothe and care for, so many more steps for the weary wife and mother to take, and nobly she took up her cross and went onward, only kneeling often by her cradle to ask help and guidance of Him who said—"Come unto me all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Heavy, indeed, was the burden the young wife bore alone, save for the Father's help. Working hard to get his farm all in good paying condition, the husband who had promised to love and cherish forever, took no note of his wife's failing health, and every dollar spent for his household was grudged, for it was so much taken from his barn, or some much-coveted piece of machinery. He would as soon have thought of giving money to the winds as to his wife, to enable her to "leave her proper place" and spend a few months with the dear friends in the old home. Two horses, three or four colts, a dozen head of cattle, and a few sheep and hogs, all doing finely and promising much profit if well managed—what sensible man would think of parting with any of them "just to humor a childish woman's whims?" In a few years he would be able to let her go "and not feel the loss!"

So with little room and no help, Mrs. Scott toiled on, caring for her babies, her husband, and his help, and when, against all reason and justice, another babe was placed in her arms, and her husband growled that hired girls were "dreadful expensive," and wasted more than they used, she felt obliged to take up her household burdens while yet weak, and before she would have thought of doing so if he had not expected it of her.

Two months passed away, but her health did not improve. Labor beyond her strength, longing for the old friends, and disappointment in her husband were undermining a constitution naturally delicate. By chance an old friend called to pass the night with her husband. He was on his way to the old home, and called at her father's house to tell him that his daughter was not long for this world. "She is not merry and happy as she once was," he said, "but she does her work as sadly and silently as a ghost, and sometimes she sinks down upon the bed as if unable to take another step. Short rest she gets though, with those four children to take care of, and Chantry not half as careful and helpful as he ought to be."

Then her father went to see what he could do for his Mira. Deep was his grief when he beheld the poor wreck of his once lovely daughter. Closely he held her to his bosom while she told of her home-sickness and desire to see her mother again. "Just get ready darling and we'll go see mother right away," he said, and before a week had gone they were on their way to the loved ones.

Was it hope that lent life to the broken spirit during the journey? Was it not a merciful Providence that took her to the summer land after the first joyful week was over? Sorrowfully they robed her for burial. Tenderly they folded the tired hands, which should toil no more, over the heart which had at last entered into rest. Tearfully they laid her, with her babe, which was too frail for earth, upon her bosom, beneath the roses and the lilies.

Then the husband wept bitter tears over the dust which was all unconscious whether he wept or smiled. The money which might have saved her life bought useless marble to tell to all that "The beloved wife of Chantry Scott rests from her labors." Three helpless children are thrown motherless upon their father's hands, and he wonders why "Heaven has so sorely afflicted him."

Unlike Mr. Streeter, he will not open his eyes. Like too many of our farmers, he spent all his care and kindness upon his farm and "animals of value," and had none to bestow upon his wife. Oh! my unmarried sisters, be sure that love is strong and true, before you give up home and freedom for life in distant lands with a stranger. Act wisely, that for you this may be the beautiful, cheerful world God intended it to be, and not "a vale of tears."

But oh, the way is long and dark for many of us, dear sisters, yet let us not despair. As Mrs. Moulton so beautifully says, "For each night will come its dawning—what if the night be long, and the sunrise not of this world, is it less sure? Does not the Father, who holds our fates in the hollow of his hand, love us, and do we not believe in the resurrection?"

EVIL THOUGHTS are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all wicked thoughts away.

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BEAUTY IN WINTER.

(*See wood-cut.*)

Though summer beauties are no more,
And autumn glories fled;
Though rude winds beat and buffet now
Where erst soft breezes sped;
Though Sylvia fair in mourning robes
Bemoans her recent dead:

Yet may we find some pleasure still
In roaming field and wood,
Contrastive beauties meet the eye
By hill, and dale, and flood:
Nature repays a student's love,
No matter what her mood.

I take me with a rustling step
Adown the leaf-strown lane,
The wayside brook that died in June
Hath sprung to life amain;
And to some tinkling, fairy lute
Runs cheerly on again.

The hedge, though reft of all its leaves,
By wandering brambles crossed,
A lovely natural screenwork makes,
On which the silver frost
Delights to trace a filigree,
Unmindful labor lost:

For lo! each midday's breath dispels
Her work so wondrous rare,
Yet, gentle soul, again by night
We find her laboring there,
Re-touching every tiny spray
With all her nicest care.

The bank, that looks across the gorge,
Where violets earliest wake;
Where primrose and anemone
In rare profusion break;
And village children every spring
Joy-pilgrimages make:

Where first I told my tale of love,
'Neath pleasant screening boughs,
To her whom Heav'n in kindness sent
To be my future spouse;
And whose soft eyes made sweet replies
To my heart-uttered vows.

That bank, though shorn of every bloom
That Summer gives a place,
Doth still in its bold sweep confess
A rugged kind of grace:
In many an oddly-shapen tuft
I some quaint charm can trace.

Anon I briskly make my way
Upon the far-spread heath,
His sharp nor'-wester Winter brings,
Unseen from out its sheath,
And rudely smites my tingling cheek,
And backward drives my breath:

But soon, grown used to the assault,
My cheek begins to glow,
My breath returns, more vigorous
I feel each pulse's blow,
And with a surer, stronger step
Upon my way I go.

Again I seek the narrow lane,
Where hips and haws abound;
Where blackbird, sparrow, thrush, and wren
Are ever to be found,
Now flitting o'er, from tree to bush,
Now hunting on the ground.

Each step I take my vision meets
Some object fresh and fair;
For God in mercy unto man,
Chief object of his care,
Hath touched each season with some joy,
Set beauty everywhere.

J. G. WATTS.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

He was not a man to hang about in a listless love, capable of but one weak thing. He would be out on his farm presently, among his men and his oxen, and the smell of brown earth would be in his nostrils, and the sunlight penetrating him through and through, filling him with hearty vitality and grand manly power, and whatever was in him would be expanding itself to the great round of a far, breezy horizon, and growing pure and clear under the searching light and sifting winds of the full, wide, out-of-doors that he lived and wrought in. Something healthy, and strong, and worth having comes to a woman out of a heart like his, fed out of a nature and a life like that. A great brain and great book-feeding may be fine things: they are; but alone, away from other feeding, they are the poorer of the two. There is great meaning in that word "heartiness." The soul does not lie in a point; it fills the whole human creature. A child, or a complete healthful man or woman, will lay the hand on the breathing bosom to express its being and its feeling. It is large and palpitating there, and thence it thrills to the very finger ends: one with only a brain and a marrow will be aware but of a buzzing and a spinning in the skull—a bee in the bonnet, oftentimes, as likely as not.

MRS. WHITNEY.

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THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST.

BY IDA.

CHAPTER I.

The front door closed softly just as the clock struck twelve, and a moment after, a little head, with black tumbled curls, and very wide awake dark eyes, was thrust over the bannisters at the head of the stairs, and a voice said, "Girls!" in a loud whisper; the owner trembling meanwhile, as visions of burglars danced through her brain. She was soon reassured by a soft little "Yes!" from below, and two noiseless figures climbed the stairs, a little wearily, for the last waltz was *so* long.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Glorious!" said Di, who was ahead; "but be careful and not waken the old gent; there won't be any more sleep for him, the rest of the night, if he is once disturbed, and woe to us tomorrow; there will be two blessings at the breakfast-table instead of one." And the gay girl turned the gas on, so as to make as big a blaze as the burner was capable of producing, and executed a waltz around the room.

"Don't speak in that manner of father; you are not respectful," said Helen, sinking into the nearest chair and commencing to unbutton her boots.

"Dot, you were a little goose not to go; your dress would have looked well enough, if you had worn my blue ribbons; there were a great many dressed in white."

"Oh, yes, I presume so," said the little figure in white, sarcastically, as she curled herself up on a low stool by the bureau, and shook back her hair.

"Hope their dresses were all as fresh as my old muslin, and that they did not look like thunder clouds, in blue; no, thank you, Helen, I prefer to remain at home until I can go looking like other girls. I've worn that dress until I am perfectly ashamed of it. At Still's I wore white with scarlet trimmings—looked lovely, of course; scarlet is so very becoming to brunettes; no matter if the muslin was yellow and the ribbons creased. At Anne's I wore white, and pink ribbons, borrowed from Di; at the next, for a little change, white and blue ribbons, borrowed from you; but unfortunately I could not borrow your complexion, and had the satisfaction of feeling like a fool, and of hearing some one say, as I entered the room: "If there ain't Dot Willard, in that *everlasting* white dress."

Her voice was strong and passionate when she commenced, and she hurled the words out as if it relieved her to say them, but it ended in a little quiver, and she shook her curls over her eyes, and swallowed very hard to keep from crying.

"Nonsense," said Di, vigorously pulling her hair from its fastenings, and letting a frizzled mass down over her shoulders. "You always look well, Dot; but it is a shame, I declare, that you cannot have a new dress; but it's the poverty, you know. Oh, how I hate it!" said she, grating her teeth and twisting her hair into a hard knot at the back of her head, and proceeding to do the straggled pieces in front—that looked as if they had been worsted in a long war with curling tongs—up on crimping pins.

"I believe father grows stingier every day. We are no poorer than some others, and yet we have to pinch and contrive until, actually, girls, I feel sometimes as though I should go crazy."

This was said with such a tragic air that Dot forgot her troubles, and buried her face in her hands to keep from laughing outright.

"Pa is getting old, and if he should be taken from us, we would be all alone. I suppose he wants to save all he can for us," said Helen, in her soothing sort of a way, for the elder sister was one of the gentle kind, who always find a charitable cloak that will cover the shortcomings of their fellow beings.

"Can't help that, Nell. He might let us enjoy ourselves while we can. If he thinks we are extravagant, I wish he could see other girls' dresses. He seems to think if we have one dress, that is sufficient. It might have done very well when he was young, but in this enlightened age it is outrageous. We will all have to go to the poor house," said she, dolefully.

This last was greeted by a burst of laughter. It was in such perfect imitation of her father, who was one of the kind of men who always imagine they are to end their days in the poor house, no matter how prosperous their lives may have been.

"But," she resumed, after the laughter had subsided, "I am going to keep a little money

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by me, for in case we *do* go, I am bound to go in *style*, if it *is* my last ride."

This was Di all over, and the girls were just going off into another fit of merriment, when a vigorous pounding on the wall below silenced them.

"There! now you've done it, Di Willard—made us laugh until father is awake."

"Hush!" said Di. "Keep quiet and he will drop off presently, in spite of his assertions to the contrary. You'll hear him snore in a minute;" and she pranced around on the bed upon which she had mounted at the signal of danger.

"I tell you what I am going to do, girls," said she, alighting on the carpet at their feet, and composing herself for a cosey chat. "I am going to set my cap for that old gentleman Fan was telling us about. He won't live very long, and then I'll be a rich widow. Don't look shocked, my dears, I wouldn't kill the dear old fellow. I declare, Nell, if we haven't forgotten to tell Dot the news. Fan has an elegant cousin here from Europe; has been studying in Germany four years; waltzes divinely; I've fallen in love with him myself," and the pensive air with which this was said did not correspond very well with the merry twinkle in her eye. "You would, too, if you should see him. Oh, I forgot," she added, as Dot shook her head and glanced at the plain gold band on her finger. "Engaged people are not supposed to fall in love. It seems to me that you are more constant than Bob; he was devotion itself to Annie Fenn this evening. Did she not look lovely, Helen, in her rose-colored silk and black lace over-skirt?"

"Her father is rich," said Dot, bitterly, trying to look as if she did not care, but failing miserably in the attempt.

"Yes, and she is winning your lover away from you," put in Di, bluntly. "I don't care," said she, in reply to a warning look from Helen, "it's true, and Dot knows it. If it were anybody else but Robert Hunter, I would say let her do it if he is so easily won. But Bob is not so much to blame after all. He wanted to be married this fall, but of course we could not get the trousseau, after having the house fixed over, and you were too proud to tell him so, and he thinks you do not care. I don't blame him. You've been as cross as two sticks every time he has been here lately. If I were in *your* place I would enlighten him as to the financial concerns of this house, and then he'll know the reason."

"And what would be the result?" said her sister, impatiently. "An elegant trousseau from New York, and Mother Hunter would throw in my face to my dying day, that her son bought my wedding clothes. No, indeed! I have too much pride for that, and too much to go to him shabbily clothed. I *might* be married in my *white*, I suppose, and travel in my wash poplin after it was done up." There was an attempt at gayety in this, but a bitter tone to the voice told how the girl was suffering.

"Never mind, dear," said Helen, patting her hand affectionately. "It will all come right some day. Father thinks you are too young to marry."

"That's no sign he should ruin the child's happiness forever," said Di, with a fiz and a flash, as she saw Dot's mournful eyes fill with tears. "I am going to give the old gent a piece of my mind one of these fine days."

"Be careful," said Nell, yawning dismally. "Remember, Fan gives a fancy-dress party a week from to-night, and we must be awful good this week if we want to get permission to go. You will have a chance to see the new-comers then, Dot. The old gentleman came with Fan's cousin, Paul Brayton (isn't that a pretty name?), and has been a great traveller—is English or French, I forget which."

Wonder if he wouldn't admire my style of beauty," said Di. "He is immensely rich."

With that the old clock rang out one on the silent air, and the sisters scrambled hastily to their beds, Dot to cry herself to sleep very softly for fear of being heard, and to dream, when at last she did sleep, of being in a fancy costume, and of an old man in a hideous mask following her. At last it turned into Bob, and she was feeling so very happy, when she was awakened by Di saying—"Get up, you lazy little thing, breakfast is all ready and father is scolding about late hours."

CHAPTER II.

The Willard mansion was one of the few old houses in the town. It had formerly been a farm-house, built in the old, substantial style, where Grandpa Willard and his father before him had lived and died peacefully. But the little village grew up around them, and soon the fields and meadows were traversed with streets; and a little, old-fashioned garden was all that was left of the once large farm.

To this place, twenty-five years before, John

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Willard brought his English bride, who died ten years after, leaving him three little girls, Helen, Diana, and little Margret, or Dot, as she was always called.

I think he meant to be a kind father to them, but like many other parents, he never became fully acquainted with his daughters. They grew up around him, fair and graceful, but as much of strangers to him as if they had never met. He did not mean to be harsh with them, but his quick, stern ways caused them many unhappy hours. If their mother had lived to act as mediator between them, it might have been different. Di was the only one who was not afraid of him; and she it was who was sent to intercede for them in many a girlish frolic.

When the fancy dress party was spoken about, cautiously, carelessly, as if a matter of but little importance, he "wondered what Wright was thinking about, to allow his daughter to enter into any such tomfoolery as that. I suppose you will want to go," said he, glancing around suspiciously at the three faces that looked the picture of innocence.

Helen colored, but said nothing. Dot drew her thread so hard that it broke, and was busy re-knotting it, when Di, rocking back and forth, and fanning herself, unconcernedly, replied: "Oh, I don't know, I think parties are getting to be kind of a nuisance. There are so few young men that can talk sensibly. One gets tired of hearing how fast their horses can trot, and who won the last rowing match."

"You are right, there, Diana," said her father, energetically. "I don't believe there is a young man in your set but is a brainless scamp."

The shaft struck home, and Dot's eyes flashed as she lifted her head proudly to make a reply, but a warning knock from Helen silenced her and upset her work-basket. As she was gathering up its contents, Di said: "Fan's cousin is here, from Europe, father; he must be splendidly educated—has studied four years in one of the best universities there. The party is for him—I don't suppose they would ever forgive us if we staid away. But it would be a dreadful bother to get ready."

The martyr-like air with which this was said was too much for Dot, and springing up she took refuge on the piazza, where she was soon joined by the girls. It needed but one glance at their faces to tell plainly that the day was won.

"*Five dollars!*" cried Di, flourishing the bill around in a manner that threatened its immediate destruction.

"That will no more than buy our gloves—we each need a fresh pair; and what *shall* I do for shoes—mine are all split out," groaned Helen.

"Oh, we will fix that. Let's sit down here and plan what we shall wear. Helen, you must dress as a sea-nymph. I read a description of a lovely costume the other day—I thought of you the moment I saw it—green and white tarleton and shells. You may have my white dress to put with your green one, and with your golden hair it will be lovely."

"But I shall have to get a pair of white slippers; how can we squeeze those out of our money?"

"Needn't try; just take your black ones—they are a beautiful fit—and cover them with white cloth. Don't laugh—it can be done; and after they are spangled or trimmed with shells, no one could tell the difference. Fan has got an exquisite shell necklace and bracelets that I know she will lend you, and there you are all fixed."

Helen looked relieved, as Di, in her impetuous way, smoothed away all difficulties, and in return, asked her what she would wear.

"Me? Oh, I guess I'll dress as a peasant-girl—have a bright dress, puffed up somehow—a coquettish little apron, with ribbons and pockets, and my hair braided in two long tails behind. Perhaps I'll fix one of those square things on my head. My greatest worry is about that little beauty over there," said she, nodding to Dot, who had withdrawn herself a little from the rest, and sat leaning against the railing, her little, scarlet sacque and dark curls in bold relief against the white. She had heard but little of the conversation, for her eyes were turned toward the west, where the chimneys of the Hunter place stood out against the sky; and her thoughts had followed them to the place where she knew her lover was. There was a wistful, sad look in them that made Di clear her throat before she said "Dot!"

She turned toward them, the light fading from her face, and the wistful look changed to one so sad that you would hardly have known it to be the face of a moment before.

"Will you dress as a flower-girl?"

She shook her head slowly.

"Oh, do!" said Helen, coaxingly. "We will fix you up so prettily."

The head was again shaken; this time so emphatically that Helen retired into the corner and left the field to Di, who said—"I don't blame you; there are always so many dressed

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that way you would get sick of it before the evening was over."

"Why not be Little Red Riding Hood? You would look so cute."

"It's no use, Di, I won't *be* little and cute. I am tired of it. I want to have something that will look splendid. Something odd and new. I'm tired of being a little nobody," and she started for the stairs.

"Where are you going?"

"Up in the garret, to think."

"Whew!" said Di, drawing a long breath and looking after her. "Poor little dear, she wants to outshine Annie; but I am afraid she can't do it, although dear knows she is ten times prettier. I wish father would come to his senses."

CHAPTER III.

All houses have garrets, I suppose; but I doubt if many have such roomy, old-fashioned ones as did the Willards. A substantial floor had been laid, for on rainy days the children of two generations had made it their headquarters. There had been a play-house in every corner, a swing in the centre, and many were the mysterious, old-fashioned garments hanging against its dingy walls, whose owners had long since ceased to need them. There was the old cradle that had rocked to sleep the children that had in years gone by been the life of the old house. But its days of usefulness were past, and with broken rockers and shaky sides it stood a wreck of former days. Here, too, were old chairs, grown weak in their joints, and if you would try to rock in them, would have a melancholy creak, as if bemoaning by-gone days.

Ah, who can look back to their childhood's years, to the old garret where they spent so many happy hours, without a feeling of regret? No fear of marring its furniture, or wearing out the carpet. A free place for all to romp and play.

The dear old garret. While pictures of other rooms far more beautiful fade gradually from our memory, as we grow in years, the one of the old garret is as vivid as though we had played hide-and-seek under its rafters no longer ago than yesterday.

This garret had been the scene of many a childish carnival. Probably Mr. Willard himself had rode the headless old rocking-horse in the corner, and filled the room with his boyish shouts. But he never entered the place now, and the girls, when younger, built many childish romances about the mysterious things they found there. They gained but little information from their father, and the romance soon died out.

One article always puzzled them. It was an old chest that had always stood in the corner, with no mark upon it to tell its history. Di threatened many a time to break the lock and examine its contents, and was only deterred by the girls, who begged so hard that she gave it up.

They soon grew too large to play there, and at last no one entered the place but Dot. To her the old place retained all its attractiveness. Not as a place to be gay, but to come and read, or think, where she knew she would be undisturbed. On this day she was soon seated in the little, low chair, long banished from the nursery, and leaning her head against the window-ledge, where the light came faintly in through the dim panes.

She thought till her head ached, and every time came back to the same place, "It can't be done." At last she threw herself on the bit of carpet at her feet, and sobbed out all her sorrow. But soon the sobs ceased and over her bewildered sight came visions of marvellous beauty. Could it be that this glorious light, that filled and lighted everything with an unearthly beauty, came from the window at her side? Was this old garret, where she had played when a child, this beautiful room? How like and yet unlike. The rafters seemed made of burnished gold, and the old chest seemed inlaid with precious stones.

While she was trying to realize what it all meant, a voice fell on her ear, so soft and musical that she held her breath to listen:

"Margret, dear child, look here," and she saw a form of marvellous beauty, with a sad, sweet face, standing by the chest.

Slowly the lid was raised—the lid that had been locked for years—and pointing with one white hand to its contents the vision slowly passed away.

"Margret!" This time the voice was harsn and stern, and the affrighted girl sprang to her feet to find the sunset beams struggling through the panes, and her father's voice calling her to supper.

"Ah, it was all a dream. But what a beautiful one," she murmured, rubbing her eyes, and, as if still incredulous, she tried to open the chest. But it was as firmly locked as it was when Di threatened to break it open.

Still half asleep, she groped her way to the

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stairs, and was soon with the family at the table.

"Bless me!" said Di, "if the child hasn't been asleep in the garret; seems to me you take a queer place for your nap."

"I like it," said Dot, demurely, as she helped herself to the butter.

"Father," said Dot, that night, as they sat around the table chatting a little before retiring, "I would like to ask you a question."

"Well!" The stern face relaxed a little as the lovely, pleading one looked up into his, while two nervous little hands played with the tassels of her apron. So seldom it was that Dot asked a favor that the girls looked up in surprise.

"Who does that old chest in the garret belong to?"

"Which one?"

"You know the one I mean; that one by the window that has always been locked."

"It has quite a history, I believe," said he, slowly, for story telling was not his forte, and he knew they would expect one after that.

"Oh, tell us, *please!*" and they all settled themselves to hear it.

"Your mother and her sister brought it with them from England, and it belonged to the sister Margret; the one we named Dot after. Your mother named her, but still dreaded to hear the name, for it recalled painful recollections; so we called her Dot because she was so small. Her sister, who was older than herself, was very beautiful. One year before they left England, she was engaged to be married to a young man of great promise, and whom she almost worshipped. The day was fixed for the wedding, when he received news from India on matters of business that required his immediate attention. Knowing the dangers of such a voyage, he urged that they might be married then, instead of waiting until he returned. To this, your grandmother consented; but would not allow Margret to accompany him, as she dreaded the effect of the climate upon her delicate constitution. They were married the day before he sailed, your aunt wearing an evening dress, instead of the white satin and bridal veil they had not time to prepare. A longer time elapsed than they expected would take for the voyage, and still hearing no tidings of the absent one, they wrote to London to see if the vessel had reached its destination safely, when they received the terrible news that it was lost. How, or where, no one lived to tell. It was missing, and went to swell the list of those whose fate is forever left a terrible mystery. It was a great blow to your aunt, and for a long time they feared she would lose her reason. Indeed, she never seemed quite right afterwards; and even when she was dying, she would not believe he was lost, but left a message to be given him when he returned."

"Did he ever come?"

"Never. Soon after this the girls lost their mother and sought a home in America with an uncle. Margret never recovered from the shock, but drooped and died about three months after they landed. The chest contains your aunt's clothing—some of it—and other things of hers that your mother always kept. It belongs to Margret now; it was her mother's dying request that when she was old enough she should hear its history and do as she liked with the contents."

There was a long silence as he ceased; each felt the sorrowful pathos of the story strike home to their hearts, although told in their father's blunt, unromantic words. It affected Dot deeply. She had not yet told her dream, and now it seemed to her as if her aunt had come to her in her dreams and pointed to her treasures. Her fingers clasped tightly the key her father gave her, and the girls, to whom she at last confided her strange vision, vowed they would make an early visit to the garret and examine the contents of the mysterious chest.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as the morning's work was safely out of the way, the girls ascended the garret stairs a little soberly, for the touching story had made them more serious than they had ever been before; and as they gathered around the old chest even Di's face wore a look it had never worn before. Slowly the key was turned in the rusty lock, and Dot as slowly raised the lid. A shawl of a quaint pattern was lifted from the top; handsome, probably, in its day, but old and faded now. Then a dress of silk, yellow and creased by age.

"It must have been very handsome once," said Helen, shaking out its folds. Then came curious ornaments, gloves, and slippers with broad buckles and high heels.

"Oh, my!" screamed Di, as she snatched from a cloud of lace a jewel case and opened it, disclosing a magnificent set of rubies in an antique setting.

"What a shame that these should have been

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here so long, not doing any one any good. Dot, you must wear them, they are perfectly exquisite."

"Oh, no!" and her sister shrank back. "Think how sorrowful her life was—how she died, no older than I. Don't ask me to wear them."

"Why not? If she were alive of course she would let you, and now she is dead what do you care? Besides, father said they were yours."

Another dive brought up rich lace, another dress, and a queer-shaped hat that made them laugh in spite of themselves.

"I declare, I believe I like this," and Di perched the hat on her head and made another plunge. This time it was another case, but, instead of being jewels, as they at first supposed, it was two portraits: one of a handsome young man, with eyes that looked as if they might have been tender and blue—opposite was a face of exquisite loveliness: large, dark eyes; sweet, smiling mouth; hair done up in the style of many years before, but which waved and crinkled in spite of the cushion over which it was drawn.

"She has these very rubies on, and such a lovely dress. Dot, you would be her very image if your hair was dressed in that style."

There was certainly a very strong resemblance, although they could not get Dot to own it.

"What's this," said Helen, dragging a heavy package up from the bottom. "Something put away with a great deal of care;" and soon the cords were cut, the paper removed, and there was held up to view an elegant robe of stiff, thick silk, with a raised flower. It was made with a short, quilted front, heavily trimmed with lace. An over-dress, with a long train, also trimmed. The waist was cut square in the neck, and there were oddly shaped sleeves.

"Oh! oh!" said Di, panting for breath. "This is *splendid*. It will stand alone it is so rich. I tell you, Dot, this is just the thing for you to wear to the party. You'll be the handsomest dressed lady in the room, with this dress and the rubies. I'll fix your hair just like the picture, and here are slippers and everything."

"But Di," said Dot, "perhaps this was her wedding dress. It looks like it, put away so carefully."

"So much the better. It's no use, girlie, to bring up bug-bears. It's all settled. What did she come to you in your dreams for if it were not to give you permission to wear them? Come, I am crazy to see how they will fit," and she started with the dress, Helen the jewels, and Dot followed with the portraits, and soon they had everything arranged satisfactorily.

CHAPTER V.

The evening for the party came, and no prettier girls than the Willards entered the brilliantly lighted rooms. Helen, tall and slender in her floating dress of white and green in soft waves, with the sea-weed clinging to it; her golden hair intertwined with shells, looked—as she always did—lovely. Di looked saucy, and she was satisfied. But the pride of both was centred in the youngest, and it was pardonable in them, for never had so lovely an image stepped into a parlor in that town before. Dot, in her white dress, was always considered pretty, but this stately Margret, in her heavy silken robes, was perfect—from her hair, in great, high puffs, glistening with diamond-dust, to the tips of her dainty feet, covered with the satin, high-heeled slippers.

Annie Fenn, in her short, modern costume, looked plain and pinched beside her, and Di soon had the satisfaction of seeing Robert Hunter at her sister's side, with a more devoted air than he had worn since the days of their early courtship.

"Robert," said she, after they had waltzed themselves tired, and were standing on a little balcony, half-hidden by the running vines, "I was so frightened a little while ago; that gray-haired gentleman that came with Mr. Brayton stared me out of countenance and looked so strangely that I was afraid he had gone crazy. He has watched me every moment since with such a wild look that I was glad to get out here out of sight."

"Why, my little girl," said her lover, tenderly, "he was only admiring you, and I don't know as I shall punish him for it, for how could he help it?"

Dot laughed a happy little laugh, and they had soon forgotten the rest of the world, as lovers often do, when a form darkened the window, and the old gentleman stood before them.

"Margret!" said he, wildly, holding out his arms, "my darling, have I found you at last?"

Frightened half out of her senses, Dot clung to Robert's arm, shrinking back from what she supposed was a madman, while Robert said sternly—"What do you mean? you do not know this lady?"

"Know her?" said the intruder, dropping his

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arms and trembling with emotion; "she is my wife—my little Maggie. Oh! my darling, what long years of waiting these have been. I have searched the world over for you, and yet you stand there as young and beautiful as you were on the day—that fatal day that we were made man and wife—wearing, too, the very dress you wore that day. Oh! my little wife! why do you shrink from me?" said he, again trying to take her in his arms.

"Hush, Robert," said the girl, laying her hand firmly on his arm, as he started to alarm the host. "I know what it means. It is my Aunt Margret," and taking the old man's hand, she gently led him to a rustic seat that had been placed in a shady corner, and seated herself beside him.

"Yes, I am Margret, but not the one you think. She was my aunt. Oh!" said she, bursting into tears, "if she had only lived to see this day—she waited so long for you—why did you not come?"

"Then she is dead! Ah, I knew it must be so, and yet you are her very image. What wonder I almost lost my reason and imagined that she was still living, as young and beautiful as ever."

"I ought not to have worn these things," said Dot, feeling as if it was at that moment almost sacrilege.

"No," said he, eagerly. "I thank God that you did, else I might have gone back and died without learning her fate."

Then he told them how he had been wrecked and tossed about in the open sea, in a little boat, at the mercy of the waves, for many hours. At last he was picked up by a ship bound on a long voyage, in just the opposite direction from that he wished to go, so a long time elapsed before he reached his native shore again. Then he learned that they had given him up for dead, and had gone to America. He followed, but lost all trace of them. After searching until his health failed him, he was obliged to leave again for the old world, where he had remained ever since, almost heart-broken. Thinking that he had not many more years to live, he felt like making one last effort to recover some trace of his lost one, and for this purpose came to America with Paul Brayton.

It would take many pages to tell of the surprise all felt when matters were explained. The new uncle soon made himself quite at home with his charming nieces and insisted on furnishing Dot's trousseau. Soon there came from the city such elegant silks, fine laces, and delicate stuffs that Di began to wish she was going to be married herself, and as Paul Brayton has appeared to take quite a fancy to her blunt ways and odd sayings, it is prophesied by many that her wish will soon be granted.

In the fall there was a grand wedding, and Dot became Mrs. Robert Hunter. She has never for a moment regretted her fancy-dress costume, and has been ever since a firm believer in dreams.

MY MINNIE.

BY U. D. THOMAS.

She was only a child, with sad, blue eyes,
As full of soul as eyes could be,
A waif—but even in Paradise
Dwells no purer spirit than she.
I wondered oft, for her every thought
Transcended the thoughts of the world so far,
Whether a being with blessings fraught
Had strayed to us from a holier star.

Ah! was I presumptuous? I thought to keep
That radiant being for mine alone;
She stirred my spirit's divinest deep
With a love I never before had known.
And she loved me fondly, that beautiful child,
As she sat confidingly on my knee,
My lips were dewed with her kisses wild,
And my soul was thrilled with an ecstasy.

'Tis strange that flowers of the sweetest bloom
Hide often a canker in their core,
That the loveliest, earliest find a tomb;
That the brightest hours are soonest o'er.
My hopes grew pale, in an early blight,
And sank down deep in my heart to die,
And the child I worshipped went home one night
While the skies were dark and the winds were high.

Yes, that beautiful child with the angel eyes,
As full of soul as eyes could be,
Went home to the brightness of Paradise,
Leaving the darkness alone with me.
I shiver to-night, for the mists are cold
That have folded my heart full many a year.
In the path of life I'm a traveller old,
But I smile to think that the end is near.

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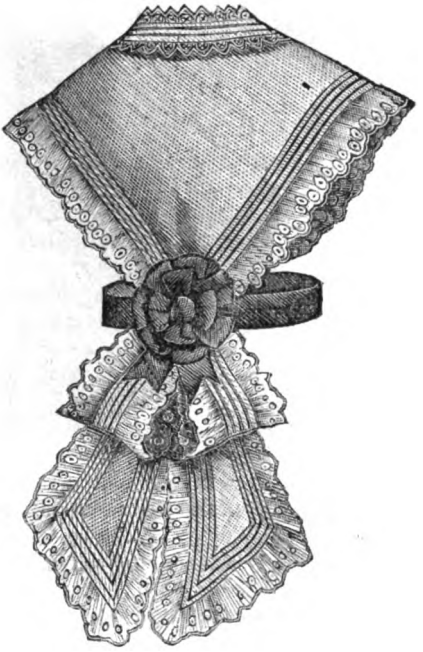
NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.

No. 1. (Front.)



No. 2. (Back.)

Nos. 1 and 2—Muslin Fichu with Revers.—White muslin fichu, trimmed with an embroidered border of the same material, and with very small tucks. The fichu is open in front, with revers edged with embroidery. It does not come below the waist in front, but is lengthened at the back in two long loops and lappets, also of muslin, with tucks and an embroidered border. (See No. 2.) A blue ribbon belt is added on to the fichu, with a large rosette of blue ribbon behind. A bow of the same fastens the fichu in front.

No. 3.—Evening bodice of muslin, cut low and square, with braces, simulated by a ruche of colored ribbon, edged on each side with narrow lace. This ruche is continued on each side the basque and behind, where it is fastened by bows of ribbon. The bottom of this coquettish pannier basque is trimmed with wide lace.

Spray in Raised Embroidery.

Spray in Raised Embroidery.

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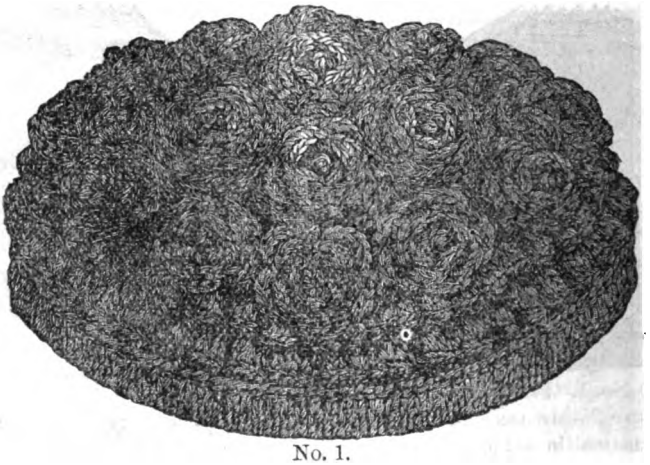


No. 1.

A Round Foot-Cushion.—Materials: 5 shades of crimson and 2 of green 5-thread Berlin wool. This pretty cushion is covered with roses worked in crochet. Each rose is made separately; nineteen are required.

For the centre rose take the darkest green wool and make a circle of 7 chain, work a second circle of 5 chain, with black wool now * work a circle of 7 chain, 1 chain, 1 double in the nearest stitch of first circle, repeat from * 4 times more.

1st round: Lightest red. Over each loop or circle work 5 treble, 1 double in the nearest double. Work 4 petals in this manner.

2d round: Work 4 loops of 3 chain at the back of the petals of preceding round.

3d round: In each loop work 3 double and 1 double over each double of last row.

4th round: Take the middle shade of red. Over each petal work 1 double, 2 treble, 3 long treble, 2 treble, 1 double, and one slip stitch between each petal.

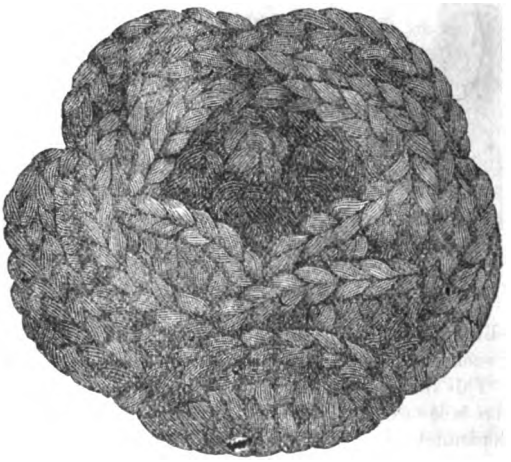
5th round: Work 7 loops of 3 chain at the back of petals of last round.

6th round: 3 double within each loop, one double between each.

7th round: Work over each petal in the same way as in the 4th round.

In the 8th round work 9 loops of 3 chain; the 9th and 10th are worked in the same way as the 5th and 6th with darker wool.

Now work two more circles of petals, increasing in the same proportions. This is the centre rose; the 18 others are completed with the 7th round; they are grouped round the centre rose and all firmly fixed on to the cushion. Two circles of scallops of treble stitches in two shades of green wool are added as an edging round the roses. A border of plain crochet also in green wool is placed round the sides of the cushion, which should be well stuffed and lined with green glazed calico.



No. 2.—Showing One of the Roses of Foot-Cushion (full size).

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CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRLS FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—Materials: Blue fleecy, blue silk ribbon. This hood is worked in crochet a tricoter stitch with blue fleecy wool. It is ornamented with a knitted puff and frill, worked also with blue fleecy. Cut a good paper pattern for the hood, and compare it constantly with the work. Begin the hood at the lower edge of the cape on a sufficiently long foundation chain, and work the cape in the above mentioned stitch, increasing, of course, sufficiently. When the cape is finished, work the crown of the hood; the cape and hood are joined together on the wrong side with double stitch. The hood is edged all round with one row of double stitch; it is gathered in the back. For the puff and frill round the front edge of the hood, cast on 13 stitches; knit in rows going backward and forward, always alternately; throw the wool forward, knit 2 together (in the row backwards, the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward counts for one stitch). This strip must be twice as long as the front edge of the hood; it is gathered at about 1 1-5 inches from one edge, and sewn on to the hood in the manner seen in the illustration. The cape is ornamented with a frill, which is knitted like the puff at the front edge; cast on only 9 stitches. Cast on the same number of stitches for the other puff of the hood. Between the crown and the cape of the hood, fasten, from illustration, a blue grosgrain silk ribbon, the ends of which serve as strings; add a bow of blue silk ribbon.

LUCIE

No. 1.

No. 2.

Nos. 1 and 2. GIRL'S KNITTED COLLAR AND MUFF.—Materials: Scarlet fleecy; white Shetland wool. This collar and muff are knitted in a stitch which imitates fur. For the collar, begin at the back edge; cast on 3 stitches with red fleecy, and knit plain in rows backward and forward, always increasing and decreasing at the edges, according to a good-shaped paper pattern; work in also 3 rows of loops with white Shetland wool, which must have been wound 20 times double. Fasten this wool on the wrong side, * work 2 stitches, place the wool on the right side, knit 2 more, make a loop two-fifths of an inch long with the skein of wool, and draw it back to the wrong side of the work. The loops must be altered in the following rows. When the knitting is finished, sew the loops down on the wrong side, so that they are not drawn out on the right side; then line the collar with scarlet silk, and bind it with red ribbon two-fifths of an inch wide. Sew on in front 3 lappets of red silk ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide, which are tied into bows. For the muff, work in the same manner as for the cape a piece of knitting about 12 4-5 inches long, 8 4-5 inches wide; sew the ends together on the wrong side; then quilt and line the muff, and ornament it with bows from illustration.

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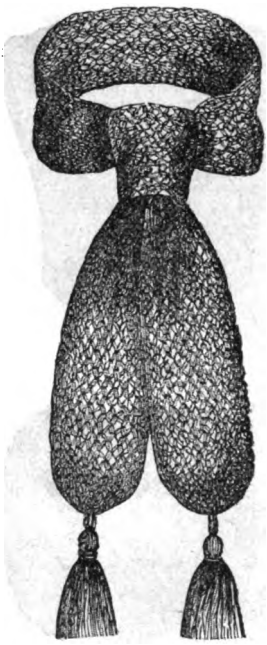
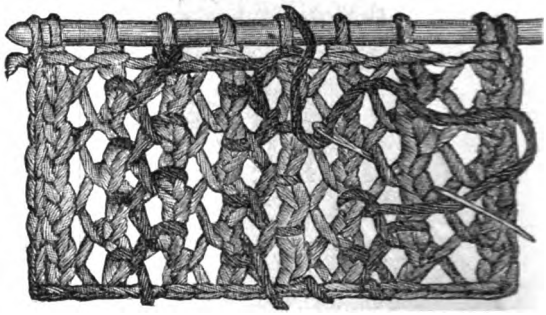


No. 1.



No. 2.

Nos. 1 and 2. SCARF FOR THE THROAT (KNITTING).—Materials: Scarlet, blue, or pink single Berlin wool, black filoselle, two wooden needles, No. 10. This scarf for the throat is composed as the detail given at No. 2 will show, of light open knitting in scarlet, blue, pink, or any colored single Berlin wool, interwoven with stitches of black silk. Light gray wool and rose-colored filoselle is also a pretty mixture for this purpose. That the illustration may be better understood, we may add that in the detail given at No. 2 the wrong side of the work is represented, in order that the manner of doing the herring-bone or feather stitch with the silk might be more clearly shown, for whilst on the wrong side the course of the silk thread may be continuously traced, on the right side it has more the appearance of detached stitches.

For the breadth of this scarf, which is knitted across, 90 stitches are to be cast on with the colored wool, then follows the 1st row. Take off a stitch, * put the thread over, knit 2 together, repeat from *; the last stitch of the row is to be knitted plain.—2d row. Take off a stitch, * purl the next one, with the "thread over" of former row, together, thread over, repeat from *; the last stitch of the row to be knitted plain.—3d row, like 1st.—4th row, like 2d. Continue repeating these two rows alternately till the length of one yard and rather more than three-eighths is knitted, when done cast off the stitches. Afterward the work must be spread on an ironing blanket, on a table or ironing board, and tightly pinned out; a piece of muslin, dipped in cold water and wrung out, placed upon it and ironed with a hot iron till the muslin becomes dry. Then the embroidery with the filoselle is to be done, after the completion of which the scarf is to be folded in half, the square ends gathered together, and a tassel of the wool of suitable thickness and 5½ inches in length, the top worked over with silk to match fixed to each of them.

Instead of single Berlin, this scarf may be knitted in Shetland wool, which will make it lighter and more elegant, but not so warm.

EMBROIDERED SCISSORS SHEATH.—Materials: Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, cardboard, white kid, gray sewing silk. This scissor case can be made of gray kid, cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred. Instead of embroidering with gold thread, purse silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroid'ry is worked in raised satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white cardboard, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.

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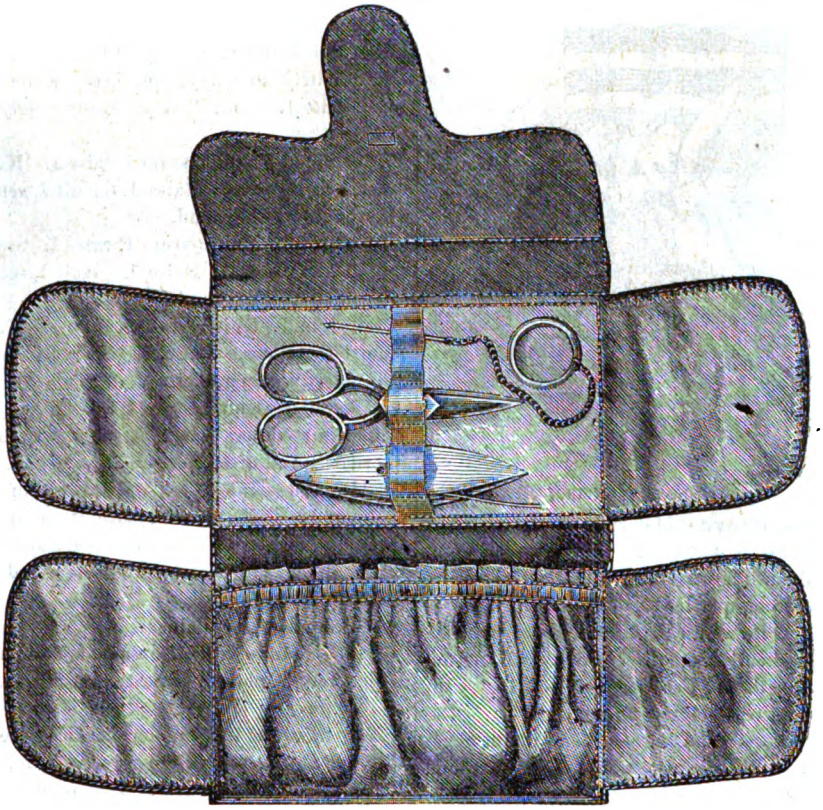
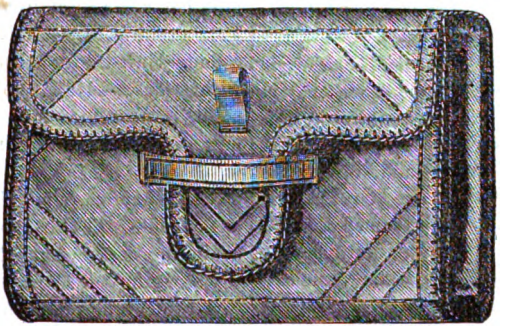


TATTING OR FANCY WORK CASE (Open).

CASE FOR TATTING OR OTHER FANCY WORK.—This case is made of cardboard; it is covered on the outside with reddish-brown silk, and inside with green silk. Cut four similar pieces of cardboard from illustration, four others of brown-silk, and four of green silk. Line the silk parts with calico and cover the cardboard with the brown-silk previously quilted; the green silk is sewn on plain on the wrong side. The different parts are joined together at the edges with button-hole stitches of brown silk. Then cut the lappets and cover them in the same manner, edging them likewise with button-hole stitch; the lappets are then stitched on to the case; the sewing on of the lappets is covered on the inside of the case by a piece of green-silk. Fasten on the outside of the case a small silk loop and a cross band; inside several cross strips of green silk; on the other part fasten a green silk pocket, through the top of which an elastic is drawn.



TATTING OR FANCY WORK CASE (Closed).

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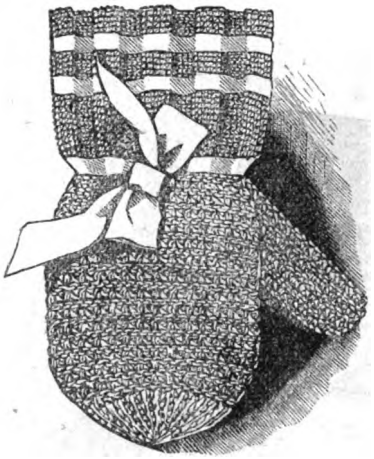

BABY'S GLOVE (KNITTING).

BABY'S GLOVE.—Materials required: Four needles No. 15, 4 No. 13. Care must be taken to use the needles as directed. Half oz. white German wool, quarter oz. of colored.

With white wool cast 40 stitches on one needle, knit them off on three needles, 12 on two, 16 on the third. Use needles No. 13. Knit 3, seam 1 alternately for 2 rounds.

Take colored wool. Knit 1 round plain. Seam 3 rounds. With white wool. Knit 1 round plain. Knit 3, seam 1 alternately for 3 rounds. Take colored wool. Knit 1 round plain. Seam 3 rounds. With white wool knit 1 round plain. Knit 3, seam 1 alternately for 7 rounds.

You are now to take needles No. 15 and colored wool. Knit 2 rounds plain. Next round—* Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together; repeat from *. Knit 2 rounds plain. You may break off the colored wool. Take needles No. 13 and white wool. Knit 2 rounds plain.

3d round—Knit 1, seam 1 alternately all round.

4th and 5th rounds—Knit plain. Observe 2 rounds plain knitting are to be repeated between each increasing round.

6th round—Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. This is done this first time in the round by when you come to the third stitch, before working it, putting your needle through the loop below, in reality the stitch of the last row, and drawing the wool through it; the second time you raise it is done after you have knitted or seamed a stitch by, before you let the loop down, putting your needle in at the back of the same loop and drawing the wool through. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

9th round— Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Seam 1, knit 1 twice (this means repeat the seam 1, knit 1 alternately so many times between the raisings) raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

12th round—Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 three times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

15th round—Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Seam 1, knit 1 four times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

18th round—Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 five times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

21st round—Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Seam 1, knit 1 six times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

22d round—Knit 3, slip on a piece of wool the next 12 stitches, and secure it to prevent their slipping off. These stitches are afterward taken up for the thumb. Rest of round knit plain.

23d round—Knit plain.

* 24th round—Knit 1, seam 1 alternately. Knit 2 rounds plain. Repeat from * five times more.

You now use the smaller needles to reduce the size at the top of the glove. 1st round—Knit 1, seam 1 alternately. Two rounds plain knitting. 4th round—Knit 3, knit 2 together alternately. Knit 2 rounds plain. 7th round—Knit 2, knit 2 together alternately. Knit 2 rounds plain. Take the larger sized needles and knit one round plain with them. Break off a sufficient length of wool, slip all the stitches on it and draw together.

THUMB.—Use needles No. 13. Take up thumb-stitches thus: 4 on each of three needles, adding two more on the 3d by taking up two where there is the opening. * Knit 2 rounds plain. One round seaming 1 and knitting 1 alternately. Repeat from * three times more. Take needles No. 15, knit 2 rounds plain. 3d round—Knit 2 together, knit 3 alternately, end with knit 2. Knit one round plain. Knit another plain round, but with the larger needles. Draw wool through the loops and fasten off.

To make a left-hand glove, form the thumb at the end of the third needle, instead of at the beginning of the first. Make the 1st, raising when within four loops of the end of the round.

All the needles used in these recipes are numbered according to "Chambers's Registered Bell Gauge."

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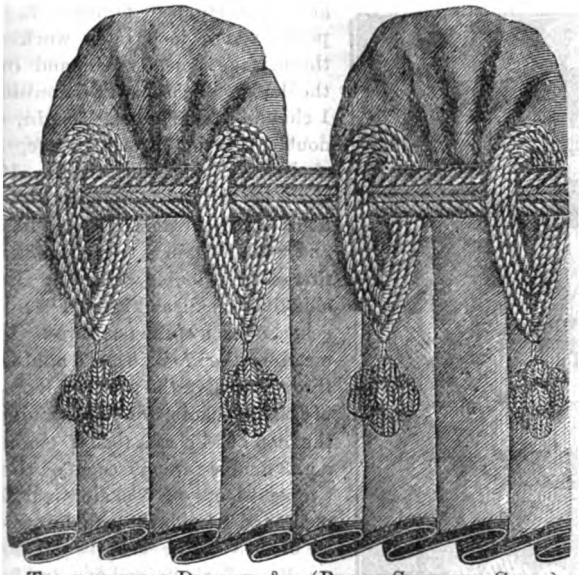
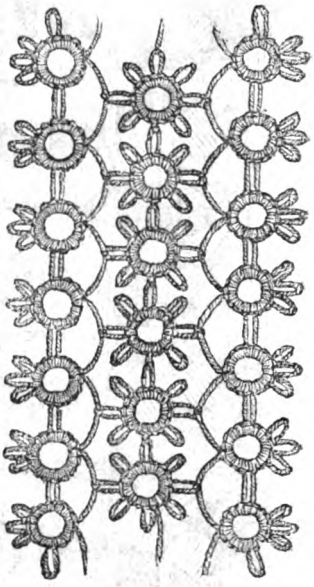


TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, &c. (BLACK SILK AND CORD.)

VANDYKE EDGING (BRAID WITH NETTING).

Use fine Vandyke braid, crochet cotton, No. 20, Evans's, or 16, a netting mesh three-eighths of an inch wide, a large darning-needle, a netting-needle, and a steel crochet-hook. You must work the netting on the braid with the darning-needle, as it will tear the braid to attempt to get a netting-needle through it. The 1st row—Join to the first point of braid, work a loop in the next point, passing the cotton once only over the needle. * Take up each of the next 5 points, and work a loop on each point, passing the cotton twice over the mesh for each loop; this makes the loops double the size of the first one; then a loop on the next point, with the cotton once only over the mesh; repeat from * the length required, end the row with a small loop; turn. 2d row—In this row the loops are all worked with the cotton once only round the mesh. * Take up the next 5 long loops as one, and finish the loop; then a loop in the next small loop; repeat. 3d row—Plain netting. 4th row—With the crochet needle work a row for the foundation, 1 long in the first loop. * 7 Ch., 1 long in the next loop; repeat from *; turn. 5th row—* 1 long, 1 Ch., miss 1; repeat, and fasten off.



TATTED INSERTION.

Materials: Tatting cotton, Evans's or Arden's, and a shuttle. Terms—D., double; P., purl; LP., large purl; DC., draw close.

You commence with the stars in the centre of the insertion; they are all worked alike and joined to each other.

1st star—Commence * 2 D., 1 P.* 8 times, DC.

2d star—* 2 D., 1 P. 6 times. 2 D., draw through a purl of the 1st star, 2 D., 1 P., DC. Repeat these stars the length required.

Commence the outside edge.

1st oval—5 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 2 D., 1 LP., 5 D., DC. * Leave half an inch of cotton, then knot into the 2d purl at the side of the 1st star (see engraving). Leave half an inch of cotton. Commence the

2d oval—5 D. Join to the LP. in 1st oval. 2 D., 1 P., 1 D., 1 P., 1 D., 2 D., 1 LP., 5 D., DC. Repeat from * in 1st oval, joining to each oval and each star as you work. The other side is worked exactly the same as this.

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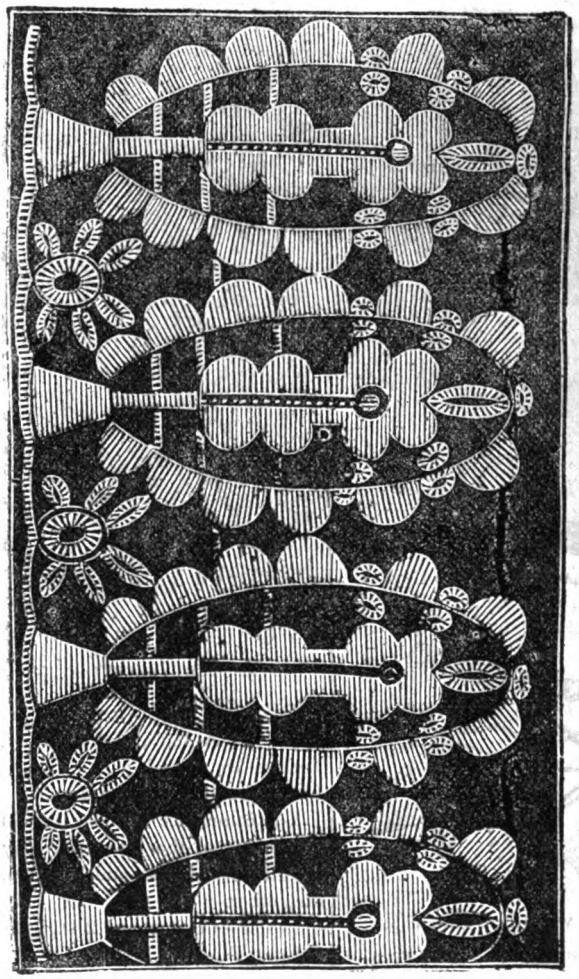

Cluny Lace Edging in Crochet, for Dresses, &c.—Materials: Penelope crochet hook, No. 4, and Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 16 or 20. 1st pattern: make a chain of 33, * turn, miss 6, and work 15 double, leaving 12 chain, cross the stem of 12, and up the side 4 double, then 1 chain, 3 treble in one, 1 chain, 4 double, 1 chain, 3 treble in one, 1 chain, and 5 double, then through the loop of 6 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 1 treble, 6 chain, turn, miss 5, and 1 single in the first of the 6, then 1 treble, 1 chain, 2 double, 1 chain, 1 treble, 6 chain, turn, miss 5, and 1 single in the first of the 6, then 1 treble, 1 chain, 2 double, 14 chain, 2 double, 1 chain, 1 treble, 6 chain, turn, miss 5, and 1 single in the first of the 6, 1 treble, 1 chain, 2 double, 1 chain, 1 treble, 6 chain, turn, miss 5, and 1 single in the first of the 6, 1 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; all these stitches forming four points, and a loop to be worked through the same, 6 chain, and on the double stitches work 5 double, 1 chain, 3 treble in one, 1 chain, 4 double, 1 chain, 3 treble in one, 1 chain, 4 double, and on the 12 chain left at the beginning work 6 double, cross the stem of 6 chain left, and work 6 chain, 1 treble, on the first of the 4 double worked up the side, then 6 chain and 1 treble in the centre of each of the next two little escallops, then 7 chain and 3 double through each of the two next loops of 6 chain, 7 chain, 3 double through the loop of 14 chain, then 7 chain and 3 double through each of the two next loops of 6 chain, then 6 chain and 1 treble through the centre of each of the next two little escallops, 6 chain and one treble through the last of the 4 double, 6 chain, and missing the next 6 double, work 1 single on the crossing, cross, and through each of the next 4 loops of 6 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 7 treble, 1 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, and through each of the next 4 loops of 7 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 7 treble, 1 chain, 1 double, and 4 chain, then through each of the next 4 loops of 6 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 7 treble, 1 chain, and one double, 1 single on the crossing, and on the remaining 6 chain of the stem work 1 double, 1 treble and 4 long. For the small flower between the patterns, work 18 chain, counting from the last long stitch, turn, miss 10, and work 1 double in the 11th stitch, leaving 7 chain, cross the stem, and through the loop of 10 chain work 2 double, then 5 chain, 2 double, and 2 chain, join to the last small escallop of the pattern, 3 chain and 2 double in the loop of 10, 2 chain, join to the centre of the next escallop, 3 chain, and 2 double, then 5 chain and 2 double 4 times through the same loop of 10 chain. 40 chain for the next pattern, and repeat from * at the commencement to the length required, joining the first two small escallops to the small flower to correspond with the other, joining and connecting the 3d escallop to the last escallop but two of the 1st or preceding pattern. This design looks equally pretty, coarse

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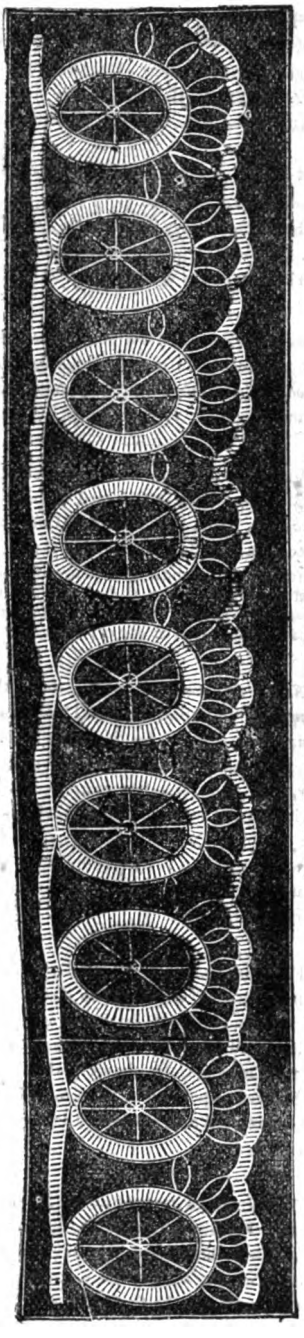
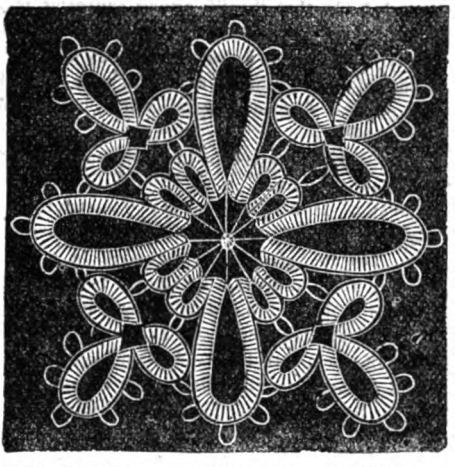
or fine, and is well suited for trimming dresses, costumes of velvet, &c.; it is also well adapted for bordering toilet aprons, antimacassars, quilts, short curtains, and table covers, if worked in coarse cotton. Nos. 2, 4, or 8, Boar's Head, would be good sizes.



No. 1.—The Beatrice Edging in Tatting.

No. 1. The Beatrice Edging in Tatting.—The materials required will be Boar's Head crochet cotton, Nos. 16 and 20 (or finer if desired), a small shuttle, a tatting pin, No. 10 bell guage, and a crochet hook, No. 3. 1st round: * form a loop with the shuttle and cotton, and without cutting it off work 10 double, then 1 purl and 1 double 7 times, 9 double, and draw close, turn the round upside down, and on the cotton from the reel work 8 single, slightly draw the shuttle thread, and after turning the round in form, make a loop, and work 10 double, join to the last purl of the round, then 1 double and 1 purl 4 times, 10 double, and draw close, turn the work upside down, and on the cotton work 8 single; repeat from *, joining the 1st round to the last, as seen. When completed in length, work along the bottom of the edging thus: with the crochet hook and cotton work 2 double, then 2 chain and 2 double through each purl loop 5 times, * then 1 chain and 2 double through each of the 3 loops of the next round, 1 chain, and through each of the next 5 loops of the next row work 2 double and 2 chain; repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. This edging is suitable for all kinds of trimmings, it being so strong. Fill in the centre of each round with spider's web, in No. 20 cotton.



No. 2. Design in Tatting for Tidies.—The materials required will be a small shuttle, Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 4; or, if for fine purposes, No. 20, and a tatting pin. The design should be worked in double and purl stitches, according to the engraving, with the shuttle and cotton. The spider's web lace stitch should be in No. 20

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A PLEA FOR THE SUNSHINE.

In November, when the sun's rays grow scant and weak, we should seek and avail ourselves of all of them as precious means of life and health. Who is there so superfluously endowed with strength and spirit that she can *afford* to pass the winter days within four walls, and even curtain off the little sunshine that would gladly pour its cleansing and healing beams through the windows? No mortal, dependent, as all mortals are made, upon the grand source of heat and light, can afford thus to exile herself from his gracious presence; but ladies are everywhere doing it habitually, and then wondering that pretty girls fade so soon, and that women do not ripen richly as women should, but shrivel up instead, as if starved. Truly they *are* starved, not in daily bread, but in the glorious stimulant that would quicken the life-forces to appropriate that nutriment, sending each several particle to its proper place, that the human being may be nourished up to perfect health and blossom into beauty. How little the blessing of the sunshine is appreciated! You will see long rows of sunny houses, with beautiful bay windows, not one of them decorated with the graceful drapery of vines—the exquisite tracery of leaf and flower rejoicing in the light—not one opened freely that the life-giving sunbeams may enter to cheer the dwellers within—all closed scrupulously from top to bottom with a dull, dead uniformity of window-shades, as if light were the arch enemy. And this not in summer only, but all the year round.

Were women aware of the importance of living in the light, they would soon arrange their houses differently. If there is an invalid in the family, the brightest, cheerfullest room should be set apart for her. The roof-greenhouse, described in another column, would prove an invaluable resource. It need not be devoted to fruit or flowers, unless there is a taste for their culture. The mere sunshine, filling the room with its lavish abundance of light, would strengthen and restore, like living out of doors. Sun-baths are highly recommended for many maladies.

Our Stories.—The stories in The Lady's Friend are so good that they are constantly being copied by leading periodicals in New York and Boston. If they would only give us due credit, we should not object to it. But we suppose we ought to forgive them, on the principle that we have plenty and to spare. Just look at our list of contributors—a perfect galaxy of talent!

Our Novelets for Next Year.—Our list is not quite complete, as we expect one from Mrs. Moulton, not yet named. But we give the following list:

One Woman's Experience. By Annie L. Muzzey.
Camilla. By Emma B. Ripley.
The Beaufoys of Belvidere. By Elizabeth Prescott.
A Little Money. By Amanda M. Douglas.

Our design for the future is to have our novelets shorter than some have been heretofore, and more of them. Besides, we also want more room for short stories from our talented array of contributors.

Specimen Numbers.—We shall send specimen numbers to those who are desirous of getting up clubs, *free*. Therefore, do not hesitate about soiling one of your numbers, as you can replace it.

All Well Satisfied.—Every one who gets up a Sewing Machine Club is deligted with her reward. The following, from W. Campbell, of Covington, Tennessee, is a sample of many letters:

"I thank you on behalf of my wife for the splendid premium of a Grover & Baker Machine. The subscribers, too, are well satisfied with their beautiful magazines and superb engravings."

Our New Premium Engraving.—We think our new Premium, "The Sisters," will be acknowledged by all our subscribers to be the most beautiful engraving they have seen for many a day. The engraver, G. F. Doo, has few equals, and probably no superior, in the world. All subscribers who pay $2.50, in advance, are entitled to a copy. Club subscribers are entitled to it by paying $1.00 extra. To persons not subscribers, copies will be sent for $2.00. It is a perfect Gem of Art.

Our Fashion Plates.—In the Fashion Plates of The Lady's Friend, engraved on steel in the finest style of art, and colored by hand, we present the most refined and beautiful of the European fashions. They are not mere gaudy, showy plates, designed to attract the eyes of persons of little taste in dress, but patterns for refined and cultivated ladies in city and country.

☞ The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which we offer as a Premium, is the No. 23, worth $55 in this city. As we have used it in our own family for many years, we know it to be a first-rate one. It takes its rank among the first-class machines.

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CLUBS.—Those who design raising clubs should gin at once. It is not difficult to raise a club, if u have a little perseverance. Take a sheet of per, sharpen your pencil, head the list with your rn name, and go to work. Half an assent is suffient from most people for you to take their full sent for granted. Enter their names, politely reiest the money, as saving the time necessary to ll again, and pass on. In proportion as your list creases will it generally be easier (in places where ople are plenty) to get more.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.—In a club for e Sewing Machine Premium, every subscriber ould be taken at $2.50. This is a higher price an the regular clubs, but then each subscriber gets copy of the beautiful Premium Engraving, worth e dollar to subscribers, two dollars to non-subribers. See terms for Sewing Machine Clubs at d of book.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and opular paper, which is just concluding a novelet y Mrs. Henry Wood, commenced on the 8th of ctober a fine novelet by Frank Lee Benedict, called LEONIE'S MYSTERY." It also gives weekly a large mount of most excellent matter, instructive and nteresting, suitable for family reading. In fact, to ead a paper like THE POST weekly, is for a family f children a polite education. THE POST offers pendid inducements to new subscribers. See Prosectus. Sample numbers sent gratis. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

COLORED PATTERN.

Tidy in Netting and Darning.

The materials required for this tidy are Evans & Co.'s crochet cotton No. 10 for netting the centre, No. 6 for the long loops introduced into the border, and No. 10 again for the last four rows. The darning is done with the same maker's knitting cotton.

Sometimes a tidy is stretched on a cushion with a colored lining underneath. This produces an excellent effect, and shows the pattern to very great advantage. After the square of netting is completed, the worker should keep the darning all the same way, not crossing the thread, and be careful to use the proper cottons.

WINDOW FLOWERS.

It is much to be regretted that window flowers are not so often seen as they once were. It cannot be that the taste for beauty is declining. It is rather that the arrangements of modern housekeeping make flowers in the way of convenience. Yet why not make windows to suit? The demands of modern society are all well in their way, but surely they need not be so imperatively exclusive as to banish all floral adornments from our tasteful houses.

The introduction of heaters had some influence in driving away flowers from our sitting-rooms, but coal as gaslight has been a worse enemy—yet these can be easily kept in place. Bay windows now often have an inside enclosure of glass, making a kind of cabinet, as it were, and in this the plants grow to perfection. But this arrangement is not essential. A friend, whose window is at all times gay with blossoms, and whose success is the envy of all the neighbors, has nothing but a broad window-sill, and she has the window curtains so arranged that they fall between the room and the plants. The lace curtains are down day and night, and the damask over only at night. This seems entirely sufficient to prevent injury from gas and dry air—no plants can possibly be healthier than hers are.—*Gardeners' Monthly.*

MUSIC FOR INVALIDS.

An exchange says: "It was the celebrated German physician Hofeland who first fully recognized the curative power of music. Frequently the life of a dying man might be saved by gentle music not too near his bedside. It is often only to catch his attention and hold it with something that impart pleasurable feelings, in order to sustain him beyond that moment of supreme exhaustion which marks the crisis of disease. Usually, however, the ears of the dying are regaled with no music sweeter than the sighs and sniffles of their sorrowing friends. Of course they are troubled, depressed, and when the critical breath comes fail to catch it, and so die. There is much in this theory."

Music as an agent for promoting health is of high value. If invalids would devote an hour or two daily to practicing vocal music, it would often restore them to health. Persons with weak lungs may thus ward off fatal lung disease. The effect on both body and mind are excellent.

WATERPROOF CLOTH.

To make waterproof cloth take two pounds and four ounces of alum, and dissolve it in ten gallons of water; in like manner dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in a similar quantity of water, and mix the two together. The cloth is immersed for one hour in the solution, and stirred occasionally, when it is taken out, dried in the shade, washed in clean water, and dried again. This preparation enables the cloth to repel water like the feathers of a duck's back, and yet allows the perspiration to pass somewhat through it, which is not the case with gutta percha or Indian rubber.

IMITATION FEATHERS, RED, WHITE, OR GRAY, IN ZEPHYR.

You begin by casting one stitch on your knitting needle. The next row you pass the wool three times round your two fingers, knitting the loops so made in with the stitch just as the brioche mats are made, or some kinds of knitted fringe. You must work alternate rows of plain knitting, and go on increasing until you consider it about the proper width. When long enough, decrease and finish off. The loops must be worked in every stitch of the alternate rows, and it is they that are supposed to represent the feather. At a distance they do not look unlike the real thing. If you were to cut the border off a brioche mat, and fringe it to a point at each end, and then line it with a piece of ribbon wire, you would arrive at pretty much the same result.

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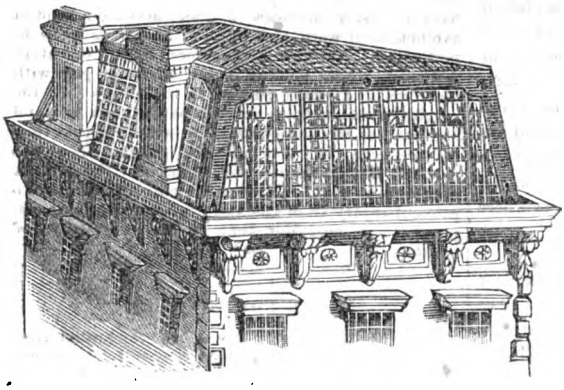
GARDENS OR GREENHOUSES UPON THE ROOF.



MANSARD ROOF CONVERTED INTO A GREENHOUSE.

We copy from the *Agriculturist* the following article, by Samuel B. Parsons, which explains in detail the practicability of a Roof Garden—a most charming addition to a house we have long thought, and one which will not surely be much longer neglected by architects. In cities it is easy to have plenty of water at the top of the house, and the use of elevators, like those in hotels, colleges, &c., would manage the conveyance of all the weighty essentials of gardening.

Some ten years ago we suggested an idea of roof gardens. Since that time the almost universal adoption of the Mansard roof has increased the availability of our plan, and has led to numerous inquiries which make necessary an improved description. Time has not diminished our sense of the value of an adaptation of this idea to city buildings where land is almost fabulous in price, and the air in which to build is free of cost.

Marvellous accounts have come down to us of the beauty of the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the lavish expenditure upon them by the monarchs of that magnificent and wonderful city. We think of their beauty as something unattainable now, and scarcely realize that in any of our cities they can be rivaled without extraordinary expenditure. It is within the means of any man who builds a house to rent for $800 per year, to have a garden on the roof which, during the summer can be filled with the most luscious grapes, peaches, plums, etc., and in the winter with plants, the beauty of the flowers of which will afford a charm far beyond the trifling cost of their maintenance.

A glass roof costs very little more than a tin or slate one. Let the roof, therefore, be covered with glass, and let the garret floor be covered with concrete, sloping gently from the centre to the sides, around which a slight depression in the floor can carry the moisture or drip into the leaders which pass from the roof of every house to the ground. With this slight expense, a perfect greenhouse may be had. A Mansard-roof glazed in this manner is shown in the cut. Now for heating: Every one knows that the upper rooms of his house are so warm from the ascending heat of his furnace that registers are scarcely needed. Let the doors be kept open and the waste heat of the house will keep the garret at the highest desirable temperature. Thus the greenhouse is heated without any extra trouble or expenditure.

Its care would be a pleasant recreation for any of the family, provided they enjoy working among plants as much as a friend of ours, who would leave the counting-house and its engrossing cares at a reasonable hour in the afternoon, and after leisurely dining, would put on an apron and go among his camellias, potting and trimming, and enjoying their beauty while giving them those nice manipulations which only a true lover of flowers knows how to administer. A lady fresh from such occupations would lend new charms to the evening hours; and the memory of her children in the upper air would always have power to bring a sparkle to her eye or a glad expression to her lip. And then the pleasure of cutting one's own flowers or sending to a friend one's own roses or camellias or Black Hamburg grapes, is not to be despised. In case the demands of the counting-house or the drawing-room are too engrossing to allow any attention to flowers, there are numerous florists in every city who would be glad to keep such a place in perfect order for a very moderate compensation.

If a little extra strength is given to the beams which sustain the upper story, sufficient earth could be placed there to lay out the whole space of twenty-five by fifty feet as a garden, with winding walks, delightful carpets of moss and roses, camellias, etc., planted in the soil. By this mode the illusion will be complete, and in the middle of winter one may have a tropical landscape. Those who have visited the greenhouses of Prince Demidoff, at Florence, will have some conception of the beauty of such an arrangement of the plants.

But for fruit as well as flower culture the use of pots will be preferable. Let us see what can be done with these. The superficial area of nearly every good city house is more than twelve hundred square feet. Deducting the space required for the walks and the stairway, there will be more than eight hundred square feet on which pots can be placed. By the most approved mode of pruning for pot culture, the diameter of foliage in a fruit-tree should not exceed the diameter of the pot. We could thus place eight hundred fruit-trees in the garden, but in order to give abundant room and air, we will estimate for only two hundred. If one wishes no flowers, but fruit only, he can have forced peaches and nectarines at a season when he cannot buy them of the confectioner for less than a dollar each. The two hundred trees ought readily to yield a crop of a thousand peaches. If one's taste runs on strawberries these will yield a good return.

But if it be desired to have the house filled with flowers through the winter, we cannot cultivate forced fruit. We can, however, have flowers, stone fruit, and Black Hamburg grapes in succession. If the house has been filled with flowering plants in the winter, and there is plenty of yard room, they can be taken out and arranged in groups in the yard as soon as all danger of frost is over. The house can then be filled with peaches, plums, and nectarines in pots, which can be obtained of the nurserymen ready for fruiting, or prepared the previous year by the florist having charge of the house, and kept in the cellar during the winter. These can remain in the house until the fruit has attained sufficient size to be safe from the curculio, when they also can be grouped in the yard where they will grow, and ripen early and well. Their place in the house can then be supplied with grapes in pots which have been retarded by being kept in a cool, dark place in the cellar. These will

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then bear abundantly during the summer, and, before the flowering plants require to be taken in the ensuing autumn, will duly respond to the tiller in Black Hamburgs and Muscats. Two pounds to each vine, or four hundred pounds of grapes, would be a moderate estimate for the space mentioned.

Both stone fruits and grapes are easily managed, and a man of ordinary intelligence could soon learn to grow them even if his life has been passed in the midst of dry goods or hardware; if, however, his own skill fails him, florists are always attainable. Here then are new luxuries—flowers, peaches, and grapes—within the reach of every man of moderate means.

If the capabilities of this plan and its economy were thoroughly understood by architects and proprietors, the time would soon come when a roof garden would be considered just as essential an appendage to a house as a bath-room. The demand for care takers would bring forward a host of candidates for this new branch of industry, and it might furnish an excellent and remunerative vocation for women.

New Publications.

Camors. A Love Story. Translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

Indiana. A Love Story. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Here are two books that there is no earthly reason for bringing before the American public. We lose patience with publishers who have so little perception of what is good, and so faint a sense of their responsibility. That George Sand is a genius, and being such cannot help producing much that is good and beautiful, is no reason for bringing forth out of obscurity an inferior work like Indiana—the record of her unhappy, erratic youth, when her heart was in a ferment and her mind a chaos. She was not, at that time, capable of saying anything the world would care to hear:

> "Her spirit 'mid the lions
> Of her tumultuous senses moaned defiance,
> And answered roar for roar, as spirits can."

Afterward, when her nature had worked itself clearer, through great tribulation, came those purer utterances that give her a place among authors. We feel indignant at seeing the mistakes and wrongdoings which she has victoriously outlived thus raked up, as one would take a stick and stir up the mud from the bottom of the turbid pool that has settled itself at last and shows a clear face to the blue heavens.

As little is "Camors" entitled to be called "A Love Story." You may look through its feverish or frigid excitements in vain for a spark of love. "The social rottenness concealed under that glittering fabric, French society"—this we find; but why that rottenness should be commended to our nostrils is more than we can understand. Let it alone, cover it up, earth to earth is the thing to be done with corruption. Common sense and decency demand it. A "Love Story," forsooth! Love stories are something very different from this. Heaven itself descends and envelopes from the common atmosphere the happy two who love each other.

> "We scent the air
> Of blessings if we come but near the house.
> What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
> The violet bed 's not sweeter."

"Camors" is a French novel, of the well-known stereotype kind, suited, we must suppose, to the people it was prepared for, but so foreign to the tastes of this country that we cannot cease wondering why it was considered worth while to translate and publish it.

Lighthouses and Light-ships. A Descriptive and Historical Account of their Mode of Construction and Organization. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Queen of the Adriatic," etc., etc. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Another of that "Illustrated Library of Wonders," of which each volume seems more fascinating than the last. There is a peculiar charm in the history of the difficulties and dangers encountered in battling with the mighty seas. Each perilous post, where a light is needed, has its own separate problem for the engineer. With the exciting story of the Eddystone, all readers are familiar. The Skerryvore, erected in 1844, was a triumph over tremendous obstacles. The art of building lighthouses in the open sea was entirely unknown before the days of Smeaton, and Robert and Alan Stevenson.

Monsieur Sylvestre. A Novel. By George Sand. Translated by Francis George Shaw. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Madame George Sand is best at philosophizing. That seems to suit the genius of the French people. Philanthropy also is their forte, and they head the march of the human race over the fields of science. Whatever nimble fingers or alert senses can do, that they excel in; but how awkwardly and absurdly they disport themselves in the realms of feeling! How helplessly their writers—the best of them—flounder in the unknown deeps of Love! It is only *la grand passion* to them—its heights and its depths not even dreamed of. The most exalted genius, in a moment of supreme inspiration, just catches a glimpse of truths that, to more favored people, are familiar as their own heart-throbs. In "Mauprat," for instance, how transporting is the vision of true love to the novelist, versed to satiety in its counterfeit! She hardly knows what to do with the celestial stranger. Lavishly and splendidly gifted, she is yet only just equal to this visitation from the empyrean—just able to recognize and entertain the angel guest.

But philosophizing comes easy and natural. Mon-

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sieur Sylvestre, the Hermit, is the most interesting character in this book. His speculations are entertaining. For instance, he is very ill, and his friends with great difficulty restore him to consciousness. He regrets the vanished visions:

"Ah! No one knows of what long-desired solutions a sick man is bereft when he is tormented in order that he may be brought back to this life. At that moment you were saying: 'Mon Dieu! How quiet he is! Isn't he dead?' When I heard you I accepted the sentence and said to myself: 'Perhaps I am what is called dead. It may be necessary to sleep for a certain time, and perhaps the paradise of humble people, like me, begins with a good, long rest from the consciousness of life. Those who are in no hurry, and who have not the least doubt, may rest for a century or two before they recover that consciousness in a better company, in a world where nature shall have resumed her pristine beauty and men the normal uprightness of their instincts, enlightened by the sun of science and poetry. Why not? If we must imagine things at their worst, why should not the being that I am be dissolved into a multitude of beings, without consciousness of the self that I am, to be slowly formed again into another being that would still be myself, even while a better being than I? Who knows, and what does it matter, since everything is right, or must become right? And thereupon I saw what you may have remarked in this world: in early spring and in autumn, among our hills, we have heavy, pearlish-gray fogs, which come down to the level of the plain, effacing, swallowing up, as it were, rocks, trees, and villages. When this soft cloud is over Vaubuisson I can see it from here, and I compare it to a large bird brooding over the abodes of men as a hen broods over her eggs. Every noise ceases, every light is extinguished. Well, in my dream I felt myself taken into the bosom of the cloud, and I said to myself: 'This is it; the end of the day; the death of the man. It is soft and maternal as the breast which broods over the germs of a new life, under the down of love.'"

Then he added, laughingly: "Who said it was martyrdom? It is just simply eider-down."

One is reminded of Whittier's beautiful "Dream:"

In my dream, methought I trod,
Yesternight, a mountain road;
Narrow as Al Sirat's span,
High as eagle's flight, it ran.

Overhead a roof of cloud,
With its weight of thunder bowed;
Underneath, to left and right,
Blackness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed,
Now and then a bird song gushed:
Now and then through rifts of shade,
Stars shone out and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,
Walking in that path with me,
One by one the brink o'erslid,
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,
Some with cheerful courage went;
But, of all who smiled or mourned,
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,
Questioning that shadow drear,
Never hand in token stirred,
Never answering voice I heard!

Steeper, darker! lo! I felt
From my feet the pathway melt.
Swallowed by the black despair,
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,
Strangled by the wash of waves,
Past the splintered crags, I sank
On a green and flowery bank.

Soft as fall of thistle-down,
Lightly as a cloud is blown,
Soothingly as childhood pressed
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,
Green the grassy meadows spread,
Bright with waters singing by
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,
Old, lost faces welcomed me,
With whose sweetness of content,
Still expectant hope was blent.

Receipts.

Cooking a Beef Steak.—In the first place cut out the bone and trim off the superfluous fat which would otherwise burn and smoke the meat. If the steak is a good one, it is better not to pound it, as this causes a flow and waste of the juices of the meat, which ought to be preserved. Have the coals abundant and glowing, and the iron hot. Lay the meat upon the bars and place over it a cover made for the purpose. Turn the steak every half minute until it is done. Have the platter *hot*, and when ready to take up, scatter daintily over its surface a little pepper and salt. Lay on the hot platter and put bits of butter over it and send to the table immediately. Now this seems a very simple thing, and many readers, perhaps, will say—"There is no need of telling us how to broil a steak; we know that well enough." Very true, but there may be a few yet who think the only way is to put the nice loin or porterhouse steak into the frying-pan with a generous quantity of "grease under it," and let it simmer and stew until it is unfit for a savage, much less for one who values his physical or mental health. It is sometimes difficult to obtain good coals when the lighter kinds of wood are used, and in such cases use the frying-pan instead of the gridiron, but never a bit of grease. Have a brisk fire and the pan hot when the steak is put in; turn often and proceed the same as with the gridiron. Salt should never be added until the meat is done, and the less pepper the better, to my mind.

Beef a-la-Mode.—"Take eight or ten pounds of round, cut several deep gashes in the flesh, and fill them with fat salt pork. Then put into a crockery stew-pan half a calf's foot, a handful of parsley, a bay-leaf, a little garlic, a sprig of thyme, two onions with a few cloves stuck in them, half a carrot, half a pound of fat pork cut into little square pieces, and cover with a gill or more of good cider vinegar. Place the beef upon this mixture, set over a slow fire or in a moderate oven, and simmer gently five hours. If one cannot obtain all these ingredients—and our American pantries do not always afford them—a pint of canned tomatoes, two or three onions, with a little pepper, a few cloves, and a little vinegar, give the meat a very agreeable flavor. When the beef is taken out, let it be put in a pan and pressed into an even mass, so it can be cut in handsome slices. The liquor should be strained, the fat removed, and the residue thickened with a little flour."

Oysters Fried.—Drain the oyster well, roll in fine rolled cracker and fry in hot lard and butter, two-thirds lard, one-third butter.

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FURMITY.—The following is a very old receipt for this old-fashioned dish: To a quart of ready-boiled wheat put by degrees two quarts of new milk and four ounces of currants, picked clean and washed, stir them and boil them till they are done. Beat the yelks of three eggs and a little nutmeg with two or three spoonfuls of milk, add this to the wheat, stir them together while over the fire, then sweeten and serve cold in a deep dish.

To a quart of ready boiled wheat put by degrees two quarts of new milk, breaking the jellies, and then 4oz. of currants, picked and washed; stir and boil till done. Beat the yelks of three eggs and a little nutmeg with two or three spoonfuls of milk, add this to the wheat, and stir over the fire; sweeten, and serve cold in a deep dish. Some persons like it best warm.

PUMPKIN PIES.—Mrs. S. Hannahs, Portage Co., O., says: "Pare the pumpkin, then grate it, and add sugar and ginger to taste, and milk enough to make it of the proper consistency; then line your pie-tins with crust, put in your pumpkin, and bake in the ordinary way. After trying this once, no one will, I think, wish to go back to the old way of making pies of stewed pumpkin."

CREAM-PUFFS.—One pint of water, one-third of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, ten eggs; boil the water and butter together, and stir in the flour while boiling. When cool, add the eggs, well beaten, and a teaspoonful of soda; drop on tin sheets about the size of a dollar, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes.

CREAM FOR THE PUFFS.—One cup of flour, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one quart of milk; beat the flour, sugar, and eggs together, then stir with the milk while boiling, till it is of the consistency of thick cream; flavor with vanilla. Make a small ring in each puff, and put in a spoonful of the cream.

CREAM FOR MERINGUES.—Can you give me a receipt for making the whipped cream used in meringues?—A. M. [One ounce of isinglass; one pint of new milk; a quarter of a pint of cream; one pod of vanilla; five or six ounces of loaf sugar; yelks of eight eggs. Add a pod of vanilla and five or six ounces of pounded loaf sugar to half a pint of new milk, and a quarter of a pint of cream, and set it over a moderate fire until it is very hot and sufficiently flavored with vanilla. Well beat the yelks of eight eggs and stir them gradually into the milk and cream; pour the whole into a jug, and stand it in a deep stewpan of boiling water, stirring it with a silver or wooden spoon until it is thick. Then add it to an ounce of isinglass previously dissolved and boiled in the half pint of milk. Mix all well together, and when cold fill your meringues.

RECEIPT FOR A VERY FINE SPONGE CAKE.—The weight of four eggs in sugar, and the weight of two more in flour. Beat the whites of the six eggs to a stiff froth; stir the yelks and sugar to a frothy cream; put together, stir briskly, sift in the flour a little at a time, and stir just enough to get the flour in and *no more*. Put in a round cake tin with tube in the centre; bake in a quick oven. It rises very light.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup flour; one of sugar; three eggs. Eggs to be beaten and stirred together in the same way as the other; bake in four pie plates and put together with jelly. If it is desired for dinner, put together with boiled custard, placing on the top the whites from the custard, beat to a froth, sprinkle over with sugar, set in the oven a few moments.

All hygienists should know that sponge cake, to be good, must not be stirred at all after the flour is put in; it makes the cake very tough. No soda, no cream tartar.

FROSTING No. 1.—Roll and sift a pound of pulverized sugar, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually stir in the sugar and the juice of half a lemon; a little powdered starch may be added if hard frosting is desired. To color frosting pink put a few bits of alkanet root in a muslin rag and steep it a moment in clear water; add this with a little rose water in sufficient quantity to color and flavor the frosting.

STIRRED FROSTING.—Break into a bowl the whites of two eggs and add half a pound of sifted sugar with a little orange or lemon juice; beat all together until thoroughly blended.

OAT CAKE.— Take a handful of oatmeal, and mix with it the smallest quantity of water, just sufficient to form it into a hard paste. Roll it out as thin as a sixpence, and bake on an iron bakestone over the fire. After it is baked, place it close before the fire for a few minutes to harden. The thinner it is, and the less water used in mixing it, the better. You must mix again for every cake.

TABLE CLOTHS.—To remove coffee and tea stains from table cloths, place the cloth in a pail, pour over it clear scalding water (no soap); let it remain till it is cool enough to wring out; rinse it well before taking it out. You will be surprised to see how white and clear it will look.

TO DRIVE AWAY RED ANTS.—Powdered borax, which will clear the house of roaches and large black ants, does not seem effectual against the small red ones. We have heard it recommended to lay bits of brimstone on the shelves after cleaning. Easily tried.

PATTERNS FOR NOVEMBER.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

Black silk costume, ...	40 cents.
High Bodice with Basque, ...	40 "
Muslin Fichu with Revers, ...	20 "

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—A robe of chambery gauze, with three tunics. The skirt is trimmed with small flounces with rouleaux. The first and second tunics are white and trimmed with lace—the third and the corsage are of rose-colored gauze. The sleeves have a double ruffle of lace. Coiffure—diadem of roses and white lace.

FIG. 2.—A white muslin dress with little flounces, separated by an ornament composed of blue ribbon placed in oblique lines. Little tunic of blue silk cut in points in front and gracefully looped up at the sides and back in a novel manner. Corsage trimmed with insertion and lace; bows of blue ribbon on the sleeves. Coiffure of white lace and blue ribbon.

FIG. 3.—A toilet of white muslin, the underskirt with a deep gathered flounce. Overskirt looped up under the bow behind. Low corsage, covered with a little mantelet of white silk, bordered with rich antique guipure, and embroidered gayly in colors. Coiffure—roses, with long, drooping spray.

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FIG. 4.—A robe of striped silk, the corsage low and covered with a casaque—tunique of black grenadine, with ruches of the same. Two long ends fall in front. The belt has a bow behind matching the silk dress.

FIG. 5.—Costume of buff silk trimmed with bands of white silk edged with guipure. Second skirt, picturesquely looped up. Collar falling squarely behind.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In the making of dresses there is an important change. It is no longer the two skirts and bodice, it is the skirt much trimmed, and the jacket bodice. What is now called the tunic is, in fact, a jacket bodice with long basques.

The material has a great deal to do with the make of the dress. If it is light and easy to pleat and drape, a long, looped-up tunic looks well; but if it is thick and unwieldy, like cloth or velvet, a jacket with plain basque is much preferable.

There is a new kind of material, called *grosgrain de laine*, which makes up very pretty costumes. This material is either self-colored or shot, either of two colors or of two shades of the same color. The skirt is trimmed with flutings and cross-strips of the material, piped with satin of the same tint, or of the darkest shade; when there are two, the basque or tunic has one fluting and strip all round.

Twilled foulard, a material much worn last spring, has given place to reversible foulard, a heavier texture of rich, contrasting colors. This material makes up into very pretty walking suits, one side constituting the dress and the other the trimming, with beautiful effect.

Indian satin (a woollen but very brilliant tissue) is also very handsome for costumes, and so are the various kinds of twilled cashmere and double French merino.

Tunics of cashmere will be worn over skirts of faille silk, and velvet ones also, with satin and poult-de-soie dresses for more elegant toilets.

Thick pipings of alternate dull and bright silk, fringes, and lace will be the favorite trimmings. A small quantity of jet is sometimes introduced in gimps, and for ornaments jet is once more much favored by fashion.

Feathered silk ruchings lined with satin of a different color make a very pretty trimming, especially for evening costume, and are much used for flounce-headings on walking suits.

The prevailing style of dress trimming is to be *en tablier*, and the corsage, cut considerably shorter on the shoulders, will be finished with a point in front and postillion.

The polonaise is decidedly the style of the season, to continue, no doubt, far into the winter. It is made of all kinds of material, from organdy to velvet, and forming a very graceful over-dress, looped at the sides, is appropriate both for the house and street. Later in the season the polonaise will be worn with a short talma, the ends crossed loosely in front and confined on the shoulder.

The Metternich mantle in new styles will be worn, and made up in cashmere, with lace or handsome fringe trimming, is a dressy wrapping.

Cloaks are to be longer and plaid wraps are to continue. Chenille fringe will be in great vogue for cloak trimming.

Belts on outside garments will not be worn as much as they have been, and the sash, when worn at all, will consist of a knot and two long loops in place of the bow and ends so persistently clung to during the season.

The shape of velvet casaques will not be materially altered—at least, a great many tight-fitting ones will still be worn. Sleeves more generally wide and open than last winter, but still admissible if demi-tight. The casaque slit open *always* in the middle of the back and much trimmed.

The coat-shaped casaque is also a favorite model, and we are assured that our fashions will be more *masculine* than ever this winter. The velvet coat is really very elegant; it slants off abruptly in front, and has two square pans d'habits at the back. In front it opens upon a lace jabot.

Then the gilet, or waistcoat, is coming into fashion again, to wear with the jacket bodice, open in front. The lace ruffle and jabot will be *de rigueur*, and form a very elegant finish to the toilet, together with the lace cuffs to match falling over the hand.

For the fall smaller hats of bright plush in countless varieties of shape are introduced, and much of the hat-trimming is of velvet. Bonnets are making their appearance with full capes; rather timidly as yet, seemingly not quite sure of a welcome, but the promise of last spring will probably be realized this winter, and gypsy bonnets, with their tasty little capes, be voted quite the rage. The new shade of maroon will be very fashionable for this article of dress, and wide strings, rich and plain, are ruled in for winter bonnets.

Our Amazons wear the low-crowned man's hat, with the gauze veil also. Riding-habits are made with the jacket bodice with postillion basque behind and revers in front.

The coiffure is now becoming rather a serious subject with the many who have chosen during the past few years to conform to the extravagant dictates of fashion. Some who commenced with long, luxuriant hair are compelled at last to put on the false in default of the real, while others, fearing a like fate, are endeavoring to "flee from the wrath to come" by discarding all false capillary appendages. Those who really have hair after passing through such a hair-destroying ordeal, are proud to show it now, and are beginning to arrange it in very simple and graceful styles. Tight puffs on the top of the head are worn. Braids are also arranged *en diadème*, and with the chatelaine braids at the back, made to appear thick by crimping. This style of coiffure is pretty. Pendant braids are still worn by children, and are very becoming for young misses.

Bows are still in favor for trimming. Studded like stars on full gathered lace, they produce a capital effect. Black velvet bows on white lace are particularly pretty, likewise pink bows on black lace. White bodices and mantelets are frequently trimmed with them, and with good results.

[Announcement.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines (No. 2,762) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know.

M. BUDLONG.

[Announcement.]

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WM. DUKE, Danville, Ky.

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LUBS FOR 1871! CLUBS FOR 1871!

See New Prospectus on Pink Page.

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THE

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OF

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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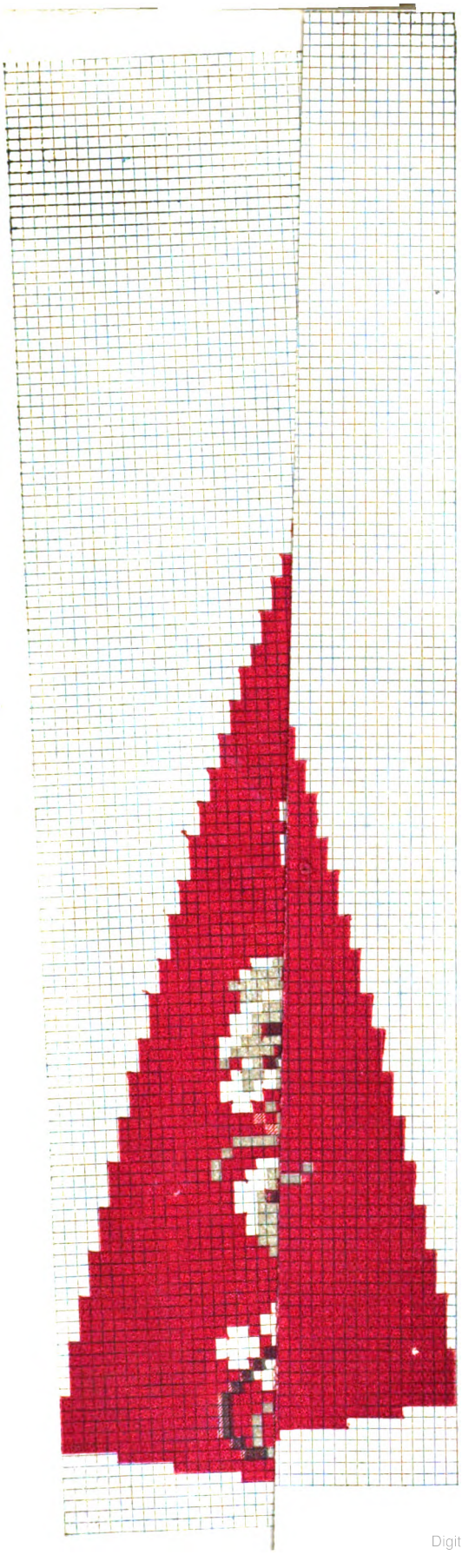

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An Idyl on the Ice.

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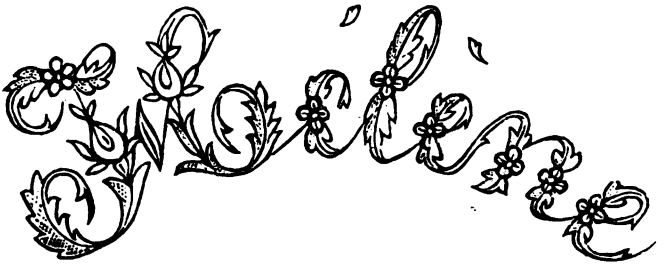
No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1. Toilet for a Little Girl from Four to Six Years Old.—Skirt of blue silk poplin, pleating from top to bottom in flat French pleats. Tunic cut low and square, of blue and white striped foulard. Blue waistband and bow on the skirt. Chemisette of pleated muslin. Bow of blue ribbon in the hair.

No. 2. Costume for a Little Girl between Eight and Twelve Years Old.—Dress of black silk, with gathered flounce, surmounted by a fluted ruche, which forms the heading. Paletot of a new shape; it is tight-fitting in front, with braces to simulate a waistcoat, and large pouff behind. Page sleeves open to the armhole, with ribbon bow on the shoulder. Gabrielle collarette. Black straw hat, with turned-up brim, lined with black velvet, and tuft of white feathers placed behind.



Name for Marking.

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No. 1. No. 2.

No. 1. Dress of Light Maroon Brown Mohair.—The underskirt is trimmed with a deep flounce arranged in hollow pleats, with black ribbon velvet drawn through to form the heading. Upperskirt with small round apron in front, long behind, and turned up to form two large revers. This skirt is trimmed with a ruche of the same material, with black velvet drawn under the pleats. Plain high bodice, with round waist. Coat-sleeves with revers. Waistband of black velvet, fastened behind with a large bow of the material of the dress. Stand-up collar and cravat to match. Hat of maroon straw, trimmed with a tuft of maroon feathers, and a bow and ends behind.

No. 2. Dress of Mauve Sultana.—The first skirt is trimmed with a wide pleated flounce, ornamented with festoons of violet ribbon, and bows on the heading. Tight-fitting casaque, forming a round apron in front and short skirt behind, trimmed with a flounce to match the underskirt. Similar trimming forms the round berthe with bows on the shoulders and wrists.

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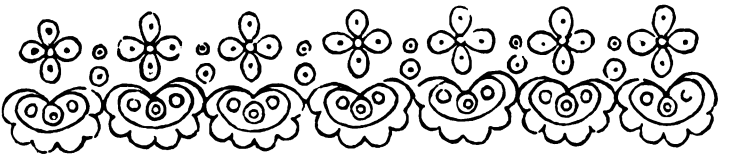
SPRIG FOR EMBROIDERY.

WALKING TOILET.—Dress with train-skirt of maroon foulard, trimmed with wide and narrow bouillonnès, divided by unbleached Cluny lace. Tunic of unbleached foulard, without sleeves, entirely edged with Cluny lace to match the skirt. Maroon sleeves, with frill and bouillonné at the bottom trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of maroon gauze, with ribbon strings of the same shade. It is ornamented with an unbleached feather placed on the top.



EDGING.

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[Musical Department—under the care of Prof. J. A. Getze, Philadelphia.]

ALONE, AND FROM HOME.

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY EMILY WARDEN. MUSIC BY FRANK STANLEY.

Furnished for THE LADY'S FRIEND by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

With feeling.

PIANO.

p f p rit.

1. A - lone, and from home, friendless and poor, How ma - ny
Sad - ly I wan - der, by day and by night, Counting the

sor - rows and slights I en - dure; Anx - ious I look for one
moments in time's rap - id flight; No one will care for me

face that I know, Watching the crowd as they pass to and
whith-er I roam, A poor wea - ry stran - ger, A - lone and from

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by J. L. Carncross & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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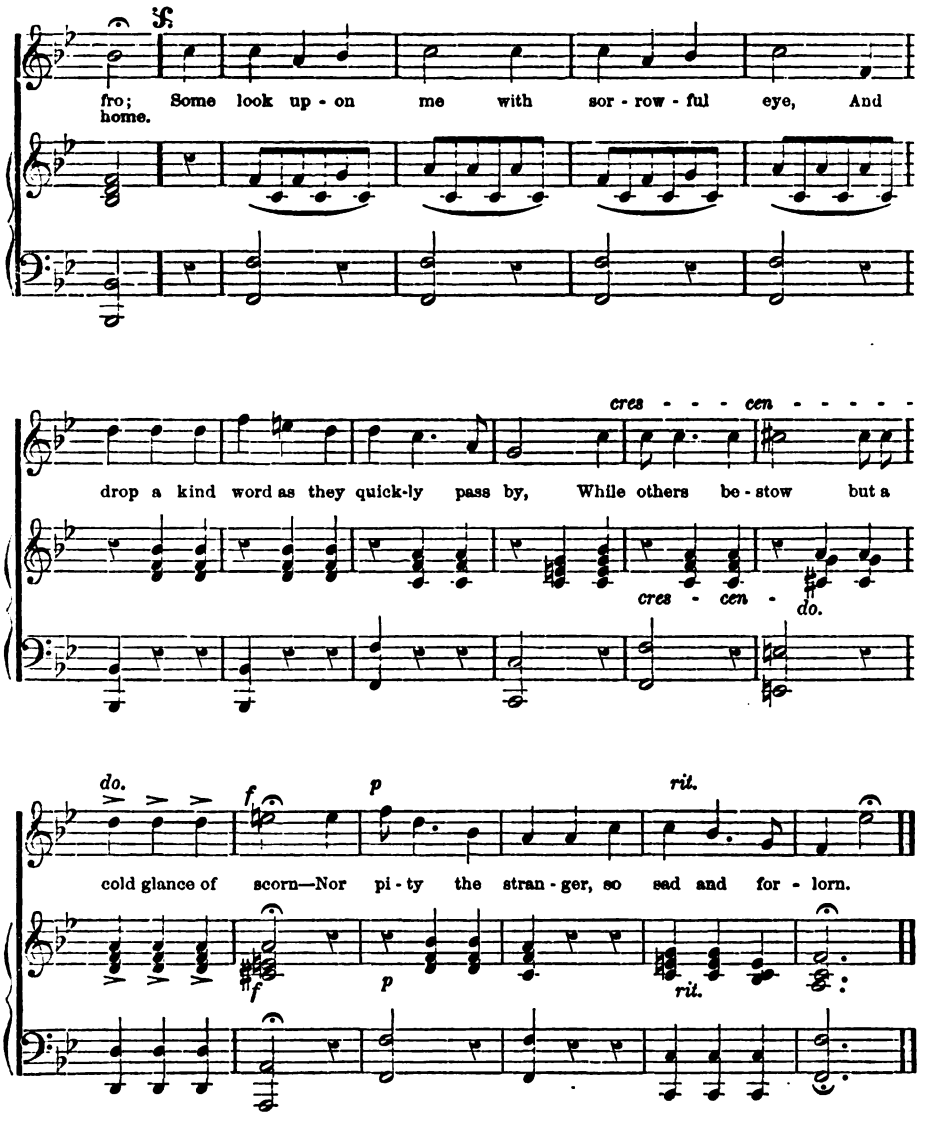

2.

Alone, and from home, weary, oppress'd,
No one to welcome me, nowhere to rest;
Where may I pillow my poor aching head?
Who will weep over me when I am dead?
The night falls around me, cheerless and still,
The dewdrops upon me, so damp and so chill;
'Tis then that I long for the coming of day,
For then the dark shadows will all pass away!

CHORUS.—Sadly I wander, &c.

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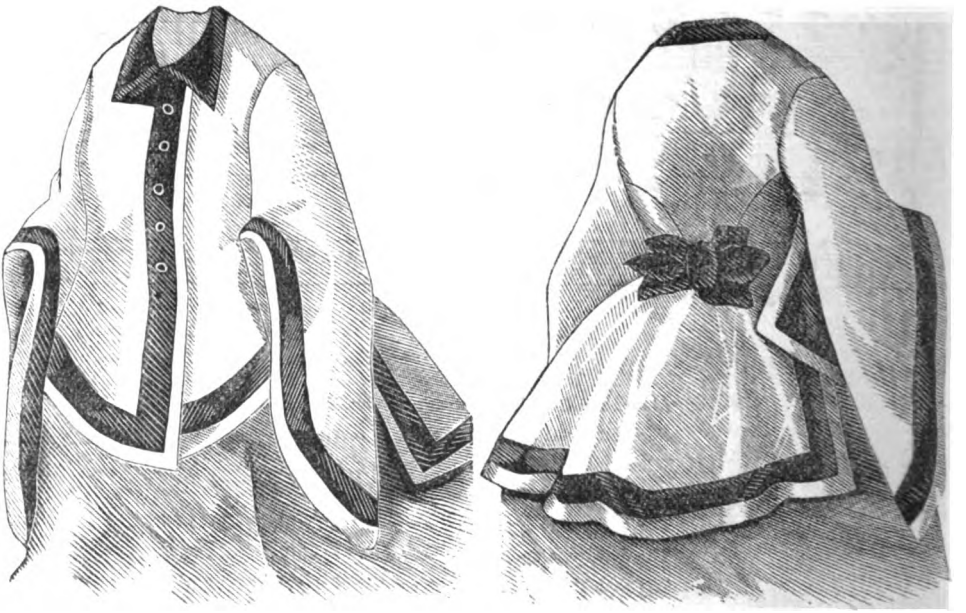
WALKING JACKET (*Front and Back View*).—Tight-fitting casaque of black velvet, trimmed with cross-cut bands of the same, piped with satin. It is cut low and square, and the neck edged with a silk band, wide black lace, and tassel ornaments of black passementerie. The basque of this casaque forms a large box pleat, ornamented with tassels placed at the waist. Pagoda sleeves trimmed to match.



WHITE CLOTH PALETOT (*Front and Back View*).—Loose in front, rounded at the sides, and tight-fitting behind. It is trimmed with a wide band of black velvet and pointed velvet collar. Long, hanging sleeves. Velvet bow at the waist.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. VII.] PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1870. [No. 12.

CHANGE OF BASE.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

"Father," exclaimed Emily Mervine, when her parent came in to dinner, "what *do* you think Mrs. Willett says? There is a general disposition to give that Mr. Carroll a call!"

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Mervine. "I shall be glad if they can unite on any one."

"O father! what a lukewarm friend you are. Poor Mr. Lindsay didn't think you would so soon be ready to replace him."

"My child, you must be reasonable. I did my best to keep Mr. Lindsay here, and failed. How can I benefit him by holding out and making trouble? It would only be indulging my own feelings, and could serve no good purpose. This Mr. Carroll seems a respectable man. He will bring us together, establish regular meetings, administer the sacraments, and make us feel like a church again. Six months more of candidating would go far to break us up entirely."

"Well, I don't think it's of much consequence how soon such a church *is* broken up."

"Take care, Emmy, I'm afraid there's a wrong spirit there."

The young lady, thus admonished, did indeed keep silence, but maintained, not less, an animated "thinking." How people could be so tame she did not understand; for her own part, she did not consider it her duty to let herself be trampled on, nor to have her friends so treated, either. But here was her mother, going placidly along, baking the bread for communion, and entertaining candidates, just as if nothing had happened; and her father, from whom one might have expected better things, ready to give in at the first summons. Well, they could do as they liked, but she should manifest a little more spirit. She was angry, and she did well to be angry.

An unmarried minister is generally an object of interest to the young ladies of the congregation, and Milburn did not differ, in this respect, from other places. The candidate's dress, his looks, his demeanor, were thoroughly discussed by these fair critics, and the result was not uncomplimentary to him.

"Have you noticed Mr. Carroll's hair?" said Julia Graves to Emily. "It doesn't quite curl, but there's such a ripple in it—it looks so rich!"

"Crimping-pins, perhaps," suggested Emily.

"For shame! And then he has such a neat hand; one can't help noticing it in his gestures."

"O!" said Emily, satirically, "so it is his hands and hair! I am glad to hear, at last, where the charm lies. I was very sure it couldn't be in his sermons." Which remark caused the girls to say to each other that Emily Mervine was setting up to be just as hateful as she could about the new minister. They should like to know how she came to be so superior, and to require so much more than anybody else!

Emily's opposition went for little. The Milburn church gave Mr. Carroll a call. Mr. Carroll accepted it, and the presbytery appointed a meeting to install him. The congregation was canvassed to learn how many members each family could entertain, and great preparations straightway ensued. There was a stoning of raisins, a pounding of spices, and mixing of stuffing second only to the mighty doings of Thanksgiving and Christmas. The children viewed these labors with a satisfaction alloyed

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only by the dread that in some unwary moment they might be cornered by a minister and talked to on the subject of religion.

The choir, of course, had its own work to do; on such a day it naturally wished to come out in strength. There were anthems and "set pieces" to be selected, and endless rehearsals to go through. But here a difficulty arose. Emily Mervine was the chief soprano, and ever since the ministerial troubles she had chosen to sit below. Her parents did not quite approve this course, but thought it as well to let the girl manifest her young resentment openly, and so get over it. Now, however, the occasion was serious. It had been contemplated to import the *prima donna* of the Baptist choir, and so allow Miss Mervine to observe that she was not quite the important personage she supposed herself. But that lady was "going West," and could by no means delay the trip. Not a voice was left in the place capable of giving the leading parts with that power and brilliancy desiderated on so great a day, save the one voice of Emily Mervine. The choir debated, deliberated, and finally despatched an embassy to its refractory member.

Emily listened with great coolness to their accounts of the music selected, and the splendid voluntaries that might be looked—or listened—for from the organist.

"Mr. Greene plays well at any time," she said, "and no doubt he will do his best for the occasion. How do you like this slipper-pattern, Margaret? Pretty, isn't it? I got it at Dunn's the other day. They are improving very much at Dunn's. I never used to think of going there for anything nice, but now they have really a very good assortment."

The girls glanced at each other. It was plain that hints were not going to meet the case, and as they could not stay all day to talk of slipper-patterns, they were obliged to disclose their errand and humbly ask for aid. Emily looked unpropitious. She could not but feel the desire of an active, lively girl, to take part in whatever was going on, and both vanity and enthusiasm as a singer were enlisted. The music was lovely. She should enjoy it and do herself credit, too. But then, what inconsistency. What treason to Mr. Lindsay to add a single grace to the triumph of his rival. While she hesitated, Mrs. Mervine quietly settled the matter.

"You will go, of course, my dear," said she. "It would be disobliging not to do it if you are really wanted."

"Very well, mother," replied Emily, not secretly sorry that the decision was taken out of her hands. "I shall go, since you wish it, but it is not an occasion in which I take the slightest interest."

The two girls longed to match this speech by something equally pertinent, but the exigencies of the case forbade rejoinder. Emily was borne in triumph to the waiting choir, and welcomed with the greatest cordiality, whereupon rehearsals proceeded in the most encouraging and harmonious manner.

The great day came at last. The village street was lively with ministerial vehicles, and many a hospitable mansion was full of savory odors. The presbytery got together, organized, and then adjourned to dinner—the installation being reserved for afternoon. Six ministers repaired, as per contract, to Mr. Mervine's.

I have omitted to say that Emily Mervine was a pleasant girl to look upon. Plump, but not too plump, with bright, brown eyes, a clear complexion, and a look of mingled spirit and good humor. Brief as was the interval she spent in the parlor before dinner, every one of the six ministers found leisure to note and mentally approve her.

"Does Emily indulge a hope?" asked Father Thacker when she left the room to aid in "dishing up."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mervine, "she united with our church four years ago."

"You are highly favored, my dear madam, highly favored. Nature has done a great deal for the child, but that would have counted for nothing if grace hadn't come in to finish the work."

Mrs. Mervine smiled and so did the five ministers. Father Thacker was a patriarch, and entitled to express his opinions freely.

Dinner was a very cheerful occasion. I suppose there is not, in all Webster and Worcester, a grimlier word than that one—presbytery—but the reality it represents is quite otherwise. What its members may be in their official capacity, I know not; how blue or how appalling to some unhappy brother on whose orthodoxy they sit in judgment. But socially they are a very genial set of men, and there was nothing at the Mervine table to chill their geniality. Save once, when Father Thacker ventured on some mild jest concerning the "young brother" whom they were about to install. For a moment Emily's face clouded, and her smiles vanished, but she soon recovered herself and forbore to mar the harmony of the feast.

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Dinner over, the great business of the day occupied all thoughts; every one hurried to church and awaited with interest the ceremonies of the occasion. These were considered as unusually impressive. Dr. Huntington gave the charge to the pastor, clearly setting before him the duties and rewards of that high calling which he had assumed. Father Thacker was entrusted with the charge to the people, and improved the occasion to tell them a number of wholesome truths. Both advice and reproof, being distributed among so many, were well received. There was a great deal of music, and the choir excelled itself; even Emily scorned to do less than her best. She soon, indeed, forgot all discordant feelings in the charm of the music, and sang with her soul in her voice. The crowd listened with astonishment and delight, and there was one heart to which the tones went home.

Service over, the congregation streamed down the walk. "Now, Emily," said Mrs. Willett, "do own that Mr. Carroll looked really interesting as he stood in the broad aisle to receive the charge. He seemed as if he felt it, every word."

"Very likely," replied Emily. "I didn't look to see. Not that I suppose I was missed, with so many admiring eyes to take in every attitude."

"You perverse thing!" said her friend laughing. "Never mind, I dare say you'll be glad enough to look before six months are over."

Emily's glance of scorn was quite inimitable.

—

Mr. Carroll went about his pastoral work with zeal. In company with one of his deacons he made the tour of the parish, and called on every family which could be supposed to come within his charge. People were pleased with him; pronounced him "very friendly in his ways," and finding him agreeable as an acquaintance, took some pains to hear him in the pulpit. He established a Sunday afternoon service in the Britton Street school-house, for the benefit of some families who were, or thought themselves, too distant from the village to attend the regular ministrations. Weekly prayer-meetings he conducted with fervor, and urged upon all church-members the duty and privilege of attending them. His praises resounded throughout the parish and the congregation was perceptibly increased.

"Well, father," said Emily, "I wonder what you think of the way in which things are going on now?"

"I think well of it, my dear—very well, indeed."

"I suppose so!" ejaculated Emily. "You must admit that it is quite worth while for a man to study—and cultivate his talents—and improve his style—just to see himself eclipsed by a person of this stamp!"

Mr. Mervine regarded his impulsive daughter with a benevolent aspect. "You're too excitable, Emily," he said, "too excitable! It is always worth while for a man to make the best of whatever talents his Master has given him. And you and I mustn't insist that our taste shall be the rule for other people; that would not be fair."

"It seems that theirs is to be made the rule for us."

"Because we are in the minority. Of course, in our view, this young man is very inferior to Mr. Lindsay; but Mr. Lindsay was a ripe scholar; we must not expect too much. And there are other valuable qualities besides pulpit talent. Mr. Carroll seems to be in earnest, and bids fair to do a good work among us. I wish you would try to like him; and don't, I beg of you, say *one word* to hinder his usefulness."

"I will not, father," Emily said—and kept her promise. In truth, since his coming had been decided on, her hostility had manifested itself rather in what she refrained from than in active opposition. This tacit coldness she could not bring herself to overcome. She would not share a single girlish rapture over Mr. Carroll's charms of mind or person. She declined to admire his sermons, or to assume that he was an instrument providentially furnished toward building up the church. Wherein she lacked, others abounded. Diligent inquiry had failed to elicit the fact of an "engagement" on Mr. Carroll's part; not the least hint of an "elect lady" had transpired. The fair of Milburn were therefore at liberty to exert all their fascinations upon him. Far be it from me to insinuate that an unmarried minister is a whit more important, more interesting or beloved than a married one. I only chronicle the facts in the case. Mr. Carroll's life was for some weeks a continued festival; turkeys and oysters became his daily viands; mince-pies and plum-puddings met him at every turn. These were brilliant days for the Sunday-school. Mr. Carroll never failed to be present and to take part in conducting it. The number of young lady teachers suddenly increased, and the highways

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and hedges were beaten for scholars. The Bible-class, too, became extremely popular. Deacon Sackett had been in the habit, for the last ten years, of holding a Bible-class in one of the wall-pews, every Sunday noon, and expounding the Scriptures to a small knot of elderly females, married and single. But this time-honored institution was quite eclipsed by Mr. Carroll's large and blooming corps. The class met every Wednesday evening, at the pastor's study, and was always "*so* interesting." One young lady of the congregation persistently refrained from joining it. Her contumacy was regarded with a severe eye by enthusiastic adherents, but she did not, on that account, alter her course.

Emily had deferred as long as possible the evil day when Mr. Carroll must be invited to her father's house. As often as her mother suggested the visit, she found some good reason why it should not take place just yet. But at last Mrs. Mervine could no longer be put off. "We must have Mr. Carroll and the Harrises this week," she said. "People will notice it if we do not, and think we are unfriendly; the very last thing I should want them to do under the circumstances."

Emily resigned herself to the infliction, and prepared for a dull visit. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, the elderly people with whom the minister boarded, were not a very interesting pair. It would be rather awkward to talk to Mr. Carroll on any of the parish matters from which she had held so persistently aloof, and she did not suppose he would have much to say for himself on any other topic. She must make dinner hold out as long as possible, and after that they could have some music, and then, if he didn't go, she could leave him pretty much to her father and mother. They would not mind, probably, they were determined to be so wonderfully charitable and to make the best of everything.

Dinner went off delightfully. Everything was cooked and served in a manner to gratify a housewife's pride. The day was bright and every one in good spirits. Emily found, to her surprise, that Mr. Carroll could talk of something outside his own professional routine. She listened with some interest to his conversation with her father. He was not Mr. Lindsay, of course, but he was much more tolerable than she had expected, and the after-dinner sitting no longer looked so formidable. When they returned to the parlor, she took up a position near her mother and Mrs. Harris, and began to crotchet industriously. It could not be long before Mr. Carroll would ask her to play. She had decided in the morning what pieces she should give him, but she did not care to seem as if expecting it, and meanwhile might as well get on with her tidy. What was her astonishment when, after a little friendly chat with Mrs. Mervine, the minister excused himself—he had an appointment which there was now barely time to fulfil. He responded cordially to Mrs. Mervine's request that he would look in upon them often, bowed, and was gone.

It cannot be denied that Emily was chagrined. She had brought her mind to the point of enduring his unwelcome society—had even condescended to find it less burdensome than she anticipated, when lo! the task was entirely spared her. Why could she not rejoice in the relief? Perhaps it was because Mrs. Harris remained. That good lady immediately proceeded to sound her minister's praises.

"Such a devoted man!" she said. "I believe there never was one more so. So many meetings—and his Bible-class—and two sermons a week—and then so much visiting! I am afraid he will get clear worn out."

"I wouldn't allow myself to be anxious," said Emily, smiling. "He looks tolerably robust. I think he is good yet for another round of dinners and teas."

Mrs. Mervine understood perfectly the animus of this little speech, but the visitor took it in good faith. "I am glad you think so," she answered, "but people do ask him out so much. Of course, it's all kindness," she added, remembering the ground on which she stood. "Nothing but kindness, and he feels it so. But it *does* shorten up his time for sermons. Now this very afternoon, when he is through with Deacon Sackett, he's got to go to Mr. King's to tea. We were all invited, but two visits a day are too much for me, I tell Mr. Harris."

"We are obliged to you for giving us the preference," said Mrs. Mervine. Emily made no comment. So the minister was going to the Kings to tea. Mary and Margaret could have an opportunity, then, of admiring him near at hand, and if he did not trouble himself to be more gallant to them than he had been to her, the visit need not greatly interfere with sermon-writing.

It was rather hard on Emily that the very next Sunday after this unsatisfactory visit, Mr. Carroll preached the best sermon which he had yet delivered to his charge. Not, indeed, spir-

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itual, elevated, like those well-remembered discourses of her late dear pastor, but clear, direct, and telling.

"What do you say now, my child?" asked Mr. Mervine triumphantly, as he took his noontide lunch.

"It is very well, father; I've no fault to find with it. I need not ask what *you* say," she added, smiling. "Now that Mr. Carroll has really given you some excuse for thinking well of him, there will be no bounds to your enthusiasm. As for mother, I gave her up long ago. She went over to the enemy without firing a shot."

"I'm afraid you'll find your position rather lonely," said Mr. Mervine. "One solitary female against a whole parish."

"I am not at all uneasy," replied Emily. "'Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just.'"

Spite of these brave words, she had already experienced something of the loneliness of which her father spoke. She was one of those girls who are the natural allies of a minister; interested and active in the "temporalities" of the church. She had withdrawn herself from all part in them, and had no mind to return; still she missed a little the stimulus and the companionship.

During the week, Julia Graves and Margaret King appeared together one afternoon and announced that they were out upon a begging expedition.

"What is the object?" asked Mrs. Mervine, taking out her portmonnaie as she spoke.

"O Mrs. Mervine! that is so good of you!" exclaimed Julia, noticing the movement. "Some people shut up their hearts and their purses at the very sound of our errand. We are trying to get a melodeon for the Sunday-school. Mr. Carroll has introduced new singing-books, you know, and the children are delighted with them, and now he thinks if we could have a melodeon it would make the exercises so much more attractive."

Mrs. Mervine thought so, too, and gave a liberal sum.

"Oh! thank you," exclaimed Julia. "If every one does like this, we shall come out triumphantly. One gets so covetous," she continued, laughing. "At first the melodeon was all we thought of, but now we are saying to each other, 'If we only *could* get a little surplus and make an addition to the library and buy new lamps for the pulpit!'"

"Why don't you have a festival?" suggested Emily. "It is a year or two since there has been one in the place, and people seem always ready to come out to eat oysters and ice-cream."

"So they do," agreed Margaret, "and I believe it would be the very thing for us. If there were just some one to go ahead about it. I would do everything I could, but I never should dare to undertake the management."

Emily gave no sign. She had been roused, like the aged war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, but speedily resumed her calm. The old lamps had been thought good enough for Mr. Lindsay, and why should his successor have anything better?

She looked after the girls as they departed on their mission; how bright and interested they seemed! She could sympathize with the feeling. As for Mr. Carroll, it must be admitted that he was behaving like an active, energetic person, one who understood himself and meant to carry through whatever he attempted. Emily had a sincere reverence for "faculty," and she was beginning to respect Mr. Carroll. She wondered if the girls would do anything about a festival. The management would be nothing, if one had a little spirit; but there would be plenty of work. However, *she* should not mind either work or responsibility for an object that she was interested in. They could have the hall, and trim it with evergreens; the boys would be willing to go to the swamp for them any day. The farmers' wives would contribute milk and eggs (plenty rich enough for festival ice-cream). Turkeys, and chickens, and celery could be collected through the congregation; cake, too; they would not need to buy much but the oysters and coffee. In short, she had the feast arranged, and the hall filled with a remunerative crowd, before she recollected that it was a matter in which she had no concern. "It's nothing to me, of course," she said, as this reflection presented itself, "but it would be so easily done if any one cared to do it!"

It was, perhaps, in consequence of this train of thought that Emily, for the first time since the induction of the new pastor, attended the meeting of the Sewing Society. Sewing Society was another of the somewhat languishing institutions which the minister's influence had revived. He was expected to come to tea and to make the closing prayer, after which work was dismissed and social joys prevailed. Emily found the rooms full of busy womankind; a quilt was well under way in one apartment, and under-

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clothes of various styles approached completion in another. Her talents as a cutter being well-known, she was soon provided with a table, a pair of shears, and a large roll of Canton flannel. She was in her element here, fashioning garments of all sorts and sizes, suggesting now and then an improvement in a pattern, and contriving to make the material do the largest possible amount of service. After her long withdrawal from society matters, the cheerful crowd and the associate industry were pleasant and exhilarating. Only one thing marred her enjoyment; but for that she had prepared herself beforehand.

"There it is!" she thought, as Mr. Carroll's name began to sound amid the hum. "Well, I shall try to stand it. If they will let me alone I will let them alone!" And she endured with stoicism the frequent repetition of the name, coupled with praises of its owner's energy, efficiency, and talent. Every one of these eulogies she interpreted as a reflection on the memory of his predecessor; but she ruled her spirit and kept silence. This negative approval did not, however, content the opposition. Mrs. King, who had been particularly rancorous against the late minister, undertook to draw forth a more positive opinion.

"Don't you think Mr. Carroll improves very much in his sermons?" she said, appealing directly to our friend.

"The last was better than any other I have heard from him," replied Emily with candor. "Whether the improvement is anything permanent, I can't pretend to say."

"There it is!" exclaimed Mrs. King, quite ignoring the latter clause of the response; "that's the advantage of having a *young* minister! He is all the time growing, and we get the benefit of it!"

"Yes," said Emily, who perfectly understood the allusion, "and we get the benefit, too, of all his crudities and inexperience. For my part, I always prefer ripe fruit to green."

Mrs. King was not accustomed to opposition, nor tolerant of it. "You take a singular stand for a person of your age," she pronounced, "very singular! Wiser than all the rest of the congregation! I'm sorry, very," she added with a short laugh, "that we haven't been able to suit such a critical taste in our choice of a minister!"

Emily was flaming with inward wrath, but she preserved an outward composure. "Do not misunderstand me, Mrs. King," she said. "I am ready to give Mr. Carroll all the credit that properly belongs to him. He is a very respectable person, I believe. But when we have here one here so infinitely his superior" (glances of horror among the girls!) "it is a little unreasonable, I think, to expect me to go into raptures over him, as if I never had heard eloquence before."

As she spoke, Emily became conscious of a sort of hush around; with these last words she looked up and beheld Mr. Carroll standing in the doorway. As their eyes met, he smiled and bowed; she blushed scarlet as she returned the greeting. How much had he heard? What would he think? No matter, she had spoken nothing but the truth. Still, she had never meant to be personally uncivil to the minister; how unfortunate that her vow of silence had been broken just then and there!

Presently there was a lull in the conversation; work was laid aside; all joined, or seemed to do so, in the minister's closing prayer. Then followed the regulation tea, biscuits, and applesauce, with a slice of plain cake. This ended, some careful mothers prepared to depart, but the greater portion of the company remained. Gentlemen began to drop in, and the gathering assumed a festive character. All through the evening a sense of discomfort haunted the luckless Emily; spite of her independence she could not but wish that she had remained quiet. This discomfort culminated when Mr. Carroll approached her; in the nervousness of the moment she almost felt as if she were about to be publicly rebuked.

"I think I have not mentioned to you, Miss Mervine," he said, taking a seat, "that I heard your friend, Mr. Lindsay, preach one day last summer, at Horneck." Emily was very sure he had not mentioned it, as he had never spoken ten words to her before; however, her attention was at once enlisted. "The sermon interested me greatly," he continued; "there was a thoughtfulness, an elevation of tone about it, that I can't easily describe, but that rendered it different from almost any other I ever heard."

Emily brightened with pleasure. "So you felt it, too," she exclaimed. "I am so glad you heard him."

"I can understand your attachment to such a man and your regret at losing him. Perhaps"—and here he smiled, without the least appearance of embarrassment or sensitiveness, "it might even dispose you to be a little exacting with regard to his successor. But if you think

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moment, you will see that whatever was painful about his dismissal ought rather to enlist your sympathy for me, since I shall be very likely to suffer from the same causes when the charm of novelty has worn off a little."

"Oh! no, I hope not," said Emily, really meaning what she said. "And I don't think it probable. You are not"—not shy and sensitive, like Mr. Lindsay, she was about to say, but paused. "You are better fitted to maintain your ground, should any trouble occur."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Carroll; then, dropping the subject of his own affairs, he passed to themes of general interest.

"I should think Emily Mervine would be ashamed to look Mr. Carroll in the face after the way she has been going on about him," remarked Mrs. King. And Emily herself had felt much the same thing when the minister approached her. The least friendly observer could hardly be more surprised than she at the easy, unembarrassed conversation which ensued.

"I have really done the man injustice," she thought. "There is more in him than I gave him credit for. I am glad he has broken the ice between us. I never could have taken a step toward doing it, but I am glad it is done. He is the minister, after all, and it is more respectable to be on friendly terms with him."

She was not as well pleased when Mr. Carroll, taking advantage of the situation, proposed that she should come into the Sunday-school at its next meeting and try the new melodeon. She was by no means ready to identify herself with his measures, though her feelings had somewhat softened toward him. And then it would disappoint the girls, some one of whom was doubtless expecting the post. Not seeing the way clear to excuse herself, however, she reluctantly complied, with the determination that the first visit should also be the last.

Going home that night the girls rallied her a little on her sudden change of attitude, and she defended herself with perhaps more seriousness than was quite called for in so slight a matter. But, in truth, her conscience was not quite at ease. Mrs. King had been very provoking, but then Mrs. King was only a member of the "society," while she (Emily) belonged to the church. And she had certainly been very angry, with an anger that she felt had a good deal of temper in it. In this dissatisfied mood she reviewed her whole course since Mr. Carroll's coming, and was not as sure as hitherto of her ground. Was it possible that while she considered herself as manifesting only a just displeasure, she had been injuring the cause she professed to value most? Under pretence of faithfulness to a friend, could she have been indulging petty spite and ill-feeling? These were painful doubts, and disturbed not a little her usual serenity.

Sunday arrived, and for the first time in months Emily remained after morning service, instead of accompanying her parents. The girls looked surprised at seeing her, but there was not time for much active demonstration of feeling, their classes soon demanding their care. Emily's own discomfort was speedily forgotten in the opening hymn. The children sung with a will and she readily enjoyed accompanying them. In the exercises that followed she was greatly struck with the changes since she had last visited the school. There were twice as many pupils as formerly, and a life, a spirit, that had once been sadly wanting, pervaded the service. She no longer wondered at the praises of the new management. It was certainly pleasanter to belong to an active, wide-awake organization, than to a dwindling, decaying one. The second hymn only increased her favorable opinion. What nice voices some of the children had. With instruction they would do beautifully. If she were in charge she should enjoy nothing better than getting them together once a week or so and practising with them.

School over, Mr. Carroll joined her, thanking her for the music. He asked how she had been pleased. Emily spoke warmly, as she felt. She professed herself quite delighted with the number and the interest of the pupils. Meanwhile one or two of the teachers had come up.

"If you think so well of it," said Julia Graves, "why not play every Sunday? It would be such a help to us."

"I cannot be needed," returned Emily. "Any one of you can do just as well."

"No, we can't. There is nobody that would drill the children as you would; you understand these things so thoroughly; besides, we have our duties assigned already, and you are quite at liberty."

Emily hesitated, but Mr. Carroll added a word or two of persuasion, and almost ere she was aware, the promise was given. Mr. Mervine looked very much amused on hearing of the new arrangement, but forbore to reproach his daughter with her inconsistency. Mrs. King observed that she knew all along that Emily Mervine only needed a little flattery and

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coaxing, but she hadn't supposed Mr. Carroll was the man to stoop to use it. Margaret King defended him warmly from the imputation. He had only done what a pastor should, she said, and Emily was glad enough of an excuse to get back. She liked to feel herself important and was heartily tired of being left out of everything.

She was glad to get back, undoubtedly; glad to repair, by zeal and usefulness, any harm she might have done. She soon gravitated to her natural position, was again at the head of the choir and foremost in the Ladies' Benevolent Society. She drilled the children every week, and brought them to such a degree of excellence that half the congregation remained on Sunday noons to hear them sing. Nor did the idea of a festival long lie dormant, now that her sympathies were enlisted. The girls were ready to join her, and there was a very busy and important time of driving about to collect supplies, of decorating the hall, and preparing the supper. The result quite exceeded the most sanguine anticipations, and a very acceptable sum was added to the treasury.

Just about this period an unwelcome truth dawned on the perceptions of many a maid and matron in the church. Instead of standing by those who stood by him, instead of finding his chief happiness among those families who had been instrumental in bringing him to Milburn, Mr. Carroll betrayed a perverse preference for the society of Emily Mervine. There was no use in trying to disguise or to evade the fact; it was plain and unmistakable. The only solace of the malcontents was found in wondering, as did Mrs. King, how Emily would enjoy eating her own words.

Apparently she throve upon that unpalatable diet. Her brown eyes were never brighter nor her cheeks more blooming than now. Public opinion was divided as to her fitness for the position awaiting her; some averring that she was the very last person they should think a minister would wish to marry; others considering that she was peculiarly well-adapted to the duties of the place. It was observable that the possibility that she might decline to act did not occur to any one.

Mr. Carroll would have liked to be as secure of his own success as were the lookers on. However, he had not a long period of suspense to undergo. Emily colored a good deal when his wishes were made known, and her answer was not quite as clear and decided as her usual utterances; still, the minister found nothing in it to discourage him.

"Arthur," she asked, as they were sitting together a few days later, "when was it that you first began to think of me?"

"The first Sunday that I preached here, and saw a pair of brown eyes looking up defiantly at me from your pew."

"Defiantly! O Arthur! aren't you mistaken? I think that could hardly be—in church."

"Of course not," he answered smiling, "if you never felt so—in church! The first impression was made then, at any rate. And it was deepened and fixed on the day of the installation. As you sang, it seemed the voice of an angel, telling me of joys and glories beyond this world."

"An angel!" exclaimed Emily, with her usual impulsiveness. "Not at all! It was only an obstinate, self-willed girl!"

But Mr. Carroll refused to credit her statement, and warned her that he could allow no one to speak so disrespectfully of his promised wife.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

It becomes doubtful which is the substance and which the shadow—whether the unprolific fact or the fruitful fancy. A French writer says his belief in the utility of Romance rests on his own experience, which is that people with a touch of it have borne up under misfortunes to which the unimaginative succumbed, and died like sheep with the rot. Fiction, with such interpretation, becomes not less than history, and indeed as all the worthiest books become,

> Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food.

In these utilitarian days, when the Gradgrinds are having pretty much their own way in turning flower-beds of fiction to the gravelled paths of fact, it is worth while appealing for the former on the score of a beauty quite allied to use. And if we point one moral for those story-tellers who misuse their art, we may surely draw another from those who use it well. Journalists hold, now and then, that the world is to be reached only through leading articles, and a knot of magazinists occasionally have sublime faith in ponderous essays; however, the story-wright has a weapon keener than either—and, I may add, sometimes a better tempered.—*Galaxy.*

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VIOLA'S LOVERS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Viola Bartlet shut the piano lid and walked slowly down the garden path to the gate. She had sat down for a three hours' practice of scales and chords, and five-finger exercises, such as musicians delight in. But the robin in the cottonwood just outside the door had called "Viola! Viola!" for full five minutes, and the sunshine lay in great, mellow, inviting sheets out on the flower beds, and all the outer world was so beautiful and complete that she shut the piano after an hour's practice and answered the robin's call.

He balanced himself on one foot and watched her silently as she sauntered down to the gate. And then, as if in grateful acknowledgment of her kindness, he perched himself upon the maple branches above her head and poured out such a song as he had not sung for days; and, leaning idly on the gate, Viola watched him dreamily. And while she leans there, and while the robin is singing his song, I will paint her picture. If you are at all like me, you want to know how she looks, and what she is like; for I can never quite understand a story, or enter into the spirit, unless it tells me something of the character's personal appearance. A slender figure, of medium height, yet well-rounded, and graceful in its curves and outlines; white, slender hands—beautiful hands that had never grappled much with the ruder things of life; that had never been soiled and misshapen with drudgery, yet were equally skilled in the culinary and musical departments; hands that could sweep and dust, and sew, and contrive wonderful dishes out of butter, and eggs, and flour, as well as bring marvelous sounds from the strings and keys of guitar and piano. But hands, according to Mrs. Grundy, that "belonged to a lazy-trollop, who never did a stitch of work in her life." But you and I have heard Mrs. G. talk before, and know just what her opinion is worth.

I don't know how I am going to describe this girl's face, and make you see her just as I have seen her. To say that she had brown hair, curling back from a full, broad forehead, a marvelously white and pink complexion, and deep blue eyes, will be only what you have read of a hundred girls who were not at all like Viola Bartlet. It was one of those faces in which no one can tell where the charm lies, but all acknowledge is there after an hour in its presence. One of those faces that you do not stop to analyze, or pick apart after the first glance, as you do with so many doll-faced beauties. I can only say there was a heart, and mind, and soul behind it, which you *felt* if you could not see. And this, together with the artless charm of her bearing, and the free grace of her manner, brought lovers and beaux in plenty to worship at her shrine. And many a Grecian-faced beauty looked after a faithless suitor, "gone over to the enemy," and wondered *what* he saw in that girl to draw his heart from *her*. My fair friend, have you yet to learn, that "though beauty attracts, it cannot hold?" That the love of a true man's heart must be based upon a firmer foundation than a pretty face and figure with no sense or mind behind it?

The robin finished his song and flew across the street into a neighboring orchard, where a red leaf had lured him off with the thought of a cherry.

The drowsy little town was at its drowsiest, and scarce a sound broke the dreamy silence, save the ring of the blacksmith's hammer down the street. But only a moment passed when the rattle of wheels on the bridge below and the clatter of flying hoofs broke the monotonous silence. A shadow fell over Viola Bartlet's face as the sound reached her ear, and something like a frown, and yet not quite that, settled on her white forehead. And then she scolded herself mentally, and tried to brush it away, and put something like a smile in its place, as she watched the dappled bays dash up the street and saw them pause at the gate, and their handsome master spring down at her side. It was young Dean Carlow, her affianced husband of two years' standing.

"I knew you were coming," she said, after the first greeting, "for I heard the wheels on the bridge, and knew they were yours. There is no one in the town who drives like you. And now where are you going?"

"Only so far, unless you will ride with me; in that case, anywhere you say."

"But how came you out of the store?"

"Oh! I begged off for a half holiday. It was

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too fine to be indoors, and business was easy, so I got free."

"And this makes three holidays this week."

"Yes; fortunate fellow, you must own. And now will you help me spend the afternoon. We will drive out on that lovely east road and come back on the south. Lovely scenery, and a lovely day for viewing it. Will you go?"

"It is impossible, Dean, for Carrie and Rachel will be here this afternoon for their music lesson."

"Let Carrie and Rachel wait then."

"Indeed, I shall not," she said earnestly. "They waited last week when I was out with you and it must not chance again. Business before pleasure hereafter, Dean."

Something in her tone struck him as an intended reproof, and an unpleasant light shot into his rather deep set eyes. "All right!" he said. "I have no such prosaic feelings to-day, and mean to enjoy myself. If not with you, which I should prefer, why, without you, if it can't be helped. So, farewell, till I come again." And springing into the cushioned seat he dashed off at full speed.

Viola Bartlet rested her white forehead upon her slender hand and fell into a brown study. It was not a pleasant study, to judge from the weary droop of the mouth and the troubled shade in the eyes. But it was such a study as she had very often of late. Truth to tell, such as she fell into now always after meeting this accepted lover of hers. She had striven to overcome these strange feelings—to put them away and out of sight. But to-day she did not struggle with them at all. She looked into her heart and said bravely—"I do not love this man, I do not respect him; but I am his promised wife." And then she started in surprise at her own bravery, and lifted her face with the old, impatient movement, and just at this juncture she found herself face to face with a strange gentleman, and two wide dark-blue eyes looking full into her own. So deep had been her revery she had not seen the figure moving down the street, nor heard the quick, light step upon the pavement. And so it chanced that just as she turned suddenly in her restlessness, he had turned to glance at the quiet dreamer; and so their eyes met, to the utter confusion of both. A slight inclination of the head, a half-token of apology, and he passed on. And then she watched the graceful, lithe figure down the street and wondered what had brought that elegant stranger to this dull little town; and so from wondering, forgot her own troubles until Carrie and Rachel came for their lessons.

Two hours later, Jenny, the sixteen-year-old sister, rushed home from school with an "oh! Viola, and mother, and father, have you heard the news?" And as none of the trio *had* heard an atom of news in that very stale little village since they could recollect, she was informed of the fact.

"Well, wait till I catch my breath and I will tell you some, then."

And after a most tantalizing space of five minutes, which she spent in hard puffing, she broke forth again:

"There is just the most ex-quis-ite stranger in town that was ever seen. I have heard the girls talking about it all day at school, and to-night I met him. He is handsome, and killingly stylish, with a mustache and side whiskers, and I felt my heart swell twice its size when I looked at him, but told it—'twas no use, for he has a beautiful wife and a little girl already. And he is a physician and wants to get rooms here in town. Now isn't that an item for this stagnant place?"

"It must have been he who passed this afternoon when I was in the garden," spoke Viola from the piano; and just then a step sounded on the walk, and Dean Carlow came in at the open door, in his usual unceremonious style, and seated himself at the window near the piano.

Somehow Viola was not in a mood to enjoy her lover's society that evening; her greeting was not over cordial, and conversation lagged. She was silent and thoughtful, and the monotonous common-places that constituted this man's conversation jarred upon her strangely. And she gave a sigh of actual relief when he took his departure.

Her father turned toward her as young Carlow shut the gate behind him. "Viola, you treated Dean almost rudely to-night—what has come over you? I am sure he felt hurt by your manner."

But Viola made no reply, only arose and left the room, followed by Jenny, her faithful friend, confidant, and adviser, as well as sister.

"What is it now: tell me all about it?" she said when they reached their little nook of a chamber.

Viola laid her face on her sister's shoulder. "It is just this," she said. "I was a foolish girl, who knew nothing of life nor men, when I engaged myself to Dean Carlow. I loved him, or rather his handsome face, at that time, I

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think; but, ah, Jenny, I do not love him now. He is shallow, unstable, and wholly lacking in what I most admire in men. I cannot look up to him, and if I marry him, must hold him up, or be pulled down. Yet it is my own fault and—oh! Jenny, I am miserable."

"There, there, sister, don't cry and don't worry. It *is* a hard spot, and a mixed up affair, I confess; but there is a right way out of it, and if we wait and trust, you will find it. I always knew Dean Carlow was not the husband for you, and I know it better now. He has not a whit of energy, and will never be anything or anybody. He was out again to-day, the idle thing, riding around in great style. But wait patiently awhile, and don't make any move in any direction. This is all the advice I can give you now."

And so Viola waited. Oh! if she had but spoken that night to her father, mother, and lover as she had spoken to Jenny, how many wretched hours it would have saved them all.

Mr. Bartlet came in the next morning where his wife stood alone in the pantry. The girls had gone out for a holiday with a party of merrymakers. "Sarah," he said, "Mr. St. John, the new physician, of whom Jenny spoke, wishes to get board in a private family. He wants to come here; what shall I tell him?"

"And Mrs. St. John and child?"

"Are gone to some friends in the country."

"He may come, then."

And so when the girls came home, at evening, they found a stranger domiciled there—the elegant young stranger whom both had seen before.

Mr. St. John wanted to hear some music that evening, and while Viola's supple hands were slipping over the ivory keys, in compliance with his request, Dean Carlow came in. The music ceased, and they fell into conversation; but to-night it was Dean, not Viola, who was moody and silent. Dr. St. John arose presently, and taking his cane and hat, passed out for his usual walk.

Dean Carlow turned toward Viola then, with something like a sneer upon his face. "I see you have a new admirer," he said.

"A *what?*" she asked, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"I said an *admirer*, and an ardent one I should judge from his tender glances."

"You mistake; he is a member of the family, at present, and has a wife and child in the country." Her voice was quiet now, but unmitigated scorn blazed in her eyes.

"No, indeed, it is *you* who mistake," he answered quickly. "The lady and child who were in town yesterday are not *his*, but his brother's. Dr. St. John is a free man, and quite a *catch*, it seems, if reports are true, for any young lady in town to angle for. I advise them all to try, as this little village does not produce such stylish affairs, with side-beard and mustache."

There was so much envy, malice, jealousy, and petty spite in Dean Carlow's face and words that Viola turned from him in utter contempt. And just then her parents entered and saved her the necessity of replying.

That night, in their room, Jenny broke forth: "A pretty speech Dean Carlow made to you, didn't he? O the mean-minded, jealous fool! There! he is a man to love and respect all the days of your life, isn't he?"

But Viola said, "Hush, I do not want to talk to-night," and so silenced her.

This was the beginning. Surely two young people of such similar likes and tastes, under the same roof, day after day, could not well be more distant and stately in manner than were Viola Bartlet and Edwin St. John. Viola acted her part to avoid the jealousy of her lover; Dr. St. John his, knowing her to be the affianced wife of another, and seeing at a glance how affairs stood. Yet for all this, Dean Carlow made life almost a burden to this girl with his jealousy. If she rode with him, he talked upon no other subject but Dr. St. John, and because she would say nothing evil of him, knowing nothing but good, his jealous heart felt it positive proof of her love for him. If she did not accept his invitations, that was surer proof. Yet at her home he well concealed this, and so her parents were in utter ignorance of the real state of affairs. Only seeing Viola's coldness, they censured her often for her rudeness to her lover. But Jenny knew, and saw, and many were the storms that young lady had in private.

"I must—I will tell father and mother just how he is conducting himself," she cried, almost daily, and as often Viola answered: "Not yet; for then the end will come, and all the world will say I did it in order to set my cap for Dr. St. John, and, indeed, the young man might think so himself. We will wait until he is gone, for this dull place will not hold him long."

And though she would not own it to herself, her heart died within her when she thought of his departure. And can you wonder that away

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down, very deep, and in the bottom of her heart, hidden from all eyes, even her own, was a flower of love, unblown yet, for this young Dr. St. John? This man, whom to converse with for half an hour was like reading a beautiful poem; whose mind was a storehouse of brilliant thoughts and valuable information; whose manners were polished and courteous as the knights in olden story, and whose heart was pure, and warm, and manly. He was so totally unlike all other men of her acquaintance—so much like the men she had read about—and the unlovely light in which Dean Carlow had shown himself but made this man's virtues shine the brighter. How could she help loving him, poor girl? And yet she would not own it, even to herself; but I think the sharp eyes of Jenny saw it, long ago, and rejoiced in it.

But few can guess what Viola Bartlet bore those weary months. Her lover's jealousy a thorn that never ceased piercing; the envy and malice of the village girls, who fain would have a lover even were he jealous, and who found all hopes of Dr. St. John to be vain, and last and most of all her own parents censuring her severely. And the days wore on, and still Dr. St. John lingered.

And then, at last, Dean Carlow began begging for the wedding day to be named, "and an end put to this weary suspense," he said. "When I can know you are all my own, and no man can take you from me, I shall be content."

"But, Dean," she asked gravely, "what are you to do, I pray, with a wife. You have no home for me; you have not even a *start* in the world, that the ablest man should have before he enters into matrimony and all it implies."

A cold glitter came into Dean Carlow's steel blue eyes. "You want more time, I infer, to angle for the doctor, and if that fails, I suppose you will take me."

The words sent the hot blood into Viola Bartlet's cheeks and a dark color to her eyes. "No," she said slowly, as if weighing each word, "I will *never* take you! Understand me: our engagement is at an end; and whatever comes, you and I are strangers in heart. I feel nothing but the most bitter contempt for you, and now—go."

And he went, while Jenny came in from an adjoining room, where she had heard all, with a face glowing with joy. "And now you can tell father and mother the facts," she said.

The father listened with flashing eyes. "The scoundrel," he said, "you have borne with him too long—if I had only known this before."

"Yes, but I tried to postpone the end until Dr. St. John had gone, to avoid the gossip tongues."

"And you have just missed it," he answered. "Dr. St. John leaves to-morrow morning."

Viola Bartlet's heart went down like lead, but she laughed lightly. "Well, the gossips will talk all the more I suppose, then; but one thing is sure, *he* shall not think I am setting snares for him, for we will not speak of this again."

So Dr. St. John said his adieux in ignorance of all this and went his way, leaving the tongues of the town to wag unceasingly.

"Viola Bartlet had mittened Dean Carlow to catch Dr. St. John, and he had left the place and given her the slip."

So said Mrs. Grundy, and Dean Carlow kept the tale afloat. And he daily dashed by the gate with Lilly Paul, whom he told his boon companions "was the sweetest girl in town," but whom he had called a "shallow little giggler" a few months previous.

So the days wore on, and Viola went evenly on her way and taught her scholars, and did not lack for admirers in the time, though Madam Gossip said she was only braving out her disappointment.

But, alas! for that estimable lady. Who should walk into church one morning with Viola Bartlet but Dr. St. John. And just at twilight that evening, two figures wandered in the garden where she first had stood when they met as strangers. And Dean Carlow, riding past just then with Lilly Paul, gnashed his teeth in rage, and then asked her to marry him, which trivial request she complied with at the earliest possible moment. Well, I think she loved him: but if hers is a happy lot, then faces tell no tales.

And Jenny, looking exceedingly demure, inquired the morning following the evening in the garden, "what they found to admire so, and to gaze at so long on the withered flower-beds that night."

And Dr. St. John said: "There is a flower that lives forever, and we found that last evening, in full bloom."

And so, out of her great troubles she passed safely, and on this strong arm she will lean, I trust, until they have both reached the pearly gate. For if she ever falters or grows weary with the pilgrimage, his hand will help her on. While Dean Carlow—will he ever find the path to the gate, I wonder? Alas, I fear he will not only wander away from it, but draw *her* with him. For "as the husband so the wife is." He must either hold her up or drag her down.

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SOLID SILVER;

OR, CHRISIE DEANE'S BRIDAL GIFTS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Author of "The Debarry Fortune,"

(*Continued from page* 699.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

BEGINNING ANEW.

"If I had!" The words seemed to ring through Chrisie's brain like a hundred bells set in sudden motion. She noted the grave, pained face, the tense lines about the mouth, the sad yet wistful eyes as if awaiting their sentence. If he were a criminal! She had heard Mrs. Morgan blamed and pitied that very evening—pitied for the disgrace by a few kindly hearts, blamed for her extravagance by the many who had copied, admired, and envied her. What if *she* should be next?

She laid Gertrude back in her tiny bed and coming to Dick, took the ice-cold fingers in hers. It seemed as if the mournful, pleading face was handsomer than ever, and at a thought all the old love rushed back.

"O Dick!" she cried, choking down the bitter sobs, "tell me, tell me! God help us both!"

"It isn't as bad as that," he made answer huskily. "I have been snatched out of the scorching flames in time, thank God, by the best and bravest friend a man ever found. And so, Chrisie, I must stop here. I cannot go on spending money that never can and never will belong to me."

"And I've persuaded you to it!" she cried in a tone of anguish. "I have coveted, and striven, and worried—O Dick! Tell me all, my darling."

She pressed her wet cheek close beside his, the crushed roses in her hair still fragrant.

"Then you do love me? You will not cast me out?"

She answered with a sob and a convulsive embrace. Like a flash she seemed to understand it all. Perhaps the very strictures she had heard this evening helped her.

"O my darling! I've been weak and wicked, but I could not be as faithless and selfish as that! Tell me!"

"I am safe so far as detection and disgrace are concerned; but I *have* sinned. O Chrisie!"

"For my sake. Let me share the burden and the sorrow."

For Chrisie Verner had not been so long in fashionable life that her soul had become hardened. The thin crust once penetrated, you came to the sweet, generous, although not fully ripened kernel.

He made room for her upon his knee, and clasped the quivering figure close.

"I'll begin at the very first," he said. "I see so clearly now the steps that lead men to ruin."

Some of it she knew already. His first fortunate speculations, and the ease with which he had gone on, the necessity that had seemed to urge him. And then his voice faltered a little, his cheek burned with shame, for he was less brave here than he had been with Kirkland.

"O Dick!" she said between her sobs, "it is not very bad. And there will be no—trouble. How can we ever thank Kirkland? Father would have done it——"

"I couldn't so shame him and pain his good, fatherly heart. Only three people in the world will ever know my desperate strait, and if you still love me——"

"O Dick! I deserve this doubt, and more. For I was angry and impatient awhile ago. Forgive me, and let me try to help rather than hinder."

"And you *will* assist me in redeeming the past?"

"Could I be so heartless as to refuse that duty? I have gone astray sadly. I do love ease, and luxury, and wealth, and I am fond of refined and polished society, but I am *your* wife as well, the mother of your children, and if God will give me strength, I will try to be more of a comfort."

"Thank you, my darling."

Only a shock like this could have roused Chrisie from her thoughtless, selfish existence. To know that Dick had been on the brink of ruin, and snatched back by a strong hand, given

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to her care once more; for she had promised as well as he in their bridal vow.

"Poor Dick! I've not been much of a help," she said brokenly.

"We have both fallen into some grave errors. One cannot live at the rate of three or four thousand a year when the income is but two thousand."

"And yet I have tried to be economical. Until this winter I have had very little."

"We never really made up our minds to the fact that we were poor."

"But how do other women manage whose husbands have no higher salary than you?"

"Like Mrs. Morgan, perhaps, and Mrs. Lewis. Probably a thousand dollars worth of bills will come in to the Morgans to swell the list of debts."

Chrisie's conscience smote her. The party expenses had not all been paid. There was a dry-goods account against her also. No wonder she sighed.

"It is late, dear, and you are tired," he said tenderly. "Let us keep the rest of the resolves until to-morrow."

Chrisie wiped away her tears, and Dick kissed the quivering lips. Both prayed for strength.

There was little sleep for either. The baby was restless and they were excited by the shock and the prolonged conversation.

Mr. Verner was putting the finishing touch to his cravat rather late next morning when Martha knocked at the door.

"The silver, if you please," she said.

Dick looked in the closet for it.

"Why, neither of the baskets are here. You must have left them down stairs last night."

"They are not on, nor in the sideboard."

"Ask Bridget."

Dick ransacked the closet again and then went down. Bridget and Martha were hunting in every nook and corner.

"I brought it up and put it on the sideboard, and thin as I was goin' to bed I just cast in my eye, and not seein' a thing, I thought Martha must have taken it up stairs."

"I came in the dining-room about nine, and thought *you* must have carried it away," said the astonished Martha.

"And I returned after eleven to find one door and one window unfastened, and no silver-basket in sight. Some one has been in the house."

"I'm sure I locked up every thing," declared Bridget.

While they were searching, Chrisie, who had dressed herself hurriedly, ran down.

"The silver has gone for good," exclaimed Dick grimly.

And not only the silver. Several handsome parlor adornments had also disappeared, and one drawer full of table-linen.

Chrisie burst into tears. "To think of this loss just now, after all the other misfortunes!" she sobbed.

A sorrowful half-smile crossed Dick's face.

"I don't know but the silver has been the cause of all our trouble. We had to have a house to match—dresses, parties, friends, furniture, every thing. We may be able take our reverse of fortune with better grace."

"But the most useful articles are gone. One can hardly do without spoons or forks."

A robbery, most surely. Some one must have slipped in during the early part of the evening, and it hardly appeared as if it could have been a stranger. Bridget was in high dudgeon that any one should accuse her of carelessness.

"Or maybe you think I'm the thafe!" she flung out angrily.

They swallowed a little breakfast at last, and then Chrisie sat down to make out the list. A handsome breakfast castor, with cut-glass bottles; six dinner forks; eight dessert forks; half a dozen tea knives; fish knife; four table spoons; half a dozen dessert spoons; a dozen teaspoons; butter dish, and one elegant cake basket. No wonder Chrisie cried over the loss. All solid silver, too, except the castor.

Mr. Verner left word at the police station, and bespoke an advertisement in that evening's paper.

Poor Chrisie! Before daylight her solid silver had gone back to bars, and no one could have recognized the spoons and forks.

As for her, it was a most miserable day. The baby fretted, Bridget gave warning, and she brooded over the changes in store for her, half wishing they could go somewhere and begin life anew. There would be so many mortifications here.

She was glad enough to see Dick. He took her in his arms and kissed her fondly—her poor, pale, little face and eyes that still betrayed traces of tears. But he seemed so strong and self-reliant.

"I feel as if I *had* begun a new life in earnest," he declared cheerily. "It will be hard, my darling, and yet I have a presentiment that we shall, in some way, be the gainers by the change.

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After dinner we will look over all our bills and see where we stand."

Chrisie brought out hers with fear and trembling. Forty dollars was still owing on the grocery account for January, and the dry goods bill had swelled to nearly one hundred again. Those for February would come the first of the following week.

Dick made no comment, but presently he said in a low tone—"What had we better do about a house, Chrisie?"

"I've been thinking, Dick—if we could break up and go to mother's for the summer."

"The very best thing, if your mother will board us, for I am not willing to be a burden on any one so kind as they are. But it will make a great difference in expenses."

And it would smooth over the change, let them down from their pedestal more easily, which *was* a comfort to Chrisie.

Bridget, true to her word, left them. What with the servants' wages, gas, incidentals, new bills and arrears, they found themselves three hundred and eighty dollars in debt. Dick had managed to save a little from the wreck of his gold speculation, and they cleared off old scores.

"Now," he said, "let us resolve solemnly never to run in debt one dollar. Our income will be little more than eighteen hundred this year, taking out the sum I have resolved to pay Kirkland, and we must try to come out square at the end of every month."

Mrs. Deane would not hear of their paying more than sixteen dollars a week. Martha was very willing to return to Mount Hope with them. So the furniture was packed and stored, the silver sent to the bank, and the household retired to the country.

Chrisie stood sorely in need of the change and rest. She had been a good deal worn with her winter's dissipations, and the trouble had nearly crushed her. She was pale, dispirited, languid in body and heavy in soul.

Had the life paid? Had the pleasure been equal to the work, and worry, and constant strain on every nerve? How many people were there among their acquaintances who would befriend them in need or peril, as Arthur Kirkland had done?

And more than all, the one horrible thought that Chrisie could not shake off, though the danger was past—she *had* nearly ruined her husband! For he would have been content with a simple home in the comfortable manner of the Kirklands. All this show and striving for appearances had been at her desire. They had lived beyond their income from the very commencement of their married lives, and perhaps it *was* the fault of the silver.

She gave thanks daily that Dick had not been utterly wrecked. And when she saw him so cheerful and happy, so willing to work and to save—for he had taken a set of books to keep at odd hours—she felt ashamed of her own indolence and languor.

Mrs. Deane was first to remark the change in her, and the mother's heart hailed it with delight. When Chrisie began to consider how she could instruct herself in different household ways and the practise of economy, her mother began to think that the good seed had not been entirely wasted.

Chrisie grew nearer to her husband. She tried to feel that in accepting his love she had accepted his life, his trials, and perplexities. If she could lighten them in any way, was it not her first duty?

Strange to say, she grew happier. The children were both well, and so little trouble that she resolved to employ her time profitably. She freshened up her old dresses and made them answer; she found plenty of leisure for riding and visiting, improved in strength and bloom, and she hoped, a little in heart and judgment.

In four months they had managed to pay over three hundred dollars of their debt. With every sum, however small, the interest decreased.

"But to think of carrying the burden four years!" Chrisie said with a sigh.

"It will not be that," returned Dick hopefully. "And we shall learn a good lesson by it."

"You always share the blame so grandly, Dick. It was nearly all my pride and folly. When I think of the money I have wasted——"

"Come, you shall not bewail it now," he returned laughingly.

And now what were they to do during the winter? Rents were still high, and desirable places scarce.

"I do believe I would board if I could find a pleasant and inexpensive place. I wish we had a house of our own. If Mr. Ransom would offer us the cottage again, I think I should be wiser now."

Dick gave a soft little sigh.

"I should rather have a home of my own."

Mrs. Kirkland invited them to spend a week with her early in September. Chrisie brought the baby and left Charlie at home. Martha

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had been compelled to go away in July, and she had done without a nurse since.

She was surprised and delighted. For now Mrs. Kirkland's house was really lovely. And yet when you came to inspect the arrangement, it was not so very expensive.

"Arthur and I have been working all summer," Margaret said. "We did not have much money to spend, so we papered, and framed pictures, and made brackets, and flower-stands, and vases, and it really has been the most entertaining summer that I ever knew."

"But you did not make such vases as these?"

Margaret laughed.

"They were ordinary earthen in the beginning, and Arthur painted them green, and we dusted in a little bronze powder before they were dry. And this Endymion is the same."

Six months ago Chrisie would have passed it by rather disdainfully as a sham. Now she confessed to herself that it did look very pretty standing on the bracket, with the tinted wall for a background. Was it necessary to have everything "real," and of the best quality, before one could be happy?

But Mrs. Prescott would condemn it as a want of taste. Was she, with her eight or ten thousand a year, an example for Mrs. Kirkland, who at the utmost might never be able to spend more than three thousand? And was it necessary to have bare walls, bleak, dismal-looking apartments, and no ornamentation, because one could not have the costliest?

"They do look charming!" Dick declared. "And you never would believe, Chrisie, how little it took to furnish. Some people possessed a wonderful faculty of making a little money go a great way."

Chrisie colored. Her wanting everything of the best had proved rather costly. She felt that she would be perfectly satisfied with such a home now. It was much more convenient than the house in which they had lived. A pretty parlor, sitting and dining-room, and kitchen on the same floor, with a basement wash-room, in which were the "modern conveniences." Above, four nice chambers, with plenty of closets, and two rooms in the attic.

There were several other houses in the row, and Dick wondered if one could not be rented.

"The horse-cars make it so very convenient, and it will be a pleasant ride for the children," he said.

Chrisie had another thought. Living out of the city would be a sufficient excuse for not keeping much society.

But this bright dream came to a sudden end. The rents were five hundred dollars.

"We certainly ought not to pay over four hundred until we are out of debt," said Dick, in his tender, cheery fashion, as if to soften the refusal. "Then the riding in and out would render it a little more expensive."

The tears came into Chrisie's eyes.

"My darling——"

"No, Dick, don't yield," and she raised her hand imploringly. "You are just right in the matter; and, though I am sorry, I shall not utter one word of persuasion. I want this load lifted off of your shoulders as soon as possible."

"Thank you." There was a little quiver in his voice.

They did find a house at that price, old-fashioned, but very comfortable. There was not a marble mantel in it, and the ceilings were low, but the rooms were large and the neighborhood very fair.

There was a great struggle in Chrisie's mind, but she conquered herself bravely. She would take the place, keep only one girl—Martha was coming back—and try to help Dick. Why should she, a poor man's wife, be like the lilies of the field?

Dick was deeply touched by her readiness.

"And I have another very brilliant idea," she said archly. "I am going to take some of the most useless of our silver and have it made into spoons and forks, and by that means I shall be able to use my gifts. Then I shall have some plated ware for servants and common occasions, for it troubled me to see my others scratched and battered as they were, and cleaned with coal ashes when the powder lay convenient on the closet shelf."

"That will be excellent," commented Dick.

"I really do begin to feel afraid of having much solid silver in the house."

"Until we are rich enough to buy a safe," and Dick laughed.

So they went back to Mount Hope, Chrisie to make arrangements for housekeeping about the middle of October. She did try earnestly to render herself contented with her destiny, for all of its lessons had sunk deeply in her heart.

Mrs. Deane was very much pleased.

"I'm glad to see you so prudent," she said. "I think now you might be able to save a little in case of sickness or trouble."

Chrisie made no reply. That secret lay be-

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tween her and Dick. But, oh! if the money were only paid!

Chrisie made many earnest resolves, and her mental vision had cleared a little, it must be confessed. She meant to keep the fact steadily before her, that they were *not* rich. Was it less mortifying to confess this than to have one's husband a fugitive, or in a felon's cell?

Dick came home in high glee one evening, tossed the baby up to the ceiling, and had a romp with Charlie, all in a breath.

"Why, Dick!" his wife said, "are you crazy?"

"Almost. Something happened to-day—the oddest circumstance that you can imagine. I've half a mind to make you guess."

"An opportunity to go into business?"

"No."

"Not anything about money, then?"

"Chrisie, you are absolutely growing mercenary," and he laughed.

"Oh, no! I am only trying to find the golden mean between that and extravagance."

"Well, it really is money. I've had a legacy!"

"Are you in earnest?"

"Sober earnest. You know last week we had news of the death of Uncle Lawrence. Of course I never expected a dollar, though I was a great favorite of his in my boyhood. But he has remembered me."

"I am so thankful. Dick, is it enough to pay the debt?"

She turned her eager face full upon him.

"And if it were—what next?"

"It would be so delightful! Oh, I can't believe it. And if we *could* have the house adjoining the Kirklands I would not ask for a change in ten years, at least."

"It will pay the debt."

"And leave us free!" The glad tears filled her eyes.

"It will do more than that, my darling," and he took her in his arms, to the discomfort of the babies. "It is ten thousand dollars! subject to my order any day; and a most cordial letter from Albert."

"How can we be sufficiently thankful?"

Both were silent for many moments.

"I am glad that it did not come before," Chrisie said, at length. "We shall use it more wisely."

They had a long talk about it that evening, and presently Father and Mother Deane were called into council. The owner of the houses on Washington avenue had offered two of them for sixty-five hundred each, cash down.

"You can hardly do a better thing than to buy," said Mr. Deane. "The street is straight and handsome, and will, in time, be one of the prettiest leading out of Franklin. Real estate is increasing rapidly, and this cannot fail to be a profitable investment."

"And rents are so very high that it seems an object to own one's house," rejoined Mrs. Deane.

"Will you be perfectly satisfied with it, Chrisie?" Dick asked afterward.

"Yes. I am growing more sensible and less ambitious."

A few days afterward they went to the city together, took a thorough survey of the house, and concluded their bargain. The remainder of the debt was paid, and they had almost two thousand still on hand. Chrisie declared that she felt quite like a rich woman.

Then came the important business of getting settled. The children were left in grandmother's care, and Martha followed her mistress. There were some trifling alterations and improvements to be made, and the furniture was looked over carefully before being sent home.

The dining-room carpet was exceedingly soiled and shabby, and the other was far from being fresh.

"It was such a good carpet, too. What a pity to have it stained and spoiled in this fashion! And the furniture will have to be polished. Oh, dear!"

"The result of party-giving," and Dick laughed.

"Our three years of housekeeping have been quite expensive," she said, with a sigh, wondering, after all, if they had any truer friends than the Kirklands, whom she did not even invite to the party.

So a new parlor carpet had to be purchased, and the kitchen belongings nearly all replaced. Two new carpets were required in the bedrooms, and nearly every article, when it came to that, needed some repair or freshening up to make it look decently well. She found that she had to spend almost as much as Mrs. Kirkland's re-furnishing cost.

Mrs. Prescott came to congratulate her.

"But what did possess you and Dick to settle here in a wilderness? Why, you could have bought a pretty city house for ten thousand dollars."

"Which would have left us in debt," returned Chrisie, coloring. "For the children's sake this is to be preferred, and Dick likes it so much."

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"Country houses are very nice if one can keep a carriage."

"We must use the horse-cars instead. I do not think we shall find it very inconvenient."

"It is so bad about going out evenings, or having company."

"Oh," returned Chrisie, with a faint smile, "we have been 'turning over a new leaf.' We were rather too gay."

"I really hope you are not going to take Mrs. Kirkland for friend and adviser?"

"Why?" Chrisie asked, almost coldly.

"Oh, she is a good enough kind of woman, I suppose, but she has *no* style whatever. It always appeared to me that Mr. Kirkland was very parsimonious. She never kept but one servant, and she always wore the cheapest clothes. Why, I don't believe she ever had a bit of lace that cost over a dollar a yard!"

Chrisie flushed warmly.

"My dear Mrs. Prescott," she said with a half smile that had almost as much character in its way as the other's shrug of the shoulders, "people in our circumstances cannot compete with richer women, as I have learned by experience. Her income and mine have been about alike. She had comfort, home pleasures, a clear conscience, and perfect health, while I had a little show, a great deal of perplexity, trouble, trials with servants, and the consciousness of never having quite enough to pay one's debts. Every summer I was compelled to go home to mother's to recruit financially as well as physically, and it seems to me that there is not sufficient pleasure in it to satisfy one for the discomfort."

Mrs. Prescott stared as if she thought Chrisie demented.

"I am sure I fancied you were very happy. And you are eminently fitted to adorn society."

"I do not mean to keep out of society, if society will take me in the attire I can honestly have on my husband's salary. But I shall never again strive to make two thousand look like four in the eyes of my neighbors. I shall have only what I can afford."

"Oh! I never did approve of a person spending more than his or her income. I should be the first one to disapprove of such a course," said Mrs. Prescott with charming dignity.

"I am ashamed to confess that I have done this every year of my married life. Dick used to make a little outside of his salary, but I could never keep straight with the world. It is wrong and I have resolved never to do it again."

Mrs. Prescott looked a trifle amazed. Her theories of economy and prudence were not for her personal friends, and this straightforward honesty rather dismayed her.

"But I hope you will not discard me," she said as she was going. "You have been almost like a younger sister to me, Chrisie, and I should regret any rupture—"

"O Mrs. Prescott!" exclaimed Chrisie, touched by the tender inflection of the voice, "I hope I shall never have to give up any dear and cherished friend. The only things I desire to relinquish are some of my own sins and follies."

So they kissed after the manner of women, but Chrisie felt that in the face of all desire to the contrary a slight change would be inevitable.

"Mrs. Prescott really does not understand the value of money," Chrisie said afterward to Dick. "I wonder how she would manage on two thousand a year!"

"Not very successfully," and a smile crossed Dick's face.

"What are you thinking of?" his wife asked.

"An old idea—that such friends are really not profitable unless one happens to be pretty strong-minded. You women always are so much for each other's verdict, and I suppose it *is* hard to go against some acknowledged queen of society."

"That is it, Dick. These people who have oceans of money to spend always complain of want of taste in their poorer sisters."

"While we men take the general effect and never inquire whether the *lace* be real or imitation."

"But I observe that your most decided admiration is given to the best dressed woman, and nine times out of ten it is the most expensive one also. Calico may do very well for the kitchen; but what man would have the courage to dance with it at a ball when satin and diamonds stood by with a smile?"

"Maybe you are right," Dick admitted after a moment's study.

"It *is* lovely to be rich, but since we cannot all be so blest, we must make the most of health and the happiness within our reach."

"Bravo, Chrisie! That sounds like a philosopher."

After they were settled and all bills paid they had fifteen hundred dollars remaining. This Dick put in some stock that was paying excellent dividends. They had resolved to live on two thousand a year and save the remainder,

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in case Dick should have a chance at business some day.

Chrisie was astonished to find that she could get along so nicely with one girl, though a woman came in every week to do the washing. Martha was very well satisfied, for besides her wages and a pleasant home she received many a small gift and favor.

They were spending an evening with the Kirklands, when Dick carelessly picked up an envelope from the centre-table.

"Open it," exclaimed Mr. Kirkland. "There is a most excellent idea within—on the reception card. Margaret and I had to smile over it."

"No cake, no wine," laughed Dick.

"Not exactly that."

"Oh, I see—'No gifts.' How could any one have been so courageous?"

"It is a cousin of Margaret's, one of the finest women I know, but with a host of acquaintances. To please her aunt she has consented to a stylish wedding, but she accepts no gifts whatever. It is a step in the right direction."

Chrisie blushed vividly.

"She will be spared our experience," said Dick, with a comical smile.

"Not to lose them again!"

"Oh, Mrs. Kirkland, that wasn't half the trouble. It did seem a wonderful streak of luck when we were married, but we had to be polite to all our rich friends, to get a fine house and fine furniture, and give expensive entertainments, until——" and Dick paused there, for Kirkland and Chrisie knew the rest.

"You did have a great deal," said Margaret, quietly.

"Altogether too much, and too expensive. Then I do not like the practice. I find that we have spent nearly five hundred dollars returning the gifts, and when I spend a thousand more I shall be easy and under no further obligation. It is cheaper to buy the silver one needs."

"The custom has lost its beautiful and peculiar significance, because fashion has made it compulsory. People give when they cannot afford it, and there are occasional instances where——"

"One is ruined by solid silver," appended Dick, filling up the pause. "That might have been my fate, so I pity all fellow-sufferers. And when my pretty little daughter is preparing for her bridal, I think I shall make use of this announcement—to save her the experience of her parents. We shall have enough to dower a large family, but I think Chrisie has proved it more anxiety than pleasure."

"Indeed I have. The most valuable part of it is kept in the bank, so, after all, it does us very little good."

For, though it seemed ungrateful, Chrisie had wished dozens of times that her tea-service was plated instead of solid silver. Altogether, her gifts had not been a brilliant success.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY.

The forest trees in feathery robes were drest,
And jeweled with great drops like frozen dew;
The brown earth lay beneath the snow at rest;
High overhead a sky of palest blue
The reign of winter silently confest.
Afar, the shivering sea's incessant sighs
Broke on the piercing air and died away;
The world seemed like a desert waste that lies
In ghostly whiteness making cruel play
With fairest phantoms, mocking wistful eyes.

I thought the summer's joy and fragrant bloom
Should last throughout the year: Alas, no seed
I saved to spring with life from out the gloom
Of buried days and cheer me at my need,
Or weave sweet dreams of June within my home!
Heart-sick I wandered down the narrow path,
And sought, in vain, for hue to break the bare
Blank paleness and monotony: "Earth hath
No joy for me!" I sighed out to the air,
And aimlessly passed on; forgetting faith.

A child's small, busy hands, to shape a form
In fancied sculptured beauty, tore the snow
From off a spot where once grew, deep and warm
Of hue, the flowers dear to poets; lo,
There bloomed a pansy, safe from cold and storm!
The purple petals breathed a gracious thought
Of sure relief when, failing, we despair,
And, hidden from the sight, a lesson taught
Of heart's-ease blooming brightly everywhere,
Though under silent snows the charm be wrought.

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PROSY'S STORY.

BY MADGE CARROL.

I suppose my rightful name ought to be Priscilla, but father, picking it up somewhere by sound, spelled it Procilla. First I was called Pro, finally it got to be Prosy, so I have named my story Prosy's Story, feeling sure it will turn out very prosy indeed, as I am not a very good hand at writing, or talking either. Abner often says—"It's very certain your tongue never got you a husband, little girlie." That's when we've been in company together. I can talk fast enough alone with him.

I find I am beginning at the wrong end of my story, and let out that I've got a husband; but as it isn't altogether my own individual story, I may as well have it stand so.

I shall never forget how lost I was when, just before my eighteenth birthday, Mrs. Dayton told me they were to break up housekeeping in a month, and at the end of that time I was free to go where I pleased. Being an orphan, and friendless, with the exception of Abner, it did not please me to go anywhere but with the family under whose roof nine years of my life had been passed. However, as that could not be, I took a little lodging-room and began to look about me. Abner had left the Daytons some time before and was on a gentleman's place out of the city. I thought if I could only get there, too, and see his handsome face every day, I should be happy, even with my home all broken up. I saw him once or twice, and when I told him this he said in his cheery way there was no chance; but, "keep a good heart, little girlie, some day you shall have a home, and all your own, too, or my name's not Abner Old."

Then, for fear I should frighten him away with my disheartenment, I brightened up some, and called him *old* Abner, asking did he think such a young thing as I would marry an *old* man. Then he pretended to get mad, and called me a little, pestering Prose. I say I saw him once or twice, and each time we said pretty much the same things, and each time I was both glad and sorry to see him.

One day I shall never forget. When I got up that morning, I looked up at the blue bridge of sky between the chimneys, and said to my little brothers—"Boys, the sky never looked so blue before; now do you think it did?" And when I opened the door and stepped into the street in search of my morsel of breakfast, I said of the sunshine—"Boys, this looks like living gold, doesn't it?"

Then the herb-woman at the corner smiled at me, a thing she had never done before, and gave me a sprig of dried thyme, and I made it up with the boys we should call it a fairy-gift, and see what luck it would bring us.

I want you to know my little brothers were only make-believes. I was so alone in the world—that is before Abner came—with no relatives of any sort, that I found comfort in this pretence of brothers. And although the years went on, and I grew bigger, my brothers never did. Always big enough to understand me in all my moods, they were yet little steps of boys, and it seemed right they should keep so. Had they grown, you know, I shouldn't have been able to keep them with me. I chose brothers, you see, because the Daytons were sisters, and didn't agree very well, and it came to me that if mine were sisters, perhaps we shouldn't, either.

I couldn't begin to tell the comfort these boys have been to me. Many a time I would have been angry but for their soft, restraining touch; many a time I would have been afraid but for them nestling about me; many a time I would have been heart-sick but for their little voices. Indeed, sometimes I think I never imagined it, but that Heaven must have really sent me my little brothers.

But I must go back to my morning, and tell what my fairy-gift brought me. It brought me Abner and good news. He came rushing into my room without the least bit of ceremony, and lifted me until the kerchief I had bound about my head, while I raked the fire, touched the ceiling. Then putting me down, he said—"Little girlie, there's a place waiting for you in the big house over yonder, if you win the favor of the giant guarding the gates."

I caught my breath and cried—"I knew it! I knew it! The blue was so blue, and the gold such gold, and everybody so kind. I knew some good would come of it, and told the boys so."

He pulled a very long face, and run his hands

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all through the "stubble-field," as he calls it, on the top of my head.

"I must have done it, though I'm sure I didn't mean to," he said.

"Done what?"

"Fractured your skull. Your wits are clean gone. Prosy, you'll never do now."

"Nonsense! I will do. Must do. What am I wanted for? Tell me, quick."

Then he told me. There was a child's nurse wanted for the little three-year-old boy of the man he lived with.

"I'm more than glad!" I exclaimed. "Oh! I hope I will suit. Excepting my little brothers, I never had anything to do with children; but I'm sure I love them."

"Maybe it won't be as nice as you think, Prosy," he said seriously. "The place may not suit you, even if you suit the place. Their ways are very different from the ways of the people you have been used to. Mr. Ray asked me if I knew of anybody, and I was glad to recommend my little girl. He will see you at his office to-morrow at ten, and if he likes your looks will inquire into your references."

"He will like me; I'm sure of it," I said, never thinking how vain it sounded.

"Sure of it, are you? That's a joke. What do you suppose he'll see to like in such a little stubble-headed, snub-nosed prose as you?"

"What an *old* codger who drives his carriage sees, perhaps," I made answer.

We talked so much sillier than this, that I am ashamed to put it down; but the end was I promised to go and present myself before Mr. Ray, of Brier Bridges, the very next day.

His place took its name—or so I was told—because a crooked little creek ran through it, making a number of bridges necessary for convenience sake, and these being what is called rustic. The boughs were twisted in with withes of brier, to keep the boys from stealing in and fishing from the ones farthest from the house. They wanted an odd name, and chose it for that, too.

I waited on Mr. Ray next day with my heart in my mouth. He looked as if he was made up of dough from very poor flour, and spoke so quick and short at me I felt like I do on the Fourth of July when the boys—not *my* boys—are firing off squibs.

He questioned and cross-questioned me about my duties at the Daytons, until with it all I could hardly answer or understand. Suddenly he asked—"What are you?"

"A Presbyterian, sir."

He pounded his fist on the table.

"I mean in what country were you born? That is enough; you may go."

"I meant no offence, sir," I faltered.

He waved his hand.

"I know it. You may go. You will not suit."

I got no place, nor did I see Abner for a week. Then he came, just as he always did, all in a hurry; but it was such a pleasant hurry, nobody ever objected to it, not even fidgety old Mrs. Dayton.

"Little girlie," he shouted out, "have your bonnet on at nine to-morrow morning, and take a trip with me to Brier Bridges."

"Why I was told I wouldn't suit."

"I fixed that all up. You see he thought you churchy, and churchy won't do up there at Brier Bridges by a very long shot. I said you wasn't *very*—told a fib, you know—or wouldn't be there, anyhow. You see I knew you'd not get the chance. Then Mr. Bridges——"

"I thought his name was Ray?"

"So it is; but I call him Bridges, just as you call me Abnerie, for short."

"Well, go on."

For he had gone to the window, and was leaning out.

"Oh! you do care to hear, then?"

"Of course I do. Go on, quick."

"He went all around after somebody else first—or last, I mean—after he discharged you, and couldn't find any one to suit. Next he looked up Daytons, and they just talked you up to the top stripe on a rainbow; had another talk with me; of course I didn't bring you down not a stripe. The end of it is you're to go for a week on trial. Start to-morrow, provided you can arrange your business to suit."

We had some silly talk about my business and the boys—for I was just happy enough to be nothing else but silly in prospect of being near Abner and seeing him every day.

"Don't count too much on that, little one," he said. "The boy is not allowed to speak a word to any of the servants, nor is his nurse permitted to associate with them. The two have rooms entirely separate, not only from the servants' rooms, but the ones the family occupy. You will be obliged to eat, drink, and sleep entirely alone with him. He is allowed to speak to me when we ride, but not at any other time to hold conversation with me."

This somewhat sobered me.

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"Is he good-tempered?"

"I believe so."

"Is he pretty?"

"Tolerably so."

"What's his name?"

"Brightelsey. They call him Bright."

"Bright Ray—why that sounds like a poem."

He told me I was such a little prose everything sounded like a poem to me; then after making believe he was afraid I'd forget my appointment for the morrow if he did not charge me over and over again not to, he went away.

The morrow came, and you may be sure I was abroad bright and early. Then, punctual as the morning, came Abner, and I must add he looked as beaming too. Very soon I was in the carriage, with my best merino on, and my velvet hat, with the red poppies in, fairly dancing on my head. I pretended, too, I was a fine lady, riding out with my boys, and said grandly: "Old, you need not stop anywhere until we reach Brier Bridges."

By and by we got to Mr. Ray's place, and I caught my breath, for I had never seen anything half so splendid. There was the crooked creek, the twisted bridges, and great trees that must have touched the clouds, while all in and out, over everything, lay red and yellow leaves. These were so bright I had half a mind to say to Abner—"Mr. Ray must be very rich that he can afford to leave rubies and gold lying around in this way," but I wouldn't stop to take time, there was so much to see and to say.

When we got to the house it seemed made all of frost and flowers, and I was just ready to dance for rejoicing in it; but when we rode around to a side door and entered the pearl-palace I seemed to lose my senses, and just floated along with my hand in Abner's. By-and-by he was gone, and I was standing in a room all a-glitter with a hundred hues and colors, and a lady and gentleman faced me—were talking to me. I was frightened, for I couldn't hear a word they said. Faint too was I, without the slightest idea where my feet were, and feeling as if adrift at sea, with only a tangle of roses between me and a great, green grave.

I found out afterward the lady was Mrs. Ray. She spoke as her husband did, in few, short words, and I was wild to catch and fix their meaning, but all I brought out of that room with me was this: she would "instruct" me as to my duties in an hour from that, told me they were materialists, and I was not to "poison" her child's mind with "doctrines or dogmas." I hadn't the slightest idea what that meant, but, being well brought up, concluded it was not possible for me to poison the child's mind in any way, and felt sure the "pain of instant dismissal" she threatened would never be mine on that score.

When I turned and left them in their gold and purple grandeur, and found my hand again in Abner's, I was so delighted I could not help saying: "It may be very splendid to be a materialist, but for my part I'm glad I'm Prosy Potter and have got you."

We were going to find Brightelsey Ray, when somehow all of a sudden he was right there, with his two soft mites of hands in mine, and his eyes looking into my eyes as I think angels must look for the first time into faces they left long before on earth. I took him into my arms—this seeming seraph—holding him against my heart, kissing him and crying.

It was for joy I cried. My little brothers were seeming more real to me than ever they had seemed before, and this was the loveliest and dearest of them that nestled in my arms and against my bosom. He was even more lovely than I had ever pictured him. His hair of the pure, clear gold the sky often takes on just after the sun is gone and the dazzle gone with it. It was pushed back from his temples and fell in curls to his waist, and was so feathery soft a quiver went through it all the time, as if loving, unseen lips lifted it. His cheeks and forehead were like pearl, his mouth the sweetest rose-pink, his large, golden-lashed eyes the real pansy-purple nobody ever sees except in the eyes of children.

After my very little cry, the next thing I did was to straighten out the great, blue ribbons lying like wings on his exquisite shoulders, and to turn a tress or two in my fingers.

"I see you've found your mission, Prosy," said Abner, and left us. I was the least bit frightened then, but had barely time to find it out and answer a question of Bright's, when the housekeeper came to show me where I and my things belonged.

It is impossible for me to tell how wild I went over that child—over Brightelsey Ray—and he seemed to be almost as wild over me. Everything I did for him was a delight, but I think the dearest moment of that never-to-be-forgotten day was when I taught him "Now I lay me down to sleep." He was in his night-dress, just ready to cuddle down, and had said:

"Now kiss me one for last."

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"But you must say your prayers for last, my Brightest." I didn't stop at Bright you see. To me he was always Brightest.

"Prayers?"

"Yes, little sleepy head. What is it you say, 'Now I lay me'—or 'Our Father?'"

"I don't say anything but just good-night."

I was very pitiful over him, this child of parents so rich and yet too poor to teach him a prayer. "My baby shall never lie down again without such wings to cover him," I said to myself, and taught him how to kneel and what to say.

I know it would be tiresome were I to tell how the next three days passed, so I will only give a hint of them. Mr. and Mrs. Ray loved their only child devotedly, but did as I suppose rich parents usually do, had set times for having him with them, and never seemed to want to fix anything for him, or amuse him in any way. It was so different with me. I was happiest when working for him, or entertaining him. I couldn't bear to have him stray apart and seem independent of me. I had him all to myself nearly the whole of the time, and was perfectly contented, although I saw Abner but little and had no opportunity to talk with him.

It did not take me many hours to feel an emptiness in the house in spite of all the splendor; nor did it take me long to find out that Mr. Ray, his wife, and the housekeeper, the latter more especially, were watching me pretty closely. The rooms and entries being air-heated no doors were ever opened or closed, and the carpets giving back no sound it was a very easy thing for any one to come and go almost entirely without attracting attention, if they wished it. I understood I was only there on trial, but I said to the boys—

"I don't mean to be a bit better than I will be if I stay here a year. I shan't guard my tongue, it's a tongue well brought up, and has no speeches for company it wouldn't use for every-day folks, nor for every-day folks it wouldn't use for company. It never, if it can possibly help, means to say anything it would be ashamed of even to its shadow on the wall when there's no other shadow around to hear it."

I had such confidence in my good intentions I rather relished being watched, and never let on I knew lest they should stop too soon and end in not being altogether satisfied about me. One little unpleasantness occurred the second day. I was telling Bright something about a baby's baptism, when suddenly his mother appeared before us.

"I thought it was understood between us that my child should not be misled by such foolishness as that."

"Foolishness, ma'am?" I said in great bewilderment.

"Downright foolishness. You have had your orders; if you would keep your place obey them."

"I will, ma'am," I replied, wishing the while she were not so stately and handsome, so that I could ask her to explain just what she wanted of me, for I felt, regarding my duty, as though I had just gone out to sea. She believes in immersion, I suppose, thought I, but surely the child will not get any wrong notion from what was said.

The third day came, and it seemed as if into that was crowded the happiness of weeks that should have been mine. Abner, Bright, and I rode out together, and stopped in the cool, moist woods to gather chestnuts. It was November, but warm in the middle of the day. When we came back Mr. and Mrs. Ray rode out, he driving, and Abner came to our room and we had a merry time roasting chestnuts.

"I see you've kept your tongue, little girlie," Abner said. "I was fearfully afraid you couldn't. Keep that and you'll keep your place."

I wondered in a weak way what he meant, but was too happy to be serious enough to ask him, and answered as silly as silly can be.

He talked considerable about the coming Christmas. Bright said he was to have a party and told his plans. Abner said—"Bright, what is Christmas?"

"A large day," he answered.

"What makes it larger than any other day?"

"What makes you larger than me?" my pet responded.

We laughed, and just then Abner's chestnut popped right into my lap. He had said—"If it pops I will get *it*, and we *will* before another year's out; if it just simmers done I won't, and we won't."

I knew *it* meant the stewardship of Mr. Ray's place. He was competent, Abner was, and there was a prospect of his being called upon to fill it. "We will" meant we would be married before another year was out. The chestnut popping that way seemed so strange we could hardly get over it.

The windows of the place at Brier Bridges were every one what is called bay windows, and

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were furnished like little parlors, or were like birds' nests, lined with the softest of soft things, and fit only to cuddle down and drowse in. We were in one of these, Bright and I, that evening. Outside the great moon was shining so it seemed as if she lifted the world in her arms, and was turning it to silver like herself. The child was more like his name than I had ever seen him, not noisy, nor merry, nor anything of that sort, but just bright, as we call the day bright, or the night when it is filled with stars.

By and by, in the midst of our talk, he dropped this little question—"Prosy, what does make Christmas larger than other days, except birthdays?"

"Why, don't you know? Christ was born on that day."

"Is He one of your little brothers?"

You see I had told him about my boys.

"Oh! no, my pet, He is Jesus, who came into the world to save sinners."

"Nobody ever told me about Him."

"You forget, surely, little brother, your ma has told you."

"She never tells me anything much, but sit still like a man, or not drop bits on my clothes, and things like that."

I felt like crying over my Brightest; but then that would have made him "sorry;" so instead I began to tell the beautiful story of the birth at Bethlehem, and explain the mission of the heavenly babe.

After asking a question or two about the nature of a soul, which I answered as well as I was able, he listened silently, and seemed to understand all the way through. I knew his tender heart so well, I didn't dwell on the horrors of Calvary, but for all that, when I stopped, little quivers were running over his delicate frame.

"Are you cold?" I asked, just to find out what was in his thought.

"No, I'm only sorry, and am so afraid I don't feel sorry enough."

"You're sure to feel sorry enough if you always remember and love Him, and try to be good for His sake."

"I'm only a little boy, but I never forget. I love Him now clear up to here," folding his hands high above his lovely head, "and if I ever get naughty, just say to me remember the Christ-child and the Cross."

We had some quiet talk, my Brightest and I, during which the bay window seemed floating away in heavenly airs; then, his mind returning to the first part of the Wondrous Story, he asked—"Was it a stable like ours?"

"Not near so nice. I suppose it was like the mean little shed we passed to-day where the sick colt was."

"Why did He want to be born there, when He owned the world, and had such a beautiful home in the sky?"

"He thought it best, because there were so many poor people in the world, and always will be; He knew just what their pain was, and, being born among them, He became one of them, so that in all coming time every heart that loved Him would think of them, for He was of them, and, thinking of them, would come to pitying and helping them."

Back in the old days of my life I knew what it was to be very poor, and had since faced privation so often in the faces of dear friends, I went on with a full heart, without stopping to think whether the child's thought followed me or not.

"He thought it best, because it would draw the hearts of the poor after Him; they would think He chose to be one of us, to bear our burdens, and they would grow to loving Him, and finding comfort in Him. Then, too, He must have thought of another thing—of the babes that are born one after another in poverty's poor sheds, of how their welcome might be scant did not mothers remember the stable, the star, and the heavenly babe who lay on a woman's breast just as her baby does on hers, and, thinking of these things, and why He came, forgets to count the little mouths already waiting to be fed, holds her new treasure tight, and *trusts*."

"What is this you are telling my child?"

Mrs. Ray suddenly confronted me in such a rage as I never saw a woman in, and I thought I had seen the Dayton sisters very angry.

"The Christ-child, ma. Oh! such a beau—" began Bright.

She dragged him out of my arms so fiercely he cried out, and reached to come back again; but she put him behind her, burying his sweet face in her flowing garments.

"Girl," she said, so angry she could not even call me by name, "go to your room—you see my son no more. To-morrow you can go back to where you came from."

"What have I done? Oh! tell me, what have I done?"

She made no answer, but carried Bright to her own apartment, shut and locked the door.

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It was many and many a long day before I saw my lamb again.

How I got to my own room I do not know. I was kneeling beside Bright's little, empty bed, when I heard Abner passing under the window, whistling. I raised the sash, calling him to stop, I wanted to speak with him.

"Against orders," he replied.

"I know it, but I must or I shall lose my senses."

He waited then and let me join him. We walked to one of the bridges, where he found a cosey nook, seated me, wrapped me up closer, and heard my story. He held the key to the miserable mystery. The Rays did not believe in God and a hereafter, and meant to bring their child up in the same blindness.

"I thought you understood, and the less said about it the better."

"I suppose that is what she meant when she said they were materialists, and spoke about poisoning her child's mind with doctrines and dogmas; but I am such a little goose I didn't understand. But, Abner, I'm glad I didn't," and I brightened like a bird just waking on a sunny morning. "I'm glad I disobeyed orders innocently. I couldn't have stayed and held that almost cherub child in my arms night after night and not talk to him of holy things. I may never see him again, but I have taught him to pray. I have told him the story of the cross. He will not forget it," I said, between my sobs, "and I think if ever I see his shining hair amid the hosts of cherubim, I shall thank my God even for this pain."

The next twelvemonth my life's ways were very rough. With Bright, all my little brothers were for the time lost—then I lost Abner. He allowed himself to be quite bewitched by a new chambermaid at Brier Bridges, and deserted me altogether. The boys came back, all but my Brightest, yet Abner didn't, and I found it hard, very hard indeed.

"You might be glad," his sister said. "He's got to be a real heathen, worse than the ones he lives with, for he knows better. He's right clever, Abner is; and was so seriously inclined. But he's took to strange gods, and you're well rid of him. I tell you, you might be glad."

Somehow I wasn't glad. No, I was all the more sorry.

One day in March, coming home from market (I lived with a boarding-house-woman then), I met Rosy, the laundress at Brier Bridges, and fell to questioning her eagerly about my boy.

You wouldn't believe, having only known him three little days, how I hungered after him; how many's the time I've tramped out to Brier Bridges and hung about the road in hopes of seeing him, but never did. I saw Abner, and hid from him, but never my Brightest.

"He's got a nurse—oh, yes, an old one, such as they had before. He's never had but the two, unless we count you in. The first—she had him from a baby. He never took to her; still she was good enough, but she up and died. Then they tried you—now this one. That was a great mistake you made—talking religion to such a baby."

"I didn't talk religion exactly," I answered. "I only told him the story of the Saviour. I didn't mean to disobey orders, I'm sure I didn't. Nor did I at all understand what they believed or what they wanted of me. Still I can't be sorry, even though the end was what it is, and I hope he doesn't forget."

"He does though, they've put it all out of his mind. They took good care of that. You see he has an uncle a sea-captain. He goes to Spain, and has brought Bright ever so many pretty things from there and from the sea. They told him it was Spain you meant, and Christ is a Spanish prince. You didn't get the story right, and it wasn't worth remembering. They could tell him heaps of stories prettier than that. They did, too, and he forgot all about what you told him, depend upon it."

The second anniversary of the three days spent at Brier Bridges found me working in a mill. My health was very miserable, the noise hurting my head so I hardly had time to get over it and sleep a little at night before going back into it again.

At last came an evening I never can forget. It was the twenty-fourth of December—Christmas Eve—and close upon six o'clock. All the girls were buzzing about the morrow, only I was silent, and feeling more and more as if every shuttle beat my brains, and all the wheels and pullies were bruising my bones, when suddenly I heard a voice inquiring for Prosy Potter. It put life into me at once, for it was Abner's voice, lost to me months on months before.

"Little girlie," he said, in just the old way, "you don't forget me?"

I have no recollection of what I answered, but he took possession of me at once, put on my

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hood and shawl, and led me out into the snow-strewn street.

"Prosy," he said, "I've been a traitor to my God and you; if you forgive me I can hope He will."

He had found me all weak and weary; life came with his coming; what else could I do but forgive?

Then most gently he told his errand. Bright Ray was sick—dying they feared—and had asked to see Prosy Potter—would I go?

We started at once, my anxious heart flying on the wings of the wind before me.

"Mrs. Ray, here is Prosy."

She was on the sofa, with her beautiful hair all wild about her shoulders and her face buried in her hands. She raised when Abner spoke, and came toward me.

"Prosy Potter," she said, searching my face with strange eyes and all a mother's anguish in her tones, "if you have any power I have not, money has not, save my child!"

I had for answer only a few broken words, and whether she clung to them or not I do not know. She clung to me, and together we went to the bedside of my boy.

He was lying like a storm-beaten lily, my precious one, my Brightest, his golden hair astray on the pillow, his sweet eyes half closed, his parted lips blue and cold. A great agony smote me and for the moment turned me blind, for I knew the shadow of the Death Angel's wing was over him.

"You cannot save him any more than I can," spoke Mrs. Ray in a hoarse whisper, clutching my arm and reading my face with her great glaring eyes. "Where is the God you boast of?"

"Save him and you shall have half of what I own," said Mr. Ray on the other side of me.

"It rests with Heaven," I answered.

"Prosy, come. I want Prosy; I want her to tell me—tell me." He stopped—the frosts of death blurred the window opening into the past—between the story and him—my breath warmed it away with kisses.

"Tell you what, my darling," pressing my lips again and again to the sweet, cold mouth.

He opened his eyes and looked at me with a radiant, recognizing smile. "About the beautiful Christ-child; there never was a story like that story; take me up in your arms and tell it to me again."

"Before I could answer, or ask leave to try to raise him, he dropped again into unconsciousness. The physician, who had not left him once during his four days sickness, checked Mrs. Ray's outcry with a few, faint words of encouragement.

The distant city clocks tolled the slow hours away. By and by the stillness was all broken up and the night tangled through and through with threads of golden melody, for it was Christmas morning, and the Christmas chimes were ringing.

Bright opened his eyes again—the jubilant voices had reached him. He seemed to take up thought where he left it.

"I want you to tell me about the star, the stable, and the shepherds, and all that about poor people you told me that day."

Mrs. Ray drew close to my feet, her husband laid his face away on the child's bed, nurse and doctor stepped aside, and all the sweet clangor of Christmas bells came into the room and filled it, while for the second time I told the wondrous story of Bethlehem's Babe and Calvary's Crucified in the splendid mansion where He had been denied.

He heard it through, my dying darling, and in the fair, rose-dawn of Christmas morning lifted his head and smiled on the anxious faces bent upon him, then turning to me, said—"I always remembered it, there never was a story like that story. I love Him yet clear up to—up to—"

Up to Heaven! For, lifting his thin hands above his head, the infant spirit lifted with them and returned to the God who gave it.

Conviction smote the hearts of those parents in that supreme hour of sorrow and separation. Could it be otherwise? Could they, with that depth of love and anguish in their souls, look upon that beautiful dust and *live*, thinking it dead and done with forever? No, and from now henceforth on every step of the journey upward "a little child shall lead them."

The voices of children are making musical the grounds at Brier Bridges—they are mine and Abner's. I don't need now the pretence of little brothers, with four sons to keep me from loneliness and heartache. They are all to me my brothers ever were, and more. They every one of them know by heart the story of the star and the stable, the cross and the crown. Blent with the blessed memory of this story of Jesus is another that is also a part of Christmas time—the short life-story of Bright Ray, who loved Him *up to Heaven.*

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THE CASCANNONS' AUNT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

Author of "Between Two," &c., &c.

(*Concluded from page* 723.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

Zoe Zoll seemed to consider it such a matter of course that Sir Lancelot should stay at her house that he never thought of refusing. "Cousin Celia is my duenna," she explained, "though you must not for a moment let her suppose that you think so." But Zoe Zoll need not have troubled herself to give him this caution. The possibility that she could be regarded as anything but a "gushing young thing" never entered Miss Leslie's head—and so far from imagining that she played the part of "sheep-dog" to her rich, young cousin, she fancied herself to be a plump young lamb, an enticing morsel for any wolf in the shape of a young man that might be prowling around the fold. Such an admiring wolf she did not doubt Sir Lancelot to be, particularly after what Rosamond had said about the "gray eyes and auburn hair;" so she wore crimson persistently and haunted him like a ghost.

At first this seemed to amuse, then to vex Zoe Zoll, and when, one morning, having seen the baronet and Elizabeth go off together with a feeling of entire satisfaction, she saw them return accompanied by Miss Leslie, she started from her seat with a wrathful exclamation, overturning Rosamond's paste-pot and scattering her assembled papers to the four corners of the room.

"This is too bad!" she said.

"I think it is," said Rosamond, and then peeped from the window to see what had excited her aunt's wrath.

"She might know that she isn't wanted," pursued Zoe Zoll, looking out with flashing eyes.

"I think she is," said Rosamond.

Zoe Zoll turned around and looked at her incredulously.

"You see, Auntie Zoll," pursued Rosamond, flourishing her paste-brush to point her observation, "he likes that kind."

"Who likes what kind?"

"Sir Lancelot likes Cousin Celia. So I advise you to let them alone."

"What *have* you in your head now?"

"A fact."

"I do believe that *you* have been putting her up to this, for she isn't altogether a fool." So saying, Zoe Zoll slipped out of the house and contrived to waylay Miss Leslie, who seemed only half-pleased by the interruption. "Have you thought, Cousin Celia, that you might be in the way there?" she asked, indicating Sir Lancelot and Elizabeth, who were walking slowly before them.

"In the way—where?"

"Did you never hear the saying—'two are company, three is none?'"

"Then why doesn't Elizabeth stay at home sometimes?"

"*Elizabeth!*"

"Yes, Elizabeth."

"But don't you understand that he has come here to see Elizabeth?"

"Perhaps he did, but he stayed to see me," simpering.

"Stayed to see *you!*"

"Rosamond told him about me when he was at the Cascade, and he said that gray eyes and auburn hair was his taste."

Zoe Zoll looked at the "gray eyes and auburn hair," and was silent for a few seconds. Then she said—"And did you consider that to be an offer of marriage?"

"Oh! no. He hasn't spoken—yet—exactly."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but he never will. He told me before he came up here that his heart was already disposed of."

Miss Leslie grew scarlet. "You said that he came up here to see Elizabeth!" she exclaimed as if she had caught Zoe Zoll fibbing.

"It was to Elizabeth he had given his heart."

"I don't believe it!"

"Come, Celia, don't be absurd! You are ever so much older than he is."

"I am not. If I am, I don't look it. Fair-complexioned people——"

"My dear, you might be only sixteen and it wouldn't make any difference."

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Miss Leslie burst into tears.

"Now don't go to making a martyr of yourself! I have only said this for your good, for I did not want you to be making yourself—ridiculous."

"O—o—o—oh!" howled Celia.

"Don't make such a noise, pray!" said Zoe Zoll. "You are attracting Sir Lancelot's attention."

Perhaps this was what Celia desired, for she only wailed the louder, and Zoe Zoll, looking profoundly disgusted, left her to lament herself. Not alone, however, for as Zoe Zoll disappeared the baronet hastened in the direction of the fair mourner. She saw him coming, and "tottering" to a garden seat close at hand, sank upon it—how it creaked!—and dropping her head upon the back of it, contrived to lift the coil of hair at the back of her head so that all the pins dropped out, and the hair unrolling itself, streamed a fiery torrent to the ground. Then she shut her eyes, half-opened her mouth, and became motionless. A watering-pot stood near. The baronet seized it and gave her such a "douche" that she started up, gasping and sputtering. "Where am I?" she said, wildly.

"You are in the garden. What has happened that you should—faint?"

"Oh!"—she put her hand to her side—"oh!"

"Are you going off again?" he asked, moving toward the watering-pot.

"Oh, no!" recovering herself immediately. "But, Zenobia Zollicoffer—" with a spiteful accentuation—"has been saying *such* things!"

"What things?"

"She said that"—looking down and puckering the ends of her sash—"that you came here to see Elizabeth!"

"Did she?"

"Did you?"

"No, I did not."

"There! I said so!"

"Who did you think I came to see?"

"I!—oh!" blushing and hanging her head.

"I came to see Miss Zollicoffer," he said. "I wish you would tell her so." Then he walked away.

The fair Celia gazed after him from under her disheveled locks. At first she looked somewhat disappointed; then an expression of complacency stole over her features. "He wishes to blind her," she said.

Zoe Zoll, entering the house by a window, nearly fell over Elizabeth, who was sitting on the floor before it, looking out. "What have you been doing to Celia?" she asked.

Zoe Zoll blushed as she replied—"I!—oh—nothing!"

"*Nothing* seems to have made her feel very badly. See, she has fallen on a seat as if she had fainted! and he is pouring water on her."

"He? Who?" cried Zoe Zoll, going to the window.

"She has come to herself pretty quickly," went on Elizabeth, "and he seems to wish to find out what ailed her."

"It cannot be that she is telling him! It cannot be that she is such a fool!" cried Zoe Zoll, stamping her foot impatiently.

"Telling him—what?"

"A—a—what I told her," said Zoe Zoll, growing very red.

"And what did you tell her? Something about *me* I am sure," said Elizabeth gravely and growing very pale.

"Well, what if I did?"

"I should like to know what it was."

"It was no harm."

"*Please* tell me, Zoe Zoll."

"Oh! you tease! I told her she had better not go where she was not wanted."

"Giving her to understand—"

"Giving her to understand what is patent to every one."

"And what is that that every one knows and I do not?"

"That Sir Lancelot came here to see you."

Elizabeth began to laugh as she had not laughed since she had met Gerard walking with Leslie Tilden. "Oh! Zoe Zoll! you are as blind as any bat!"

"*I—blind!*" said Zoe Zoll, first pale, then red.

"Listen! for I have a story to tell you," said Elizabeth. "There was once a young woman who had a couple of nieces visiting her, and one day she and one of her nieces went to spend the day with a friend. While she was gone her pet cat died, and the younger niece buried it in state, having borrowed a crêpe dress of her aunt's in which to attend the funeral. While she was walking in the garden a gentleman arrived, to call upon her aunt, and seeing her dressed in mourning very naturally assumed that some one must be dead. Turning very pale, he asked who it was, and she, never speaking her aunt's name, gave him to understand that she had been buried that morning—a piece of news that caused him visible agitation. She

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asked him into the house, and there pussy's picture, being painted with her aunt's, gave her an opportunity to speak of the deceased one still under the convenient form of "she" and "her." After dinner, having requested to see the place where *so much loveliness* was buried, pussy's grave was pointed out to him, and, having ingeniously procured a wreath of white flowers for the occasion, he sought it to water it with his tears. Meanwhile the aunt and elder niece return; but the niece outstrips the aunt, and, unknowingly passing pussy's grave, hears the mysterious words—'*I love you, Zoe Zoll, I love you!*' But you can finish the story so much better than I can," concluded Elizabeth, rising from her seat and addressing Sir Lancelot, who had been standing behind Zoe Zoll an attentive listener. Zoe Zoll looked around, started, and would have fled had not Sir Lancelot quietly placed his two hands on her shoulders—"Just hear the sequel, Zoe Zoll!" he said.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, shrinking, laughing, and blushing all at one and the same time.

"'They married and were happy ever after.'"

"You and Celia?"

"Zoe Zoll and I. Darling Zoe, don't make me a liar!"

Then Elizabeth shut the door, and that was all that Rosamond heard; but Zoe Zoll confessed afterward, with charming shamefacedness, that she had liked him *a little* all the while, and knew that he liked her, but thought he would learn to like Elizabeth better if she would let him alone.

"You were going to sacrifice yourself to me!" said Elizabeth.

"No, not exactly. I didn't really *love* him."

"But you do now?"

"Yes—I began to love him when you said that he said—I love you, Zoe Zoll, etc."

"He has said it since, I suppose?"

Zoe Zoll nodded her head. "That's an old story now. And I thought him so cold!"

Elizabeth smiled.

"I don't believe Celia will ever forgive me, or—Rosamond."

"My heart is not a ball, to be tossed from one to another!" said Elizabeth, growing pale. "*Rosamond* might think what she pleased, but that *you*, Zoe Zoll——"

"Oh! my dear! You love him still?"

"I have no *right* to love him now. But I never shall love any one else."

"In time——"

"Time will make no difference. He was unfaithful, but I shall not be so."

Zoe Zoll sighed and kissed her. She was not too happy to sympathize with all Elizabeth's sorrows.

Miss Leslie thought at first that she had received what she called "a mortal blow," but an invitation to officiate as bridesmaid at the approaching wedding and the promise of a "heavenly" gown for the occasion, somewhat alleviated her woe, especially when she reflected upon the execution her charms, thus arrayed, would do upon the groomsmen. But Rosamond was not to be appeased. She would not believe but that Sir Lancelot had at first preferred Elizabeth, and would have wished to marry her had not Zoe Zoll interfered. In vain Elizabeth protested that she had not thought of him nor he of her. Rosamond persisted in viewing her as the victim of Zoe Zoll's wiles and resolutely refused to stand as her aunt's bridesmaid. "I thought if I set Celia on him he'd go off and you'd get a chance," she said confidentially to Elizabeth; and Elizabeth replied: "If I had had 'a chance,' I should not have taken advantage of it. If you were older you would understand that one who has suffered as I have does not soon learn to love again."

This remark of Elizabeth's appeared to open Rosamond's eyes to the true state of her sister's feelings. She said nothing, but, throwing her arms around her, embraced and kissed her repeatedly, then went straight to Zoe Zoll and told her she should like to be her bridesmaid.

"You have forgiven me, then?" said Zoe Zoll.

"I have forgiven you, for I find that Bess didn't want your old Sir Lazy-a-lot."

"Luckily for me. She is so much prettier than I that if she had fancied him I should never have had him."

This view of the case still farther mollified Miss Rosamond.

"You are very pretty, if one likes niggers," she said condescendingly. "But I thought *you* didn't like 'glaring blue eyes and glaring brown hair?'"

"My dear, if I hadn't liked them I shouldn't have made that speech," said Zoe Zoll frankly.

—

Elizabeth returned home and Zoe Zoll went to London to order her trousseau. She had promised to write regularly to Elizabeth; but Elizabeth had not heard from her for some time, when one day a letter came, whose contents

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made her turn red and white alternately and feel as if the house had fallen about her ears.

"O my darling Bess!" she wrote, "I have *such* a piece of news to tell you! Who do you think I met at the A——s the other evening? *Gerard! Your* Gerard! Mrs. A—— proposed to introduce a friend to me. I didn't catch his name and assented. He was overpowered when he saw me, stammered, blushed, and seemed so unlike himself. I bowed, pronounced myself already acquainted with Mr. Sunderland, and turned my back upon him. He spoke to me, and I asked an acquaintance who stood near to accompany me into another apartment. Then it seems that he heard from some one that I am to be Lady Redmond.

"The next day he sought out Lancelot and—just think of it!—began to take him to task *for deserting you!* Lancelot got into a fury and asked him what the—something or other—he, a married man, did with your name on his lips? Then, Bess, it all came out. He wasn't married—he isn't married—he never has been married. He was horribly jealous of Lancelot; he saw him kiss you—in the garden, you remember? Was it only once? Then he met you without your engagement-ring, and thought 'it is all up with me.' (His own words.) It seems that Leslie Tilden wanted to go to London. By the way, your mother promised her *your* diamonds to bribe her to stay with her to amuse her, and she helped herself to them, and I suppose is turning them into a dramatic education somewhere. But, to return: Gerard, learning that she wished to go to London, proposed to accompany her, to give the appearance of an elopement. He took her to the house of a relative, Lady C——, told her her story, and begged her to 'keep an eye' on her. Then he left London and has not been there since. About a week after his departure Lady C—— wrote to him that Leslie had disappeared from her house and no trace of her could be found. It seems that her ladyship had tried to prejudice her against her profession.

"Now, dear Bess, *do be reasonable!* Gerard is ready to forgive and be forgiven. He comes here every day, and talks about you every minute of the time. I confess that I now like him as much as I used to dislike him, and am *on his side*, for I wish you to be *as happy as I am.*

"If you could only see the bonnets! *Flat* to the head and flowers all around. I have such a *lovely* Etruscan set. *Do send some kind word to G.* Your loving "ZOE ZOLL."

"*Entre nous*, won't *Zoe Redmond* be a pretty name?"

To this letter Elizabeth replied in the postscript of a long, merry home-letter to Zoe Zoll—

"When he shall bring proofs *from Miss Tilden herself* that his story is true, I may recollect that there is such a person as Gerard Sunderland."

This reply brought another letter from Zoe Zoll, in which she told her that she herself had been to Lady C——, who confirmed every word of Gerard's statement.

"She said—'The girl was possessed to go on the stage, and I suppose that I hastened the catastrophe by trying to prevent it and to induce her to return to her friends.'"

To this letter Elizabeth again replied in a postscript—

"Are you sure she did not return—if not to 'her friends'—to *a* friend?"

"O Bess!" Zoe Zoll wrote back, "how can you have such suspicions? *I* believe Gerard, and so does Lancelot."

To this Elizabeth made answer—

"You and Sir Lancelot have not been deceived once. *I* have."

Then came a letter from Gerard himself—a letter that Elizabeth returned, unopened, through Zoe Zoll, to whom she wrote, with a bitter play upon a word—

"My love is dead and buried. Tell that rake not to disturb the ashes."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Zoe Zoll, from that time, ceased to even mention Gerard's name in her letters, and at last wrote that she might be expected home at such a time, and Elizabeth must pack up her bridesmaid's dress and come and stay with her until *all was over.*

Elizabeth found her in the finest spirits imaginable. She had feared that she might talk about Gerard, but found that she had steeled herself unnecessarily, for Zoe Zoll never once spoke his name, but chatted away about London, told her all the latest gossip, described the newest fashions, displayed her wardrobe, and wound up by declaring that it was "fun getting ready to be married. Lancelot does not think so, however, for he has had to hunt up the groomsmen. And *such* a time! If we were to be married in London there would be no difficulty, for all the men he wants are there. But to get them to poke up into the country at this time of the year!"

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"Has he succeeded?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, yes! I have seen them all and have been asked any number of questions about the girls they are to stand up with."

"Who are they?" asked Elizabeth, her cheeks flushing brightly.

"Why, there are the two Ashburtons," said Zoe Zoll, balancing a bonnet she had been showing off on her two fore fingers, "and Laurence Sterne. Isn't it funny—the *two* names? They say he's a lineal descendant; and little Bob Stanley. We thought he would do to stand up with Rosamond."

"Four—and there are four of us, Madge, Celia, Rose, and I," said Elizabeth, counting on the tips of her pretty fingers. "Is Bob Stanley any relation of our Stanleys?"

"I believe so. Dear me! How do you suppose Celia will look?"

"Oh! who is to stand up with *her*?"

"Laurence Sterne. Lancelot told him about her and asked him if he would stand up with her as a particular favor to himself, for he knew that not one of the others would without hurting her feelings in some way. And he said that if she were a bigger guy than he had given him to understand, he would do it, and prefer her to the prettiest woman in England. He never undertook *les petite soins*, and hated to be obliged to offer particular attention to any woman, and a pretty woman always expected it."

Elizabeth laughed. "I think he will find that Celia considers herself a pretty woman," she said.

"So do I. Won't it be fun to see them together?"

When Mrs. Cascannon, and Madge, and Rosamond, and Lilian, and the baby, and the two boys had arrived, Elizabeth wondered if there would be room for the groomsmen.

"Room for the groomsmen and twenty more," said Zoe Zoll, jumping about with the baby in her arms. "I've had the attics cleared out and four or five of them can bivouac up there. *Young* men always like such hand-to-mouth arrangements, for the time being."

"And I suppose the tent-bedroom is reserved for the bridegroom. It will be becoming to his style."

Zoe Zoll laughed. The "tent-bedroom" was so called from its hangings of light-blue silk depending from a ring in the centre of the ceiling and then sweeping away to the sides of the room. It had been intended for a *boudoir*, but Zoe Zoll had converted it into a bedroom.

"You have grown so mysterious of late," said Elizabeth, "I could almost fancy that you are keeping something from me."

"Do you mean the destined occupant of the tent-bedroom?" said Zoe Zoll, tickling the baby by burying her face in his neck and then breathing on it. "It will be Lance's sister, Trix Redmond."

"I did not know that he had a sister."

"Neither did I until after our engagement. If you had seen much of him you would have known it. He is always talking about her."

"How old is she?"

"Just Rosamond's age. But you will think her much older." She's a born coquette."

That evening she came with her brother. She was taller than Rosamond, and with her superior height, her fashionable dress and address, did seem much older. She was wonderfully pretty, having the same bright, blue eyes and bright, brown hair as her brother, the latter falling over her pretty shoulders in a stylish cataract of shining curls, the former looking somewhat contemptuously on Rosamond's short, loosely-waving hair and short, unflounced and unfrilled skirts. She drew a fashionable and elaborately trimmed train behind her as she walked, and wore wonderful bracelets and earrings, and a little, jewelled watch at her slender girdle. Her "airs" profoundly disgusted Rosamond and she watched for an opportunity to "take her down." In this she was joined by the twins, whom Miss Redmond had snubbed unmercifully, receiving their proposal to play croquet with a silent stare, then remarking that she *detested children*, and wondering when *the men* would come.

"The men" arrived just in time to dress for dinner, and having made their toilets, joined the ladies in the drawing-room and were formally introduced. "The two Ashburtons," Harry and Jim, were very tall, very good looking, and very strongly resembled each other, being both dark men, with large, stupid, "ox-eyes," close-cropped heads, and heavy mustaches. Bob Stanley was a dapper little fellow, with sparkling blue eyes, and tow-colored hair that curled in tight little rings all over his head. The Ashburtons were so big, and so appeared to fill the room on their entrance, and Bob Stanley flew about so, making such a clatter, that it seemed as if Laurence Sterne might chance to remain unnoticed, as he stood in the background, neither moving nor speaking. He was not as tall as the Ashburtons, but his extreme

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slenderness made him seem to equal them in height. His shoulders were as broad as his hips were narrow, and these wide shoulders and a round, rather massive throat, gave an appearance of strength to his almost femininely slight figure. At a first glance there seemed nothing remarkable in the small, well-set head, with its closely-cut blonde hair, and smooth, light-skinned face, until you remarked the eyes, so keen, so brilliant, so piercing, that you felt you could not look at them long enough to decide if they were gray, or blue, or hazel, only that they were jewel-bright and seemed to look into your very soul. When introduced, at last, he bowed with one comprehensive glance around, and, without speaking, retreated to a large chair, in which he seemed to bury himself, and to wrap himself in his own thoughts, except when a lightning-like glance traversed the apartment and flashed on every one in turn. Harry Ashburton deposited his big frame on an ottoman between Elizabeth and Madge, James apportioned himself between Zoe Zoll and Beatrix, and Bob Stanley, flying over an intervening stool, addressed himself to Rosamond, with the words—"I am to stand up with *you*, you know!" while Sir Lancelot made a martyr of himself to Celia and Mrs. Cascannon.

The announcement of dinner interrupted this arrangement, and, after dinner, Zoe Zoll and Elizabeth having gone up-stairs to make some arrangements, Mrs. Cascannon retired to lie down, and Miss Leslie to try on her bridesmaid's attire, Rosamond went into the drawing-room and found Trix seated on a *tete-a-tete*, with Harry Ashburton on one side of her, Jim on the other, Bob Stanley leaning over her shoulder, and Laurence lounging in a large chair opposite, listening with a half-smile on his face. Beatrix seemed to be in her element, laughing, chattering, and playing off all the airs and graces of a full-grown woman. Something was said that led her to appeal to Laurence. He looked up, answered her lazily, then dropped his eyes, and, though appealed to again and again, would say no more. "He is absolutely insensible!" she said with a vexed pout, turning her shoulder upon him.

Rosamond looked at her scornfully and then went to the other end of the room, where poor little Madge was sitting forlorn, in her blue-checked silk, behind the window-curtains.

"Do you see how she's carrying on?" said Rosamond—"and you are two years older! Why don't you do something?"

"I can't. She knows them all, and I am so frightened."

"You might do *something*. If I were as old as you——"

"But then she is so beautifully dressed! They wouldn't notice *me*."

"You might have borrowed one of Auntie Zoll's dresses. *They* wouldn't have known. She's a nasty thing and I hate her!"

"You musn't—when her brother is going to marry Auntie Zoll."

"She'll be *our aunt*, won't she? Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Rosamond, and then Bob Stanley came to ask if they couldn't get up a game of croquet.

Rosamond said she thought so. "There is the ground—and the hoops—and the mallets——"

"Etcetera," interrupted Bob. "Will *you* play?"

"If *she* doesn't take up all the ground," said Rosamond, and Bob began to laugh, saying it was "very good," and "she *does* spread herself, doesn't she? *You* will play, Miss Madge?"

Yes, Madge would play.

"Then we want a fourth lady."

"I will get Elizabeth," said Rosamond. But Elizabeth could not come, so she sent Celia in her place.

Miss Trix took upon herself the arrangement of the game. She wished Laurence to play on her side, but he said he should be on the side of the lady he was to "stand up with," and so took himself and his mallet over to Miss Leslie, who was in a state of rapture. The twins hovered on the outskirts of the game.

Rosamond made a stroke. "Dear me!" said Trix, "how odd! What did you do that for?"

"Because it was my turn to play," said Rosamond.

Bob Stanley giggled. Beatrix looked at him scornfully.

Miss Leslie began to croquet the balls wildly. They went in every direction but the one intended, and one hit Laurence on the ankle, and must have caused him intense pain, for he grew extremely pale, although he did not move a muscle. Trix giggled behind her handkerchief. She had not forgiven him for refusing to play on her side. Miss Leslie was quite overcome. She approached him with clasped hands. "What *have* I done! What can I do? I would rather have hit any one than you."

This avowal produced a frantic burst from Bob Stanley, who lost his balance while laughing and pitched headlong over one of the hoops, nearly upsetting Harry Ashburton, who

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growled out—"What the d—l!" Miss Trix screamed affectedly when she heard the awful word, and the game went on.

"Whose turn is it now?" asked Jim Ashburton at a pause in the game.

"It's Aunt Beatrix's," said Rosamond.

"Aunt! Don't *aunt me!*" said Trix, turning and surveying her with a haughty stare.

"I won't—until I'm a ghost," said Rosamond, pounding her ball vigorously to ensure a good "roquet."

Again Bob Stanley laughed, and Trix—who had been to Paris—asked him if he were Miss Cascannon's *claqueur*.

"You don't have to have any," said Rosamond. "Your tongue's *clacker* enough for you."

Bob tried to look intensely solemn, but was obliged to retire behind some shrubbery that bordered the ground, from which direction soon came a stifled sound, as of one choking. Trix tossed her head and turned her back on Rosamond, who coolly proceeded to croquet her ball into the "dim distance." When it came her turn to play, and she discovered the fate of her ball, Trix loudly proclaimed that it wasn't fair play.

"It isn't my *fault* that I am dark," said Rosamond.

"My ball was here and hers was there!" cried Trix. "Now she couldn't possibly have hit it, because there was a wire between."

"Do you mean to accuse me of cheating?" asked Rosamond fiercely.

"Pray, don't bite my head off!" returned Trix.

"Take a couple of mallets, Ro," cried one of the twins. "And have it out," said the other, exulting in the prospect of "a fight."

"Suppose we place the balls as they were and let Miss Rosamond try if she can make the hit again," suggested Laurence.

This was agreed to. Rosamond carefully poised her mallet, marked the distance with her eye, struck, and the balls hit with a sharp crack.

"There isn't any doubt this time," said Bob, and then he moved his mallet and shouted, "Hurra!"

Trix still looked provokingly doubtful, and observing that Rosamond seemed to occupy quite as much of "the men's" attention as herself, now screamed loudly, jumping backward.

"What *is* the matter?" said everybody, crowding around her.

She pointed with her foot to her ball. "On there!" she said faintly.

The ball was immediately examined, and a minute caterpillar discovered.

"Think of Aunt Beatrix being so frightened at that!" said Rosamond scornfully. "I supposed 'twas a boa-constrictor, at least."

"Some persons have those antipathies," said Laurence. "Now a spider running over me gives me an ague."

"And I wish you wouldn't call me *aunt*," said Beatrix. "I'm no relation of yours."

"O Aunt Beatrix! there's a caterpillar on your back!" said one of the twins.

"And, Aunt Beatrix, there's another on your hair!" said the other one.

Trix jumped and screamed. "Oh! take them off; do, somebody!"

"There's nothing there," said Bob; "they're selling you."

"I think such nuisances should be sent to bed!" said Trix.

It was now quite dark, so that white handkerchiefs were laid on the hoops to guide the players. Trix had just made one famous stroke, and was preparing to make another, when a loud hissing was heard, and a fiery snake shot into the circle, darting in and out among the players. Every one was startled; but Trix screamed so loudly that Elizabeth and Zoe Zoll ran out.

"It's only those boys," said Zoe Zoll. "They have got hold of some of the fireworks intended for the evening of the wedding."

"We thought that auntie would like such a lively caterpillar," they explained.

"I declare, I'll go home!" said Miss Redmond. "And I wish, Miss Zollicoffer, that you would tell those creatures not to call me aunt."

"I don't think they will wish to do it again," said Zoe Zoll.

—

While the party on the croquet ground were engaged with their game, Elizabeth and Zoe Zoll were putting the finishing touches to the bridal-robe in the shape of some artistic flower-loopings; and Elizabeth, after they had diverged to the subject of the bridesmaids' attire, said—"It seems as if Miss Redmond should be a bridesmaid."

Zoe Zoll turned very red, and, bending her head low over the clouds of tulle, said—"She is to be one."

"She is! But where is the other groomsman?"

"I think he is here," said Zoe Zoll, her quick

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ear having detected the sound of an arrival. "Lancelot went to the station to meet him."

"And his name?" said Elizabeth; but Zoe Zoll had rushed to the window. Elizabeth followed her, and looking out saw Sir Lancelot and the new groomsman, whose hat was off, the light from the lantern hung in the porch strongly illuminating his fair hair and upturned face. Elizabeth felt herself grow dizzy and leaned against Zoe Zoll's shoulder.

"What do you think of him? Isn't he a handsome fellow?" said Zoe Zoll, turning around quickly.

"'Handsome is that handsome does,'" quoted Elizabeth, with a faint laugh.

"Elizabeth," said Zoe Zoll, "he will make it all right. If he doesn't, I will put off my wedding until he does, as I must have you stand with him on that occasion. Here they are! No, it is only Lancelot, so don't run away Elizabeth."

"Please stay, for I have something for you," said Sir Lancelot as the door opened to his knock. Elizabeth blushed and looked expectant as he came forward, smiling and holding out a letter, which she took, broke open, and immediately became absorbed by its contents to the utter neglect of the lovers, who stood laughing, while Sir Lancelot tried on the bridal-wreath.

"Now you must run away," Zoe Zoll said playfully. "I want to hear what Elizabeth's letter says."

"The letter is from Miss Tilden," said Elizabeth, blushing and smiling as Zoe Zoll came up to her eagerly.

"And she——"

"She explains—everything."

"I am so glad. Oh! my dear Bess!"

"I may 'stand up' with him, but I don't know as I can quite — forgive him — just yet."

"You must see him. You will, at least, see him? Lancelot said that Gerard wished to see you after you had read the letter, as he had been commissioned to restore something to you."

Elizabeth hesitated for a moment, then she said—"I will—see him."

When she went into the room Gerard approached her with such eager affection shining out of his blue eyes that she could not look as cold and dignified as she had intended.

"You have read the letter?" he said.

"I have."

"And you credit it?"

"I do. The statement was very plain."

"Am I forgiven?"

"I—will—try—to forgive you."

"O Elizabeth!" said Gerard, seizing her hand, "may I try again to please you?"

"You may—try. But I understand that you had something——"

"Your mother's diamonds."

"Oh! I am so glad! Mamma has been so worried. Did she restore them willingly?"

"Quite—willingly."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth flushing, "you had to *buy* them back!"

"If I did, it was but a small price to pay for my folly. And if you feel under the slightest obligation to me, you know how you can repay me a thousand-fold."

SOUL IN STONE.

"Those quaint old fragments that are left us,
Have their power in this—the Carver brought
Earnest care and reverent patience, only
Worthily to clothe some noble thought.

* * * * * * * *

"Place in stony hands that pray forever
Tender words of peace, and strive to wind
Round the leafy scrolls and fretted niches
Some true loving message to your kind,

"And I think those stony hands will open,
And the gentle lilies overflow
With the blessing and the loving token
That you hid there many years ago."

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel's dream passed o'er him.
He carved it at once on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light that sculptor show'd
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the time when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
That heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

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THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

Our picture explains itself as the crowning scene, in many a happy household, of weeks of mysterious planning and secret good works on the part of the elders, and eager anticipation among the little ones. As a hint to the young folks for amusement at this festal time, we append a sketch, by Washington Irving, of some of the doings in an old English country house:

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were suddenly assailed by a burst of heterogeneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like the clang of rude minstrelsy, with the uproar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Fairy. That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as Lord of Misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummery or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothes-presses and wardrobes rummaged and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from the parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out into a burlesque imitation of an antique mask.*

Master Simon led the van as "Ancient Christmas," quaintly apparelled in a ruff, a short cloak, which had very much the aspect of one of the old housekeeper's petticoats, and a hat that might have served for a village steeple, and must indubitably have figured in the days of the Covenanters. From under this his nose curved boldly forth, flushed with a frost-bitten bloom, that seemed the very trophy of a December blast. He was accompanied by the blue-eyed romp, dished up as "Dame Mince Pie," in

* Maskings or mummeries were favorite sports at Christmas in old times; and the wardrobes at halls and manor-houses were often laid under contribution to furnish dresses and fantastic disguisings. I strongly suspect Master Simon to have taken the idea of his from Ben. Johnson's Masque of Christmas.

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the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendal green and foraging cap with a gold tassel.

The costume, to be sure, did not bear testimony to deep research, and there was an evident eye to the picturesque, natural to a young gallant in the presence of his mistress. The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress, as "Maid Marian." The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways; the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the character of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings. The whole was under the control of the Oxonian, in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I observed that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

The irruption of this motley crew, with beat of drum according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which, from its medley of costumes, seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross-hands and right-and-left; the dark ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jigging merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

The worthy squire contemplated these fantastic sports, and this resurrection of his old wardrobe, with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said, notwithstanding that the latter was discoursing most authentically on the ancient and stately dance of the Paon, or peacock, from which he conceived the minuet to be derived.* For my part I was in a continual excitement from the varied scenes of whim and innocent gayety passing before me. It was inspiring to me to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment.

* Sir John Hawkins, speaking of the dance called the Pavon, from *pavo*, a peacock, says: "It is a grave and majestic dance; the method of dancing it anciently was by gentlemen dressed with caps and swords, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by the peers in their mantles, and by the ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof, in dancing, resembled that of a peacock."—*History of Music.*

LIFE'S ELIXIR.

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

My heart was tired, and faint, and worn,
And aching with a dreary pain,
Such hard, still anguish, that it seemed
I never could know rest again.
I had no thought of summer's charm,
The golden sunset's ruby flame,
The thrushes singing in the hedge,
The drowsy bees—that went and came.

I only knew my lonely life
Was filled with sorrow, toil, and care,
I hardly paused to listen when
I heard *his* step upon the stair.
Why had I ever dreamed of love?
Such madness! yet, oh, heart, be still!
His presence made each breath I drew
A long, delicious, maddening thrill.

"Poor child," he said, and stroked my hair,
"My poor, tired bird, fly to thy nest,
Thy wings are bruised and bleeding, sweet,
Come fold them on my sheltering breast.
My tender love shall guard thee well,
Shall calm thy heart and soothe thy fears,"
And then he kissed my quivering mouth
And drooping eyelids, wet with tears.

Ah, then I knew the thrushes sang,
And saw the sunset's ruby flame,
And on my bowed and weary head
A glorious benediction came.
Oh, matchless love; oh, boundless rest,
My life hath found its crown of bliss,
Its full perfection. I can ask
No brighter glimpse of Heaven than this.

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"MARRYING IN HASTE."

BY LUCY LEA.

"I regret it exceedingly, Miss Graham, but every berth on the steamer is engaged except the one in your cabin, and this young lady is particularly anxious to go on in this steamer. She is alone, and only arrived in Havana this morning from the up-country. I feel quite sure that you will not be inconvenienced, but will find her pleasant and agreeable."

This was said by the purser of the royal mail steam packet Eider, as I met him on deck just before she left her moorings in the beautiful harbor of Havana.

I disliked the idea of being shut up in the tiny cabin of a steamer with a perfect stranger for half the time during the voyage, and had begged hard to be allowed to occupy it alone; but it was not to be so. I consoled myself for my disappointment by examining critically every young lady on deck and every boat-load that came from shore, speculating as to which one was to be my unwelcome room-mate. The purser, I said to myself, must have said "*young*" lady out of politeness, for if she travels from Havana to St. Thomas alone she must be fifty, and strong-minded, too, no doubt. I found it quite impossible to decide which one of all the ladies on deck I should prefer to be coffined with in my little cabin. I could only pray that it might not be that antique maiden with the snapping poodle in her arms. For, although "I adore dorgs" (like that sentimental young lady who thought "dorgs so romantic") in their places, the prospect of making a voyage in the cabin with a sea-sick poodle terrified me beyond expression. Then there was one young lady whose taffy-colored hair was curled in long, thin ringlets, and parted behind—each curl turning over from back to front with the utmost uniformity—with head slightly on one side, and a well-worn Tennyson in her hand. May I be spared close confinement with "sweet sensibility!" So, through the whole party, I shrank from each one. Not but that there were plenty of nice looking ladies among the passengers, but it is so hard to choose. I soon forgot my perplexity in the excitement of the start—in the enjoyment of the beautiful view of Havana and of Moro Castle, as we left them far behind us, and in the delight of being again upon the ocean.

My party stayed on deck until dusk. Then, after supper—the evening being delicious—we sat under "the stars" until quite late, so that when I went to my cabin—ah! no longer *mine*, but ours—I found my unwelcome guest packed away in her shelf; consequently I could not have my curiosity gratified and see what she looked like. I did not hear or see the poodle, so that I was satisfied it was not the antique relic. It certainly was not the ringleted maiden, for I saw about half a yard of thick, sunny-brown plaited hair hanging out of the berth. Her head must be very near the edge, I thought. Why can't I lift the curtain and peep in? It was a good omen to find that she had taken the lower berth and left the upper and nicer one for me. She was not selfish, then. Lying on the sofa by the side of a travelling-bag, on which were the initials "E. B.," I saw a Tauchnitz edition of "Our Mutual Friend." Another good omen. Altogether, the prospect brightened, and I "turned in" consoled, but curious.

Soon after daylight the next morning I awoke suddenly from the deep unconsciousness which had fallen upon me immediately after "turning in," and heard a "sweet, low voice" say—"What can it be? I am frightened to death!" At the same time I became conscious of a cessation of motion which was appalling. One would think, after reading Charles Dickens's graphic sketch of his experience on board the Russia, that the perpetual motion of the machinery of a large steamer must be terrible. My experience is, that to have it cease is more terrible still—when you haven't seen land for some time and don't expect to see it for some time to come. Nerves instantly suggest that a catastrophe is pending. Memory displays a most inapropos activity in reminding you of accidents caused by one loose screw—entire stoppage of machinery on account of one man's carelessness! All this comes into your mind when you feel that the monster who had you by the back of the neck, shaking you gently, but steadily and unceasingly, has dropped you.

Before I could answer the question that roused me, I heard noise and confusion above—men rushing to and fro—and, above all and more terrible than all, a cry of "hand down those

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buckets of water!" Fire, then, of course—that was the trouble.

I jumped out of my berth at the same moment that my room-mate rolled out of hers, so that we met just before reaching the floor; and that was our introduction. It was rather a loose one, perhaps, but calculated to make us much more sociable than the ordinary formal "allow me," etc.

We hurried on some clothes and rushed out into the saloon, finding people in every stage of dress and undress running up to the deck. We followed in a panic, heightened by the impossibility of finding out from any one what was the matter. We expected momentarily to find ourselves enveloped in smoke and to see flames leaping wildly about.

When we at last reached the top of what seemed an interminable stairway, and tumbled out on deck, we saw neither smoke nor flames, but passengers and crew crowding to the side of the steamer. Making a dash for about an eighth of a yard of unoccupied space on the guards, we discovered the cause of all the trouble. There, dancing up and down at the mercy of the waves, lay a little boat, looking like a plaything by the side of the steamer. It had a crew of one woman and three men, to whom our sailors were handing down provisions and (the cause of our fright) buckets of water.

By vigorously questioning every one who would pay us any attention, we found that it was a fishing-boat, from one of the islands, that had been blown out of its course. The skipper said that they had been out three days longer than they had calculated upon, so that they were entirely out of provisions and water, and were nearly starved. They were all gaunt and weather-beaten, and the woman looked so hard and grim that you needed the proof her costume afforded to make you certain that she was a woman.

It was touching to see the gratitude of the poor things for what was given them. And it was pitiful to think of leaving that poor little "soup-plate"—for so it looked to us—floating alone on the waste of waters. But the last words were said, the monster seized us again, our wriggling commenced, and we steamed away.

By the time we reached our cabin my chum and I were good friends, and I began to feel half ashamed of having objected so strongly to having her share my "cupboard." She was so gentle, so beautiful, and so fascinating, that I fell in love with her instantly, and by breakfast-time I was deeply interested in her affairs—particularly anxious to know what was her name, where she had come from and where she was going, why she was travelling alone, and a hundred other questions to which I had little hope of ever having answers, for it was easy to see that she was not a "gusher," and by no means the style of young lady who tells an acquaintance of a day everything she knows and "swears an eternal friendship" before she has been with you twenty-four hours.

She seemed pleased when I insisted on her going in to breakfast with me; and when I introduced her to my party, and they said something about "adopting her as one of us," she expressed great delight at "seeming to belong to some one again, and not being independent," and made herself so agreeable that we congratulated ourselves on having secured an acquisition.

She disappeared after breakfast was over, so that when we took our places on deck and settled ourselves comfortably for the morning, we had no check on the expression of our delight at the personal appearance of my "*compagnon de voyage.*" I was besieged with questions as to her name and destination, and much abused because I had been with her all night and could tell neither.

One said she looked as if her name was Alice. Some one else said—"No, to preserve the fitness of things—which, by the way, names never do—it ought to be Grace."

"No doubt it is Hannah, Rachel, or Sarah. Her last name is undoubtedly Brown," said my Cousin Charley.

"I think she is an English girl," said I.

"You are such a snob," was Charley's polite remark, "you think everything nice that you see travelling is English. I am convinced that she came from Philadelphia. It is barely possible that she was educated abroad; she certainly has a sort of cosmopolitan air. But it is not at all necessary for her to be English because she is handsome and talks well."

"Well," I answered, "I am certain that she is English, for she uses just such a dressing-case as you read of in English novels, and that gray silk travelling-suit reminds me of Nora in 'Quits.' I confess that American girls, and especially Philadelphians, are as 'nice as they ever make them,' to use your own low slang; but this one has England written in all her ways."

"I will bet you a pound of chocolate that you

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find she never saw England and was born in the States. The female mind would wither away if it had no opportunity for romancing."

"Well, *qui vivra, verra!* I know that the silver tops in her dressing-case have 'E. B.' engraved upon them. She dropped one and I picked it up."

"No doubt. All the Browns that I have ever met commenced their names with B!"

"And the Hannahs and Rachels commenced theirs with E, I suppose!"

My friend did not appear on deck all day, and when I went to dinner I found that Charley had taken my seat by her and was making himself agreeable with a will. He had all the appearance of being *très èpris*. He joined us in begging her to come up on deck and be sociable, which she consented to do. The afternoon passed away rapidly. We spent most of the time in leaning over the side of the steamer, watching the blue waters, the dashing waves, and the brilliant coloring of the clouds, and dreaming as you only dream at sea. It was nearly dusk when I commenced my evening promenade with Charley. We had hardly made one round when 'E. B.' appeared at the top of the companionway and joined us. We watched the stars coming out one by one and gradually forming the constellations. Nothing can be more vividly brilliant than a star-light night in the tropical seas. The beauty of the evening made us sentimental. So potent was the charm that Charley, the cynic, broke out into a song. His delicious tenor voice filled the air with sweetness. It was impossible to resist the impulse to join in the chorus, so that we were more delighted than surprised to hear the sweetest, most sympathetic contralto, which we knew must come from "E. B.," rise even above Charley's voice, and excel everything in melody. Song followed song. Charley would start a duett and "E. B." would join as naturally as if they had practised together all their lives. It was an intense delight to me. I felt as if it would be happiness to float on forever listening to snatches of Mendelssohn, Shubert, and Abt, sung by two such voices. Our ecstasy was rudely broken in upon by the supper-bell.

"On such a night as this who wants to eat?" cried Charley.

"I must confess I do," said "E. B." "My salt-air appetite sweeps everything before it and still cries—after the manner of Miss Horseleech—give! give!"

I felt, when we left the deck, that the spell was broken, and even should we come up after tea, as was proposed, it would be impossible to rise into another such ecstatic state. The event proved that I was right. When we reached the deck after tea we found thick darkness instead of our star-light. A storm was coming with the rapidity that characterizes the getting up of those things in the tropics, so that we had to shelter below.

"E. B." and I had some musical conversation while getting ready for bed, but by no strategy could I twist the conversation round so as to discover what "E. B." stood for, whence she had come, and whither she was going.

The next morning as soon as I reached the table—"E. B." not yet being there—I was greeted by Charley with an impatient "Well?" "Well yourself. You do as if you had sent me on a message and were in a hurry for an answer."

"Oh! tell me her name and don't be silly and teasing."

"I might insist upon knowing who is 'her,' but I won't, for, of course, you mean my chum, and I don't know what her name is, except that 'E. B.' is engraved—"

"Oh! pray, don't drag in that silver-mounted dressing-case—eminently English—again. We all see how it has dazzled your brain. I can't believe it possible that you don't know any more than you did yesterday about her. Tell it all, like a duck, and don't be secretive."

"Quack, quack, quack. Is that enough like a duck to satisfy you? I am not a female detective, so if you want to know her name ask her yourself—I won't." Her entrance put an end to the conversation.

After breakfast we found that it was raining in torrents, so no deck for us to-day. To sit in the saloon and see "*les pauvres malades*"—ladies and children—lying about, was too provocative of like misery to ourselves, so, much to Charley's disgust, we retired to our cabin. I was reading one of those delicious books that you hate to finish, and was just far enough from the end to have served for a whole day of deck reading, but in my berth it would hardly occupy me until lunch-time. "E. B." took the sofa in our cabin and a book, and I took my upper berth and prepared to enjoy myself. For a long time silence prevailed. At last my book was done. I parted from all my friends and consequently felt lonesome, especially as I knew that I would never meet them again, for there are only a few novels that can be read twice. For some time I lay thinking about all the charming people and

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places that Kingsley had been introducing me to; but that grew monotonous. It still poured pitilessly. It wanted at least two hours to lunch time, and I didn't want to go to the saloon until then. Beginning a new book necessitated my climbing down out of my berth, unlocking my little trunk, and "rooting"—altogether too much exertion. There lay "E. B.," looking so happy, buried in her book, and I had finished mine and had nothing to do and no one to talk to. It was impossible to resist the temptation; so, in the elegant language of newsboys and bootblacks, I "hauled off and heaved" my book (it was a pamphlet) right at her. Her surprise was satisfactory. She humbly inquired "what next?" and shutting her book, like a martyr, prepared to entertain, or be entertained, whichever was expected of her. She picked up my book, and, glancing at my name written on the cover, said: "Ah! thank you; at last I've discovered your name, and will return the civility by sending you my card in the same manner in which you presented yours." With that she threw her book up to me, and therein I saw written in a distinguished hand: "Ethel Barrington, Canterbury, England." (Aha! I thought, where's my pound of chocolate, Charley—"Brown, United States"—indeed.)

"Are you fond of chocolate?" I asked abruptly.

"Devoted to it. Have you any?"

"No, but I am going to have some, and I'll divide with you."

"What has that to do with our strange introduction through the medium of Dickens and Kingsley?"

"More than you think. But do tell me about the cathedral in Canterbury. How charming to think that you have lived in the same town with it and can tell me all about it. Most of my ideas of cathedrals and cathedral towns have come from that nasty Trollope's stupid novels. Does he give correct ideas of them?"

"Why do you call Trollope 'names,' pray?"

"Oh! never mind Trollope now, we can do him up when we have nothing else to talk about. Tell me of the cathedral."

"It has been two years since I saw it."

She seemed so sad as she said it that I feared I had touched a painful subject; but, before I could stop her to apologize, she went on:

"Sometimes when I have been particularly 'low,' as Mr. Venus says, I have feared that I was never again to see the dear old towers and the hideous gargoyles. You can't imagine what a desolate feeling it was, after having lived under their shadow all my life. Now I can hardly realize that I am on my way back home. The days can be counted before I'll hear the glorious organ and sit in the old pew again."

"You will never leave it again, will you?" said I.

"Oh! yes; my leave is only for six months. You know I have been teaching in Cuba. I have had a very easy time, too, compared with the ordinary miseries of governess life."

"I am glad there is one place in the world where governesses have an easy time."

"Mine I fear was an exceptional case. Of course, you know that the Cuban ladies have no more intellect than enough to enable them to dress themselves with taste. So that they think for their children to know more than to read and write, speak French, play on the piano, and sing, is not only unnecessary, but deleterious. Studying confines the dear things too much; besides, what is the use of so much reading? Gentlemen don't like ladies that know more than they do. At first, from conscientious motives, I tried to give the children a taste for fairy tales, as the first step toward an *interest* in books. I would tell them the story until it came to the thrilling part, and then make some pretence of being obliged to stop and give them the book to read to the end for themselves The ruse seemed to succeed admirably, and they were beginning to think books contained something besides dry lessons, when, will you believe it, the mamma—Madame Aldama—entreated me to forbid the children touching books except in school hours, and begged me to try my best to guard against it carefully, for Lucia's eyes were getting inflamed horribly. And 'My dear mademoiselle,' she said pathetically, 'what would Lucia look like if she grew up with red eyelids?' You can imagine that the drudgery of teaching was very much lightened when you were conjured to keep the children back all the time. All Cubans have a talent for a certain sort of music—it is innate; then French is so much spoken on the island that it is an easy matter to teach them that."

"Didn't you miss the companionship of intellectual people?"

"Oh! yes—horribly at first—and the atmosphere of books, too, in which I had always lived before. It seemed to me that I had gone to live among puppets, whose only end was to dress fine and dance through life. But nearly every mail brought me books and magazines

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from England—and, by the way, the *Cornhill* and *Once a Week* have come to me regularly, and I can't find out who has sent them. I wrote to the offices and got for reply that the subscription had been paid in advance, and no name left except my address. My home people are as curious as I am, but no one can discover who is my friend. I had so much time on my hands, in which I could no nothing but read, that I hope I have kept myself from sinking into utter imbecility."

"Could you keep up your practising, or did teaching disgust you so much with music that you were tired of the sound of a piano?"

"Ah! there, in the piano, lay the beautiful 'compensation' of the life. Senor and Madame Aldama were both passionately devoted to music, and insisted on my learning everything new that came out for their benefit. M. Aldama had a correspondent in New York, who must have had most exquisite taste in music, for he always sent the very best—nothing trashy; but all classical music in the very best editions. Then all the light, foamy, fantastic music, that has its birth in Cuba and is never heard in perfection elsewhere, was sent to him from Havana. Think how kind he was: the music always came direct to him, and invariably he would write my name on it before I saw it, quietly making it mine without any formal presentation. In that way I have accumulated an unusually fine collection of music. Whenever I mildly protested against the enormous expense, I was silenced by being asked for whose pleasure did I learn it all? The consequence is, that instead of having given up my music, I have improved—more than I thought possible—since I left England. But I am forgetting the cathedral. My father was Dean and we always lived in the Close. From my earliest infancy I have known every nook and corner, inside and out, of the cathedral—from the chancel to the organ-loft. I used to have a seat in a corner where it was nearly always dusk, and where I was half concealed by a pillar, seeing only the reading-desk. So often I have sat there during evening service, when all the church was dark except the choir, listening to the music with my eyes shut, drinking in every note. I am afraid I bore you, talking so much about myself!"

"I assure you it is like a novel," I answered. "If you would only go on and tell me everything, and don't think me too *exigeante* if I ask all manner of questions, I would thank you immensely."

"You are very kind to be so much interested. The sudden relief of finding a listener for some other topic than dress and opera has beguiled me into being egotistical and garrulous."

"The only fault that I have to find with you is that you don't tell me minutely enough the circumstances of your being here."

"Time has softened them, so that now it is a sort of comfort to talk about my miseries to any one who listens sympathetically. My father died five years ago, when I was not quite fifteen. My mother had been an invalid all her life, so that the shock of his sudden death completely prostrated her, and she only lived a few months after his death. Our family consisted of three girls—one sister older and one younger than I. We had always been rich—so rich that I never thought of money. I don't know what the income was, but I know that we never expressed a desire for anything within the bounds of moderation that it was not ours. As I remember, money never was talked about at home. I never heard any one say 'I can't afford it;' but I suppose that our desires were moderate. We two younger girls had a governess, and I had masters for music and languages. My eldest sister was 'out.' There are four years difference between her age and mine, and I am five years older than Maude. So you see I am used to being rather alone. After the death of my mother, our guardians looked into our affairs and found everything in a state of hopeless confusion. The estate was deeply involved, and only with the greatest trouble and care was enough saved from the wreck to give us a small principal, which was invested, as our guardians supposed, in the safest and most profitable way. It turned out, however, that the mining company broke soon after our stock was bought, and we found ourselves almost penniless. At this time we had left our old home and were staying with an uncle, who was one of our guardians. My elder sister had for several years been engaged to the nephew of this uncle's wife. As he was a young curate, the marriage had been postponed until he should have a living. When he found that Ellen was going to be a governess in order to help to educate us, he refused to submit to it for an instant, and insisted that they should be immediately married, giving as an argument that his small income was better than a governess's salary, and that if Ellen had a home, however small, she could do more good to her sisters than by teaching among strangers. My aunt and uncle agreed

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entirely with Mr. Nelson, so Ellen was persuaded, and was quietly married.

"She lives near our dear old home still, and although my brother James has never yet had a living offered him, they are in very comfortable circumstances, for he is an author, and a very popular one, too. My uncle and my sister wrangled over the possession of my youngest sister some time, and at length settled it that he should educate her, and her home should be with her sister. And I went to a school established for the daughters of ministers who had to be governesses, where we were taught how to teach. I had been so well grounded at home and so carefully taught everything, that I only had to stay at the school one year before I could pass my examination and take my diploma. After I left school I spent two delightful months at the parsonage with my sisters and brother-in-law, and then left England to come to Cuba—to the Aldamas—where I have taught for two years and six months without any holiday except on saints' days and Christmas."

"How could you come so far from home alone?"

"It was some time before we could make up our minds to think of it. My sisters were so much averse to having me go out of England, and it nearly broke my heart at first. But there were some palliating circumstances; then the salary was three times as large as any that I could get in England, and the doctors thought that my health would be better in a warm climate."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted our conversation. I could have listened to Miss Barrington's narrative all day; but that fascinating sound, mentioned above, reminded us that the day was half gone and my first question had not been answered. After the discursive habit of ladies' conversation, I had learned her whole history merely from one question, which was not answered.

At dinner Charley pretended to be very much enraged at us for having shut ourselves up all the morning; but I could see that he anticipated great disclosures from it. He was quite restless after dinner until Miss Barrington had gone to our cabin and he had cornered me in the saloon, and, under pretence of playing a game of euchre, had extracted from me as much of the history of the "beautiful nameless," as he called her, as I thought necessary for him to know. When he had "pumped" me to his heart's content, he wouldn't rest until I promised to bring her up on deck to see the storm clear away.

It was still dropping a few large, scattering drops when we reached the deck, dressed in waterproofs and India-rubbers, and were found by Charley. The fresh air was delicious to us after having been cooped up in the cabin all day. Just before sundown the clouds broke and the storm was over as suddenly as it had commenced. Never was seen a more glorious sight than the sun and storm struggling for mastery, and the final triumph of the sun just as it sunk into the ocean, leaving a blue sky, flecked with delicate feathery clouds, in the East that had not yet been touched by the gorgeous coloring over the Western sky.

"Can anything be more fascinating than a sunset in the ocean? Watching the gorgeousness of his evening couch and the gradual shading away, until the East—first pink, then dove-color—becomes gray, and the little clouds, that just now were scarlet and gold, become solemn little Quakers?" I exclaimed, in a burst of what I thought would certainly be taken for poetical enthusiasm.

My fine speech might as well have been a weather platitude, for all the attention it received from my two companions. Charley especially seemed to be completely engrossed in something else—*what*, of course, I could not imagine, as I had never been too much entertained by a *gentleman* to notice sea and sky.

The deck was soon crowded with passengers coming up to enjoy the air. Suddenly I saw Charley dart away from us and seize a young gentleman (one who had been spotted at first by our party as being "*nice*") who seemed to be travelling alone, and knew only a few gentlemen on board, of whom my cousin was one. Before we had time to speculate on the abruptness of Charley's behavior, he was introducing "Mr. Manning" to me, and the words were hardly out of his mouth when he walked off with Ethel, leaving me in a state of amazement at the brilliancy of his stratagem to get a *tete-a-tete* with her.

From that moment to the end of our journey he and Ethel were continually together. And upon one occasion, when I tried to teaze her about her sudden conquest of my cousin, she said: "Ah! if you had seen only Cuban idiots for three years, you would enjoy the companionship of a man with brains as much as I do."

When I repeated this speech to Charley, as was the duty of a well conducted champion, he was radiant, and I really began to hope that "something might come of it," as magazine

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stories say, and that I would only have to part with "*ma belle camarade*" for a short time.

At length we reached St. Thomas. We anchored in the bay in the middle of the night, and upon awaking the next morning we found ourselves made fast to the "home steamer," which had entered the bay, from England, a few hours before us.

St. Thomas, as every one knows, is the depot for all the "Royal Mail Steam Packets" that go between the English Colonies in South America and the West Indies. The "home steamer" comes from England to St. Thomas without stopping, and there scatters passengers and mails, for all the islands, among the smaller steamers. Consequently there are seven or eight steamers always in the bay, which adds greatly to its gayety.

Ethel and I were standing on deck directly after breakfast, watching the people on the big steamer. The whole deck was alive; some people hurrying to and fro, getting their effects together preparatory to changing steamers; others, like ourselves, perfectly *quiescent*, enjoying the hurry and bustle around them, knowing that our time had not yet come, as we had to stay several days more on the "Eider." I was so busily engaged watching the people that I hardly noticed that Ethel had been unusually quiet for some time; but, happening to catch sight of her, I was startled at seeing an eager, half-frightened expression on her face, which was strangely pale. Following the direction of her gaze, I found that she was looking at two gentlemen standing by the railing of the larger steamer in earnest conversation. One was a mild-looking, gray-haired, old gentleman, and the other was one of the handsomest men that I have ever seen. A man who, having once seen, you could never forget. He was tall, broad-shouldered, strongly, though loosely, built—that is to say, he did not look like a colossal marble man, moved by machinery, as some big men do, because it is beneath their dignity to move a muscle more than is absolutely necessary for locomotion; but he was every inch a live flesh and blood man, with not too much flesh, and blood of the finest. A good gymnast, rider, hunter, fencer, skater, swimmer, and boxer. All this was seen in a glance. When you came to detail, you found that his hair was light, his eyes blue, his mustache flaxen, long, soft, and wavy, his complexion fair, but sunburnt enough to keep him from looking effeminate.

While I was seeing all this, I ceased to wonder at Ethel's gaze having become fixed when it rested on such a man. At length the elder gentleman left the rail, and the other, moved by that unfailing instinct which tells us that we are being looked at, turned toward us and looked down. When his eyes encountered Ethel's, he started visibly; she suddenly turned her back, whereupon he looked disappointed, but continued to look intently; then starting away, he walked rapidly to the companion-way.

No sooner was he out of sight than Ethel, whose face was scarlet now, rushed—absolutely flew—to the head of the ladder, and was gone before I could ask what it all meant.

"A pretty go," I said to myself. "Of course, they are intimate friends, and, no doubt, they will precipitate themselves into each other's arms on the bridge that connects the steamers below."

So I stood still and watched, momentarily expecting to see the two emerge on the bridge. After what seemed to me an immensely long time, I saw the tall gentleman on the bridge, making his way as best he could, through a steady stream of porters with trunks and boxes, across the bridge. In a moment he was on deck, and, coming straight up to where I was, he "begged that I would excuse him; but wasn't there a young lady with me a moment ago?"

"Yes; she went below."

"She was from Havana?"

"Yes; on her way to England."

"I thought that I could not have been mistaken. Her name was Miss Barrington?"

"Yes."

"Thank you; I'll look in the cabin for her. Pray, forgive my having interrupted you."

And he was gone.

"Interrupt," indeed. I wouldn't mind being interrupted all day by such a courteous "Apollo." So he really does know her! "But what has become of her?"

Before I could make up my mind whether or not to follow Apollo down-stairs, he came back, looked around the deck, and, in passing, said: "She was not in either of the saloons; has she been up here?"

"No; but, perhaps, she is in her cabin. I will try to find her."

"Thank you. Pray, believe that I should not trouble you, except that it is of immediate importance that I see Miss Barrington."

"Come with me to her cabin."

On reaching the door, it was found fast locked,

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and no knocks or calls were answered, which convinced us that she was not there. Not seeing Charley anywhere, I thought that, perhaps, Miss Barrington was with him going through the "Shannon," as many people were doing, and suggested that to Apollo.

He instantly started off; then, coming back, begged me to tell Ethel when she appeared that her Cousin Philip was looking for her and would not rest until he found her.

When I went to my cabin to make a toilet (that is, to take off my hat and smooth my hair—called by courtesy dressing for dinner) I found the door open and Ethel lying in her berth, her face turned to the wall, and I thought I heard sounds like suppressed sobs. I tried to leave the cabin unheard, but it was too late. Just as I closed the door, she called to me, and said—

"Why did you tell him my name? What shall I do—what shall I do? Couldn't you have told him he was mistaken?"

"Why should I have done that? To judge from his manner, it would have been the height of cruelty; besides, he says that he knew you instantly, and he asked me to tell you that your Cousin Philip would not rest until he found you."

"Has he gone back to the 'Shannon?'"

"Yes; some old gentleman met him on the bridge, and I heard them say something about a transfer of baggage."

"Then he will go in the next steamer, which leaves at four."

No persuasion would induce her to leave the cabin until after six o'clock, when, everything being quiet, and the fair-haired Apollo not having reappeared, she took courage and came to tea, and then, learning that our steamer and the "Shannon" were disconnected, she went on deck with me, saying that she was sure she would see nothing more of Cousin Philip. No doubt he had forgotten all about her by this time. At any rate, she hoped he had been obliged to leave in the Honduras steamer, just out of sight. No doubt he was bound to that place."

"Well, *mon ami*, you are very cool in your treatment of your relations, after not having seen any of them for so long. If my 'Cousin Philip' was as handsome as yours, I should weep to see him steaming away without a word."

"You don't understand the premises, my friend and critic."

We walked up and down for some time enjoying the twilight, but Ethel seemed unable to shake off her deep depression. At last she said to me—

"You know I feel as if I had known you for six years instead of six days. I don't know why; but it is so. I want to ask you a question. Don't laugh at me. How long do you think it ought to take to forget a person that you—that you—like—and don't want to like?"

"I think it would be impossible ever to forget him, if he was a blonde Apollo," I answered.

"If you knew how miserable I feel you could not make fun of me in that way," said Ethel.

Then the whole story poured out, and her confessions were to the effect that she had been brought up with her handsome cousin, and couldn't remember the day when she had not loved him. He had always been her champion in the children's quarrels, which were a matter of course in a large family, and they had always been fast friends. He belonged to the diplomatic corps, and when he went away from England for the first time, it was without even asking Ethel to correspond with him. She immediately jumped at the conclusion that he did not care for her, except as he would for his sister, and it nearly broke her heart. She could never forget that first and only slight, which, indeed, was never intended for a slight, as I afterward discovered. When her father died, Philip was in Florence. As soon as he heard that Ethel was going to be a governess, he went to England and proposed to her to marry him at once, for, although he was only an *attache*, his salary was twice as large as anything that she could make as a governess. She, as sensitive as she could be, thought that he proposed to her merely out of pity for her forlorn condition and moved by gratitude to her parents, who had always been kind to him in their lifetime. So she refused him in the most decided manner, and hearing of this engagement in Cuba, accepted it immediately, for fear she should be weak enough to change her mind. She had returned every one of his numerous letters unopened, and now was going home six months before her friends expected her, because she had heard accidentally that her cousin had been attached to the embassy to St. Petersburg, and she felt sure that she would not meet him in England.

"What brings him to this part of the world is more than I can imagine, unless he is on his

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way to Mexico or Honduras. But what am I to do if I should meet him again, now that I find I have not been able in all this time 'to get over it?'"

We were walking in a very secluded part of the deck, and before I could answer this last appeal, Ethel was seized by a gentleman who came from I don't know where, and nearly smothered in what seemed to my young and innocent mind an ecstatic embrace. I was not as terrified as might have been expected from such an alarming adventure in the twilight, because I heard a voice, that I recognized as Philip's, saying in a low, excited tone: "My darling, how I have longed for this moment."

I had seen and heard enough to show me that my society was desired in another part of the ship; so I escaped rapidly, lest I should witness any more uncontrollable demonstrations. I thought to myself: Aha! young lady, you may save yourself the trouble of asking any more advice, for you are evidently *not* the captain of that crew, and your skipper looks like a man who is going to have his own way.

I had been asleep for some time when Ethel came to our cabin. I waked up enough to see that the first thing she did when she came in was to put out the light. I made up my mind that she should not get off that easy. If she would not let me see the expression of her face, I should at least hear her voice and find out from that whether things were going right. So I said to her: "Well, Ethel, are you satisfied?"

"No; of course not; why should I be?" she answered, in a tone that she tried to make indignant, but succeeded in making almost radiant with delight.

I was satisfied that she had not refused Apollo again, and so let her alone, feeling sure that in time I would know all about it.

The next day but one the "Shannon" was to sail for England. Ethel was to be transferred to her, and our party would be broken up. Some of us would stay two or three days longer on the "Eider," and then take the "Conway" for the windward islands, and stop at any or all of them, just as we were prompted by circumstances.

It was with dismal feelings next morning that I started for my usual after breakfast promenade on deck, sorry to think that this would be the last day with Ethel, especially as she was so monopolized by Philip that I could hardly get a single word from her. I found myself more attached to her than I could have believed possible on so short an acquaintance. Charley's wrath was amusing when he came on deck and found Ethel surrounded by "a blankie Englishman." He came to me for consolation, and I was compelled to open his eyes to the fact that in that party "there was nae room for twa."

Ethel seemed to have no idea of packing and getting ready to leave our ship, and as I knew she would soon have to send away what baggage she had in her cabin, I went down for the purpose of folding and fixing for her. I had nearly finished my work when she came in, and, with a good deal of blushing, informed me that "she was too weak to be allowed to go about alone," etc., etc.; that she had surrendered without a struggle. Philip had made all the plans before he left England; he and her sisters had arranged everything, and all that she had to do was to fall in and do as she was told. He had been promoted to be first secretary, with a good salary. He had been ordered to Berlin, and now had six months' leave, and was on his way to Cuba to take her home when they met so accidentally.

"You have no idea how pathetically he said: 'Suppose we had passed each other on the road—you had gone to England and I to Cuba and found you not there!' There is an uncle of Philip's mother—a distant connection of ours, too—living in St. Croix, rector of the English church there—just think of Philip's having proposed to me to go there and be married, and then go back to England. He says it will save so much time and trouble to me. My sister is already worrying over 'what she will wear' as my bridesmaid; and my eldest sister and brother-in-law are arranging the breakfast—he says. Isn't he silly? He entreats so earnestly that I don't know what to say. Since he has come all this long way for me, and I am afraid 'it' is obliged to be done sometime or other, and as I hate ceremony and nonsense when I am the centre of attraction, why shouldn't we just go quietly and be married, without any trouble? So you see, I have consented on one condition, and that is, that you and your party can be persuaded to go with us to St. Croix and let me belong to you all until after the marriage. If I didn't know that you were only travelling for pleasure, and don't care to what island you go, I wouldn't make such a proposition. What do you say?"

I assured her of my delight at the plan, and went off instantly to see what the rest of the

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party would say to it. They were all so fond of Ethel that, of course, they consented to the arrangement—except poor Charley, who protested that he had been cruelly swindled, and vowed that he would forbid the banns.

Ethel and I at once set to work discussing wedding dresses, and found that it would be necessary for us both to "go shopping" in St. Thomas. So my uncle called one of the boats that always swarm around the steamers, and we all, except disconsolate Charley and the bridegroom elect, started on an expedition.

St. Thomas is by no means a bad place to shop in; it seems to be the wholesale house for all the islands. Ethel found the thing that of all others is nicest for a bride—beautiful India muslin—of exquisite quality; and price wonderfully small, compared with what we would have to give at home. We saw, in passing, the sign of a dressmaker, and soon all the arrangements were made and the dress promised for the second day after, which was the day before the St. Croix steamer sailed. We all had so much to do that the moments seemed to fly until the time for us to sail.

We had a charming little voyage over to St. Croix, and were soon comfortably fixed in the hotel. Philip's uncle and aunt immediately called on Ethel and begged her to come to them. We insisted on keeping her with us, though, and so they gave up, on condition that we would go to their house to the "breakfast," without which no Englishman seems to think that he's married. Although they were entirely taken by surprise at first, yet they assured Ethel of their entire approval, and praised her good sense in not having raised silly obstacles to a thing that both families desired exceedingly.

I shall not describe the wedding or the breakfast, for such things are bores at second-hand; suffice it to say, that everything was *comme il faut*. The bride, of course, looked beautifully and behaved with becoming resignation. The more we saw of Philip the more we liked him—*his* behavior, of course, was perfection.

We stayed in St. Croix a week, every moment of which we enjoyed, for we thoroughly explored the little Eden of an island under the guidance of the rector and his wife, who were charming people. Our visit was an immense treat to them—to believe their assertions—for there was little variety in their island life. They got up the most delightful "maroons"—or pic-nics—for us, and made our life a continuous idyl. But it was all to come to an end too soon.

We went back to St. Thomas just in time for Ethel and her husband to take the steamer to England. Any one seeing our parting would have thought that cruel fate was tearing asunder an attached family who had never before been separated.

I have often, since then, heard from Mr. and Mrs. Barrington, but, although they were married in such haste, I have never heard that they found "leisure to repent."

AT LAST.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Wherefore this bitter aching of the heart
When our beloved depart,
To whom our souls have grown through years and years
Of toil and tears?

Why weep for those who happily forget
Life's tedious wear and fret—
Who lay aside, with joy, these loads of ill
Which cramp us still?

Wash not, oh tears, these white and quiet feet,
Which, clean from dust and heat,
Shall climb, through all the round of coming days,
No more rough ways.

Lave not, oh tears, these calmly folded hands,
Slipped from their fettering bands,
Which, whether want would pinch or wrong despoil,
Know no more toil.

Fall not, oh tears, above the pulseless heart
Forgetful of its smart,
Which shall forever, while the slow years wane,
Know no more pain.

Stain not, oh tears, this fair and peaceful face,
Pure from all earthly trace,
Which shall, through all the cycles of the years,
Know no more tears.

For ah, it matters not how much we claim
Of wealth, and love, and fame—
What boon at last so dear to mortal breast,
As this—of *Rest?*

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AN IDYL ON THE ICE.

BY FREDERICK LOYD.

(*See Engraving.*)

Ah! well I can remember,
It is not so long ago,
How the sun came in December
To look down upon the snow;
And how all the fields were shining
With a radiance silver bright,
Till his westward rays declining
Bathed the hills in crimson light.

The woodland's Autumn splendor
Had departed, and the breeze
Sang a requiem low and tender,
For the desolate dead trees.
But the Winter has its glories,
And there's not a season brings
Brighter days and older stories,
When the merry kettle sings.

Of pleasures this the chiefest
Is, to glide upon the mere,
When the winter days are briefest,
And our skates are ringing clear.
And the sound of happy laughter
Floats from joyous boy and girl,
As we fleetly follow after
For the glimpses of a curl.

The days are glad in Summer,
There are happy nights in May,
When the cuckoo, a new comer,
Poises on the budding spray.

There's a cold in the heather
When the Autumn tints the lea,
And right fair in windy weather
Is the surf upon the sea.

There's not a season fairer
Than the gladsome days of Yule,
And there's not a pastime rarer
Than our flight across the pool.
When the sheeted ice is sparkling,
And the water gurgles through,
And the twilight time comes darkling,
And the stars shine in the blue.

Ah! bonny Katie Raynham,
You were hard to overtake,
You had smiles, but who would gain 'em
Must fly swiftly o'er the lake.
With the Winter sunshine o'er me
I would very often pray,
You could always fly before me
Dear, forever and a day.

Before a lover catches
You have circled yards beyond,
But, Mamma says, there are matches
Often made upon the pond.
And I may effect a capture
On one lucky day, who knows?
And look back again with rapture
To the season of the snows.

FOUR LEAVED CLOVER.

BY EVA GLEN.

In the flowery meadow
Down upon her knees,
Searching mid the clover-blooms
Swaying in the breeze—
Flitting here and flitting there,
Followed close by Rover,
Seeking—seeking everywhere
For a four leaved clover.

Nod the daisies in the grass—
The butter cups are smiling,
Sings the brooklet merrily
The summer day beguiling;
Waiting at the trysting tree
For her tardy lover—
Searching as the moments flee
For a four leaved clover.

Growing anxious in the search—
Ruby lips aquiver—
While the blue eyes wander off
Across the sparkling river;

Sinks the sun behind the trees,
Still there comes no lover,
When suddenly the maiden sees
A four leaved clover.

Smiles chase away the tear-drops
Gath'ring like the dew,
As she murmurs—"Now I know
That my beloved is true;"
The song-birds twittering in the trees
Repeat the sweet words over,
And whispers every passing breeze—
"I've found a four leaved clover."

Hears she suddenly *his* step
On the grass behind her,
Feels the touch of *his* dear hands
O'er her eyes to blind her;
One arm clasps her slender form,
The other fondles Rover,
As he whispers—"Darling, trust
The message of the clover."

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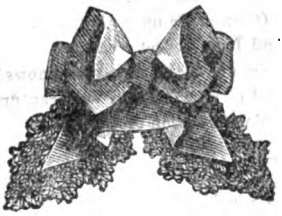
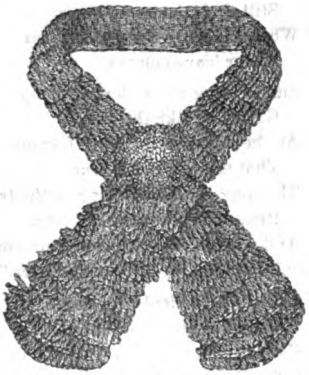
NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.

PALETOT OF SCARLET CLOTH, trimmed with revers, cuffs, fluting, and cross-cut bands of white cashmere, edged with narrow black ribbon velvet.

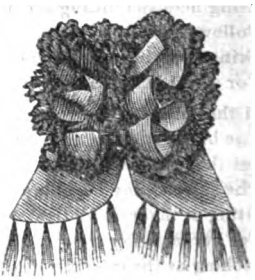


BOW FOR WAISTBAND, with short pointed basque of black grosgrain silk, suitable to wear with light dresses or tight-fitting jackets.



LADY'S CRAVAT IN KNITTING AND CROCHET.—Materials: Blue and white Berlin wool. The centre of this cravat is knitted with blue Berlin; a fringe worked with white is sewn on in coils in the cross way. The centre is worked in two parts in plain knitting in rows backward and forward, increasing and decreasing from a good paper pattern. Both parts are sewn together along the edge when completed. The fringe is worked with white wool taken double, which must be wound round a flat mesh measuring two-fifths of an inch round; the loops are joined together on one side with double stitches, one stitch in every loop. The loops are then cut open. Sew the fringe on the cravat, beginning at one end in coils from illustration; in the middle of the back the coils must lie in contrary directions. The cravat fastens under a rosette made of fringe.

HAT OF GRAY FELT, trimmed with a plait of blue velvet and gray silk rep. A bow of the same materials is placed upon the top of the hat, and is continued in lappets which fall at the back.



WAISTBAND BOW OF BLACK SILK, composed of two double flutings and wide lace. A ruche of lace is placed in the centre, and the short ends are edged with tassel fringe.

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INSERTION.

WALKING SUIT OF MAROON POPLIN, trimmed with bias bands of the same and maroon fringe, or with black velvet and black silk fringe. The skirt is an all-round short one, and four inches from the edge there is a two-inch band, stitched on at both sides with machine and bordered on the lower edge with a fringe. Our pattern gives the tunic and jacket, and consists of five pieces—three for the jacket and two for the tunic. For the jacket there is one-half of front, half of back, and the upper part of sleeve, the under part being marked upon it. The notches on the shoulders show how the jacket is to be joined. The jacket is not joined below the waist, but is left open under the arms and in the centre of the back. It is trimmed round the edges, armholes, and sleeves with a bias band and with fringe. Our pattern gives exactly half the tunic—half of front and half of back. The front is a round tablier, and the back is left open to the waist; it is slightly looped up at the side with three buttons covered with the material.

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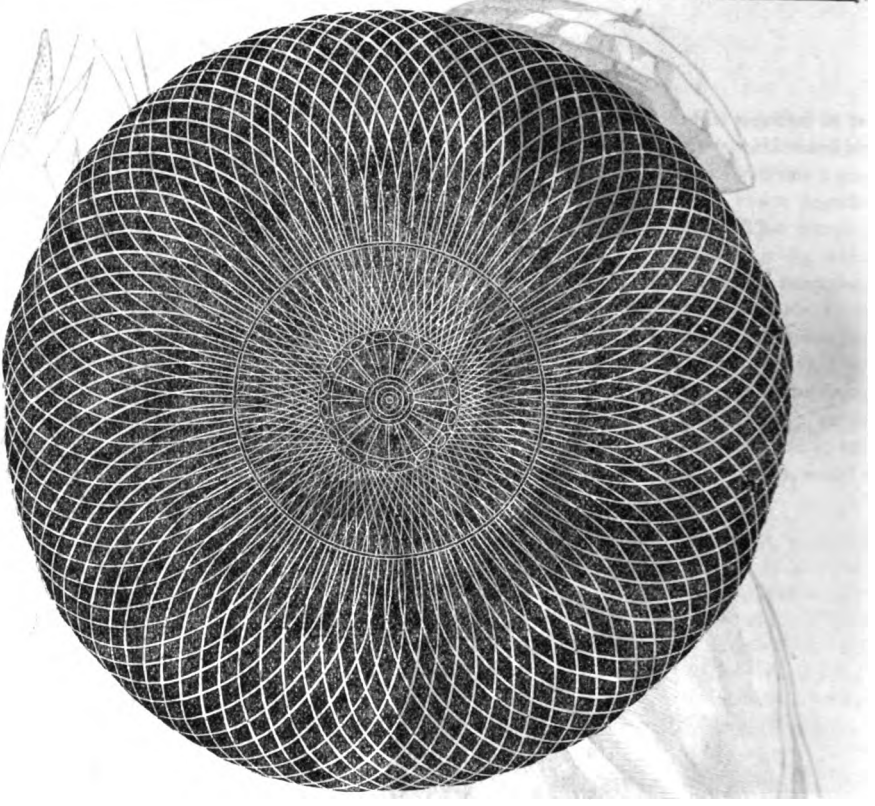

HAIR NET.—This can be worked with fine sewing or purse silk, and used for the chignon; or in thicker material, and used for children. You require three meshes—a steel one (No. 14) for the centre, one a quarter of an inch wide for the wide rows, and a round bone one (No. 8) for the other size. Commence with the finest mesh, and work 15 stitches, slip the needle out, and form the row into a round by drawing up the foundation thread, and work the next round by beginning the first stitch upon the first stitch of the last round; work this round with the same mesh, then take the bone mesh and work a round with it; on this round work a round with the finest needle, making a stitch in each loop of last round by working two loops on each stitch. Work two rounds plain with the finest needle upon this round, then another round, working two stitches in each loop; work 5 plain rounds upon this with the smallest mesh, then take the middle sized mesh and work 1 round with it; upon this round work a round with the smallest mesh, working 2 stitches in each loop; the next round is worked with the widest mesh, 1 stitch upon each loop of last round. You now work 10 rounds with the bone No. 8 mesh, and fasten off. Run a narrow elastic through the edge.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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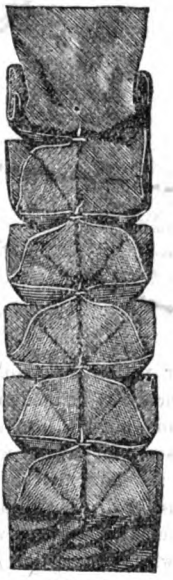
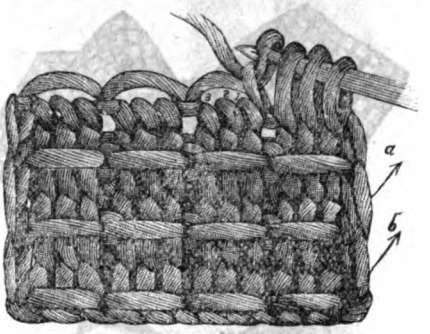
No. 1. Box Pincushion.—These box pincushions are very convenient articles, as they serve to hold trinkets, &c., for which a temporary covering may be required. Our model may be made of either mill-board or wood, and the size desired. It is covered with blue satin, and a rosette of point-lace crochet or tatting is added on the cushion. The ruche that decorates the sides is given full size in No. 2.

No. 2.



No. 3.
Scarlet Satin Ruche for Trimming.

No. 4.



N. 5.

Nos. 4 and 5. Details of Carriage Blanket.—This must be worked with double Berlin wool or 6 thread fleecy, with any two colors forming a good contrast, such as gray and scarlet. Black fleecy and gold filoselle are also required; a bone tricotee hook No. 12.

The pattern is worked in stripes, bordered on each side with two rows of looped crochet in black wool, and the stripes joined together with a row of double crochet in gold filoselle. For each stripe make a chain of 19 stitches; work two stitches in the second loop from the needle, taking up for the first stitch the top of the loop; for the second stitch put the needle under the middle twist of the same loop, and draw the wool through. Work in this manner in each stitch excepting the last; in it work one loop only. You should now have 34 loops on the needle. To work back, draw the loop through the first loop only (the whole of this row must be worked very loosely), * then take off the next three loops of last row together; repeat from * to the end of the row.

2d row. Keep the long loop formed by the last row at the front of each three stitches throughout this row, as this loop forms the cross bar described in the engraving; take up each loop of each three stitches one by one behind the loose loop. The stitches referred to are marked 1, 2, 3 in the detail No. 4. The end loop is plain. Work back as in the last row. Repeat the 2d row throughout the stripe.

The sides of each stripe are worked with black wool. The 1st row.—1 DC. upon the first

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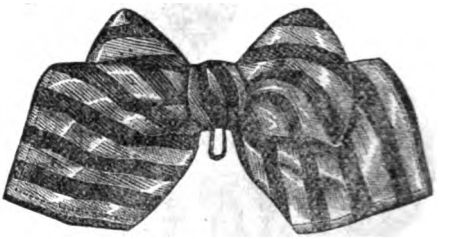
long loop, 5 Ch., * 2 DC., a loop of 5 Ch.; repeat from *. The arrows on the side of the detail No. 5 mark the stitches to be taken up at the side of the stripe.

2d row.—Commence on the first DC. of last row and work on it 1 DC., 1 DC. on the next DC., passing behind the 5 chain, then a loop of 5 chain, * 2 DC., a loop of 5 Ch.; repeat from *, taking care that each loop in this row is made between the 2 DC. of last row.

3d. row.—Plain DC.

Join the stripes together by working a row of DC. loosely with gold filoselle. The fringe is made by looping lengths of the different colors alternately in the end rows of the crochet.

No. 1.



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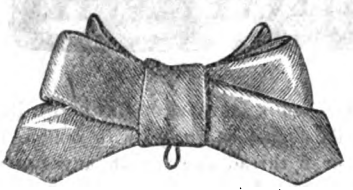

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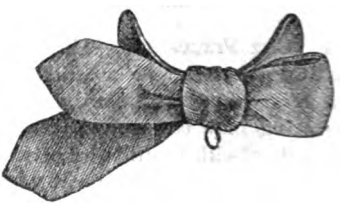

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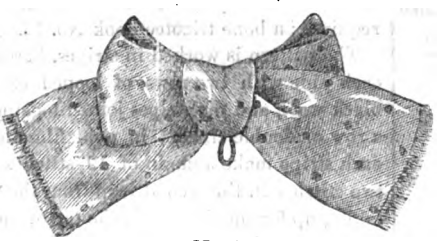
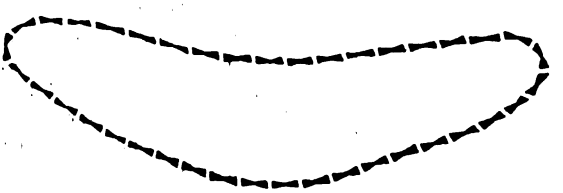


No. 5.

No. 6.



No. 7.

Cravat Bows for Boys and Young Gentlemen.—These can be made at home by any tasteful hand at half the cost of the ready made article; and as fresh ones are constantly wanted they are acceptable gifts from a sister's graceful fingers.

No. 1 is of plaid silk, No. 2 of striped satin, the bows and loops both lined with something moderately stiff, crinoline or paper muslin, and put together as shown in the illustration, finishing with the knot in the middle. The foundation (for pattern see No. 7) is of stiff pasteboard, which may be made more permanent by wiring round, but will keep shape without long enough to serve for several fresh bows. An elastic loop for fastening to the button of the shirt collar must be firmly sewed on as shown in No. 6, the foundation covered with the material, and the bow sewed fast, that it may keep its place well. Nos. 3 and 4 are of brown satin and blue silk, the material doubled and lined. No. 5 is of dotted silk, fringed.

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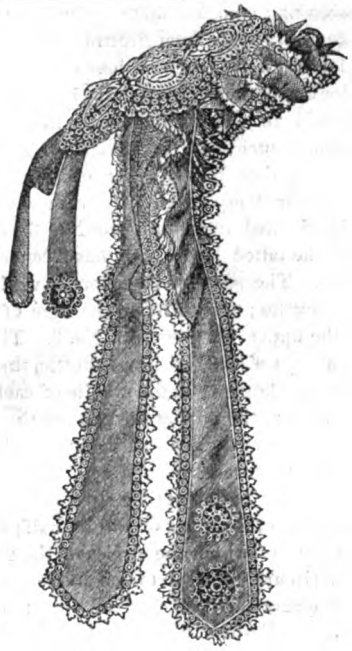
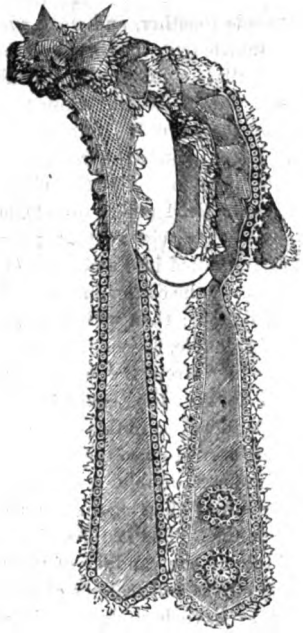


No. 1.



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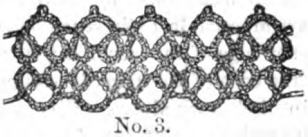

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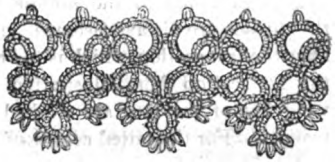

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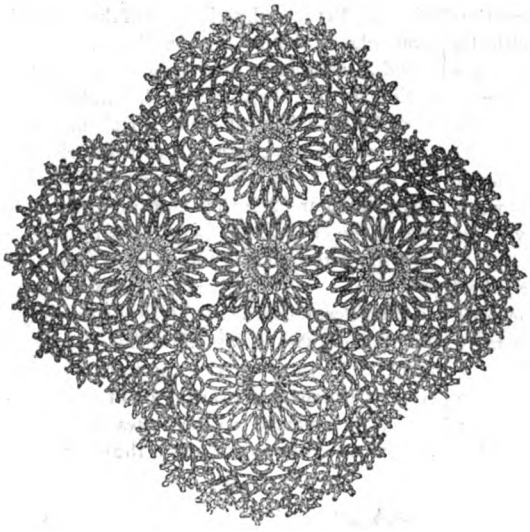

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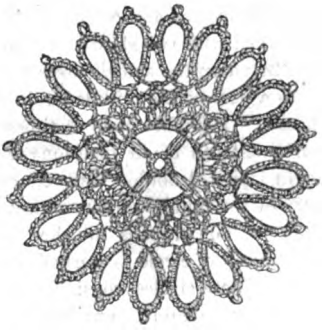

No. 6.

LADY'S TATTED CAPS.—Cut first a good pattern in stiff net, and edge it all round with wire. At the front edge sew on a strip of net one inch and one-fifth wide, edged with tatted lace; sew it on in coils as can be seen in illustration; toward the ends the strip of net is plaited (see Nos. 1 and 2). No. 4 shows part of the lace full size. The lace is worked with very fine tatting

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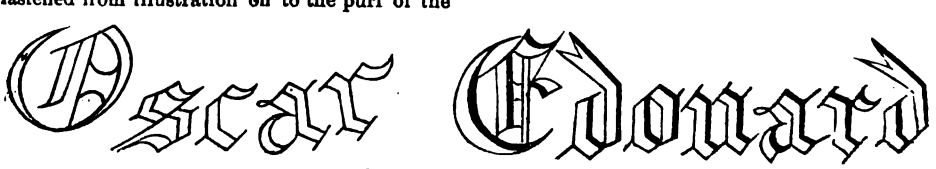
cotton, with two shuttles, as follows: Knot the two threads together, and work with the cotton on one shuttle over the cotton on the other shuttle one scallop, consisting of 6 double, 1 purl, 5 double, 1 purl, 7 double; close to this scallop, with one thread only, 1 circle, consisting of 7 double, fastened on to the free end of the scallop, 7 double; close to this another circle of 5 double, 1 purl, 4 double, 1 purl, 5 double, fastened on to the preceding circle at that place where the stitches are joined into a circle. On to this circle work over the cotton on the 2d shuttle 1 scallop of 7 double; then with one shuttle only: 1 circle of 4 double, fastened on to the last purl of the preceding circle, 2 double, twice alternately 1 purl, 1 double; then again 1 purl, 2 double, 1 purl, 4 double close to this a circle consisting of 3 double fastened on to the last purl of the preceding circle, 2 double, 4 times alternately 1 purl, 1 double; then again 1 purl, 2 double, 1 purl, 3 double. The last described circle forms the middle of one vandyke of the lace; the remaining circles and scallops of the vandyke are worked as have been described, only reversed, of course. In working the last circle of a vandyke form a purl in the middle of the same; the threads are always fastened on to this purl after the last scallop, which is to be joined on to the 1st scallop from illustration. The other vandykes of the lace are worked in the same manner. For the tatted centre of the cap seen in No. 5, work first 5 rosettes from illustration No. 6; begin each rosette in the centre with the middle circle consisting of 2 double, 3 times alternately 1 purl one-fifth of an inch long, 3 double; then again 1 purl, 1 double. Then fasten the cotton and cut it off. The next round is worked with two shuttles as follows: Fasten the thread on the shuttle over which you work on to a purl of the middle circle, work over this thread * 1 double, then 4 times alternately 1 purl one-tenth of an inch long, 2 double; then again 1 purl, 1 double fastened on to the next purl of the middle circle; repeat 3 times more from *. The threads are then fastened. The next round of circle is worked with one shuttle only. These circles consist always of 3 times alternately 2 double, 1 purl; then again 2 double fastened from illustration on to the purl of the preceding round, and on to one another. Lastly, edge each rosette from illustration with a round of larger circles; each of these circles consists of 6 double, 3 times alternately 1 purl, 6 double, fastened in the manner seen in illustration. When 5 such rosettes have been worked, sew them together from illustration No. 5, and edge the so far completed centre from No. 5 with a strip of tatted insertion (see No. 3), and then with the tatted lace which has been described above. The strip of insertion is worked with two shuttles; work first on the edge of the centre the upper half seen in No. 3. The circles are always worked with one shuttle, the scallops with two shuttles; in the middle of each scallop fasten on to the purl at the edge of the rosettes; the corners of the strip of insertion between the rosettes are formed from No. 5. In working the circles of the 2d half of the strip of insertion fasten them on to the circles of the 1st half; the purls, by means of which the circles of the 2d half of the strip are joined on to one another, must be a little longer than the purl of the circles of the 1st half. Besides this, work 1 purl in the middle of each scallop. Lastly, edge the centre with the lace (No. 4) by working in crochet always alternately 1 slip stitch on one purl at the upper edge of the lace, 1 slip stitch on one purl at the edge of the strip of insertion; after every slip stitch work always some chain stitches (see illustration). The tatted centre is thus completed. Between the windings of the lace, at the front edge of the cap, sew on (from illustrations 1 and 2) some loops of green grosgrain ribbon 1 inch and two-fifths wide; in the middle of the front fasten a bow of similar ribbon. At the back edge of the cap, at about two inches from the middle, fasten 2 grosgrain strings 25 inches long, which are 2 inches and two-fifths wide at the lower end, which is pointed off, and are slanted off toward the top so as to be only one inch and three-fifths wide. These strings are edged all round with tatted lace and ornamented at the ends with a tatted rosette. Lastly, sew the tatted centre on the cap from No. 4; the centre must cover the sewing on of 2 lappets of ribbon ornamented with rosettes and loop of ribbon, which hang down over the chignon.



NAMES FOR MARKING.

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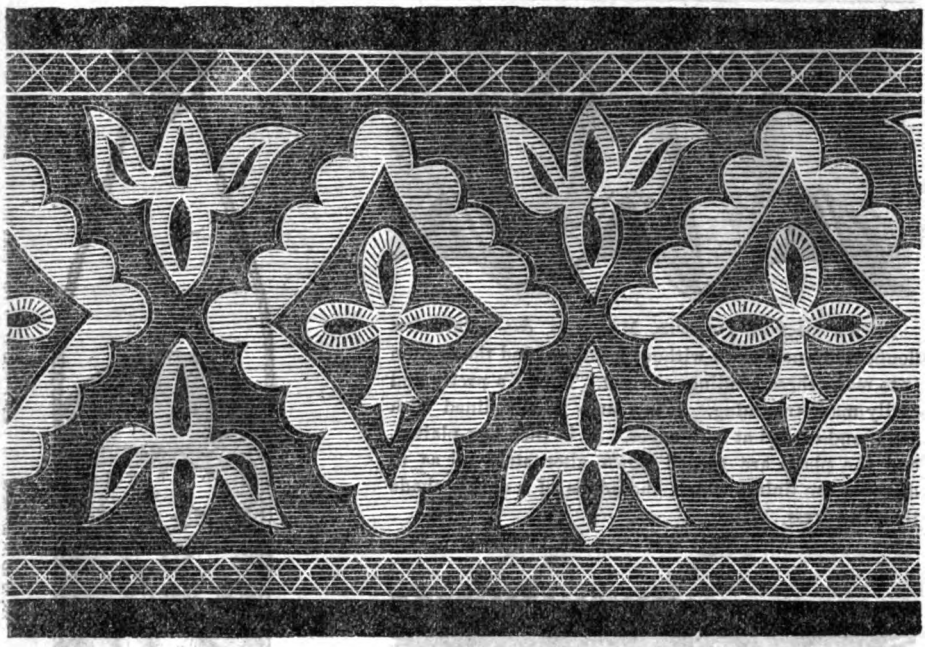
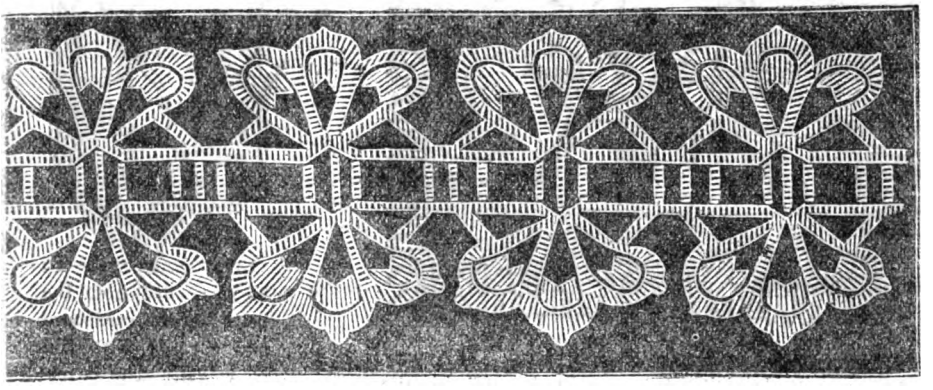


EMBROIDERY INSERTION FOR PETTICOATS.—The materials required will be Embroidery Cotton, No. 20, and Boar's Head Cotton No. 24. The holes should be pierced and sewn over. The escallops should be in well-raised overcast stitch. The centre pattern in each diamond should be in satin stitch, with the holes pierced and sewn over. The lines should be in satin stitch over cord, and the pattern between should be in the point lace rosette stitch, with No. 2 cotton.



CROCHET LACE INSERTION.—The materials required will be a Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 4, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 20 or 30, if for fine purposes; but if for coarse, such as antimacassars, &c., use No. 4 cotton, and hook No. 2. Commence by making a chain the length required, turn, and for the foundation row, miss 3, and 3 treble, * then 2 chain, miss 2, and 3 treble; repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 2d row: * through the centre of the 1st 3 treble, work 1 treble, then 2 chain and 1 treble 3 times, all in the same stitch, 3 chain and 1 double in the centre of the next 3 treble, 3 chain, and repeat from * to the end; fasten off. 3d row: through each of the three loops of 3 chain work * 1 double, 1 chain, 1 treble, 3 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, then 3 chain, and through each of the next three loops of 2 chain work and repeat from * to the end; fasten off. On the other side of the foundation chain, repeat the last two rows, to form the insertion, as seen in our illustration.

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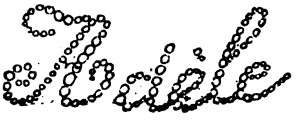
TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, MANTLES, &c.—Very few flounces are now worn without headings, and the fashion is to make these headings upright. This is a pretty and easily made trimming. It is a strip of silk, lined with satin, and corded at both edges. It is then box-plaited, and the plaits are turned down alternately so as to discover the lining, which should be of a darker shade than the dress.

PINCUSHION (CHENILLE EMBROIDERY).—This very elegant small pincushion is intended to be carried in the pocket or bag. It is made of white satin, and the spray of roses is embroidered with pink and green chenille. The stuffing is scented, and the cushion is trimmed round with fancy chenille fringe.

SPECTACLE CASE.—To be suspended from the belt. Made of cardboard and covered with kid or velvet. The covers are worked in point russe, with either gold twist or purse silk, according to taste.



NAMES FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

CHANGING STYLES OF DRESS.

We have always maintained that the varieties and perpetual novelties of fashion which we make it our business to chronicle are good in themselves—only an evil and a trouble as people choose to make them so. In our experience, a new style is often exceedingly convenient and economical for rearranging, very acceptable when one has new material to make up. Fashion need never be felt as a tyranny. Its reasonable requirements are easy and simple; in the city one has only to use her eyes to know them—in the country to read our magazine. And the unreasonable excesses of dress, who wants to know and to follow? Whoever they are, the lady of taste, and judgment, and conscience, choosing simplicity, is superior, and should feel so. She is the civilized woman who is well-dressed according to the test that no one notices what she has on. How can she feel abashed before the barbaric profusion of ornament affected by shoddy gentry? How can she wish to imitate, or be disturbed in spirit, by the change for change sake, the costliness for the mere display of wealth that makes the extravagance of the present day? It is only a spectacle, and a warning what to avoid, as the Spartan children were taught to look upon the intoxicated Helots.

People are struck with the impropriety of excessive dressing in church. Certainly it is more glaring there, but the bad taste is the same in all times and places; and the lady of refinement and culture, using fashion and not abusing it, stands serenely upon higher ground. We have been reading in a contemporary an article from the *Congregationalist* upon

OUR SUNDAY CLOTHES.

At a little social gathering the other evening, our pastor's wife—who is by no means one of the aggressive kind—electrified the whole company by asserting that she longed to go and live somewhere where there was not such a high degree of civilization. At which outrageous statement, from one ordinarily so undemonstrative, the assembled body of her friends, refined ladies and gentlemen of culture, were speechless with amazement, until the cause of the trouble came out. So much dress! So much changing of style, such exaction of time, and money, and brains! Such weariness, and worry, and envy, and jealousy, and general vexation of spirit!

She, personally, was not drawn into it; she trusted she had stamina enough to withstand it. She hoped her character as a woman and a Christian was well enough established to admit of her walking into the pastoral pew on every succeeding Sabbath in the same plainly made black silk dress, if she chose so to do. But certain ladies had delicately intimated that "in her position," her husband "having so large a salary," the "congregation being so stylish," and "this being an age when people dress more than they used to," would it not be better if she would add to her hair, "very beautiful and a great deal of it, we know, and you do it up so beautifully, but it is the fashion to wear more. And more trimming," ect., etc. Two old dowagers had dared say this to a Christian lady, whose whole attire was a model of refined and elegant taste, but always so quiet and simple that she was indeed a contrast to them.

Let me now begin at the beginning. Our congregation is the largest and, I am sorry to say, the most fashionable in town. The members of the church, as a general thing, are a comparatively plainly-dressed people, and would be glad to remain so. But if they can withstand the torrent that is now bearing down upon us, they will prove their steadfastness indeed.

We have the families of an ex-congressman, an ex-foreign minister, and some retired merchant princes among us—alack the day! They have money enough; they are fresh from Washington winters and summers at Saratoga. They are in continued communication with dressmakers; they are full of fashions. There is a constant ordering of new clothes; and the chief concern of life—after getting them—is to wear them. Some of these people are Christians, but who would know it?

It comes out that frequently when these ladies are absent from church—when they are known to be in town and in good health, and with no apparent hindrance—they are kept away simply because the new hats did not arrive in season; the dressmaker did not get the new suit finished on Saturday; or the trimmings on it did not suit; or worse and worse, it was not possible to get their hair done up in season for the morning service, and they were too tired with the labor of dressing to go in the afternoon. Their hair, which God gave them for an adornment surely, but never meant it should be a cause for Sabbath breaking.

And when they do come, how fearfully and wonderfully are they made up! As one sees a group of them passing into the vestibule, it is like looking at a pageant, a barbaric court, or the highly daubed figures in a panorama—like almost anything but a company of Christian women attired for the worship of God. Little heels rap, streamers float, laces and tissues flutter, flowers tremble; there is a great show of crimps, and curls, and braids; there seem to be wings, and flounces, and flutings, and ruffles, and folds, and pleats, and notches, and scallops, and arabesques; there are tassels, and gimps, and fringes—all manner of decorations and draperies, which give the impression of an immense display of barber's and milliner's wares; the shops seem to have been plundered, and the robbers are carrying away all they can pile on their heads and hang around their necks and waists. But no; they are only in their Sunday clothes, going to church. They are only wearing the showiest and most overpoweringly costly of their miscellaneous articles of attire. They have put them on that they may make the most of the occasion. They are not masqueraders, but worshippers! And all this costume does not by any means prevent them from being Christians. Certainly not.

My pretty neighbor opposite—whose piety no one ever doubted—who looks such an embodiment of womanly good taste, as I see her walking in her garden of a morning in some softly flowing dress, and with her own brown hair wound in a braid about her

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shapely head, is just as much a Christian, when following in the wake of Mrs. Senator G—— she goes with a painful motion up the aisle, deformed by her multitudinous clothes, and all the symmetry of her head destroyed by the stupendous pile of something supposed to be her own hair, but which every lady knows is not.

What if she has not moral courage to appear in public in the style of dress which she likes best and which she knows is most becoming to her, shall we assert that she is any less of a Christian on that account? But would not her influence be better, should not we respect her more if she dared to show herself above the exactions and follies of every fashion, and be a law unto herself when she knows that her own judgment is best? Would not this be a good occasion for manifesting her Christian spirit, instead of drifting into worldly ways?

But to return to our pastor's wife. "It is," she says, "the waste of money, of time, and of opportunities; it is the impoverishment of all that is best; the starvation of the intellect and the dwarfing of the religious feelings; for the two things—engaging so eagerly in fashion, and living a life of true Christian worthiness—cannot go together.

"Then look at the influence. It does such incalculable harm to others. If it were only the damaging of one's self, perhaps I should not be so unsparing. If some will be absorbed by this endless planning and arranging and trimming of dresses and things, perhaps I should be willing to be silent, if that would be the end of it.

"If Mrs. A. chooses to have a single dress, on which five of the best trimmers in a fashionable dressmaker's shop have spent six days, merely in making and putting on the trimmings, let me console myself by remembering that for those thirty extra day's work on an already completed dress, those girls have received so much extra pay, but this is not the end of it. Mrs. B., who sits in the pew behind, is miserable because her own attire is so noticeably outdone; and most miserable she, because she knows she can never afford all that. Mrs. C. will not go to church, because she 'cannot cope with the others in dress.'

"It is a wretched piece of business, every way. The attention of a part of the congregation is attracted by the display of such a toilet; some mentally protest against it; some are jealous.

"The truth is, this excessive dressing is wholly out of place in the house of God. I am not disposed to enter into the requirements of visiting or reception or ball toilettes. I speak simply of this one occasion. Let the display of howy apparel—if it must be made—be somewhere else.

"And I have not mentioned another evil—the continual change. There is no end to the 'suits.' If they are in green and gold to-day, belike they will be in blue and silver next Sunday. They are now in pink and next in purple, till all the colors known to the English tongue are exhausted, and we have to seek shades and tints of foreign ingenuity—we must be mauve and ecru. What wonder that a woman, tired of it all, should cry out for the days when one or two Sunday gowns sufficed for the whole year?"

DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLORED DESIGN FOR A SLIPPER.

This design is to be worked on Penelope canvas, No. 20, with black and two shades of stone-colored single Berlin wool, the grounding being scarlet; but either blue, green, or crimson would be equally effective. The white is put in with floselle.

THE SISTERS.

This new premium engraving is one that we are sure will give peculiar pleasure to all who receive it. Seldom, indeed, can so valuable an art-treasure be so easy of attainment. Paintings by the masters of the art must always be an exclusive possession of the few; but the graver, in the hand of genius, breaks up this monopoly and scatters far and wide the beautiful conceptions of the choicest spirits. Of course, there are all grades of skill in engraving. Generally the original idea is more or less marred in the copying, for the obvious reason that to do it justice requires a very uncommon fineness of heart and soul to enter into the conception, as well as skilful fingers to work it out. The artist whose successful reproduction of these lovely "sisters" we now offer as a premium, is, we are assured by those who know, one of the three or four best steel engravers in the world; which accounts for the rare beauty of his work, and especially for its rare fidelity to the original. The artistic excellence of the picture is not a matter for general appreciation: only a fellow-artist could judge of minute details, and estimate at their worth those exquisite strokes of the graving tool that have wrought out such happy effects; but the *spirit* of it, all can understand. It goes straight to the heart and gladdens it, as only lovely childhood can. Just such a chubby cherub is in thousands of homes—

"A little child, yet glorious in the might
Of Heaven-born freedom on her being's height."

A young immortal, over whom her immortality "broods like the day," shining out supreme from her clear eyes,

"For, trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

And just such an elder sister looks up with adoring eyes at the curly, dimpled darling who can do no wrong.

This charming truth to nature, only achieved by the great masters, is the merit of "The Sisters," and will make it a daily delight and refreshment as it hangs upon the walls of many a happy home.

A LETTER.

Miss A. F. B. W., of Winslow, Maine, writes as follows:

"I like THE LADY'S FRIEND better each number I get. The pictures are beautiful, and the patterns excellent. The reading is better than in any other magazine I have read, having a higher tone, a nobler aim than most of them."

THE GARDENERS' MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER.—The prettiest colored plate yet given by this well-conducted periodical appeared in its October issue. "The Herstine Raspberry" is a new, hardy seedling, which surely bears luscious fruit if this glowing picture is a fair representation. Mr. Meehan has reason for no small amount of editorial pride in its beauty.

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OUR FRONTISPIECE.

Is not our frontispiece beautiful? And the verses which illustrate it, are they not touching and sweet? Read them:

SORROW UNDER THE SUN.

The sun shone in on the staircase
As I went up to my room,
And a breeze came under the window
With a weight of warm perfume;
Without, there was nothing but gladness;
Within, there was only gloom!

The sun had found out my secret,
And looked down straight at me,
And I—I turned my head away,
For he looked reprovingly;
"I am sorry to see," he seemed to say,
With a saintly gravity.

And I cannot tell who told him,
But I know the wind well knew,
For he took up the scents he was going to leave,
And went on his way anew,
And a little sweetness that stayed behind
Said, "I did not come for you."

So I went on up to my chamber—
My little white chamber of bliss;
A fly flew out as I opened the door,
And my heart was vexed at this—
That the very fly did not choose to stay
In the room with my naughtiness!

I sat down close to the window,
At the foot of the little white bed;
The fields were happy down below,
And the wide sky overhead,
And the trees a-tremble with joy between—
"It is quite too bad," I said.

I doubt if a fairer summer day
Came all the summer long;
The whole earth seemed like a mother's lap,
For a soul that had done no wrong;
But the sun was all too bright for me,
And the woodbine smell too strong.

I think I was almost angry
With the roses, pink and white,
I had gathered out of the hedges
In the cool walk over-night,
Before this misery came to-day,
To cloud each pleasant sight.

So I moved the little stumpy jar
From the window-sill away,
And took its place myself, and leaned
Out into the perfumed day:
As if *I* were fit to take the place
Of anything good or gay!

I sat and thought of them all down-stairs,
And how unkind they were;
And the ancient angers of all my life
Seemed all in my heart astir;
And I blew with a breath from the window-ledge
The spider's gossamer.

A single delicate line was left,
And it floated far, far out:
And the wind played games with the other end,
And wafted it up and about;
And I wanted the weak thread not to break,
And watched it in fear and doubt.

And I saw how fair the silver line
Against the greenness showed—
The heavy green of the garden trees
That stretched half over the road:
They seemed quite tired of their own great boughs,
And bending under the load.

And my eye roved out like the spider's thread,
Out into the landscape wide,
And over the fields of low green corn,
And down to the river-side;
And I saw there were figures on the bridge,
O'er the slow and weedy tide.

Yes, there were the father and mother,
And there were the sisters twain,
And there was Bertie with them, too,
And they seemed all happy again.
I saw their gladness with a pang,
And I fear it was more than pain.

It made me angry to see them,
(It was very wrong, I knew,)
And I watched them with a sore, sore heart,
As they wended the long lane through:
They were getting the small convovulus,
That under the hedges grew.

And Bertie—oh! I saw him go
To Mamma with his nosegay wild,
And I k ew by the way she held her head,
That she looked at him and smiled;
And I almost seemed to hear her voice,
With its cordial, "Thank you, child."

But I grew more sad than angry.
When they were gone out of sight.
When the winding lane had wound them in,
And hidden them from me quite;
Then a butterfly crossed the garden grass,
And I turned to watch its flight.

And by the time that butterfly
Had done with the great flower-bed,
A little genuine grief had come,
And turned into tears, and was shed.
"I cannot at all think Bertie right,
But I know I was wrong," I said.

I moved to the side of the window,
And looked toward the low hill's brow,
Where, under the narrow shadow,
Lay here and there a cow;
And I thought of a dear, dear dairy,
That is shut for always, now.

It is shut to me for always,
No entrance I now can claim!
And so, with the thought of her dairy,
The thought of Aunt Rhoda came;
And I went and got the little book
In which she wrote my name.

I got the little hymn-book, worn
With time and a tearful tide;
She had only written my Christian name,
"For Ellen," and nought beside
But the date—two years ago last March,
A month before she died.

And, between the hymns I whispered through,
And my thoughts of the counsels wise
That she gave us children now and then,
And that stayed in our memories,
I had quite forgot my naughtiness,
Till I chanced to lift my eyes:

They were all coming up the garden path!
I snatched my garde hood,
And ran down-stairs, and in the sun
At the open door I stood;
And before I had time to think a thought,
"I am sorry," I said, "and good."

I went up again to my chamber
Thereafter a little while,
The sun at the staircase still looked in,
As if my grief to beguile;
"I am glad to see," he said to me;
And I answered with a smile!

And the little breeze, as I entered the room,
He met me at the door—
"The stumpy vase holds much perfume,
But I have brought in more:
And each new odor that comes in here
Will be sweeter than that before."

The stumpy vase soon found its way
Back to the window-sill;
But Aunt Rhoda's little hymn-book
I keep in my pocket still;
And it may be under my pillow to-night—
I should not wonder it will.

E. B. B.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Our Novelets for Next Year.—Our list is not quite complete, as we expect one from Mrs. Moulton, not yet named. But we give the following list:

One Woman's Experience. By Annie L. Mussey.

Camilla. By Emma B. Ripley.

The Beaufoys of Belvidere. By Elizabeth Prescott.

A Little Money. By Amanda M. Douglas.

A Novelet. By Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Our wish for the future is to have our novelets shorter than some have been heretofore, and more of them. Besides, we also want more room for short stories from our talented array of contributors.

Our Stories.—The stories in The Lady's Friend are so good that they are constantly being copied by leading periodicals in New York and Boston. If they would only give us due credit, we should not object to it. But we suppose we ought to forgive them, on the principle that we have plenty and to spare. Just look at our list of contributors—a perfect galaxy of talent!

Specimen Numbers.—We send specimen numbers to those who are desirous of getting up clubs, *free*. Therefore, do not hesitate about soiling one of your numbers, as you can replace it.

Our Premium Engravings.—All subscribers who pay $2.50, in advance, are entitled to an engraving. Club subscribers are entitled to one by paying $1.00 extra. To persons not subscribers, copies will be sent for $2.00.

Our Fashion Plates.—In the Fashion Plates of The Lady's Friend, engraved on steel in the finest style of art, and colored by hand, we present the most refined and beautiful of the fashions. They are not mere gaudy, showy plates, designed to attract the eyes of persons of little taste in dress, but patterns for refined and cultivated ladies in city and country.

Music.—Remember that every number of The Lady's Friend contains a new and popular piece of music, either written for us, or selected by Professor Getze from the splendid assortment of Messrs. Lee & Walker, Chestnut street. Our music is worth of itself the price of the Magazine.

Clubs.—Those who design raising clubs should begin at once. It is not difficult to raise a club, if you have a little perseverance. Take a sheet of paper, sharpen your pencil, head the list with your own name, and go to work. Half an assent is sufficient from most people for you to take their full assent for granted. Enter their names, politely request the money, as saving the time necessary to call again, and pass on. In proportion as your list increases will it generally be easier (in places where people are plenty) to get more.

The Sewing Machine Premium.—The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which we offer as a Premium, is the No. 23, worth $55 in this city. As we have used it in our own family for many years, we know it to be a first-rate one. It takes its rank among the first-class machines. In a club for the Sewing Machine Premium, every subscriber should be taken at $2.50. This is a higher price than the regular clubs, but then each subscriber gets a copy of the beautiful Premium Engraving, worth one dollar to subscribers, two dollars to non-subscribers. See terms for Sewing Machine Clubs at end of book.

Other Premiums.—We also give Silver Plated Ware, Spoons, Cake Baskets, Ice Pitchers, &c., and Webster's Dictionary, Encyclopedias, Books, &c., to those who make up lists of *full-rate* ($2.50) subscribers. Send stamp for Circular.

All Satisfied.—We have sent out hundreds, if not thousands, of Sewing Machines as Premiums, and always gave satisfaction, and generally have received the warmest thanks also in return. Many of these Machines have gone to poor women, who could not otherwise obtain them.

The Saturday Evening Post.—This old and popular paper, which is just concluding a novelet by Mrs. Henry Wood, commenced on the 8th of October a fine novelet by Frank Lee Benedict, called "Leonie's Mystery." It also gives weekly a large amount of most excellent matter, instructive and interesting, suitable for family reading. In fact, to read a paper like The Post weekly, is for a family of children a polite education. The Post offers splendid inducements to new subscribers. See Prospectus. Sample numbers sent gratis. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

New Publications.

Michael Rudolph: "The Bravest of the Brave." By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

An interesting novel of the sensational order, but as harmless as anything in that line can be, and acquiring a certain solidity from its historical character. Michael Rudolph, one of our revolutionary heroes, is supposed to be identical with Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," so prominent among the brilliant names grouped about the first Napoleon.

Companions of My Solitude. By Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council," "Realmah," "Casemer Maremma." From the Seventh London Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The works of Arthur Helps are very attractive reading for thoughtful people—so suggestive, and

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withal so quiet and tranquillizing; the calm, sweet utterances of a gentle soul, strong in faith, fronting with level gaze the dread, unsolvable riddle of life. The story of "Gretchen" is so much to our mind that we should count the book worth its price if there were nothing else in it. That accomplished critic, Miss H. W. Preston, says of these writings:

"You rise from their perusal with a grateful sense of having been received for a time into a select and happy circle, where intellectual breeding is perfect and the struggle for brilliancy unknown. There are hosts of ravenous readers, lively and capable, who would exceedingly enjoy the gentle wit, the unassuming wisdom, and the refreshing originality of the author in question. There are men and women, mostly young, with souls that sometimes weary of the serials, who need nothing so much as a persuasive guide to the study of worthier and more enduring literature. For most of those who read novels with avidity are capable of reading something else with avidity, if they only knew it. And such a guide, and pleasantest of all such guides, is Arthur Helps.

—

Margaret. A Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom. By Sylvester Judd. "It is the vernal season; for the heart is every moment longing to walk in the garden, and every bird of the grove is melodious in its carols as the nightingale; thou wilt fancy it a dawning sephyr of early spring, or New Year's Day morning; but it is the breath of Jesus, for in that fresh breath and verdure the dead earth is reviving."—*Saadi.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Years ago, when "Margaret" first appeared, it was much talked about and eagerly read. Looking it over now, we find many good things, though put together in a vague, desultory way. We should think that a much wider circle of readers would now be ready to enter into its views and enjoy its perusal.

It is a gallery of pictures of Puritan New England, curious and valuable now that so many things have changed, and the original lineaments are fast disappearing Here is

A SABBATH EVENING.

"When the last shimmer of blue light vanished from the top of the mountain beyond the river, whither ten score eyes were turned, there exploded the long twenty-four hours' pent and swollen emotion of ten score hearts and voices. 'Sun's down! sun's down!' was the first unrestrained voice the children had uttered since the previous afternoon. This rang out in every family and echoed from house to house. The spell was broken, the tether cut, doors and gates flew open, and out the children dashed into the streets, to breathe a fresh feeling, clutch at the tantalizing and fast receding enjoyment, and give a minute's free play to hands, feet and tongues. An avalanche of exuberant life seemed to have fallen from the glacier summits of the Sabbath, and scattered itself over the green. The boys leaped and whooped toward the meeting-house, flung their hats into the air, chased one another in a sort of stampede, and called for games with all possible vociferation."

From the despotic restraint, the rigid repression of which this reactionary excitement gives us a glimpse, Margaret stands out in fair relief—a simple, free, natural character, too strong in its own individuality to take form and color from surrounding circumstances. Her companions are the beautiful things of nature. She is

"A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of her purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of her heart, and soul
Of all her moral being."

"Through Nature up to Nature's God" was not the fashion of that community, so Margaret found herself without the pale among the wicked ones. Well might she puzzle her brain over the definition of wickedness, when the desolation of Arcady—Evangeline's heart-breaking tragedy—and the burning of Indian women and children in their own wigwams, and the hanging of her gentle "song-brother" Chilian, were accounted "political" duties.

"'Why do you treat me so much more kindly than other people?' said Margaret.

"'I don't know,' replied the deacon, 'except it's natur. By the grace of God I yielded to natur. I fought agin it till I was past forty; when what Christ says, in what they call His Sarmon on the Mount, and a colt, brought me to. * * * * * It's dreadful business, this killing people; it's agin natur; I followed it up a purpose, and have killed a good many in my day. Christ have marcy! If I had my deserts I should have been hung long ago. Rum, too, is a dreadful business, Molly, and I guess it had a good deal to do with that matter up to your house.'"

The free use of intoxicating liquors is one of the habits of that day that strike us as curiously inconsistent in professors of religion.

"What we rigorously denounce as 'distilled damnation,' the Puritans cheerily quaffed under the names of 'Strong Water' and 'Aqua Vitæ.'"

Lotteries, another startling immorality, were then a favorite resort for raising money to build churches, &c. Surely, the race progresses.

—

Wonders of Acoustics; or the Phenomena of Sound. From the French of Rudolph Radau. The English revised by Robert Ball, M. A. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Another volume of the Illustrated Library of Wonders. It will especially interest all who love music. The wonderful mechanism of the ear is minutely described.

"The inner membrane of the cochlea is lined with elastic fibres, discovered by the illustrious Corté, and bearing his name. They apparently form the terminations of the filaments of the auditory nerve. Helmholtz thinks that each one is attuned to a special note, and as they are above 3,000 in number, there must be above 400 for each octave. The interval from one to another would be one sixty-sixth of a tone, and so they form a wondrous instrument for reproducing every note that the ear can distinguish. We have already seen its bearing on timbre, and the analysis of harmonics.

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The cochlea may then be called an Æolean harp of 3,000 strings, that move in sympathy to all the sounds of creation."

Alboin and Rosamond, and Lesser Poems. By Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. Philadelphia.

A neat volume of poems, beautifully bound.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES DICKENS.—Only those whose opportunities brought them in close contact with Charles Dickens can know the full beauty and purity of his nature, and how intensely he loathed all that was coarse and low. An incident occurred during our journey which illustrated this. On one occasion, at a public dinner given him—many ladies being present as spectators—some persons, entirely mistaking the character of their guest, had secured the presence of a certain "Doctor," famous, it would appear, for story-telling. After the speeches commenced, there were frequent calls for the "Doctor," and at last he rose and said that he "must be excused from saying anything while the ladies were present." There was instantly a movement among the ladies to go. Mr. Dickens beckoned to me and said earnestly: "Please ask the ladies to stay—say I wish them to stay!" I spoke to Mrs. Dickens, and she said a few words to those around her, and the ladies remained. The rebuke was gentle but efficient, and there were no more calls for the "Doctor" during the rest of the evening.

Receipts.

BRAISED TURKEY.—The French mode is: Lard a deep pan with pork and calves' foot from which the bone has been removed; season with salt, red and black pepper, thyme, a few whole cloves, one large onion, and a few carrots cut in quarters, lengthwise. On the top of these ingredients lay your turkey, a young one, (and a small one is best,) which has been dressed, stuffed with force-meat made of cream, bread crumbs, rice, and chopped oysters. The wings and legs should be well tied—secured so that the fowl may present a dignified appearance at table. Over all, pour a glass of white wine, a glass of water, one of soup stock, and a wine glass of brandy; cover all closely with a piece of buttered paper, or a cover of pastry, and shut the lid of the stew-pan closely, so there may be no evaporation. Let it bake slowly for three or four hours.

A large turkey would require longer time and more "dip," or gravy. To lard a dish with pork is to cut the pork in long narrow strips and lay them in the bottom. Some cooks lard poultry by drawing a strip of pork through the middle. The French mode is not for temperance people, is plain. But the brandy and wine could be omitted and broth from oysters, cooked celery, or simply water, be wholly substituted. Red pepper alone is better than black alone, but the best result is obtained by using both. The turkey can be made more compact by breaking the breast bone and putting a weight on it to press it down. To facilitate its cooking, it might be cut straight through, and the stuffing kept in place by pasting a sheet of buttered paper, or of pastry, neatly over.

COOKING OF GAME BIRDS.—Some prefer duck as rare as underdone beef, while at most tables it is served well done. In whatever way it is cooked the duck should be basted frequently in order to preserve its flesh in a juicy condition. The manner in which woodcocks are cooked by epicures is one not likely to be adopted by persons at all squeamish. The birds are plucked without being drawn, and are hung up before the fire to roast, a piece of toast being put beneath them to catch the drippings. They require about twenty minutes, and are basted with butter and served very hot upon the toast. It is considered by "the authorities" as quite the improper thing to remove the entrails of a woodcock, but persons of other tastes cook them differently. Split and broiled quickly, well buttered and served on toast, they are so good that we can forego the delicious morsel of the "trail," as the intestines are called. Partridges, or grouse, and quail, are dry birds, and are cooked in the various ways in which chickens are prepared. If roasted or broiled, the cooking should be done very quickly, and a plenty of butter used for basting. In broiling they are split in the same manner as a spring chicken. Some dip them in melted butter and cover with bread crumbs before broiling, as this, in a measure, prevents them from becoming dry.

PARTRIDGE PIE.—Two brace of partridges are required to make a handsome pie; truss them as for boiling; pound in a mortar the livers of the birds, four shallots, a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, and some shred parsley; lay part of this force-meat at the bottom of a raised crust, put in the partridges, add the remainder of the force-meat; put some slices of bacon fat on the top, cover with a lid of crust, and bake it for two hours and a half. Before serving the pie remove the lid, take out the bacon, and add sufficient rich gravy and orange juice. Partridge pie may also be made in a dish in the ordinary way.

SAUSAGES.—Sausages can be made by using mutton instead of pork. Chop lean and fat mutton together very fine, and season with sage, salt, and pepper. Eat with mustard, and they are not distinguished from genuine pork sausages.

MUTTON TO EAT LIKE VENISON.—Take a loin of mutton and bone it; lay it on the fat side in a stewpan, with an onion stuck over with cloves, until the meat is slightly brown. Then pour over it one pint of broth, a gill of port wine, half a gill of ketchup, and let all stew together gently for three hours. Serve with a rich brown sauce.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—A pint and a half of milk, a pound and a quarter of flour, four eggs, the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk and flour, stir the whole well together; whisk the white to a stiff froth and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry it in hot lard; let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put into the batter all at once, as they would thin it.

POTATOES A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.—The potatoes are steamed and peeled. Potatoes should be put in a steamer over a vessel of boiling water, and not in boiling water. The skin is more easily removed, and the potatoes are much better cooked than when boiled. Put one ounce of butter in a pan on the fire; when melted, add a small tablespoonful of flour, then milk *or* broth, about a pint to seven potatoes. As soon as the milk rises it is done, but it must be *stirred* all the time. Slice the potatoes, turn them into the sauce, add parsley, chopped fine, and they will be ready to serve.

MILK OR CREAM GRAVY.—One quart milk, three tablespoonfuls corn starch, made into a smooth batter with rich milk or cream. Boil the milk and pour in the batter, stirring all the while. Let it boil two or three minutes, remove from the fire, and stir in immediately a well-beaten egg. This dressing is used for baked potatoes.

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WARMED-OVER POTATOES.—Chop cold, boiled potatoes, put them in a dripping-pan, or earthen or stone baking dish. Pour over them a gravy made after the above receipt, and let them bake slowly in the oven an hour or so. A delicious dish.

RYE DROP CAKE.—One pint of milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful sugar, little salt, stir in rye flour till it is as thick as pancakes. Bake in cast-iron pans half an hour.

MINCE PIES.—Three pounds chopped meat and suet, six pounds chopped apple, one pound raisins, little more than one quart molasses, more than one quart cider, one cup spices.

LIGHT PUDDINGS.—The following is a German receipt for light puddings, called by them "wind bags." "Boil rather more than a quarter of a pint of water with five ounces of butter, and add gradually, while on the fire, six ounces of best flour, and then three eggs, both white and yelk, and a little sugar; stir the whole together. Take small portions of this paste and place on a tin: bake in a quick oven and serve immediately, strewing them over with powdered sugar."—HAUSFRAU.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Take three ounces of flour, and the same weight of finely-grated bread-crumbs, six ounces of nice beef suet (kidney suet) chopped very small, six ounces of raisins, (weigh the raisins after they are stoned) six ounces of well-cleaned currants, four ounces of minced apples, five ounces of sugar, two ounces of candied orange-peel, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg mixed with pounded mace, a little salt, and three eggs. Mix all these ingredients well together, tie them tightly in a thickly-floured cloth, and boil for four hours.

PATTERNS FOR DECEMBER.

Orders enclosing money and postage stamp will meet with prompt attention.

White cloth paletot, ...	50 cents.
Tunic and jacket of walking suit, . .	50 "

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Short dress of Havana poplin, trimmed with pleated ruffles of the same, and velvet, also of Havana brown, corsage cut low and square, with a white chemisette.

FIG. 2.—Toilette in silk gauze, striped white and mauve, trimmed with mauve silk and white lace. The casaque tunic of white silk gauze, forming *bouffants*. Coiffure-puff in white tulle and blonde, and white flowers with yellow centres.

FIG. 3.—Short buff-colored dress, trimmed with white guipure. Corsage adjusted to the waist, forming points in front, trimmed in the same manner with pleatings of the material and white guipure.

FIG. 4.—Toilette in white gauze and blue *chambéry*. A deep lace flounce trims the skirt and the tunic, and the pleatings and puffs and bows are of the blue gauze.

FIG. 5. A short figured silk toilette, the skirt made with many little flounces, trimmed with green silk. Pleatings of the same on the tunic and corsage and sleeves.

The long casaque and single skirt are adopted for winter costumes These draped over-dresses are so simple of construction, so graceful, and so convenient, that they will retain their hold on popular favor. There is also a desire to do away with the many furbelows and flounces so much worn at present, and we shall probably see a return to simpler trimmings, such as folds and bias bands of the dress material, of silk and of velvet, with much lace, fringe, and perhaps embroidery. Short paletots and upper skirts, of very simple construction, will also remain in favor.

Cashmere will be the first favorite in woollen goods. Black cashmere will be most worn, and in this case the entire costume will be cashmere, but we shall also see brown and gray cashmere casaques or habits, draped over silk skirts of the same or a darker shade. Guipure lace and insertion, heavy corded silk and fringe, will be the trimming.

The white and black toilettes which most Parisian ladies are now adopting become the occasion of many fanciful devices, as simple as they are *distingué*. Many dresses are made of black faille silk, with half trains, and jacket bodices forming gilet in front and postillion basque at the back, trimmed with a ruche of black lace, and a fluting of white Bruges lace; the general effect is soft, simple, and tasteful.

The costume, also much in favor, which consists in a long tunic dress, looped up at the sides over an underskirt, but train-shaped at the back, is frequently made of two colors, and may also be of two materials.

In this style of costume the choice of colors is very important. The dark or neutral shade should be used in preference for the tunic, while a brighter tint is chosen for the skirt. As this is always a dressy style of costume, velvet, fine cashmere, or faille silk should be employed for the tunic, silk or satin for the under-skirt. A black silk or satin skirt looks remarkably well with a black velvet tunic.

The new mantles are black velvet casaque, tight or half-fitting, and with coat or wide sleeves, according to taste, very richly trimmed with dull or beaded passementerie, and with knotted silk fringes, or very deep borders of silk guipure, and cloth mantles of various colors.

TRIMMINGS FOR CLOTH MANTLES.—Trimmings match the cloth in color, and consist of flat borders of velvet plush, Astrachan cloth, or bias bands of satin an inch wide or more, with rows of machine stitching at intervals on the band. It will be seen that there are fewer plaitings, and more flat bands and folds. Costly velvet cloaks are trimmed with black marten or skunk fur. Furriers predict that this will be the popular fur of the winter, as it was affected by exclusives last season. Few elaborate garments or costumes are found without fringe. A novelty among these is bullion fringe of silk, made like gilt bullion—a thick cord in the centre, around which a silk thread is closely wrapped. Flossy crimped fringes, netted headings, and tassel fringes are all to be worn.

HATS AND BONNETS.

There are hats of fine felt in yellow, brown and wood tints, in deepest bottle green, gray and black. The trimmings are velvet and royale scarfs twisted round the crown, and fringed streamers on the left side. Peacocks' breasts, white gulls' breasts shading into gray, short tips, and long ostrich feathers, are curled over the crowns of hats. Long plumes are fastened near the back of the hat and curl toward the front. Fringes used on scarf ends are made of flossy balls and tassels, secured in intricate netted heading.

A great many flowers will be used in conjunction with feathers—a cluster being placed at the base of two feather tips. Large, many-petalled flowers, such as roses, camellias, and carnations are very general. The Paris bonnet for the winter has a *passe*, or front border, very much raised, and in some in-

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stances completely turned up; it has also a crown, and generally, though not always, a curtain, the shape of which varies. The under part is trimmed just as it used to be years ago when bonnets were large. The bonnet is still placed very much forward upon the head.

One of the distinguishing features of this winter's *modes* is the large colored ostrich feather, placed in a curve over the velvet or satin bonnet. It is also to be remarked that we once more wear something like the *tour de tete*, or cap of former bonnets—that is, lace and flowers *under* the bonnet—which had not been seen for a long time.

There is a certain style of hat called Directoire, with turned-up border and curtain, which is worn without strings of any sort; but most other bonnets have either very wide ribbon strings or narrow ones with wide lace or tulle lappets.

Hats, gypsy, Franc-tireur, or Tyrolese, are all of a high shape with turned-up brim. Those of felt are turned up with velvet of a darker shade of the same color. Birds' heads and wings of the richest plumage are worn as aigrettes.

The Nilsson hat is rather an exception from all the others. It is moderately high; a large gauze veil is thrown over the crown, and from there flows down to the waist, and is, in fact, so long that it is fastened in front, upon the bosom, with a bow of ribbon or velvet. We have seen such a hat in golden-brown velvet, and gauze of the same color. It is also made of black velvet, with scarf veil of blue, or green, or mauve crêpe de chine.

A great many felt hats are trimmed round the crown with folds of gros-grain silk of the same color, whether black, brown, gray, or bronze, and a large bow at the side. This, of course, does not exclude the feather trimming.

With hats the veil is always of gauze or crape, and very large. With bonnets, voilettes of tulle and lace are worn in the shape of fichus, one point in front, two long points or lappets at the back. The small untrimmed spotted tulle voilette is quite gone out of fashion in Paris.

Both hats and bonnets are worn principa *suite* with the dress.

NECKTIES.—The most stylish necktie is a piece of China crape or silk an eighth of a wide, and a yard long, with the ends poin fringed. It is folded very narrow in the c passed around the neck on the collar, or ben e and fastened in front with a brooch, leavi n ends hanging. This simple fashion is pretti e a any fancy knot or bow. The whole necktie m ravelled to form a narrow fringe. Scotch plaid at the throat are worn with the fashionable sashes.

[Announcement.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—It gives me pleas add my testimony to that of many others, as t superiority of my Wheeler & Wilson Machine all others with which I am acquainted. Durin twelve years I have had it, it has travelled n thousands of miles, accomplished a great des sewing, from the finest linen cambric to heavy br cloth, and has never once been out of order.

MRS. ANNIE TYNDALE, Middleburgh, Ne

[Announcement.]

RESPONSIBLE ADVERTISING AGENCIES are a g advantage to both advertiser and publisher. T of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, N York, is considered by many the most complete tablishment of the kind in the United States.

[Announcement.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—" I have had a Grov & Baker Family Sewing Machine for ten years, a would not give it for any other machine that I n know of. It has never been out of repair. For e broidering it far surpasses any other machine I ha ever seen, and for quilting I don't think there is a machine that can equal it."

MRS. T. A. DANIEL, Frankfort, Ky.

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